

CURRENT OPINION



Editor:
Edward J. Wheeler
Editorials:
by Dr. Frank Crane

Associate Editors
Alexander Harvey
William Griffith

VOL. LXXIII

AUGUST, 1922

No. 2

Attacking the Supreme Court—
The fulminations of labor orators and others against the decision of the Supreme Court in the matter of the Child Labor Law reveal an ignorance of the nature of the United States.

This country is based upon a written constitution. One of the penalties of having a constitution is that there must be some recognized body to interpret it. If changes in our government are to be made, they must be made in accordance with this constitution. Only so can that change be orderly, unhasted and permanent.

It is as bad to try to put a good thing as a bad thing through unconstitutionality. This paragraph from Chief Justice Taft's opinion should be considered: "The good sought in unconstitutional legislation is an insidious feature, because it leads citizens and legislators of good purpose to promote it without thought of the serious harm which will come from breaking down recognized standards. In the maintenance of local self-government on the one hand, and the national power on the other, our country has been able to endure and prosper for nearly a century and a half."

That is not reaction. It is not bugaboo capitalism. It is sound sense.

□ □

Democracy Always in Danger—
Elihu Root said that "democracy is always in danger." It is. That is because it is alive, for life connotes danger.

Democracy just at present is threatened on every side, as per usual. The crude tyranny of labor unions threatens it; the shrewd conspiracy of moneyed interests threaten it; the tariff lobbyists, mighty in the cohesive power of public plunder, threaten it; the farm "bloc" threatens it; the socialists, anarchists threaten it; the hoity toity intellectuals threaten it.

It might be well to read again the sentence written by Alexis de Tocqueville in 1833. He was a Frenchman that came over here and investigated the United States and wrote as follows:

"Shall we suppose that after destroying feudalism and vanquishing kings, democracy will recoil before the bourgeois and the rich? Will it check its course now that it has become so strong and its adversaries so feeble?"

What the Labor Board Said— It might be well to pay attention to what the Labor Board said exactly when they slashed the wage fund, lopping off some twenty-seven million dollars. Its own explanation is: "This statement must not be misconstrued to mean that the employees should be called upon to bear the cost of railway rehabilitation, improved service and reduced rates. It simply means that it is only patriotic common sense and justice that every citizen, including the railway employee, should cooperate in a cordial spirit, should bear and forbear, until the carriers are back on their feet."

"In this connection it should be said the Labor Board has never adopted the theory that human labor is a commodity to be bought and sold upon the market, and consequently to be reduced to stagnation wages during periods of depression and unemployment. On the other hand, it is idle to contend that labor can be completely freed from the

economic laws which likewise affect the earnings of capital."

If the contestants will simply get their bearings by reading the above paragraph carefully, it will save a deal of trouble.

□ □

American Troops on the Rhine— The great body of Americans do not realize the importance of American soldiers on the Rhine. The general opinion is that we should pull out of Europe and bring our boys home. Such a policy seems simple, but it is based upon ignorance and would be disastrous.

We spent a good many million dollars and a good many thousand lives in the Great War, and we ought to realize that that war is not over until everything is settled up between the combatants. We have our share in this whether we want it or not. It is neither dignified, sensible nor profitable for us to cut and run.

If we move away from the Rhine, the French will immediately move into our place. So long as we are there, the Germans feel that they are dealing with the Allies as a united body. If we go away, the whole matter settles down to a quarrel with the French, which is big with the possibility of another war just as soon as Germany can get her breath.

The presence of our troops in Coblenz furnishes the very brightest spot in the European situation. It is the one place where there is no friction, but entire good-will, between the Germans and the Allies.

The decision of our government to continue to keep Ehrenbreitstein in American hands is to be commended. The place has no military value, but is of enormous sentimental and political value.

□ □

The Future of Russia— Prof. Luzato, of Italy, publishes some interesting ideas concerning Russia.



THE NARROWING PATH
—Enright in New York World.

This country possesses a tremendous force of development. Russian trade between 1900 and 1914 mounted from \$600,000,000 to \$1,400,000,000. From 1815 to 1913 the Russian population grew from 45,000,000 to 170,000,000.

While the population has recently decreased because of war, starvation, plagues and loss of territory, he believes that the Russian population "may equal and perhaps exceed within fifty years the population of India or of China."

The *New York Globe* quotes him as saying that the welfare of the masses of Russia is in his opinion greatly promoted by "the total abolition of the old feudal estates and the creation of a vast population of small freehold farmers. This is a tremendous economic fact that will shortly cause astonishing results. It is incomparably a bigger thing in its construction aspects than Russia's present temporary disorganization."

The general trend of press comment in this country is that Lloyd George's plan of doing business with the Soviets, and allowing Russian communism to destroy itself, is much more sensible than the plan of Hughes and Hoover, which consists in refusing to have anything to do with Russia until that country changes its government.

□ □

Friendship of France and Great Britain—A. G. Gardner, former editor of the *London Daily News*, is a very intelligent observer. He declares that the French Bismarck, as he calls Poincaré, has never touched the English imagination.



A PROBLEM FOR THE CONFERENCE

—Enright in *New York World*.

It suited Lloyd George's domestic political purposes to be popular in France and he was gravely responsible for the power given to France to dictate the policy during and after the war. He paid an extravagant price for this luxury and now realizes that the tide of public opinion is turning. The French are not grateful to Lloyd George and he is the particular target for the animosity of the French newspapers. The attitude of the French Press, says Gardner, like that of the music halls, has long been surprisingly hostile to England, oftentimes brutal and insulting.

Unless something is done to bring the public mind of France and that of Great Britain together, the result will be disastrous. And the worst of it is that it will be more disastrous for France than for anybody else.



THE ROAD TO THE WHITE HOUSE
—Enright in New York World.

The Harm Done Mexico by the United States—The opinion seems to be gaining ground in the press of the country that much of the trouble in Mexico is due to the refusal of the United States to recognize the present government.

It is charged that the recent outbreak of banditry in Mexico has been stirred up by those American interests that do not want recognition of Mexico.

"If the United States had recognized the Obregon government months ago," says the *New York Mail*, "when the Mexican courts gave decisions against confiscatory clauses in the constitution, the situation in Mexico might have been very different by now. Other nations would have followed the United States; Obregon could have consolidated his power; banditry might now be difficult or impossible."

Our influence upon neighbor nations should be helpful and encouraging. That is the duty of the strong.

The present government of Mexico represents about the best that Mexico has to offer. It would be both graceful and politic to help and not to hinder this government, for if it goes down a worse one will undoubtedly take its place.

□ □

The Triumph of the Constitution—General Wu Pei Fu, the dominant figure of North China, suggests that his country ought to adopt a federal constitution modeled upon that of the United States. If this proposal is adopted, it will not be the first time that our Constitution has been imitated by another nation.

The *New York Sun* says: "Switzerland, the Dominion of Canada, Australia and the German Republic all drew their chief inspiration from the work of that group of remarkable men who met in Philadelphia in the summer of 1787. The idea of a dual government, of a system by which the state and the nation divide important functions and powers, and cooperate for the good of all, has become in each of these countries the very cornerstone of the political structure."

All this means that little by little the modern and rational principle of Federation is driving out the antiquated, expensive, dangerous and irrational idea of Europe.

□ □

Damning the Movie—It only takes a thimbleful of brains to find fault. Denunciation is one of the cheapest and easiest ways to attract attention. Cuss words are always more interesting than compliments.

The cheap, nasty and ignorant notion that moving pictures are corrupting the morals of the coun-

try is now running its pestiferous course through the mob mind. As a matter of fact, the movies are no better and no worse than the people who look at them and the age in which we live, and as a further matter of fact, the movies and these people both contain elements that are bad, but vastly more predominant elements that are good and wholesome.

Sooner or later ignorance and prejudice find their spokesmen in the United States Senate. An instance of this was the indictment of the movies in a speech delivered by Senator Meyer of Montana. His statement that the movies have done as much harm as the saloon is sheer nonsense. It is equally absurd to claim that the movies are responsible for the lax morality of the day and that they tend to break up the home. The truth is that if the movies sin at all, it is upon the side of excessive sentimentality and a maudlin play-up of the old-time virtues.

If there were any sort of bookkeeping in which the facts could be tabulated, it would undoubtedly be found that as many noble, heroic, beautiful and fine deeds had been stimulated by the moving pictures as deeds of crime.

Of course there has been immorality in Hollywood, but it has been the immorality of weak souls with too much money and has nothing to do whatever with the business in which they are employed.

The condemnation of the movies as immoral is wholly false. Morals means mores or manners. It means respectability, the accepted standard of the crowd.

The movies are so careful of this that they are often weak in artistic purpose and achievement.

The moving picture is a tremendous force. It is developing rapidly. It is a form of art which is struggling hard to overcome the poor taste of the people who go to see it.

□ □

The Punishment Delusion—The root cause of failure in our courts, the root cause why prisons graduate criminals instead of reforming them and why crime is on the increase, is the old delusion that the wrong-doer can be cured by hurting him.

The London *Outlook* reminds us that until the past century prisons were not institutions of punishment, but merely for the detention of those awaiting trial; felonies were punished by death, misdemeanors by the stocks, the pillory or whipping. "The modern jail is a factory of demoralization," says the *Outlook*.

Bernard Shaw, in his preface to "English Prisons Under Local Gov-



SOME FAMILY!

—Cassel in N. Y. Evening World.

ernment," by Sidney and Beatrice Webb, remarks that if the prison does not underbid the slum in misery, the slums will empty and the prisons fill. Therefore, nothing will be done until a city without a slum ceases to be regarded as a city without civilization. He holds that modern imprisonment demoralizes its victims and makes the bad worse because it aims at retribution. Pun-

ishment, he says, is not the only way to deal with impossible people. We do not now punish madmen or invalids, but we restrain them and prevent them from injuring us effectively. Similar treatment is available for criminals.

The idea of punishment, which is that of canceling evils by duplicating them, should be abandoned. The sooner the better.

Rival Forces Muster for the Fall Elections

INDIANA, Pennsylvania, Iowa, North Dakota against the Old Guard! Will the line stretch out till November's crack of doom? That there has been and yet will be quite a storm cannot be doubted; but the casualties so far are more disturbing than decisive. They have been largely confined to the Senate. The Republican Congressional Committee has changed its chairmanship; Representative Fess, of Ohio, seeking Senatorial nomination, gives way to Representative Wood, of Indiana. At the time of this change ninety-two Republican Representatives had sought renomination, of whom eighty-six won in the primaries. This does not seem to indicate that Republican constituencies are in a state of general revolt, despite the apparent wave of "progressivism."

The New York *World* considers "the decisive political sentiment of the country against the standpatter in ideas, and is liberal in tone." The *Tribune* sees "no revolt within the Republican party."

The New York *Times* attributes Mr. McCumber's defeat in North Dakota to the "rampant radicalism" in that state under the Non-Partisan League. The Democratic press in general and national committee in particular accept it as additional evidence of the desired Republican

revolt. The New York *Times* thinks the country "is in a period of glorious uncertainty. The prophets of highest repute are everywhere ducking. Nobody can tell how the American electorate is minded or where it is headed." The *Minneapolis Tribune* says "unless there is an unexampled reversal of business form in the next few months there is no reason for grave anxiety in Republican circles regarding continued control of Congress." The present Congress has a Republican majority of over one hundred and sixty. The Republican campaign committee figures upon retaining a majority of at least fifty in the next Congress.

Viewing the situation by and large, the issues upon which the ensuing Congressional election may be determined are still in the making, and current guesses on the result are based upon indefinite bases, with the wish father to the thought whether of Republicans or Democrats.

A number of anti-Bonus Congressmen have been renominated both for the Senate and the House, so that that "issue," thundering in the index as it did, cannot be regarded as essentially dangerous. The Bonus Bill will not pass for some weeks, if it passes at all before the elections. Such issues come and

go without saying so much as by your leave. The Daugherty-Morse incident, for instance, had its day and has ceased to be, despite Senator Caraway's galvanizing efforts. The Attorney-General remains in office with the country's tacit acquiescence at least. Excessive and indefensible war expenditures, such as the vaunted "harness" scandals, and even downright frauds, enormous profiteering, and the like, are matters almost forgotten. "Hell-and-Maria" Dawes let the gas out of most of these "issues" before the country was either asphyxiated or greatly shocked. The regular agencies of the law will be allowed to take care of them, and of what comes out of them. If there is proof of crime and it is worth while to prosecute, the culprits will be put behind the bars. When things settle down and the line of battle is actually drawn, these minor matters may serve more or less as "campaign fillers." Forty or more millions of voters in a great, rich, well-to-do country will pass such things by in "the American way." When November comes, unless the country is in the blind staggers of an unreasoning opposition such as that which produced a seven-million majority in 1920, the contest between the two great parties will be fought out upon issues touching vitally the load of taxation the people are asked to carry and how greatly the cost and comfort of living have been interfered with by processes of legislation and of administration. Increased taxes; widespread discomfort resulting from coal and railroad strikes; unemployment in large and cumulative degree because of economic and industrial dislocation; the prices of food continuing to rise and wages to decline—these are the factors that will determine the verdict at the polls. Living is fundamental. "Give us this day our daily bread" is primal. Interference with the

providence by which this universal cry can be answered will be rebuked at the ballot box in 1922, as it was and has been when "the full dinner pail" is imperiled.

A "Do-nothing Congress" led to the demand that President Harding should assume "leadership." In an address at Cleveland Secretary Weeks declared "the present Congress to have reached the lowest ebb." He demanded the repeal of the Primary Election law, favored the return to beer and wine because "public opinion" wanted them, with the same breath declaring that he "cared nothing for public opinion." The *Wall Street Journal* sees in the adverse primaries "a rebuke directed to the incompetence of Congress." The *Chicago Tribune*, indorsed by the *Washington Post*, says "if primary returns are repudiating anything they are repudiating the unreconstructive record of Congress." Chauncey M. Depew declared "it is the duty of President Harding to take on the active leadership of the Republican party to save it from either a positive or negative defeat in November." The *Rocky Mountain News* says "the President must appear now and again with a big stick." The *New York Globe* remarks that "political doctors need not give a moment's attention to the Secretary of War. He is a symptom of the disease that ails the administration."

This demand for Presidential "leadership" evoked no little discussion upon the fundamental structure of the government, a debate as old as the government itself. Is the President an autocrat? Is Congress the paramount authority? And is the Supreme Court the dangerous thing Mr. Jefferson thought, by reason of its assumed power to declare acts of Congress unconstitutional? Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia University, declares that "our scheme of government has no place



TALKING ONE WAY, WALKING ANOTHER.
—Murphy in New York American.

for dictatorship either in the President, the Congress or the Supreme Court. Each, in its proper sphere, is the authorized representative of the people." The Indianapolis *News* comes to the defense of Congress, saying "one of the most important problems of the day is how to restore to Congress something of the courage and independence it once possessed. Nothing less is involved than the fate of representative government in these states."

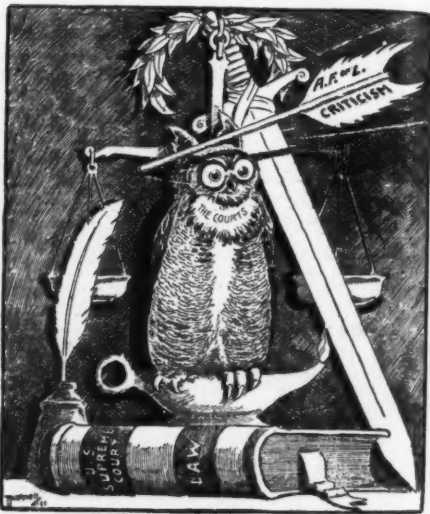
William Allen White remarks "that we are now, for the first time in twenty years, having a fair trial of our American institutions without the extra pressure of personalities. It is government by politics rather than government by super-leadership. It is a most interesting experiment."

The President went so far in the effort to "lead" Congress as to write the chairman of the Rules Committee that "if Congress fails to sanction the Merchant Marine Bill I would feel myself obligated to call Congress immediately in extraordinary session to especially consider it." The New York *World* comments that "it is a pity Mr. Harding was betrayed into assuming leadership over the subsidy bill . . . for that is about as bad a bill as greed

and selfishness mixed with cunning ever hatched."

The government-owned ships, to be subsidized for a period of ten years, comprize 1,442 steel vessels which, according to the chairman of the Shipping Board, is all that is worth while of the Great War Fleet. The vast number of tons of wooden vessels "must be charged off practically as an entire loss, a monument to folly. There is no future for the American Marine, private and government, save bankruptcy, unless private ownership is fostered and expanded and the government retires." The statement by President Harding is that "a loss of 50 millions of dollars annually on the fleet must be prevented by the expenditure of a subsidy of 32 millions a year, possibly 40 millions, and thus give our people a better and more assured service on the sea than America has ever enjoyed heretofore."

Andrew Furuseth, head of the Seaman's Union, on the contrary, says "the bill would take 125 millions out of the taxpayers' pockets annually and give it to the ship



THE POISONED ARROW
—Bushnell in Philadelphia Star.

owners." The minority report of the Congressional committee declares that "the reaction of the people on ship subsidies has been manifested every time its greedy head has dared raise itself." That the Shipping Board's ships openly sell liquor outside the three-mile limit adds to the opposition against the subsidy.

The House of Representatives, with consent of the Senate, has taken recess until August twenty-fifth. The so-called "debate" on "the self-defeating tariff bill," as characterized by the *New York World*, will proceed until the House resumes its sessions, unless closure intervenes. The bill must pass to conference for final enactment, which is not likely to be before the end of September. Mr. Fordney, of the House, will not seek renomination, considering his long service to be fittingly climaxed by the passage of the measure bearing his name jointly with that of Senator McCumber. The defeat of the latter may blunt somewhat his fighting edge, but he also is satisfied to terminate his Senatorial service with the tariff measure. The agricultural "bloc" has written into the bill a rate of



BLOKE

—Reid in a Newspaper Syndicate.

thirty cents on wheat, a five-cent increase over the House rate, and the highest ever levied. Rates on fruit, and other food products, have been increased. Mr. McCumber estimates his "services to the farmers of his state to be worth hundreds of millions of dollars." Mr. Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey, while favoring the bill, advocates a different method of handling the tariff, saying "the public mind is thoroly awake to the abuses of the system that produced this measure," adding that "this awakening should be a warning to all of us to take the tariff out of politics." The *Outlook* indorses this, saying that the quicker the change is made "the safer it will be for the administration in power and the better it will be for the country."

In denouncing the Primary Election Law, Secretary Weeks is reported to represent the President. The law is characterized as "a rich man's law." Citing Mr. and Mrs. Pinchot's expenditures in Pennsylvania as proof, it is claimed that the law aids "bossism," playing into the hands of the professionals by the added burdens it puts upon the exercise of the franchise. Contrari-



HE WILL GET OVER IT—AND FORGET HER
—Reid in a Newspaper Syndicate.

wise, Colonel Brookhart spent only \$453.98 to make his successful campaign in Iowa, while the law opens the way for such candidates as Mrs. Peter Oelsen, of Minnesota, who will oppose Senator Kellogg for the Senate, and permits the Republicans of Ohio to select from thirteen candidates for governor, all of which would be impossible under the old convention system. The *St. Louis Star* thinks "the present primary election should be retained with certain changes, and the ballot shortened to the irreducible minimum."

The late General Davison left \$4,500,000 to one of his sons, with which he is to "devote himself to a political career." The *Courier-Journal* (Dem.) thinks if the son follows his father's patriotism, integrity and public spirit, he should make his mark as a useful, perhaps distinguished, public servant."

New Jersey and Ohio Republicans are feeling the adverse influence of Secretary Weeks' advocacy of beer and wine. Senator Frelinghuysen, a prominent member of the President's "week-end cabinet," is a "dry" and so is Mr. Pomerene's opponent in Ohio. In both these states, as in New York, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, the interest transcends state limits. Governor Edwards is still intent on making New Jersey as "wet as the Atlantic ocean."

In Pennsylvania Representative Burke, Republican, is being groomed to run against Mr. Pinchot, the latter having served notice on the "machine" that it may be necessary for him to take charge of his own campaign and manage it as he did the Primary election. Massachusetts is a national if not an international figure by reason of Mr. Lodge's prominence as the chief antagonist of the Versailles League of Nations. Norman Hapgood characterizes Mr. Lodge as one "who has seldom, even by accident, been on the right side, but, unless the Democrats put up a

fortunate campaign, the Senate will be handicapped six years more by Lodge's weak and vacillating leadership." The *Springfield Republican* says that "the eyes of the nation are watching the fight," for "it's America's as well as the Old Bay State's fish that is being fried." Ex-Governor McCall declines to be a candidate against Mr. Lodge. The *Christian Science Monitor*, of Boston, asks, "Could anyone imagine that if a true Progressive could be nominated for the Senate, the Republican Party of Massachusetts would be thereby weakened?" Intermittently, the Old Bay State has indulged in Democratic governors and even in a Democratic Senator.

James M. Cox, the last Democratic Presidential candidate, has gone to Europe to study the situation, particularly the effect of the absence of the United States from participation in European affairs. Before sailing he announced himself favorable to making the League of Nations the chief issue for 1924. Hamilton Holt, before the Pennsylvania State College, pleaded "for a Pro-League Congress this fall and a Pro-League President in 1924."

Chief Justice Taft told a British audience why this government was not more closely interested in European affairs. He said, "To the man in Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, or in the West, Europe seems very far away. What is happening on this side of the ocean does not interest him very much unless the price of wheat or other commodities is affected." The Harding Administration has indirectly opened relations with the League of Nations, addressing it through the Netherlands Government, and the United States has "sat in" as an observer in several League conferences. President Harding said recently at Marion that "human progress has altered our world relations. We cannot be aloof from the world."

E. W. HALFORD.

The Great Shock of The Hague

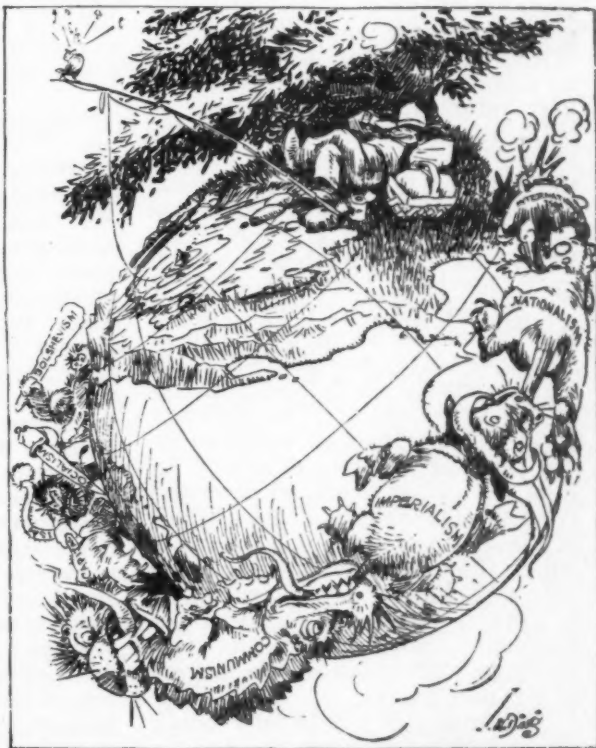
WHAT imparts an importance positively historical to the gathering of experts at The Hague was the totally unexpected discovery that Russia has no central government. What is called the Soviet republic with a capital at Moscow had been assumed heretofore to be dominant in the land. In reality it is a shadow. There is nothing in Russia to negotiate with.

From this point of view, as the French dailies now observe, it is of no great consequence whether or not the republic falls or whether or not Lenin gets better. From the same point of view it grows intelligible, at least to the *Gaulois* of Paris, why the Soviet power always shrank from giving adequate guarantees regarding the sanctity of contract and the right of private property. The Soviet power in the big cities rests upon its control of a mob which in its fickleness would hurl the Rakovskys and the Radeks from power if they trifled with the communism that feeds them and clothes them. The Soviets are so many clubs scattered over the country. Taken together they form nothing sufficiently unified to rule Russia in the sense in which the French republic rules France.

This is the neglected fact regarding the Russian problem which the economic controversies at The

Hague last month made clear to the envoys from every capital. There are reports in the Italian press to the effect that Rakovsky and Litvinoff understand the difficulty. They are reported to have agreed upon a modification of the Soviet constitution to the extent of providing a representative assembly, but it must be pointed out that this amounts to a surrender by them of the very foundation of their power, such as that may be.

The Krassins and the Kameneffs of "big" bolshevism are in a dilemma owing to the developments at The Hague. Whenever, according to the Italian dailies, they undertake to meet the western world half way, they are denounced by their extremist associates at home as trai-



ONCE A YEAR EVERYBODY OUGHT TO GO AWAY AND FORGET IT

Ding in St. Paul Pioneer Press.

tors to the republic. If, on the other hand, they refuse concessions on such details as private property rights, they cannot effect a negotiation. Meanwhile, the vast masses of the peasantry are finding out that no treaty or pact of any kind can be made by the Soviet government. The crops will not easily find an outlet. Hides will not be exported. The rich world trade is forfeited in advance. These are the considerations which weaken Lenin's position at home, regardless of whether he is well or ill. In all its chequered career, the Soviet republic has never been confronted with a difficulty so pressing. It has been made contemptible in the eyes of the peasantry at home and impotent in the eyes of the diplomatists abroad.

Litvinoff at The Hague is reported to have lost completely the good humor for which he is famed. Whenever a delegate sought to raise an economic question a Russian expert retorted: "This gathering is political and diplomatic." Friends of the Bolsheviki sought to convey the idea that the cards were stacked against them because of the action of the Washington government in boycotting the conference. Litvinoff made the most tempting offers to the British and the French, reports the *Tribuna* of Rome, but when he was invited to give guarantees he merely exposed the hollow character of the Soviet sham. This difficulty prompted the Russian envoy to insist that the progress of events behind the closed doors be concealed from the journalists. This attitude of his led to one animated scene in which the newspaper men achieved only a partial victory. Contrary to a general impression, it was the Russians who invested the proceedings with much of the secrecy of the past month.

The futility of the Soviet republic was not exposed, notes the *Débats*, by the illness of Lenin. It became notorious when it transpired that

the government at Moscow can no longer determine who may and who may not enter Russia, can no longer collect levies from the peasants, is impotent to move the crops expected before the year ends, enforces none of its decrees outside its own sanguinary capital. The Soviet republic enjoys no authority worthy of the name.

Revelation of these things converted the sessions at The Hague into a series of humiliations for Litvinoff and his party. They did what they could to make an impression by ordering fresh sartorial equipment and giving teas. The attitude of the men from Moscow at The Hague vindicated, nevertheless, the judgment of the London *Times* in predicting the absurdity of the plight in store for Litvinoff and his party.

□ □

Germany's Monarchical Plot

FOR some little time prior to the assassination of Rathenau, champions of a monarchical restoration in Germany must have been a trifle reckless of speech whenever they unbosomed themselves to a clique of their sympathizers in Paris. This plot to restore the German princes to their thrones is developed in a secrecy mitigated only by occasional indiscretions from which the Socialist dailies in Paris and Berlin profit prodigiously. It would be easy enough to put together from their "revelations" a chapter or two of secret history that would make the annals of the Napoleonic empire seem tame in comparison with the events of the past few months. Journalists in Berlin are persuaded that when the ramifications of the present plot become more generally known, the French republic will be torn asunder by an affair no less sensational than that of the Dreyfus

case, to say nothing of the scandal of the Panama Canal.

To what extent former Emperor William may be involved in these intrigues remains a theme for conjecture. There are hints that the former Crown Prince keeps constantly in touch with one or two leaders in this camp of conspiracy. Quite lately, to follow a version in the Italian press, the former Emperor decided that any prospect of his own restoration to the imperial German throne must be abandoned. He might consider a restoration to his royal dignity as King of Prussia, but of any immediate prospect of this he sees no sign. As for the former Crown Prince, he seems to have lost prestige so completely that he might be considered out of the running either as King of Prussia or as German Emperor. The succession, if the question ever became practical, would devolve on one of his children, perhaps.

The utmost to which the former German Emperor now looks forward is an ultimate return of the Hohenzollerns not as German Emperors but as Prussian Kings, and even this development is postponed in his imagination to some remote future. His grandson will in due time, according to this idea, become King at Berlin exactly as a Wittelsbach will become King at Munich. When all the German princes have thus one by one been restored to their thrones, the question of a unified Germany will become timely—not before. Germany is not unified to-day, according to the monarchical party. The republic is really splitting Germany into fragments—a theme upon which the reactionary *Kreuz-Zeitung* of Berlin is never weary of expatiating. Former Emperor William heartily endorses this view. He heaps scorn upon republican institutions. So do all his followers. They have won the sympathies of the French monarchists who in one or two of their organs

in Paris contend that a monarchical restoration in Germany would be advantageous to France and a bulwark of the peace of Europe.

Time alone, as the *Vossische* points out, can reveal the extent to which these agitators and their followers were responsible for the slaying of Rathenau. His sanguinary taking off is the theme of much sensational innuendo in the republican and socialist organs, but nothing very definite emerges as yet in the shape of established fact. Such revelations as have already got into the newspapers seem due to the virulence of the feud raging between two of the various factions into which the monarchists themselves are divided. One faction would make the great conspiracy a Hohenzollern restoration exclusively. Another group is determined to begin with the Wittelsbachs. The theory of the hour in this camp is that the Germans would take kindly to a monarchy in Bavaria. The royal family there is not too closely associated with the great catastrophe. The Hohenzollerns played so prominent a part in the decline and fall of the late empire that many champions of monarchy hesitate to bring them to the front in the very first scene and act of the great play they intend to stage.

This line of argument, as the Italian press interprets the situation, is abhorrent to the Prussians. It galls their pride. Never will they set up a monarchical Germany in which the Hohenzollerns play second fiddle to the Wittelsbachs. The Prussians, moreover, do not feel a lively faith in a monarchical restoration that would begin as a series of minor local revolts—a Wittelsbach emerging at Munich, a Grand Duke in Hesse and so on. They are contriving something magnificently Pan-German, terrifyingly dramatic, sublimely spectacular. The revolution once achieved in the grand manner, the German states would form a

new federal constitution, selecting a Hohenzollern as the imperial ruler of the restored Reich.

Now and then, as the Socialist organs abroad go into details, it is made to appear as if the monarchical rising were on the eve of success. Something seems ever to intervene in the most awkward fashion. Once it was a suspicion of the Dutch Government. Again a great personage in Paris refused to give the indispensable guarantee of French neutrality. Then one of the Wittelsbachs refused to countenance the rising because of some objection by the envoy of the Vatican. Whatever measure of truth may be ascertainable in such reports, the fact remains that the German monarchists are restless. They provoke a corresponding restlessness in the socialists and the labor leaders. Anti-monarchical demonstrations are organized in large German towns and in the course of these affairs leaders on both sides are shot. Rathenau was simply the most conspicuous individual in a series of slayings which reveal the mood to which the conspirators have been brought.

It is not at all unlikely, suspects the *Etoile Belge*, to name but one among the Belgian dailies discussing this crisis, that the ramifications of the German monarchical conspiracy will before long affect profoundly the European situation as a whole.



The Horror of Moscow

WHEN Vandervelde and his associates of the second international, who undertook to defend the Socialist revolutionaries on trial at Moscow, threw up the case because the Bolsheviki had turned the affair into a travesty of justice, much consideration was given to the whole subject by the *London Times*. To this great daily Vandervelde himself explained his

attitude. Through the indignities to which he and his associates had been subjected in Russia, "through their treatment in a court in which they were not even allowed to consult their clients," they discovered that the so-called trial was nothing more than a preliminary to a fresh series of murders in prison.

Nor is this deliberate verdict in the English newspaper an isolated one. Carefully reviewing the situation out of which has grown this latest and most frightful of the horrors of Moscow, the *Geneva Journal* affords us a bird's-eye view of it all. The first Russian revolution, it observes, was the work of the soldiers and the peasants. It was the spontaneous protest of a whole people against the fatigues and the cruelties of a great war. The signal for this rising had been given by Count Yusupoff when he slew the wretched monk Rasputin, "in whom were incarnated the corruption and the duplicity of the czarist system." The socialist revolutionaries tried subsequently to guide the upheaval they had originated.

Russia then entered the period of humanitarian manifestations and generous Utopias, led by her Kerenskys and their kind. Kerensky himself made the mistake, after he had destroyed the army, of trying to resume the struggle with Germany. The country which had chosen Kerensky as its chief then refused to follow him any longer and threw itself into the arms of the Bolsheviki.

Thus it happened that Lenin and his kind were enabled to take possession of the Kremlin. Strongly supported by Ludendorff and exploiting with skill the longing of the masses for peace, the Bolsheviki had little difficulty in winning all along the line. They did not cease to dread those whom they had thus supplanted. The losers in this contest with the Bolsheviki were the real representatives of the principle of democracy in the land—as de-

mocracy is understood in the politics of the western world.

Having begun by forcibly dissolving the constituent assembly, the Bolsheviks sought next to exterminate even the memory of the first revolution. Their idea was to render the Bolshevik revolution the logical result of the overthrow of the czarist system. That is how it happened that the crusade of the Bolsheviks against the Mensheviks was so bloody. All who adhered to the second international instead of accepting the Moscow third international, all whose socialism was not red with communism of the extreme type, all whom Lenin himself characterized as ideologists or little bourgeois were sent to prison.

Many who found themselves in jail were shot summarily by the Cheka. A great many were held in dungeons until they were nearly dead from privations of one kind or another. Among these were the forty-seven social revolutionaries who in June were stood in front of the "tribunal" of the reds in Moscow and accused of treason. These unfortunates had for some two years past endured every conceivable terror in the Soviet prisons.

For months past the prospect of what would happen at these trials aroused anxiety among the socialists of all groups in western Europe. The "mass trial" as it is called led to the appearance of the socialist Vandervelde in the capacity of counsel for the defense and now he has given up his task, after some frightful weeks in Moscow, as a lost cause. Radek, the ruffian of ruffians among the reds, has been denouncing Vandervelde as a coward and a slanderer and it is now hinted that a veil of mystery is to be thrown over the fate of some at least of the prisoners on trial. The Bolshevik plea in the face of Europe's indignation at the spectacle in Moscow is that "the Soviet government had never adopted a standpoint of a justice

elevated above the masses" and that "the present court is an organ of proletarian power."

□ □

Revolt of the Japanese Press

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the formation of the new ministry at Tokyo the Japanese press permitted itself a display of irritation against the Anglo-Saxon world. Nothing could be more erroneous than an inference that these demonstrations reflect any real hostility to either England or America. It chances, as the Rome *Tribuna* observes, that the Anglo-Saxon world is too often the most convenient target whenever the newspapers of the Mikado's empire indulge in one of their regular frays with the haughty clans dominating the navy, the war office and the department of international affairs. For the moment, the whole press of Japan is in revolt against oppressions and censorship of which it has long complained. The contest is likely to be characterized by comment which may surprize America and England, yet it need not be taken too seriously.

Those who know Japan are aware that only a few years ago the greatest newspapers of that country received no more official consideration than if they were color prints by Hokusai on the wall of a peasant hovel. Things have changed and from the clansman's point of view for the worse. The Japanese press has attained vast proportions. Every local politician owns his personal vernacular organ. The result has been an elimination of the clansmen from many of their ancient strongholds. The journalist who is in politics tends more and more to become the oracle. The clansmen retain their ancient hold over the army, the fleet, the diplomacy of

the land. They lose constantly in the constituencies. In fact, the latest ministerial crisis in Japan might almost be called purely political, for the party groups dominated the situation.

Now, it has long been the aim of the foreign office in Tokyo to influence Japanese press comment in a spirit of friendliness to both England and America. The clansmen are eager to conciliate the whole Anglo-Saxon world. The journalists who are at the same time professional politicians are well aware that they can embarrass their clansmen foes by outbreaks in the press against Washington and London. Sometimes a vernacular organ will rail against California's land laws.

Again, a popular sheet in a provincial center will insist that the Japanese fleet be large enough to cope with that of England. These comments are not inspired by much first-hand knowledge of the state of international affairs. They reflect simply the hostility between the journalists and the bureaucrats.

In the days that are still not distant, it was possible for the censors to control Japanese press comment. That is all but impossible to-day. For one thing, the press has grown too huge, too powerful. In the next place, the politicians are so numerous as well as so influential that the tactics of a former day are no longer practical. The officials at Tokyo must now conciliate when they would prefer to suppress. There is no anti-British or anti-American feeling in the Japanese press generally. There are merely squabbles at home in the course of which Japa-



THE OBSTRUCTION

"It's no use, there's no detour."

—Marcus in New York Times.

nese international relations become a football.

All this must be borne in mind when Japanese press comment is cabled around the world in extracts indicating anti-American feeling or anti-British fury. For example, the recent visit of the Prince of Wales afforded an opportunity for one of the fights between the foreign office and the newspapers which are making Tokyo famous. The great clansmen were alarmed by the democratic character of the welcome to the Prince of Wales. The journalists and the politicians seemed determined to take the occasion in hand and to render it a demonstration against the exclusiveness of the ancient aristocracy. Many local Japanese journals emphasized the fact that the heir to the greatest throne in the western world was treated by his people just as if he were a mere human being.

Washington Between London and Paris

NOTHING could have been more gracious or more eloquent than the references to America which rendered the recent speech of M. Poincaré so important to the deputies at Paris. The French Prime Minister succeeded in convincing Europe, observes the *Matin*, that however he may disagree on points of detail with Mr. Lloyd George, he is in perfect agreement with President Harding and Mr. Hughes. Yet it was scarcely necessary, on top of all this, retorts the *London Mail*, for the Quai d'Orsay to proclaim with such energy last month, through its inspired organs, that its relations with official Washington were never so happy. The old hands in charge of French diplomacy never fail to remind the world how well they get along with America whenever they have a "flurry" with England.

The fact is that the United States and France have been acting together against a tendency to exclude both from certain important economic conquests in different regions of the world. This does not imply even a tacit alliance against any other power. It will be recalled that our Department of State protested with spirit when the Djambi petroleum fields were handed over to a British group—Dutch Shell—by the Hollanders. Such protests are not directed against the Dutch alone. We protested when the British sought exclusive rights in Mesopotamia.

Such displays of our diplomatic temperament are never directed against any one nation in particular, as the *Indépendance Belge* of Brussels is courteous enough to note. American objections were made no less animatedly at the time of the Anglo-French accord at San Remo. We were threatened then with a

serious economic setback. There was also our objection to Venezuela when a European combination professed to hold exclusive concessions in the republic. There is scarcely a region of the exploited globe which is not affected by some American protest or other when American opportunity and American equality are to be asserted.

These manifestations of our firmness are the cause of much misconception in Europe. They are seldom taken together as evidence of a coherent policy that implies alliances with no nation and impartial treatment of all. First we hear through the Quai d'Orsay that Washington sympathizes with France against England. Again it is alleged that we are with Belgium against Holland. Our Department of State is defending American interests alone.

The economic weapon in the hands of our government is of the most powerful sort. We have but to remind the foreigner that we supply him with an overwhelming proportion of his oil as it is. If he forces us to revise our present policy by redressing the balance of distribution, he may go short. This hint almost invariably answers the purpose. The diplomatists of the old world are not above taking advantage of mere appearances to insinuate that they are in closer touch with us than anyone else. No doubt these gentlemen speak in perfect good faith, but they sometimes draw conclusions from a single instance instead of reviewing the course of our government as a whole. It cannot be too strongly emphasized that our government has refrained from any diplomatic course calculated to justify inferences that we favor France more than England or England more than France. This point is important, concedes the *London Post*, in view of certain economic conferences that loom on the international horizon and already project their shadows and alarms.

AN HISTORIC SIGNATURE

By Lieut.-Col. E. W. Halford, U. S. A.

THIRTY-TWO years have elapsed since the first of the post-civil-war tariff bills was passed by Congress. No especial change had been made in the trend of tariff legislation since the days of Abraham Lincoln and the "Morrill tariff" until the Democratic party came into power under Mr. Cleveland. A vigorous debate had been kept up for "a tariff for revenue only" as against the Republican protective policy, and the Democratic party seemed committed to that view. In 1872 the democracy was forced into a questionable attitude by the indorsement of Horace Greeley; but in 1876 Mr. Tilden's campaign was openly waged upon the "revenue" basis; the result then was a drawn battle. In 1880 the Democrats attempted a diversion, or evasion, by nominating Gen. Hancock. The celebrated Nast cartoon will be recalled, representing the Democratic candidate sitting on a fence, wearing a bewildered look and asking: "Who is Tariff, and why is he for Revenue only?" In 1884 the democracy came into power squarely against the protection basis for tariff, and Mr. Cleveland became President. "Hard times" followed, and in 1888 the Republicans made a vigorous "American" campaign under Harrison, resulting in the latter's election. The notorious Murchison letter, written by Lord Sackville-West, British Minister in Washington, to a possibly-supposititious Englishman in Los Angeles, advising him to vote for Cleveland because of England's interest in a

ELIJAH W. HALFORD was private secretary to President Benjamin Harrison and as such became intimately acquainted with the inside of politics. Previous to that he was a newspaper editor in Indianapolis and Chicago. At the close of Mr. Harrison's administration he was appointed paymaster in the army. He is now retired with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. The following account is interesting, as the reader will compare the incident therein with the making of the present tariff bill.

free-trade policy for the United States, had much to do with Harrison's success. The indiscreet Minister was given his passports and sent out of the country. Chairman Quay, of the Republican National Committee, gave me the origi-

nal letter as a souvenir of the campaign.

The "McKinley bill" was the fulfillment of Republican campaign promises. It was frankly high tariff for protection to American industries. The bill was not easily passed. Secretary Blaine was opposed to it as originally introduced, and was reported to have smashed his hat on a House committee table in the heat of his disfavor. He demanded the incorporation of the Reciprocity feature, of which policy he was an ardent advocate. This was finally agreed to and Mr. Blaine placated. Gen. John W. Foster was given charge of negotiating Reciprocity treaties, the first of which was sent to Bar Harbor by direction of President Harrison to give the sick Secretary the pleasure of affixing his name to the document. This act of the President's was warmly acknowledged by Mr. Blaine.

As is the case with the present tariff bill, the Senate staged the big fight. The debate was prolonged and the outcome was uncertain. Several Republican Senators were opposed to the measure. I went up to the Senate to witness the end of the struggle. The bill passed by 33 to 27, three Republicans, each of whose names began with a "P," voting in the negative.

On the last day of the session, as usual, the President went to the Capitol to sign bills. The members of the Cabinet were present, and a number of other prominent men. The huge volume of the "McKinley bill"—written in manuscript, instead of being printed as laws are now—was laid before him. It was a hushed moment as the President affixed his signature to the measure. He used a "stub" pen, and the signature was unusually heavy. I stood by with blotter in hand, when Mr.

Blaine impulsively said: "Don't blot that signature, Mr. Secretary; let the ink dry; it is an historic signature." This was at 5:20 p. m., September 30, 1870.

It was such a signature, in more senses than one, possibly. The "McKinley bill" was the principal pretext which caused the return of an overwhelming opposition House at the ensuing election. The like has been the result of other tariff measures. Will history repeat itself with the Fordney-McCumber bill?

Significant Sayings

"Preserve your illusions. When they are gone you may still exist, but not live."
—*Mark Twain.*

"Some animals have more intelligence than some men; and some have far better morals."—*Dr. William T. Hornaday.*

"Anatole France has the gravy, but not the rabbit."—*Auguste Rodin.*

"Religion is caught rather than taught; it is the religious teacher, not the religious lesson, that helps the pupil to believe."—*Dean Inge.*

"The modern flapper's short skirts are more picturesque and sanitary than Grandma's bustle and dust-raking skirt, three of which would completely fill a street car"—*Opie Reed, the novelist.*

"The American Federation of Labor and the American Legion both have as enemies those who would destroy the lawful integrity of the nation. The American Constitution provides the means to effect such changes as we feel necessary—the ballot."—*Hanford MacNider, Commander-in-Chief of the American Legion.*

"Personally, I am an optimist with regard to Palestine. It is not a poor country, and in former days used to support many times its 700,000 present population. It is impoverished by centuries of neglect and mismanagement."—*Viscount Milner.*

"America alone commands sufficient means to help Russia."—*Trotsky.*

"Sculpturing is not very profitable, but those who raise pigs make a lot of money."
—*Stanislaw Szukalski, the Sculptor.*

"The world is one economic unit. Economically it is not even two hemispheres. It is one round, unbroken sphere."—*Lloyd George.*

"Most men are willing to work hard, and very few men are afraid of hard work when they are working for themselves."—*Hugo Stinnes.*

"I once ascribed the courtesy with which I am treated to the fact that I associate with gentlemen, but I now see reason to think men defer to me because they know I can fight."—*Wu Pei-Fu.*

"Sick? Of course, I am sick. But civilization is sick, humanity is sick, the world is sick, and if there be a God, then I wonder if he, too, is not sick."—*Lenin.*

"It is no disgrace to feel fear, but whenever you do feel fear, act like a hero."—*Clemenceau.*

"I am well aware that one crowded hour of glorious life is worth an age without a name, but I prefer the age without a name."—*Horatio Bottomley.*

"I went to The Hague with hope—naturally. I went to Cannes with hope. I went to Genoa with hope. I went even to London with hope, and a man who can go to London with hope can go to hell itself with hope."—*Litvinoff.*



Editorials by Dr. Frank Crane

The Two Passions

THERE are two social passions. One is the passion for going on, and the other is the passion for standing still.

Most of us are inclined to think that men become enthusiastic only for progress and reform, and that those who desire no change are rather apathetic and stubborn. A study of history, however, quickly convinces us that we are quite as violent in their desire to keep things as they are, as other men are violent in their wish for change.

We can see this illustrated in the French Revolution. It was not only the howling mobs that cheered around the guillotine while aristocratic heads were being cut off that were fanatic and extreme, but the Royalists, the advocates of the old order, those who were glad to die for the king and the Church, were precisely as passionate and as blood-thirsty, as seen in the case of the Vendéans.

You have only to look around you now among your acquaintances and you will discover that those who denounce new things, new methods and new ideas are even more bitter than those who denounce existing conditions and the hold over of tradition.

The explanation would seem to be that wherever Nature has a tendency she implants a passion. And there are two tendencies in Nature. One is the tendency toward constant alteration, and the other is toward

maintaining the unity between the past and the future, which we might call the tendency to unity or solidarity.

It might be asked why there is not a continual, gradual, easy and uncontested progress in the order of Nature. The question is foolish. There is not, and that is all there is to it. Nature does not lead the race onward in a gentle stream but by continual conflict, now advancing and now receding but always in the end gaining a little.

And the reason of this is that the purpose of Nature is growth. Nature does not make things. She grows them, that is to say living things. Man makes his houses and steam engines with clanging tools; Nature makes her trees out of acorns, her chickens out of eggs, and in like manner her religions out of superstitions and her civilizations out of barbarisms. As Lowell expressed it:

"From low to the highest next,
Not to the top, is Nature's text;
And embryo Good, to reach full stature,
Absorbs the Evil in its nature."

In all growth there must be two things, a constant change and yet a constant holding on to that which is passed. If the rose bush never buds, that is to say, if it never changes, it is not alive; and it is equally true that if the rose bud is separated from the parent stem it will soon cease to be alive.

This double law is what people continually forget. They interpret one set of events as proving that the world is standing still or going backward, and if their eye should fall upon another set of events, they take it to mean that the world is cutting loose from the past and going to destruction.

As Herbert Spencer showed in a beautiful chapter on "Rhythm" all force is rhythmic. Nothing which can be called force is constant and uniform in its exertion. The wind blows in gusts, light moves in waves, and so does sound and heat, and the rising of the tide upon the sea shore is characterized by alternate waves now advancing and now receding.

Every one of us can notice the same law in our own development. We did not come from childhood through adolescence and up to manhood in a sweet and uniform progress, but through sturm und drang, through hope and despair, through aspirations toward goodness and desperations—toward evil, for in us the tide of life advanced also by waves.

We can see these two passions operating in our moral nature. Every one of us is convinced that he should be better, purer, stronger, wiser and more beautiful. We have a certain passion toward change in these directions. And yet we instinctively resist not only any effort from within ourselves to advance morally but we regard those who preach reform to us as unmitigated bores and we dread and resist our teachers.

All culture is nothing but change, which is another way of saying that it is nothing but growth. This change is not something new we add to our ideas or to our spiritual equipment. It is always something that is born out of the old. That is why we speak of conversion as a "new birth," which is an entirely different thing from a remaking.

The same thing holds true in the social organism. Nonbeneficial change

in society has ever come about as the result of a sudden and unprepared revolution. The new idea has to live with us a long while, and undergo as it were a period of gestation, and often when it comes forth it seems an ugly thing.

Democracy in its birth in the French Revolution was a bloody and terrible thing. God had to put it over to the new and virgin continent of America to let it come to its healthy maturity, and its growth here has not been without struggle. As Du Bartas said, Nature bears her new ideas as a bear brings forth her cubs and has to lick them into shape.

"Not unlike the bear which bringeth forth

In the end of thirty days a shapeless birth;

But after licking, it in shape she draws,

And by degrees she fashions out the paws,

The head, and neck, and finally doth bring

To a perfect beast that first deformed thing."

This is illustrated in the history of every religious organization. The early Christian Church was a violent heresy and was roundly cursed and fiercely persecuted by that Judaism from which it sprung. In the course of years it grew to be a mighty orthodoxy which opposed any reform as bitterly as itself was opposed in its early day.

The passion for going on in time died out. The Church became wealthy and politically powerful. And its supporters burned with those fierce passions towards heresy that are illustrated in the history of the Inquisition. Gibbon says that the Church killed more heretics than paganism had ever killed Christian martyrs.

This is no reflection upon the Church other than saying that it is subject to the law that governs every human institution. Almost

every Protestant sect has illustrated the same thing in nature tho not in extent. The Methodist Church which began as a passion for holiness and spiritual freedom, in the course of time has come to direct almost all its passion toward a lot of totems and taboos, such as dancing, card playing and theatergoing. The passion for going on has turned into the passion for standing still.

The same law is illustrated in political life. In almost every country having a constitutional or Democratic Government there grow up two parties.

One of these parties, whatever be its name, is the party of conservatism. the other party, whatever be its name, is the party of change.

In England there are the Conservatives and Liberals, or the Tories and Whigs. In France, in Italy, in Germany, in Spain, in Japan, as in other countries, there is always one party emphasizing the value of tradition, of what has been, and of what is, and another party who emphasize the necessity for advancement, one way or another.

Roughly speaking, we have had these two parties in the United States. In a general way the Republican party has tended toward conservatism and the Democratic party toward change. Yet so shifting are the tides of opinion here that very often these positions have been reversed, as for instance the Democratic party stood out for States Rights, a clearly reactionary notion, while the Republican party favored the concentration of power in a Federal Government which was in the nature of change from our traditions.

In the present time about the only live idea the Democratic party has was given it by President Wilson, which is that the United States should take its place in the League of Nations, and that the time has come when our nation has passed from the era of provincialism, and

willy nilly must take its part in the councils of the world.

Altho there is no doubt that a majority of the members of the Republican party are also in favor of this, the leaders of the party have jockeyed it into opposition.

The saying of Washington, that America should keep free from entangling alliances that might bind our destinies with one European nation against another, has been deliberately twisted to mean that we should not cooperate with the other nations of the world at all.

Every change that has been made in our Government has been opposed bitterly by those under the influence of the passion for standing still. The Constitution of the United States for instance, which everybody now regards as a great blessing, and which Gladstone referred to as the greatest document ever struck off by the hand of man in a given time, was, when it was proposed, most violently attacked. In many States of the Union it was proclaimed to be the end of freedom and the death of democracy. It took many years of argument and experience to establish the Constitution in the opinion of Americans as a good thing.

It was a great step when America abolished human slavery, and yet we all know with what violence that step was opposed, a violence culminating in a terrific Civil War. The passion of the abolitionists such as Garrison, Wendell Phillips and Whittier was pale compared to the passion of the Southerners who denounced this change as something disastrous to American life and contrary to the Word of God.

It must not be supposed that the passion for standing still is always wrong and that the passion for going on is always right. The real truth always lies between these two things, or rather is the residuum left from their balance. James Bryce stated one side of the case when he said that no institution could ever be of

permanent value to the race unless it had its roots deep in the past.

The other side of the case is perhaps well stated by Marcus Aurelius: "Everything is in a state of metamorphosis. Thou thyself art in everlasting change, and in corruption to correspond; so is the whole universe."

There are no doubt many evils in the world, and we are living in but the beginnings of civilization, which compared to the days to come is little short of savagery, but our forward march cannot be by so violent revolution as we have seen take place in Russia, for humanity cannot leap into the millennium and in striving to do so it usually leaps from the frying pan into the fire.

Progress is good, but growth is better. We need not only to go on but we need to graft the going on, on to what we are.

Perhaps one of the greatest iconoclasts and reformers of the world was Jesus Christ. And yet He warned us not to think that He had come to do away with the law, not one jot or tittle of which should pass away until heaven and earth shall pass away.

We should welcome new truths but keep in mind the saying of Huxley, that "irrational truths may be more harmful than reasoned errors."

We should also remember that no matter how unjust and evil may be present conditions, we have at least gotten used to them, we have adjusted ourselves to them and somehow or other in spite of them the humanities have their way, while with new conditions there may come new troubles that we little suspect. There is therefore a strong disposition of society rather to bear the evils that it has than fly to others that it knows not of. It is a saying of Montaigne that "the oldest and best known evil was ever more supportable than one that was new and untried."

The sum of all this is that no man

can justly estimate the values of history, nor indeed the tendencies of his own times if he gives his mind up wholly to either one of these passions of which I have spoken. If he is a reckless reformer and so mad for revolution that he would destroy all things that exist and make all things new; or on the other hand, if he is an entrenched Tory, and looks upon all radical ideas with horror and contempt, in either case he is wrong.

All life is a balance. All truth is an adjustment. And there is no substitute for vision, judgment and poise of mind.

□ □

To Those in High Place

WILL the President of the United States, the 48 Governors of the various States, and the Mayors of the 100 principal cities, please stand up and receive a little plain advice.

It will cost you nothing, gentlemen, and may do you a lot of good.

You are surrounded by advisers, flatterers and critics, every one of whom has some sort of fish to fry.

All the more need of an entirely disinterested friend, such as *The Spectator*, to haul you gently over the coals a bit, for your soul's health.

And, I might add, in what I am about to say I speak the sentiment and have the unstinted backing of your 149 wives. They are with me "to a man."

And my advice is perfectly simple, so plain indeed that even a Governor, Mayor or President can get me, if you will pardon my inference.

It is this. Please listen. Give strict attention. Don't pose. Nobody is taking a moving picture of the class, so look at me. It is this:

Don't work when you're tired.

That's all.

And it is not original, for that matter. I stole the idea from Norman Hapgood, who laid down the

other day this thumping truth: "A man can work when he is tired, but he cannot show his best judgment when he is tired."

Now, my point is, that the most vital work you have to do, the real work after all that you are paid for, that you are expected to do, and that will make or mar your career, is the exercise of your judgment.

Sometimes I hear a prominent man, the president of a bank, a great railroad executive, or some such, tell about how he works longer hours a day than his clerks. He thinks he impresses me. He does. He impresses me as foolish.

It is well for the bookkeeper or janitor or the saleswoman at the silk counter to be on the job so many hours a day, and, if need be, to work overtime, to get things done.

But that is no virtue in the head of the department store, for his business is to Decide, not to serve time.

He can get down to his office at 11 a. m., and if he be fresh and fit can tackle an important question, the details of which his subordinates have prepared for him, and in fifteen minutes render a decision that may mean prosperity to a thousand employees. While if he attempts to make such a decision after working hard all day, and with a weary body and distracted mind, he may play havoc.

Hence, gentlemen, my advice is, do Not keep everlastingly at it, do Not be on the job ten hours a day, do Not be so conscientious about serving the public that you ruin the quality of your service.

Play golf. Go fishing. Go to the theater. Have a party. Divert yourselves. Sleep late. Eat well. Take a day in bed occasionally. Read novels.

For we the people do not want all of your time; we want only a few minutes of it every day; but we want you to bring to that few minutes the very cream of your intelli-

gence, the very cutting edge of your conscience, the very choicest spirit of your inspiration.

You are Deciders. Let others Do.

Your first business is to keep well, keep strong, keep at the very top of your efficiency.

Don't putter. Don't waste the precious quality of your judgment in doing what others can do as well. Don't write letters. Don't shake hands too much. Don't let your time be devoured by speeches and banquets.

Let George do it.

Play!

For upon the Decision of your golden moment hangs the welfare of many.

□ □

The Great Cheat

THE great cheat is Alcohol. It is the most consummate, subtle and successful swindler the world has ever known. It is the most accomplished liar and the smoothest confidence man that has ever deceived and destroyed human beings. And the chief of its criminal capacities is that it so successfully imitates the action of man's best and highest faculties. Alcohol does in a minute what self-discipline, mature thought and profound religion take a lifetime to do. It gives peace and poise.

Most of us are weak. We are unable to cope with life. We have nerves to feel the Great Problem, but not the brains to solve it. The strange and sinister elements of the universe are too much for us. And whiskey is the great cure.

This is expressed by the Scotchman who exclaimed, "Metaphysics be damned; let's drink!" This is the burden and appeal of the great poem of Omar.

Consider the matter. In a Scotch novel we find a professor in the university declaring that philosophy is mainly valuable because of its com-

fort to the mind of man. "To the philosopher," says the professor, "there are only two entities that matter, himself and the Eternal. The mind indeed in its first blank outlook on life is terrified by the demoniac force of Nature and the swamping misery of man; by the vast totality of things, the cold remoteness of the starry heavens and the threat of the devouring seas. He is puny in their midst.

"At that stage the mind is dispersed in a thousand perceptions and a thousand fears. There is no central greatness in the soul. Phenomena, uninformed by thought, bewildering and depress.

"But the labyrinth cannot appal a man who has found a clue to its windings. A mind that has attained to that, lives in itself, and the world becomes its slave. Real thinkers know the value of a wise indifference, and that is why they are often the most genial men; unworried by the transient they can smile and wait, sure of their eternal aim.

"The man to whom the infinite beckons is not to be driven from his mystic quest by the ambush of a temporal fear. There is no fear; it has ceased to exist.

"That is the comfort of a true philosophy, if a man accepts it not merely mechanically from another but feels it in breath and blood and every atom of his being. With a warm surety in his heart he is undaunted by the outer world. That, gentlemen, is what thought can do for a man." ("The House With The Green Shutters," by George Douglas.)

And that precisely is what whiskey does for a man.

And whiskey will do that without any of the tortuous and bitter struggles of thought. A man can get precisely that relief from guzzling at a bottle that the sage gets as the ripe fruit of experience.

This old cheat takes a man up to the top of the mountain and gives

him all the kingdoms of the world. It increases his vitality and he is able to ignore obstacles.

If he walks among the wretched and the poor he sees them through a rosy haze.

If he is assailed by the consciousness of his own weakness this old swindler within his veins makes him think he is a hero and a great man.

He may be a disgusting object to all the world but to himself, so long as this devil whispers along his nerves, he is a towering lord.

There is no crown of life except to him that overcometh. And the whiskey victim, without overcoming anything in the world, is made to overcome everything in thought.

The world may be a cold and hostile place, but to him who walks in a tipsy dream it is warm and friendly.

The tragedy of it all is that it is but for a time. Having fooled his victim to the top of his bent the devil throws him down, a wrecked and poisoned body, an emasculated spirit, an impotent, driveling, self-pitying slob.

This is the work of The Great Cheat.

□ □

The Dog and the Countess

"SEE who has knocked at the door, Mathilde."

"I have seen by the window already, madame. It is the good priest Bonaventura, for whom madame sent."

"Have him in at once."

When the priest entered he found the countess sitting in her invalid chair, her still young and beautiful face pale and sad.

"Tell me, Bonaventura," she said, a little petulantly, as he sat before her, his hat upon the floor beside him, his time-scarred face full of sympathy and gentle understanding, "tell me why I am chained here by

this paralysis, I who am still youthful and want to run and laugh and taste the joys of life with my kind? Tell me, father, for surely you know everything, being a man of God."

"If I am a man of God, it is not that I know everything," he replied softly, "but that I have ceased to strive and have learned to listen."

"But," he continued, "I will tell you of my dog, whom I left just now in my garden. He is a Newfoundland. You have seen him with me. Every day I take my walk. I wish you could see him when he perceived I was preparing to go out. How he planted himself before me, devouring my every gesture with his large eyes! How he bounded, dodged and scampered about, and came always again before me with a happy whine, as if to say, 'Can I go out with you?' And when I would say to him, 'Yes, old fellow, you shall go,' how he became suddenly polite! He would carry my umbrella or my basket. It was all he could do to keep from leaping upon me to lick my face."

"That daily walk was his delight, his unalterable right. But for dogs, as for men, clouds come. Their way is not always one of pleasure."

"The rabies, that terrible malady, is raging in our village. Many people have been bitten. Orders have been issued to the police to shoot all dogs in the street that are not muzzled. To-day, as I set out for here, Cudjo as usual posted himself before me, looking his request at me with those eloquent eyes."

"No, Cudjo," I said, "you cannot go to-day. Lie down!"

"He regarded me seriously a moment, then seemed to think I was joking, and began to scamper."

"No," I said, "not to-day!"

"He saw that I was in earnest. His ears drooped, his tail ceased wagging, he stood motionless!"

"As I went away I looked back at him, regarding me with a somber and puzzled air. He could not make

it out. Why had his master all at once become cruel and perverse?"

"Behind that dog's forehead what a tumultuous 'Why?' raged! Doubtless he said to himself: 'Why, why does he not allow me to go with him as he once did? Why can I not trot by his side, leap the hedges and gambol over the fields, chase the birds and plunge into the river? Why must I stay here chained to my kennel, alone, miserable? Surely it is a heartless world this!' And he had to remain there for a reason which there is no means of communicating to him. Much as I love and pity him, I cannot reach him with any rational comfort, for the simple reason that he would be totally unable to understand."

"For what can he know of mad dogs and their strange malady? How can he understand the terrible danger to which he is exposed from their bite? What can he comprehend of those ordinances that have been decreed, quite as much for his protection as for ours? Nothing! So doubtless he stands at his cage door raising rebellious and accusing eyes to heaven. Doubtless there is that same querulous anger in his face toward the universe that I have seen sometimes upon human faces."

"If he only could know, if he could see a little way into the impenetrable mystery of fate, how grateful would he be to his master, who, tho apparently cruel, is saving him from a most horrible calamity. I say, if he only knew, he would come running to me, demanding, as his privilege, the muzzle and the chain."

There was a silence. Then he added: "Perhaps you remember a word our Lord said to Peter one time, according to the Gospels. He said, 'What I do thou knowest not now; thou shalt know hereafter.'"

Then the countess smiled through her tears, and said: "Put your hand on my foolish head, my father, and bless me. For I think I understand."

FRENCH "MILITARISM" DEFENDED AND EXPLAINED

By General Emil Taufflieb, Senator of France

THERE is a French proverb which, liberally translated, says: There are none so deaf as those who will not hear. This saying comes to my mind as I read newspaper editorials and magazine articles referring to and commenting on the foreign policy of France as directed by Premier Poincaré, particularly as concerns Germany.

American public opinion is so valuable to France that it is but natural for one so closely related to America as I am to take up, in the interest of truth, the many errors of judgment in the writings of some of our American and English friends.

Among the latter, Mr. A. G. Gardiner, former editor of the *London Daily News*, contributes an article published in the July issue of *CURRENT OPINION*. Under the title of "Plain Words to France," Mr. Gardiner arraigns France and M. Poincaré before the bar of public opinion. M. Poincaré is accused of inspiring a program "to place France in military and economic possession of Europe." More than that, the attitude of the French delegates at the Washington Conference is reprehensible because, according to Mr. Gardiner, "France has refused to discuss disarmament," supplementing this statement with the assertion that "France keeps in being an army of 800 thousand men."

The author of "Plain Words to France" asserts that "Bismarck was

THE author of this article was commander of the 37th French Army Corps, which distinguished itself on the extreme eastern fighting line, namely Alsace, during the most critical period of the war. General Taufflieb is now a Senator of France, representing the Strasbourg District. Following the Armistice he came to the United States on an official mission from the French Government, and he is now on his second visit to this country, in a private capacity. His wife is an American.

a modest man who aimed only at consolidating Germany and making it dominant in European affairs." By thus exaggerating events, still vivid in the memory of my generation, namely, the conduct of Bismarck in the years fol-

lowing the Franco-Prussian War in 1870, Mr. Gardiner destroys the impression his article meant to convey in accusing Poincaré of outdoing the Iron Chancellor.

It would take an entire issue of this magazine to refute Mr. Gardiner's diatribe against France. I will therefore attempt but a brief analysis of the "militarism" and "disarmament" issues. As to militarism, how many are there able to give a correct definition of that much abused and misused word? To properly define militarism, one need not consult a dictionary.

Militarism, in order to be understood, must be lived, it must be felt, it must be experienced as Alsatians under German rule have lived it, and felt it, and experienced it. Anyone who has lived in Alsace after 1870 is more competent to explain all that the word "militarism" implies than any lexicographer, however high such a personality looms in the literary field.

Any country where military authorities dictate to the civil authorities is militaristic.

When Alsace became German territory—the Reichsland—the land of empire—it was ruled by a Statthalter, a sort of Governor, as he might be called in America, whose



© American Committee for Devastated France

REMAINS OF A FRENCH TOWN THROUGH WHICH THE GERMANS PASSED
Trosly-Loire looks this way to-day in a region of devastated France where there has been practically no reconstruction

single signature was sufficient to send one into exile or into prison without due process of law. With that one signature, the various Statthalters who succeeded one another have confiscated millions and millions of marks worth of property belonging to Alsations. With that one signature affixed to a piece of plain white paper perquisitions were made in private homes in the hope of finding so-called compromising documents. With that one signature, Marshal Von Manteuffel, Statthalter of Alsace-Lorraine, refused permission to Alsations living in France to attend the last moments of a dying father or mother. This last statement can be substantiated by my old schoolmate and friend, Jonas Lippman, well known in New York journalism, who vainly appealed to that Statthalter for permission to give the last kiss to his mother in Strasbourg. Yet he with thousands of other young Alsations had broken no German law, but rather than swear allegiance to the German Empire, these young men emigrated to other countries. If that was a crime, then they were indeed guilty.

Again, a single signature of the Statthalter prohibited the use in public or for advertizing purposes of the French language in Alsace-Lorraine. A genuine dictatorship taught our brothers in Alsace what militarism is.

France may have been militaristic under Napoleon I. or Napoleon III.; but that France is not the France of the Third Republic.

Everybody knows that the France of to-day is compelled "to keep in being an army of 800 thousand men," to use the words of Mr. Gardiner. Those who do not know or claim not to know the reason for such a military display should study the events which have occurred since 1918.

Every time a partial payment of the war indemnity is due, the German government alleges poverty and cries to the world at large for sympathy.

Where was that sympathy after 1870 when France had to pay 5 milliards of francs? There was no question then of disarmament. Germany had an army of occupation in France maintained at the expense of the French nation to see to it that

every cent of the huge war indemnity—capital and interest—was paid into the German treasury.

When in those days M. Thiers, who later became President of the Republic, appealed, by a personal visit, to the various Courts of Europe—England, Austria, Russia and Italy—not to let Germany dismember France, not one word of encouragement or hope did he receive. No articles were then written against a "militaristic" Germany!

France, devastated then as she is to-day, worked, saved and paid. To-day Germany who, mind you, was not invaded, whose factories are working day and night, whose commerce is prospering, refuses or evades payment.

How then can France disarm, if she is to compel Germany to honor the signature affixed by the German plenipotentiaries to the treaty of Versailles? And then again, who will protect France against possible and probable attack by Germany?

Am I exaggerating? Why was Rathenau assassinated? Simply because he was an honest man who insisted on Germany keeping faith with France.

The recent triumphal march of

Hindenburg through the battlefields of Eastern Prussia, the violent speeches reechoing the well-known Deutschland über Alles, these manifestations against verfluchtes Frankreich (accursed France), what does all that mean if not the vision of the coming "Tag," of that new conflagration which would make of France—if disarmament prevailed—a heap of ashes?

Has Germany disarmed?

Who or what prevents her new-found friend, Russia, via the Rapallo treaty, from providing her with guns and ammunitions? Who or what prevents Germany from accumulating war material in countries which during the last war were called "neutral"? Who will explain the applications since 1918 by Germany at Washington for nearly 200 patents, mostly affecting inventions of the military kind? Why did Secretary Weeks order an investigation concerning these applications?

It is not meant, in recalling the above facts, to stir up hatred, or to encourage new conquests, or to justify errors of judgment on the part of France—if such errors have been made—but in view of the great es-



© American Committee for Devastated France

THIS WAS ONCE A THRIVING ORCHARD ON THE AISNE

Illustrating the diabolical success of the German soldiery in their work of devastating France

teem we Frenchmen have for America it is necessary that our side of the story be told even imperfectly. We are occasionally reminded by American congressmen of our financial debt to America. We have not forgotten. France will pay to the last centime; what she wants is a breathing spell. It may not seem unfair under the circumstances to recall that the money advanced by France to the United States or the 13 colonies in 1776, 1779, 1780, 1781, 1782, amounting to the sum of 18 millions of livres, were to be paid back by the first of January, 1788. But France, long before the payments became due, entered into a new contract on July 16, 1782, ratified by the Continental Congress January 22, 1783, from which contract I beg to quote:

ARTICLE II—"Considering that payment of so large a capital at the one stipulated period, the first day of January, 1788, may greatly injure the finances of the Congress of the United States, and it may perhaps be even impracticable on that footing, His Majesty has been pleased for that reason to recede in that respect from the tenor of the receipts which the Minister of Congress has given for the 18 million livres mentioned in the foregoing article and has consented that the payment of the capital in ready money, at the Royal Treasury, be in twelve equal payments of 1,500,000 each and in twelve years only, to commence the third year after peace."

ARTICLE III—"Altho the receipts of the Minister of the Congress of the United States specify that the 18 million of livres above mentioned are to be paid at the Royal Treasury, with interest at five per cent. per annum, His Majesty being willing to give the said United States, a new proof of his affection and friendship has been pleased to make a *present of and to forgive the whole arrears of interest to this day and from thence*

to the date of the treaty of peace, a favor which the Minister of the Congress of the United States acknowledges to flow from the pure bounty of the King and which he accepts in the name of the said United States with profound and lively acknowledgments."

It will thus be seen that France's attitude was one of sincere friendship, which only a few persons seem, however, to remember at this date when positions are reversed.

France will never forget to be grateful to America. What she wants to-day is a breathing spell; that is all.

France has her eyes on Washington, not on the Ruhr basin. The latter is a nightmare to her, not an object of conquest. The Ruhr coal mines, even if exploited by France, cannot make her forget the destruction of the coal mines of the Lens Basin, wantonly destroyed.

Would America forget or forgive such vandalism, were she the victim? To ask the question is to answer it.

As these lines are being written, I have before me a periodical published in New York *Deutsch-Amerika*, whose leading editorial is headlined: "Hang Poincaré."

The editorial comments on the article of Mr. A. G. Gardiner referred to above and revives every bitter memory of the war. It seeks to degrade the patriotic spirit of that day into a fierce blood lust, as if the men who went overseas to fight for democracy were animated by the instincts of tigers. It goes to the length of citing the convicted English editor-promoter, Horatio Bottomley, as a typical patriot of the period, hinting that the motives of them all were no more exalted than his. It cites the Gardiner article not with approval only but with delight, as if he spoke with the voice of Philip sober after a long roar from Philip drunk.

BRITISH AND AMERICAN TRADE UNIONISM SHARPLY CONTRASTED

By Arthur Greenwood

DURING the war and since I have met many Americans who discussed the great industrial problems of our generation and asked, "What shall we do to be saved?" Now the first answer which strikes an Englishman, or rather the first step towards salvation which he would prob-

ably suggest would be the frank recognition of trade unionism. I hope I have not caused the death of any good American, tho I have seen them visibly blench and, as it seemed to me, struggle mighty hard to control themselves when I have suggested that, as regards the organization of industrial relationships, the United States is about three-quarters of a century behind Britain, and that the recognition of the labor unions would be a good thing.

It's not my business to preach to the United States, but it may be worth while to say what England thinks about labor unionism.

Among the industrial workers in Great Britain there are far more unionists than non-unionists. In the chief industries of the country the non-union worker is an unimportant factor. There are literally thousands of businesses where every single worker is a member of a union.

In every important industry, wages and working conditions are determined as a result of negotia-

DURING a recent visit to London I had several conferences with the leaders of the Labor Party. I was very much interested in the way the labor movement is managed in England. They ought to know how to do things there better than we here because they have been at it for a much longer time.

I asked the Labor people to give me a message from them to the American people. In response they sent me the following statement from Arthur Greenwood who is well known in the Labor Party in England for his intelligence and clear vision. The following article admirably states the point of view of the best minds of the labor movement in Great Britain.—FRANK CRANE.

tions between the employers' associations and the unions, and the employers themselves would never dream of substituting individual contracts with their employees for collective bargaining.

During the past eight years, the organization of both employers and employ-

ees has steadily increased. One of the most remarkable features of the last few years has been the increased power of unionism among the general laborers, women workers and black-coated workers. Labor unionism is really firmly established in Britain.

When the British Government during the war cast an eye towards the future, it appointed a committee on the relations between employers and employed—a body which became world-famous as the Whitley Committee. The key-note of its reports was organization. It sought to bring together in each industry the employers' organizations and labor unions for the settlement of their disputes and the discussion of common problems. It even recommended the Government to pursue the same policy, and Whitley Councils, as they are called, have been set up in the various State departments, where representatives of the Government and the unions of civil servants deal with matters affecting State servants.

The British Government has fully accepted labor unionism both in industry and the public services. It would never enter the head of even a bad government to take action regarding unemployment insurance, workmen's compensation or similar questions without full consultation with organized labor. At the same time, it cannot be denied that labor men in England regard governments as being unfriendly to them. What they would think, say and do if a government discontinued this practice of frank consultation words fail to express.

Seven labor unionists were members of the government during the war and others were invited to become Ministers of the Crown, but declined. The trade-union movement gave birth to a political labor movement, independent of other political parties. The Labor Party now includes within its ranks bishops and clergy, eminent lawyers, university professors and lecturers, scientists, economists and—even employers of labor.

It is difficult for me to put myself inside the skin of a citizen of the American Republic; but I can imagine many an American citizen shuddering at the thought of living in England, tho many visitors from the States will be able to bear me out when I say that civilization has not decayed. We eat, drink and are as merry as present circumstances

allow; we sleep in our beds without fear of assassination; quite respectable and worthy people converse with well-known labor unionists without feeling contaminated; and, on the whole, the country has not been bolshevized.

As I have said, it is not my job to teach Americans their business, but I may venture on a prophecy: Countless Americans have prophesied that England will be dry in twenty years. I make the prophecy that the United States will be very largely unionized in twenty years.

I have a feeling that America will sooner or later take the same general view of this question as Britain. In Britain we do not regard a coal mine as a satrapy, or a railroad director as a nabob, or the owner of a cotton mill as an oriental potentate, whose employees are slaves to do his bidding. We regard working people as human beings, with rights of organization such as employers claim for themselves. We believe that large-scale industry inevitably leads to large-scale organization of both employers and employees and to collective bargaining.

I am not asserting for a moment that we in England have any grounds for wearing an air of superiority. But we have been in business longer. And, Heaven knows, there are many things to be put right. Which, however, is another story.

Immigration—For the nine months ending March 31, 1922, there were 524,478 immigrants who entered the United States and 488,639 people who departed from the United States; that is, the incoming stream exceeded the outgoing stream by only the small margin of 35,839.

This was under the operation of what is known as the Dillingham Act or the three per cent. law, which limits immigration to three per cent. per year of the nationals residing in this country by the census of 1910.

A Four Ply Monroe Doctrine—On the Fourth of July Lord Robert Cecil, of Great Britain, presented to the Commission of Disarmament at the Meeting of the League of Nations a plan which was rather favorably received.

In a nutshell it provided that the world should be divided into four regions, America, Europe, Asia and Africa. Only the powers in each region are to be obligated to aid a menaced nation upon the approval of the League Council.



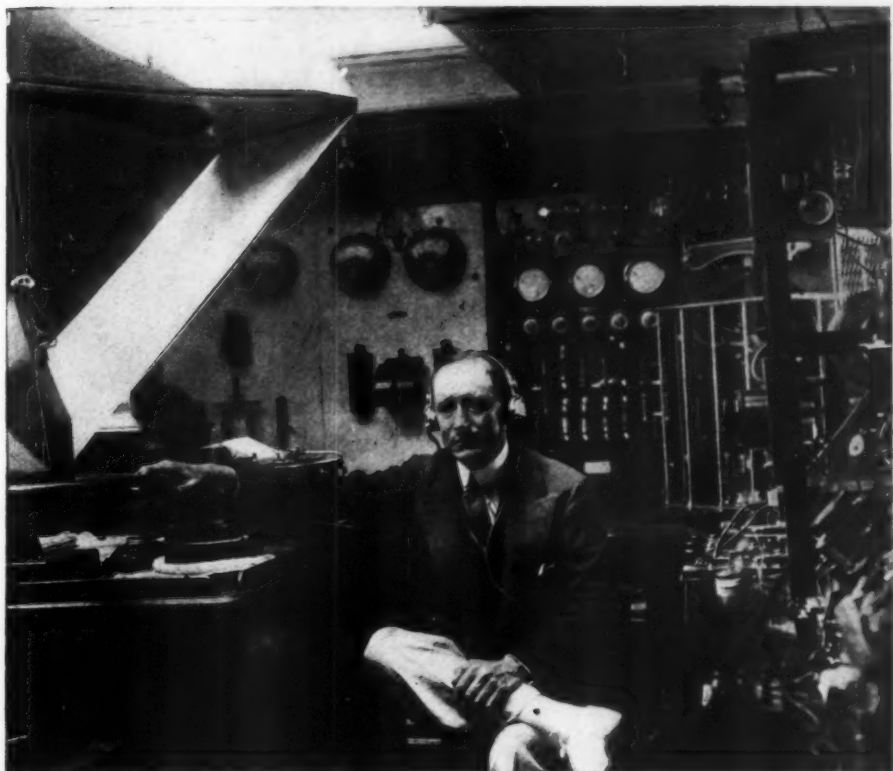
PRESIDENT HARDING UNVEILS THE BATTLE MONUMENT AT PRINCETON
In doing so, he reminds us that Lord Cornwallis regarded the Trenton-Princeton campaign as the crowning glory of Washington's military career.



Wide World Photo

A GREAT MILITARY GENIUS AND HIS SISTER

General John J. Pershing is seen in summer toggery, with Miss Mary Pershing, parading the boardwalk at Atlantic City.



© International

THE WIZARD OF RADIO IN THE WIRELESS ROOM OF HIS YACHT
Signor Marconi lives and sails, always in touch with his inventions. He is hopeful of communicating with Mars.



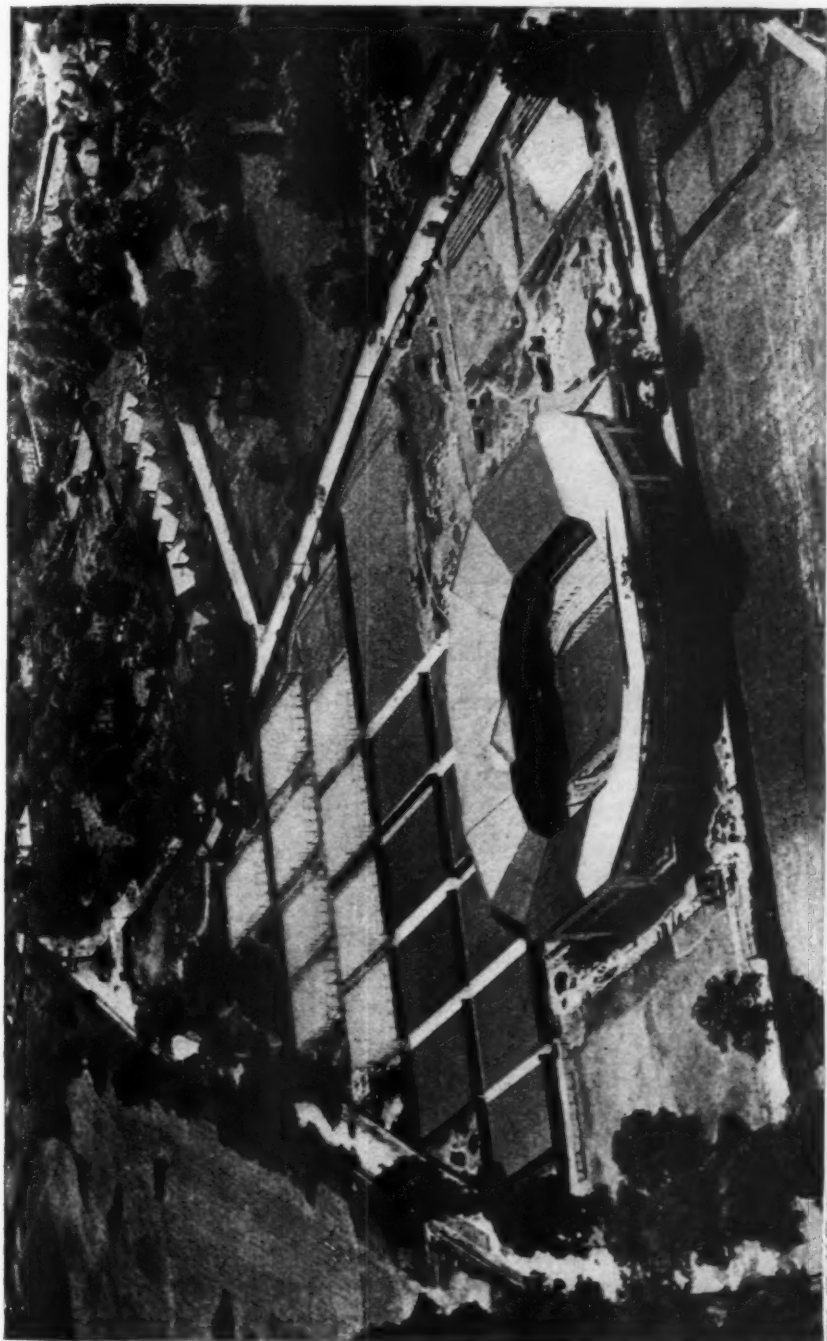
A NEW AMERICAN MUSICAL AND ART CENTER

This is the dream of the present municipal administration in New York and to make it come true will involve an expenditure of thirty odd million dollars.



GOLD COINS MINTED BY CROESUS FOUND IN THE RUINS OF SARDIS

At the top is shown what once was the capital of Lydia, beside the River Pactolus. The lower pictures show where coins of 546 B.C. were found, and reveal the excavated Temple of Artemis (see page 227).



Wide World Photo

AT WIMBLEDON, ENGLAND, IS ESTABLISHED THE ROYAL COURT OF TENNIS

It was here that Molla Mallory, representing the United States, and Mlle. Lenglen, representing France, fought for athletic supremacy.



© International

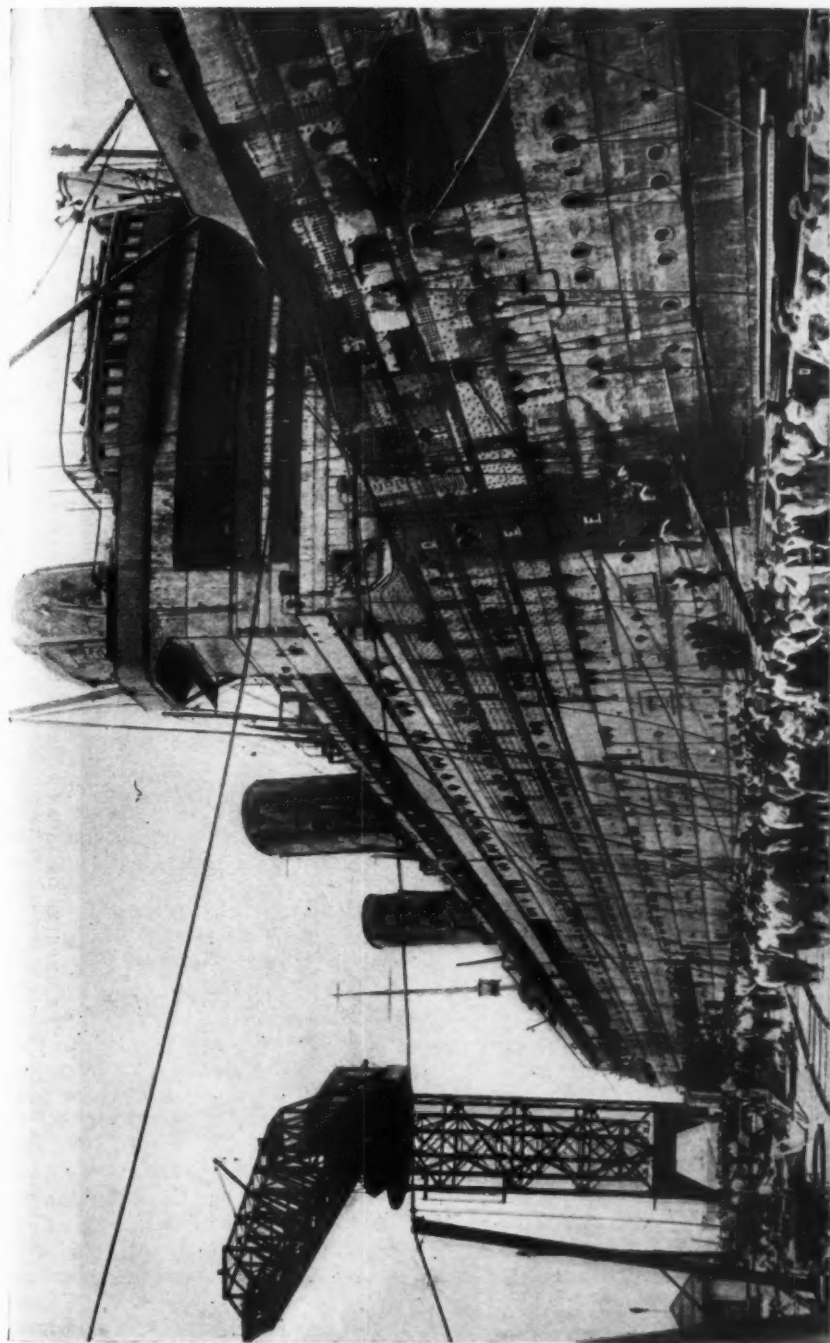
OUR NEW AMBASSADOR TO GERMANY, WITH HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER
Former Congressman Alanson B. Houghton sailed recently from New York to enter upon his important duties in Berlin.



© Paul Thompson

WHERE SWEDENBORG HAD HIS VISIONS

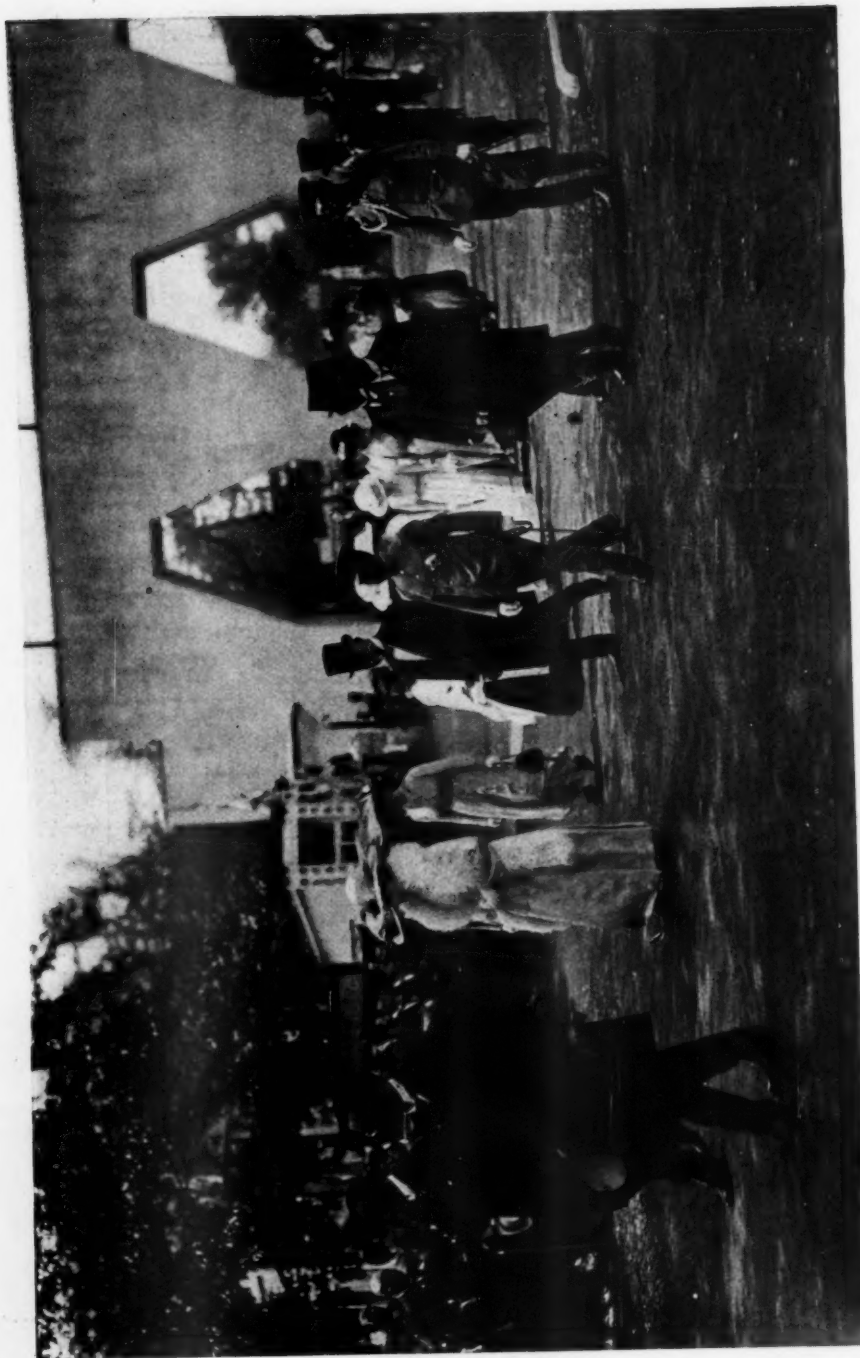
The pavilion of the Swedish scientist and psychic has been removed to the open-air museum at Skansen, near Stockholm.



© Underwood & Underwood

GETTING THE STEAMSHIP LEVIATHAN READY FOR SEA AGAIN

Showing the army of workmen who are refitting for passenger service the former *Vladimir* at Newport News, Va. It was famous as a troop ship during the war.



© Adachi

THE EMPRESS OF JAPAN VISITING THE PEACE EXPOSITION IN TOKIO
She is shown in this first picture of Her Majesty to be published in America, accompanied by Prince Kanin (in uniform with medal) and court attendants.

A BUSINESS MAN AS AMBASSADOR TO GERMANY

HAVING been appointed Ambassador to Germany and the appointment confirmed by the Senate, and having resigned from Congress where he was serving his second term, Alanson B. Houghton returned to his home at Corning, New York, the other day, to settle some matters of business. Hardly had he reached his office at the great glass works of which he is chief executive when there sounded four or five surprising blasts of the factory whistle. It lacked fifteen minutes of the noon hour. Looking up from his papers he saw two workmen at the door. They were smiling, but seemed to be embarrassed. "We don't know exactly what to call you," one of them said. "Mr. Ambassador or something else?" Recounting the incident to a writer, James B. Morrow, in the *Nation's Business*, the new Ambassador to Germany, who had "grown up" with those men, replied: "Call me Alan, just as you have since we were boys."

The men led their chief down-stairs where two thousand others were assembled—all of them employees of the factory—and a brass band was playing. So the former Congressman and present Ambassador was presented, while he stood on a truck, with an American flag and an album in which were the signatures of all the contributors (ten

cents each) to the fund that had purchased the flag. We are assured that it was a great event in the life of Alanson B. Houghton—appointed by the President, approved by the Senate of the United States and now sent about his public business overseas with the cheers of his workmen sounding in his ears and the Stars and Stripes, their gift, over his head.

It is written that the Thirty-seventh Congressional District of New York pendulates between the parties. At one biennial election a Republican is chosen to serve in the House of Representatives; at another, a Democrat. Mr. Houghton's plurality four years ago was 16,000 votes; two years ago it was 30,000 votes! Apparently a man of



© International

HE HAS AN AMERICAN VISION OF GERMANY
Ambassador Alanson B. Houghton at work in his office at the embassy at Berlin.

consequences—not for one reason, but for several of them; reasons personal, political, industrial and economical. And diplomatical. Germany is sending Dr. Otto Ludwig Weidfeldt as its Ambassador to the United States. He is an able and experienced economist; so is Mr. Houghton. He is a financial expert; so is Mr. Houghton. He is an eminent and successful manufacturer; so is Mr. Houghton. He speaks English; Mr. Houghton speaks German. Talent by talent and achievement by achievement, they seem to match each other.

Washington and Berlin! The two capitals on which, more than any others, at this juncture, depend the welfare of mankind. If Germany falls, Europe falls. And if Europe falls, there will be idleness and all of its evils and sufferings in the United States; and calamities which cannot be foretold.

For three generations, it is recorded, the Houghtons have been makers of glass. They now make electric-light bulbs and tubing, railway signals, ship signals, chemical ware, clinical ware, thermometer tubes, artistic glass and pyrex, of which utensils are manufactured that women can put in ovens and on stoves.

In its specialties, the Corning Glass Works, with factories at Corning, New York; Wellsboro, Pennsylvania, and Kingsport, Tennessee, probably leads the world; normally, 4,000 persons are employed. Its laboratories, for research and experimentation, are easily the greatest in this country or in Europe; and in them, now, as for years, engineers and chemists are constantly employed to improve the products of furnaces and kilns.

The original Houghton glass factory was located at Cambridge, Massachusetts, where, fifty-eight years ago, the Ambassador was born. It was moved to Brooklyn and later to Corning. Alanson B. (B. for Bigelow, the maiden name of his mother) meant to be an author. At Harvard, where he was graduated, 1886, A.B., with honors, he was a writer on the Harvard monthly and on the *Crimson* and a member of

the chief literary society. In the meanwhile he had become attracted to economics, and particularly to the study of socialism.

He went to Europe better to prepare himself as a writer on his favorite subject, and there attended lectures at Göttingen, Berlin and Paris. During vacations, he traveled in Russia and other continental countries. He understood but two words of the first lecture in German that he heard. Before he left Germany he could think and even dream in that language.

On his return to the United States, after an absence of three years, he found his father in poor health. His family agreed that it was his duty to be a glassmaker, instead of a student of economics. "I entered the office of the works as a clerk at \$1.25 a day," he said. He was twenty-six years old. At the age of forty he was elected second vice-president of the company and placed in charge of its sales. His father, Amory, Jr., was still at the head of the establishment.

Twelve years ago the subject of this sketch was elected president of his company; he had managed its sales for seven years; had taken an active part in the work and development of its laboratories and had applied his trained intelligence and theoretical knowledge, undividedly, to the business of glass making. At the end of eight years he resigned the presidency to enter Congress. Since then he has been chairman of the board. Also, he is one of the owners of a West Virginia coal and coke company and a director of a large life insurance corporation. He is a member of the Episcopal Church and a trustee of Hobart and St. Stephen's Colleges.

There are questions of the highest importance, Ambassador Houghton thinks, which the people, concerned about their own matters, their bread and butter and so on, either have neglected or entirely overlooked; as, for instance, the gradual transformation of the United States into a manufacturing country which, in time, may pos-

sibly import some of the staple foods it consumes. For he foresees the day when no American farm product, with the possible exception of cotton, will be sold abroad. In the meantime, what else will have happened? We shall discover that our manufactures have grown in volume by leaps and bounds and that we must increase our exports by several billion dollars.

Even to-day it is necessary for us to sell about a billion dollars' worth of our manufactures abroad—which is the amount of the normal surplus left after supplying our own needs. The surplus will grow, as the 31 per cent. of our people engaged in manufacturing increases and the 26 3/10 per cent. in farming decreases. What, then, inquires this new Ambassador to Germany, should be the objective of our business men, lawmakers and diplomatists? Larger markets for our manufactured products. Where will those markets be found? Mainly in Europe, in a restored Europe, in a Europe having its own business and currency on a solid basis and its own people employed so that they will earn the money with which to buy of us.

"If Europe is not prosperous, it is obvious that we cannot be prosperous. Unemployment in Europe means unem-

ployment in the United States. We can no longer shut ourselves away from the rest of the world and say, 'America is sufficient unto itself.' It would be, of course, if it produced no more than enough of everything for its own use. But we are facing a surplus; and the surplus will increase from year to year, once the world has come back to its equilibrium; and our men of business, our statesmen and our diplomatists must find the means for the selling of the surplus in foreign markets."

It is a part of his vision to observe that all the refinements and enrichments of modern life have come through the increase and cooperation of capital, the invention of labor-saving machinery and transportation. Farmers, wage-earners and business men will serve themselves and their country by thoughtfully contrasting the state of the people now and a century ago.

During his early service in Congress, Houghton was a member of the Committee on Foreign Relations. Subsequently he was transferred to the Committee on Ways and Means. Here is his position on the question of protection. "If protection given to any article is for the benefit of the whole country, I favor it; if it is only for the benefit of an individual, I oppose it."

RAKOVSKY: THE MOST FLUENT OF THE BOLSEHVIKI

HIS words and his gestures, as well as the range and beauty of an unusually powerful voice, combine to render Rakovsky effectively fluent as he expounds Bolshevik economics with the grace of an actor at the Odeon. In the Ukraine, of which he is the most genial of despots, proclaiming himself the devoted apostle of the prophet Lenin, Rakovsky is passionately fluent, finding occasional relief in tears, even on a platform. Like Litvinoff, like Zinovieff, like Rizanoff, like all the "big" Bolsheviks with the notable exception of Lenin, Rakovsky

has what they term among themselves the flaming soul.

In Moscow, therefore, where he harangues comrades in the course of flying visits from the Ukraine to Lenin's apartments in the Kremlin, Rakovsky thunders, stamps large but well-shod feet, runs a heavy hand through a scant growth of hair on top of a shapely head, perspires, invokes "principle and her twin sister reason," as he glares at a ceiling or the firmament. In short, says the *Indépendance belge* (Brussels), inclined to cynical estimates of all pillars of the Soviet world, Rakovsky

at home is a revolutionary orator in the romantic manner, however tutorial he seems abroad. He does not disdain facts. He apes Doctor Dryasdust in western Europe. His importance in his own world of Bolshevism is nevertheless the result of his mastery of words, of moods, of gestures. Mobs crowd about the man not to hear him merely, altho he is worth hearing, but to stare at him. It seems incredible that a mortal could wave his arms so furiously, elevate accents so dizzily and dance about a platform so energetically for consecutive hours without fatigue, but Rakovsky is never tired.

The most astonishing detail of his aspect is his elegance. No access of perspiration wilts his professorial white collar, surrounded by a string tie in the Russian university style. His sack coat is well pressed. The trousers into which he thrusts one hand even when he is lecturing, are creased. His cuffs are starched. He affects no dandyism, but he is well groomed. He despises notes and memoranda. He leans casually on a table until he is well warmed and then he mounts it. No interruption disconcerts him. A balcony from which he addressed a Moscow mob collapsed while he was hurling the curses of Bolshevism at capital. Rakovsky landed on the heads of his audience. He talked right on. Comrades have fired revolvers at one another as he defended the Soviet, eliciting from Rakovsky, according to the *Vossische* of Berlin, the casual observation, accompanied by a warning forefinger: "There are ladies present!"

Altho Rakovsky has nearly reached the age of fifty, and for more than half



© New York Times

THE MAN WHO STANDS CLOSEST TO LENIN

Rakovsky is assumed in many European newspapers to represent the thought and the purposes of his master with more fidelity than any other of the "big" Bolsheviks.

that period has been familiar to the public of eastern Europe as a journalist and an agitator, it remains a matter of dispute whether he is a Rumanian, a Russian or a Bulgar. His Slav origin has been contested and there is little doubt that one of his ancestors in the nineteenth century was a Jew who settled in the outskirts of Bucharest and left a little property acquired by dealing in leather. Another member of the family was a successful lawyer in the Balkans. Rakovsky's father is said, in the Berlin *Kreuz-Zeitung*, to have been confidential secretary to one of the Russian grand dukes, from whom he had to flee when he married a beautiful student at a seminary for daughters of the aristocracy in Moscow. For years after his romantic escapade, Rakovsky the elder lived in exile, first in Austria,

then in Rumania, at last in Bulgaria, taking his bride and the future pillar of Bolshevism from one city to another. The boy grew up under the shadow of this persecution, which interfered with his education and left him, runs the tale, a social outcast when he was twenty. He is a revolutionist from resentment.

In his wanderings, the young man contrived to pick up every language spoken in eastern Europe. His fitful appearances at one seat of learning after another in Sofia, in Belgrade, in Moscow, enabled him to acquire the smatterings of a liberal education. Rakovsky thought in early life, says the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, of becoming an architect. "People do not build in the Balkans," an uncle told him. "They demolish." "I must live," the youthful Rakovsky reminded his relative. "You can live by your languages," retorted the uncle. "I never knew a man who made himself interesting in so many as yourself." Rakovsky turned journalist and orator.

Some twenty-five years ago Rakovsky was notorious in what were politely called the more radical circles of certain riotous towns in the Balkans. He wrote incessantly for socialist sheets in the mocking manner for which he was later to become famous. He seemed an expert in Russian economics, Bulgarian politics, Rumanian diplomacy, Greek militarism and Serbian conspiracy. He wrote exquisitely sarcastic paragraphs on the pogroms and patriotic massacres of each week in eight languages of western Europe, exploiting native idioms as if each were his mother tongue, remaining himself indifferent to the side he chanced to be fighting on. He coined epigrammatical phrases that spread from mouth to mouth. He reeled off comic verses, popular songs, one-act plays, political jests, everything from his pen having a more or less subversive and revolutionary ring. There were times when the police of three Balkan capitals sought him for his treasonable cleverness or his seditious brilliance.

He had by this time married a young Russian girl of good family. When Rakovsky was hard pressed, her people offered him a shelter deep in the heart of a gigantic forest owned by the late Czar. There the future Bolshevik began the study of economics in earnest. He devoured Marx, Bakunin, Nietzsche and the whole philosophy of revolt and upheaval. In the end the solitude of this too bucolic existence weighed the restless spirit of Rakovsky down. He, says the German daily, who could be witty and original in nine languages, was reduced to the vocabulary of a growing baby in the vast solitude of a forest haunted only by the deer and the bear, the ptarmigan and the wild drake.

How Rakovsky longed to be once more in the restless capitals of his old Balkan world, haunting the political clubs, sipping café in the open air arcade, defying authority! How his young and pretty wife clung to him! It was a wrench, say all accounts, to tear himself away from those loving arms in which cooed the baby boy who still lives a Rumanian and a bourgeois—a bitter drop in the cup of Rakovsky's greatness. Even his wife has doubts, according to our European contemporaries, of the Bolshevism in which the flaming soul of her husband is steeped. She thinks it irreligious.

Haunting in his next phase the cellars and the cheaper restaurants of Bucharest, the restless, hungry, shabby Rakovsky began to peddle epigrams and essays for a pittance. He did translations for the embassies. He figured in the journalistic vicissitudes of the hour, the outcome of his preposterous pamphlets advocating equal distribution of all the money in the banks among the impecunious. At last he was able to start a paper of his very own, the *Lupta*, devoted to what he called the struggle. Rakovsky now had to live in a garret. There were humiliating moments when the landlady grew disrespectful on the subject of the rent. For some indiscretion connected with his communism, Rakovsky was expelled

by the police and he wandered to Sofia without paying the landlady he left behind in Bucharest—a well-known propensity of his. He soon had to lurk in another cellar because some friend or associate threw a bomb at the Russian minister and clippings of an article in defense of assassination in Rakovsky's most epigrammatical style were found on the prisoner.

If we are to accept the impressions of the *Figaro* and conservative French newspapers generally, we must set Rakovsky down in all these phases of his career as an irresponsible adventurer of the spoken word, a hireling of the pen. He is accused of indifference to the merits of his cause. He has taken bribe money from the Germans, blood money from the Austrians and hush money from Lenin. Rakovsky is thus made out to be a man who in any civilized state would long since be doing time behind the bars, because his genius, tho flashing and creative, is exploited for purposes of plunder, a fact established by his career as chief of the Soviet government in the Ukraine. He gives himself the airs of a serious teacher in the western world and his plausibility is so great, explains the *Débats*, that he takes the simple English in.

Rakovsky's present position, both at home and abroad, according to the *Temps*, is a triumph of that personal kind of journalism in which the man is a past master. He writes the most audacious studies of his own learning, his own eloquence, his own successes in diplomacy, and he has them published in his own organs as the disinterested verdicts of the statesmen of the west. He tells his readers at home of the great respect cherished for him by exalted statesmen in London and Paris.

There is Alcohol and Alcohol—Mrs. M. K. Forbes, the expert dietician of the London *Saturday Review*, denies that alcohol is alcohol. She claims that the effect of alcohol depends upon the form in which it is taken. Beer drugs the thinking cell in the brain, whiskey

Poincaré takes his advice. Lord Curzon is afraid of him. When President Harding has a Russian riddle before him he invariably asks: "What does the brilliant and distinguished Rakovsky think of this?" Thus does the great Bolshevik spread his own fame in the organs he knows so well how to edit freshly, originally and impudently. What Rakovsky says is read avidly in those remote regions and when he turns an epigram at the expense of bourgeois civilization—which he represents as on the brink of an abyss—the good thing is quoted in Bolshevik circles from Odessa to Cronstadt.

This prodigious success is ascribed in the *Victoire* to Rakovsky's capacity to feel just what the average hungry man in the Balkans feels, to think just what the ragged tramp in Russia thinks. There has not been since Dostoevsky a spirit so identified with naked, wandering, incoherent and inarticulate Slavdom. He can be furious and sedate, fanatical and rational, pious and pagan, but in every mood he reflects the Slav. He is the voice of the Slav. He is the Slav gesture. He is unintelligible to Paris, to London, to Rome, to Washington, concedes the French daily. There are actually moments when he seems as much a madman as a rogue, for his eloquence is touched at times with a poetical lunacy. In the frenzy of such moments he seems suddenly to recollect the difference between his audiences at home and those he must face in such a capital as Paris. He becomes placid, lucid, almost timid. He is playing his part, the French paper suspects, in the masquerade of Bolshevism, and the mask over the countenance of Rakovsky is more difficult to wear than that on the countenance of any other of the "big" red brethren.

overstimulates it and wears it out, but wine feeds it and develops it.

The wine drinkers, she avers, are the elite, the brilliant men, the scholars. The beer drinkers are the Bolsheviks and Socialists. The whiskey drinkers are the criminals.

A CHARACTER STUDY OF FORMER EMPEROR WILLIAM BY HIS SON

ESTHETIC, emotional and unexpectedly timid, the man who until the great collapse was German Crown Prince reveals himself in what he calls his memoirs with a completeness that has scandalized the champions of a monarchical restoration in Berlin. The complaint in the circle surrounding the Hohenzollerns is that the son should not have exposed his father thus. Former Emperor William is sketched by the former Crown Prince in a fashion that recalls the divine command: Thou shalt honor thy father and thy mother. Here is a volume that does not set it at defiance openly—too openly. Nevertheless, the Prince confesses that his "jottings" are not "quite just" to his father's character. They dwell overmuch on "petty weaknesses." Realizing that such an attitude towards a parent may shock the world, the defeated dilettante undertakes a more general interpretation of the most enigmatic personality of this age.

Noble, then, "in the best sense of the word," is the deposed head of the Hohenzollern dynasty, affirms his son. He who until the great collapse was known to all mankind as Emperor William is "full of the most upright desire for goodness and piety." He is a great spiritual hero—"the purity of his intellectual cosmos is without a blemish and without a stain." The phrasing here is that of the former Crown Prince himself. An idea prevails that Karl Rosner, Berlin war correspondent, edited these "memoirs," but now it seems that whatever edifies us here in the way of "pseudo-poetical phraseology, superficial sentiment and playing to the gallery," as the *Manchester Guardian* calls them, must be credited solely to the characteristic genius of the Prince. He cherished literary ambitions before the great catastrophe, for he wrote a book and

some essays and in these memoirs he revels too obviously in the luxury of self-expression. He writes about his father in the manner of a man who would overwhelm us with his insight into human nature.

Consider, for example, the fundamental features of the character of the sometime German Emperor—they are, according to his son, "candor that makes no reservations, that is perhaps too unbounded in its nature." He is so guileless, too, this father—he has, says the son, "ready confidence and belief" in the "trustworthiness and frankness" of others. "With my father it has often seemed to me as tho speech had been bestowed upon him that he might unfold to his hearer every nook and cranny of his rich and sparkling inner world." In his determination to atone for what in some portions of the



THE INADEQUATE DILETTANTE WHO LOST MOST IN THE GERMAN CRASH

The former Crown Prince of Germany castigates his father, former Emperor William, in his newly issued book, while professing the most filial affection

* MEMOIRS OF THE CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

volume might seem a trifle severe, the former Crown Prince rushes into this eulogy of the former German Emperor:

"He has always allowed his thoughts and convictions to gush forth instantaneously and immediately—without prelude and without prologue, an incautious and noble spendthrift of an ever-fertile intellect which draws its sustenance from comprehensive knowledge and a fancy whose only fault is its exuberance. Moreover, he is by nature and by ethico-religious training free from all guile. He would regard secrecy, dissimulation or insincerity as despicable and far beneath his dignity. The idea that the Kaiser could ever have wished to gain his ends by false pretenses or to pursue them by tortuous routes is for me quite unimaginable. It may be that, with all this unreserved and unrestrained self-expression, the passion for complete frankness which is implanted in every virtuous being found, in the Kaiser, its strongest support in his evident overestimation of his momentary personal influence. In a personal exchange of ideas he believed himself to be sure of immediate victory and to need the expedients of trickery or dodgery just as little as he did wordy diplomatic skirmishing. I have a thousand times observed the effects of his personality to be indeed very great and have seen men of otherwise thoroughly independent habit fall an easy prey to his frequently fascinating, tho perhaps only transitory, influence.

"Nevertheless, such successes, experienced from youth onward and, still more, the consequent expressions of admiration and the flattery of complaisant friends and courtiers in the end clouded his judgment concerning the expediency of thus sacrificing every final reserve as well as obscuring his insight into the fact that the individual—even tho he be an emperor and an ever so energetic personality—is of little ultimate weight in comparison with the vast world-shifting currents of time.

"To this lack of perspective in estimating his personal relations and his personal influence may be partly attributed his remaining so long unconscious of the full significance of the approaching danger. Many a false estimate was formed by him in this regard and his confiding trust was not seldom lulled into security by clever opponents."

Here we have a flashing illustration of the peculiar attitude of this son toward his father. Every word of praise is turned at last into an indictment, much to the fury of the old guard left over in Berlin from the days of power and glory. It is true that the former Crown Prince proclaims his father "a thoroly kind-hearted man"—that is, "in the depths of his nature," a man who strove to make his people happy, who wanted "joyousness" around him. Yet this trait, we are next told, is often concealed by his desire not to appear tender but royal and exalted above the "small emotions of sentiment." This contradictory man remains, declares his no less contradictory son, "thoroly idealistic in thought and feeling," ready to give a warm welcome to every newcomer. Occasionally the difficulty of describing his father's character becomes so great to the son that we have an unintelligible sentence like this:

"Present and future he has always seen and gauged in the mirror of his own most individual mental cosmos, which became all the more unreal, the harder and the more inflexible grew the secret and the open struggle for our national existence, both within the realm and without it, or the more harshly one fragment of this cosmos of ideas after another was snatched away and crushed by the hand of destiny."

More astonishing, perhaps, than any other revelation of the Hohenzollern's character to the rank outsider must be that of the blow from which his self-confidence never recovered. That blow was dealt by the wittiest of all Emperor William's Imperial Chancellors—Prince von Bülow. The Kaiser had created an international sensation by giving an interview to a London newspaper. There ensued stormy Reichstag sittings, countless press campaigns. The end of it all saw the "all-highest" a broken man, conscious that his hold upon his people had been shaken. His "joyous readiness of decision" and his "intrepid energy of will" departed. "I believe," writes his son, "that the germ was then

planted of the lack of decision and vacillation noticeable in the last ten years." The Kaiser permitted others to make the great decisions. He avoided conflicts. He sought peace, only peace! "The terrible tragedy of his life and of his life's work lay in the fact that everything he undertook to this end turned to the reverse." Everybody in power in Europe wanted war except the Kaiser! This is the point to which the son always leads when his father is his theme.

Not only was the Kaiser a man of peace. He was almost too innocent for the world in which he had to live. His son is ready with an illustration of this trait, the episode affording incidental light upon the son's lack of guile:

"The older I grew, the oftener did it happen that serious men of the most varied classes applied to me to lay before the Kaiser matters in which they took a special interest or to call the attention of His Majesty to certain grievances or abuses. I took such matters up only when I was able to inquire into them thoroughly and to convince myself of the justification for any interference. Even then their number was considerable. In most cases the subjects were disagreeable; and they concerned affairs which my father would probably never otherwise have heard of and which he nevertheless ought, in my opinion, to be made acquainted with.

"The most difficult matter that I had to take to him was doubtless the one which I was forced to deal with in the year 1907. It was then that I had to open his eyes to the affair of Prince Philip Eulenburg. Undoubtedly it was the duty of the responsible authorities to have called the Kaiser's attention long before to this scandal which was becoming known to an ever-widening circle. But they failed to lay the matter before them; and since they left him in total ignorance of it, I was obliged to intervene. Never shall I forget the pained and horrified face of my father, who stared at me in dismay, when, in the garden of the Marble Palace, I told him of the delinquencies of his near friends. The moral purity of the Kaiser was such that he could hardly conceive the possibility of such aberrations."

Altho the relations between Emperor William and his eldest son were strained

now and then, the Crown Prince affirms that "in the secret recesses of his heart" the autocrat was proud of him. Repeatedly there was talk of differences between the pair, of sharp reprimands. There might be an occasional grain of truth in these rumors, but for the most part they had no basis in fact. Indeed, the son, in spite of everything, retained or thinks he retained great influence over his father, of whom he ever speaks with a patronizing tone, downright condescension. Never for a moment does this son doubt his own capacity to pass judgment upon the character of his father. When they differed in their estimates of men, the son assumes that he and not his father must have shown the truer insight. The most striking instance is afforded by their varying attitudes towards the late King Edward. "My father has never viewed King Edward without all sorts of prejudices." Hence William II. could not form a just estimate of the late British sovereign, and here again we have the former Crown Prince "getting back" at his father:

"Having myself known King Edward from my earliest youth and having had ample opportunity of talking with him on past and current affairs almost up to his death, my own conception of his character is an utterly different one. I see in him the serene world-experienced man and the most successful monarch in Europe for many a long day. Personally, he was, as far as I can remember, extremely friendly to me and, as I have said before, he took a most active interest in my development. . . .

"Often we have sat talking for hours in the most unconstrained fashion—he leaning back in a great easy chair and smoking an enormous cigar. Owing to the great length of his mother's reign, Edward VII. did not come to the throne till he was a man of very ripe age. As Prince of Wales he had abundantly exploited his excessively long period of probation. On leaving his parental home with a good training and education, he rushed into life with an ardent thirst for pleasure and gave himself up to his strong passions for women, gambling and sport."

THE LAW OF THE TRAP

By CHARLES TENNEY JACKSON

"It is the law," repeated Banway. "Why should I protect you? You killed Duval as deliberately as ever a man killed."

"Very deliberately," retorted Emile Foret. "Deliberately as the law kills; m'sieu. You say you are the man who was in the outer office; you saw me drive this knife to his heart—this knife, m'sieu—see!"

The Cajan held the knife to the faint glow from the charcoal under the cooking pot on the little after-deck of the shrimp-seine lugger as she throbbed off from the Louisiana coast on the smooth, star-set sea. "Yes, I came back to America to kill Duval. I worked my way as stoker, scraper of kitchen pots—anything on the ships that a man who was not a sailor could do—to get back and face Duval, the crimp. The law could not make him pay. I made him pay with his life."

The older man knelt on the damp coil of the shrimp-seine and watched Foret's lean, dark face. The shrimp hauler went about the coffee-making with unstudied care. The thresh of the propeller, grunt of the oil engine's exhaust, close by them over the square stern of the *Juliette*, made it so that their voices would not carry forward even to the shrimp-hold where the others of the seine crew sprawled in sleep, awaiting dawn and the morning's work off Four League Bay. The clumsy lugger toiled on under the stars with none on watch save the drowsy steersman forward in the tiny wheel-house; and the two men, crouched by the seine coil on the stern, were as alone as if they had been in mid-ocean.

"Law is not vengeance," muttered Banway; "it is retribution—justice."

"Look in the sea—" Foret pointed a finger to the phosphorescent whirl of water drifting from the screw. "That gray wolf of a shark following us—is it

THE law of the trap is death to the weak, that the strong may live. The savage fishes of tropic waters are governed by it; hunters of the silent forests recognize it. And men? Mr. Jackson applies the same inexorable law to human beings, with startling dramatic effect. The O. Henry Memorial Committee of the Society of Arts and Sciences gives this story, which appeared originally in "Short Stories," a three-star rating.

because of revenge or justice? Neither. Yet it is the law, the law of the sea and land, to fill the belly or to destroy whatever injures us. Duval, the boarding master, wanted my girl. She would not listen, because I barred the way. He takes a tricky chance; he has me

seized and thrown upon a tramp windjammer that would go about the Horn and across the Pacific. He knew it would be months, even years, before I'd be heard of again. Then he makes her see I had deserted her, he takes her to himself on the waterfront levees—It was months, m'sieu, more than a year, and then I find she had died in a charity hospital because of Duval's treatment. Everything gone, forgotten! The law knew nothing, cared nothing—nothing to be proved or argued against the big waterfront boss, eh? It was common, a girl dying silent, and Duval going his way. So I was the law, m'sieu—walking in before him, accusing him, and then striking."

"I KNOW. I saw you," Banway retorted. "Just now I recognized you when you bent your face over that charcoal pot. I reckon the light was just as it was from Duval's window when you bent over him a minute. Funny I drift down here and join Sanchez' gang and see you again! Nobody in N'Awlyins suspected you, or even heard of you in the mystery of who killed the waterfront boss. I told 'em all I knew, but it wasn't much—just a man who struck Duval and vanished out in the old courtyard on Chartres Street."

"Why didn't you keep still, and then turn me up?" muttered Foret. "It would be worth five hundred dollars—and you're broke down here with the seine crews."

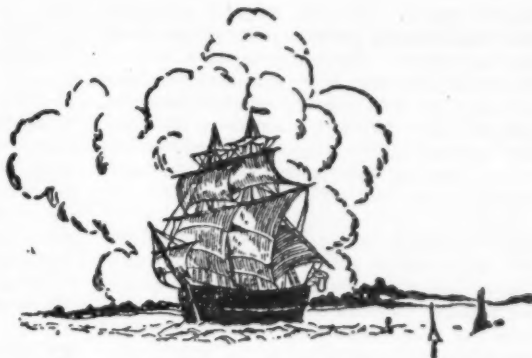
"That's right," grunted Banway. "When I recognized you it was just jerked out of me. Foolish, maybe—down here among your friends."

"Friends?" Foret stuck his knife into his belt sheath. He looked attentively at the black, star-set sky, at the smooth reflecting heave of the Gulf. The following shark was a dim blur of pale fire beyond the jeweled wake of the gasoline lugger; the hunting wolf seemed to hold Foret's fancy.

"They are no friends." The fugitive looked at Banway coolly. "The shrimp camps are the places of missing men, failed men—no law, no questions. It is like the sea. We hunt down creatures and devour them—so do the sharks. Duval hunted and devoured. The law is hunting me to devour—" The speaker shrugged and watched the stranger. "You have me hunted down. It is like a fish in the seine, but the gray wolf sharks plunge through the seine; it is the law, also, to fight and escape the net."

He was watching Banway alertly now; measuringly, the latter thought. Curious of Foret, a swamper of the Louisiana coast, to analyze his affair so calmly! It must have been so in the long months of his return after the boarding master shanghaied him; he had reasoned out ruthlessly, and then struck his oppressor when the law would not trace the wrong Duval had done in destroying the woman Foret had loved.

BANWAY'S first feeling upon discovering the killer was one of fierce exultance. The fortunes of the port had driven him to the shrimp camps which caught homeless adventurers and men who wished to be missing, as Foret had said. A homeless man, a broken man, and he had stumbled upon another who was worth five hundred to the law! It was fortune, it was thrift. There was no need of friendship or pretense in the shrimp camps. Foret, himself, had said it—pursue and devour, the law of the following shark, the fate of the creatures in the fishers' seine which they would cast to-day. Banway had been stirred at his first swift knowledge; the hunted man once in the net of the law, and he could quit the dirty shrimp camps and the sodden, indifferent life enriched by five hundred dollars. That much freedom, that much of a stake for future fortune—and the other man devoured. The circumstances of it mattered nothing at all.



"Well, M'sieu Banway," the other man cut through his thoughts, calmly. "Of no use to ask what you do. You turn me up, sure, sure!" Foret was rising slowly to his feet. Something about his posture suggested warning, menace, the spring of a trapped animal—and the two of them were alone on the lugger's stern, miles off shore in the semi-tropic dark. Banway did not wait for the possible attack. He sprang to grapple with the man who had the knife, and in a moment they were locked silently, reeling and staggering over the soft, yielding mound of the coiled seine.

"Well, then—one goes!" gasped Foret, and tho the smaller of the two, he seemed to welcome the issue. He tried to plunge down through Banway's armhold, and then butt savagely to throw him off. Agile as a leopard against the other's bulk, it was hard to keep his brown, hard fingers from one's throat. Banway kept thinking of the knife and fighting to ward Foret's hands from lowering to it. He raised him sheer off the deck and staggered to hurl him clear of it. Once he was in the sea, Banway could rush to tell Sanchez, the sleeping boss, that Duval's killer was astern in the dark.

"All right!" shouted Banway. "Here you go, Emile!"

The slighter man fought like a cat against Banway's lifting power. And as the latter tried to steady his foot, just on the narrow run-plank of the shrimp lugger, he felt a twist to his foot. At first soft, it suddenly tightened and jerked. A roaring and choking sound came from the screw.

The next instant the two men fell together, enveloped in a cold, misty envelope that seemed to arise and twist about them. Banway felt the plunge to the phosphor-

escent water. He felt himself dragged and tangled and jerked, first under, then at the surface. He knew what it was—the seine was over him, spinning and uncoiling. He was a poor swimmer, and he grasped for the first cork float he saw, and held to it, twisting his mouth above water against the pressure of the soft meshes.

HE shouted once. The dim light of the *Juliette* was vanishing eastward. The pound of her crude engine was growing fainter. Under the stars he made out a line of bobbing corks gyrating and then straightening out through the wake. He would be dragged at the end of the fifteen-hundred-foot seine, hauled along on the line of cork floats until some one of the half-breed crew came aft for the early coffee and discovered the net trailing astern. It might be two hours before anyone stirred upon the lugger.

Banway fought about the soft meshes to get his head free. He could hold it above water, but the undulating curtain swung far down below him, and he could find no opening. He gathered half a dozen of the buoyant corks under his breast and lay upon them, gasping. He was trapped, but at least he would not drown until the *Juliette* keel-hauled him seaward.

Then he remembered the other man. At first, in his dumb surprise at being hurled from the deck by the uncoiling seine, he had forgotten. Then he discovered Emile Foret swimming idly by him. Foret was free of the net; he seemed watching the cork-line that trailed off in the dusk.

Why didn't the line tighten as the boat took up the slack? The line of floats merely bobbed gently; they even began to drift in a long curve on the ebb-tide out the pass. And then Banway understood. The seine was free, the bitt-line entangled in the screw had been broken. Foret came near him and rested a hand on the floats. The two men clung to the end of the line, a marine fence which hung down eighteen feet from the corks to the leads, which held it upright as deftly as if it had been paid out by the shrimp fishers.

"They'll come back for us—" Banway

tore at the wet, strong netting over his ears, in a sudden surliness.

"After two hours or so." Foret lay back on the floats and watched the other's struggle. "I have known this to happen. A seine adrift is a hard thing to find again. Sanchez will cruise back after daylight, first inshore to see if it has not grounded on the shoals. Then they will search to seaward. The sou'east breeze after sunrise will make a chop; it will be hard to find the seine, M'sieu Banway."

"What do you mean?" shouted Banway. "Driftin' to sea on this thing?"

FORET did not answer. The silence became acute, broken by nothing except the far, faint stroke of the lugger's exhaust. Even that became a mere throb; and then nothing, not a sea-bird's call, or the sound of a ripple on the flat dusk of the water.

Foret was watching below. Presently it appeared that he found what he sought, a pale expiring light in the depths. Banway marked another after a while, then another. He was new to the coast life, an awkward seine helper, a poor swimmer, but he understood what was happening.

The seine, drifting in a great undulation on the tide, was gathering to itself the smaller life of the sea. Mullet swam into it and gilled themselves to struggle helplessly, striking tiny, illumined points from the phosphorescent water; shrimp and squib and jelly fish, caught by the curtain, hung there and winked in the clear deeps. Larger fish, a redsnapper or a pompano, struck the meshes and entangled themselves, each becoming a signal light to the hungry hordes in the dark spaces.

"A drifting seine becomes a hunting-ground for the wolves," said Foret detachedly, as if he had forgotten the battle that brought himself and the other man to it. "I have seen this before, but I was on a boat. You will see, m'sieu, in the midst of it, how the strong and free hunt down the weak and trapped. You will see the law; you cannot drown clinging to the floats. You can watch until everything is torn to pieces in the end by the hunting packs."

"There's the outer bar three miles off,



I should say," Banway fairly snarled at the other's calmness. "And daylight will come—"

"The gulls will be screaming above for whatever the hunters miss, when daylight comes," murmured Foret; "but, as you say, there is the bar. A good swimmer, a strong man, might make it, as you say."

Banway knew that Foret meant he could not make it—he was not a good swimmer, a strong man in the water. And besides, the seine was over his head. He could just manage to keep his face free to the air. He began fighting the close meshes savagely, to tear at them, find an opening out of this soft prison. Foret watched him quietly.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you," he



muttered. "You stir this water and it gleams like fire. The pass is deep here. A gray wolf riding up from the dark; one strike, and the bar will mean nothing to a man without legs, m'sieu. You had better lie still and let the hunters destroy the victims who know no better—first."

BUT the bigger man shouted his futile rage, and twisted at the net. It was soft, but strong as wire to his fingers; besides, he began to choke and drown when he relaxed his hand grip on the corks that held the seine to the surface. It would not do. The other man with his knife could free him of the tangle, the maddening press of the fabric on his head, if he would. If he would!

"Stir the net," continued Foret indifferently, "and I will float back without a movement a hundred feet and watch you from there. Look!"

The wall of the sea fence bellied out with the tide, and all along it was a jeweled display, glinting and expiring dimly as the creatures struggled. But deeper, like a burnished pan dully showing, had come a greater gleam. It showed and vanished like a wraith.

Banway knew. The first of the killers had been drawn to the lights of death. And far along the seine wall now came a

blurring comet. It grew to immensity, it curved and hurled itself to the surface and then glowed away more faintly in a crescent path to the depths.

"Two." Foret shrugged. He lay flat out along the cork-line, easily, unmoving, invisible. The other man ceased his insane struggling to free the clammy fold of the net. He could not keep his heavy body flattened to the surface as did the man accustomed to the water. He set his teeth and waited and watched below. The seine was more illumined, a spectral curtain moving inexorably, its trapped wanderers the sport of the mighty and the free. There came a soft impulse to the float-line once, and Foret spoke again slowly.

"There is a strike. It was upon one of the larger fish. It is dragging the seine; it must have been close to us, m'sieu."

BANWAY could see a glowing whirl far along the phosphorescent curtain. He closed his eyes to it—a redfish torn in halves, that was all. Neither man spoke now for a time. They drifted, glad that the myriad victims seemed more in the loop of the seine, and they lay in safer darkness.

Then Foret muttered, as a broad, shining surface slowly revealed itself below them and a little ahead. From it a gleam like a dull lightning stroke spread upward. The fantastic curtain of living light seemed anchored here; and, indeed, the next spread of this uncanny glow showed the white sands beneath the meshes.

"A giant ray," went on the man of the sea. "It is drawing the seine beneath its body; it feeds along the bottom. It, too, is death—a stingray with a tail that would quite reach to the surface. The water is shoaling fast, m'sieu. This creature will hold the net here and feed from everything that is entangled within its reach. That, also, is the law—"

"Damn the law!" shouted the other castaway. "What are you going to do? What do you mean—this palaver of yours?"

"Three," murmured Foret absently. "The largest shark of them all. It is circling warily behind us—" he stopped abruptly.

Something in his voice made the other glance backward. He could make out the dim, wavering line of the pale curtain under the tide. The seine, moored at this end by the feeding ray, was in a great

loop coming down upon them imperceptibly. No one could mistake that faint streak of light; and beyond and under it were the blurring forms of the hunting pack.

BANWAY stared stupidly at the other. "It will draw far around us. It is coming to close like a trap—"

"There will be millions of little strugglers in the trap," Foret said.

Banway broke into wild curses upon him for the complacency in his tone.

"You tell me to lie still, you fool! That devilish thing ahead of us, dragging the seine down, and a thousand feet of it drifting on us from behind with the sharks tearing at it!"

"The seine is providing a breakfast for them without any labor," commented the other. "The water is not twenty feet deep here—you can see the sand by the light from the swimming fish circling in the loop. The leads are dragging the shoal, shutting them off from escaping under it. What a haul it would make for Sanchez' crew! It will not make any difference to you and me, m'sieu."

Banway tore at the clammy meshes around him. The Cajan floated quite free of them, watching the far side of the drifting trap. "One way or another," shouted his companion; "to get out of this net, at least! To fight—even with bare hands—and you have a knife—"

The seine-hauler laughed. "Fight and you are a shining mark for them! A big, helpless mark for the wolves—"

"The outside bar must be close ahead the way the water shoals! Why don't you—?" Banway stopped. The agile, stealthy fisherman might float off unseen from above this murderous pit. Already the great loop was closing its walls so that hordes of smaller fish were swimming along them, seeking egress. As they became aware of the confining space they began to splash, to leap above the water and along the faintly illumined floor where the sea rays and other crawling life retreated before the line of weights that held the fence upright. Yes, the right man might escape if the bar was near, but Banway did not know its direction; the world above the waters was a mere dome of stars pressing the flat, smooth sea, ruthless as the sea, and unanswering.

And the man with the knife and freedom from the net was also unanswering; whether he was fatalistically yielding his

life to the primal law about him, or whether he planned battle and stratagem to escape it, he made no sign. His imperturbable, alert watching of the deadly lights along the underrunning tide ignored his meshed companion; he was no more aware of him and his humanness than he was of the other writhing victims of the net. He faced the hunting pack with a silent ferocity of his own; a thing to eat or be eaten—but even a shrimp would escape the law if it saw a chance.

THE drifting seine grew plainer through the transparent, dark water—a tremulous band of lace studded with expiring and relieving stars. At times, along its top, furious and brief struggles took place, and then the acre width of its loop became merely a closer-pressing kennel of illumined life.

Into the narrowing funnel still open there came a great surge of pearly water, so close that drops struck the castaways. Instantly, in the space there arose a maddened tumult, thousands of creatures hurling themselves against the undulating mesh walls to escape the gray killer. The float-



line rocked and tugged; Banway fought the enveloping folds over him, and glancing ahead saw the enormous whiplike tail of the giant ray raised and wavering in alarm. A stroke of it and even if the paralyzing sting did not destroy a man he would be stunned and broken.

"Four," counted Foret, his eyes upon the killer shark smashing its way through the thickening press of smaller bodies.

"Four—there are many others in the dark. There—two more attacking the seine from the outside. Six in sight, and the—"

"The Stingray!" yelled the other man. "A minute and we'll drift on it! God! Cut me out o' here! It's threshing upward! It's moving and dragging the seine under at this end—"

"Seven—eight," went on Foret. "Others circling the net. If you are still you may drift above this black devil that anchors us here. We are still moving slowly, but then the killers are beyond, also. The seine is like a flame under the water, it is a feast spread for the strong ones—"

"A million devils!" howled Banway. "On the sand and swimming about, a million devils! Why don't they strike here?"

"Do you want them to? Stir your legs, thresh about, call them! We are on the surface in the dark. Until we move—what's the matter with you?"

Banway whispered and cleared his forehead of the meshes a bit. The lunge of a shark, a tarpon, any strong raider of the sea near them into the seine, and he would be dragged strangling after into a maelstrom of bloody foam. Foret, at least, could keep clear of that, he could turn like a lithe, fighting, human animal upon his first assailant and die fighting. That was something—to resist, to hurl the urge of life against the destroyer. Escape or triumph, that was the ordination for the swimming things, the winged things, creeping, walking, thinking things.

"I'm trapped in the seine—" Banway choked in the surge from the killer's charge past him.

"There are millions trapped in that seine. Look, it has almost closed to the left of us! It is being torn to strings, dragged under and tangled, as they are jammed together and frantic along here by us, I suppose."

THE other man seemed fascinated into silence. He lay on his breast upon the little mound of cork floats he had gathered, and which kept his meshed head above water, and looked downward. He forgot the sharks following along the barrier net in his stare at the giant ray, hardly visible save when its death-dealing tail stirred the water. They were drifting above it; an alarm would send the thing crashing upward into the tangle of seine to which they clung.

And neither spoke. The ray became a dull blur exactly beneath them; they passed it with agonizing slowness, a foot, a yard, and then beyond where the other killers of the deep were splashing in their attacks upon the netted victims.

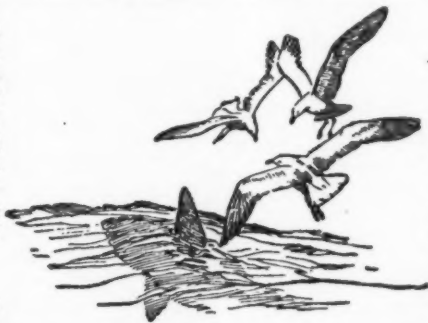
"That was luck," Foret breathed softly. "And now—the sharks, m'sieu."

Still that idle tone as from a man unhoping, uncaring. The other end of the seine had swung far around their left, and a great fold of it had come around the other way. It had lost form, a smear of opalescent light under the sea, undulating

with the swarms of life seeking escape or being destroyed by the hunting hordes. Foret watched this closing of the trap; his indifference maddened the other man again, and his bitterness broke into imprecations.

"I destroyed the killer of my home," said Foret irrelevantly. "Then you come upon me. You would destroy me for that. I am not afraid now, m'sieu, but I was when you recognized me. I was like the little fish—trapped and terrorized. Trapped. It is a curious feeling! Perhaps you understand us now, m'sieu—myself and the little fishes?"

"Damn you!" shouted Banway, trying to draw himself higher under the pressing meshes. "I can't stand this. I'll tear out of the net, too—what's that, Foret? Sounds like the water breaking somewhere?"



THEY listened. Foret shrugged. "It is a quiet surf outside the bar. Not far, and we are inside the shoals. But then, even if the leads hang to the bottom here, you see what is happening to the seine? Every tiger in the pass is attacking it."

Banway had begun to tear at the meshes over his back, and then he stopped abruptly. Below and to his right a pale glow had taken form, a grisly crescent shape in the shadowy water. It was hardly moving, and so began to fade—the largest of the swarming sharks, but this one seemed tiring of the play about the trapped fugitives. It was alone, lurking, apparently watching, seeking sport or more worthy prey. When the two cast-aways had drifted silently a yard or so, the great killer still lingered. They saw it now and then when it quickened its pace. They could only see it when it did move, but always it was there, more ominous when it was invisible.

"It suspects," murmured Foret. "It is following us, watching—"

Banway would not move his head to keep track of the faintly luminous shape. If they were very still flat up the surface, the shark might be drawn again, to the welter of phosphorescent light and death, and give them a chance, a respite, at least; another moment of life in the trap. But

the killer would not leave; he circled slowly about; Banway knew he must be very close, for the water was not more than fifteen feet deep. The white, hard sand showed here and there where the battles along the lead-line trailing the bottom evoked green illuminations.

"He is curious," breathed Foret. "He will never quit us now. He will follow—and take one. The law, m'sieu; the weaker, the most helpless always will go first."

Banway stared at him. He knew. It was the other man's chance. Foret might slip away from the sea shambles. He was a skilled swimmer; he might stroke softly out of it now and reach the outer bar, when the shark charged and took the man in the seine. Perhaps Foret had reasoned this all along? Perhaps that was why he was so implacably cool, almost securely cunning. He would not let Banway stir until he saw his chance for the outer bar!

THE surge of Banway's hopeless bitterness seared his brain, but he dared not lift a finger, voice his misery to the stars or even so much as glance at the other man. They had drifted a little apart from the frantic battles in the loop of the seine; it was darker here, save for that one moving shape that would follow curiously. And still, so still, that Banway slowly thought he was alone; that Foret had found a means to slip away on the tide unnoticed by the lone hunter from the pack.

Finally he managed to steal a glance over his arm. Yes, Foret was quitting him. He had pulled, inch by inch, back along the float-line; he was moving his hands now, but so cautiously that they did not stir the fatal, opalescent bubbles that would mark a victim. It appeared as if he were trying to slip from his clothes for his one desperate chance at living.

It was the law. The trapped and the weak died among men as they did in the sea and jungle. Foret had slain his despoiler; he would escape now, if he could, against a world of enemies. Banway felt the grim reasoning of it as he blinked at the green shape of death below him.

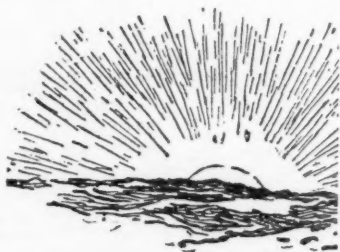
The big shark had gone off a bit and

then was turning. He appeared to be coming back faster, taking form and length, growing huge; and then he shot swiftly on and began turning with wonderful, silent grace. His white belly heeled upward, the angular rent of his great mouth showing, and he was rising swiftly in this position. It was so the killers struck—upward, and with a last tremendous plunge when they felt their serried teeth upon the victim.

Banway floundered hopelessly, staring down—and then, past him there dropped a white streak. The pale glow of it was all he caught, for the next instant he was rocked by a mighty surge heaving up. He was in the midst of a fountain of livid water, but below it he thought he saw a man's form crouched and hurling itself backward from another and larger crescent shape which was convulsed in tremendous struggles against the sands. He even

imagined he saw a bloody plume twisting spirally from this white body; and then his head jerked above water, for an iron grasp had come upon the float-line.

Emile Foret was by him, naked in the sea. He was breathing explosively, and he took the long knife from his teeth to throw his head



better to the air.

"I have killed—again!" Foret gasped. And grasping the knife he plunged it into the tangled meshes, fought to part them from the other's shoulders.

They were gyrating in a welter of bloody foam. Banway glimpsed the white tiger of the sea rolling and plunging still, but belly up, and with that spout of red back of the throat. He felt numb, helpless in the quick hands of the islander who seemed bent on pulling him from the tattered strings and tangled buoys.

"To your left," the smaller man whispered. "They will be here—the blood draws wolves. Slowly—have you the strength?"

Banway could not answer. He swam heavily, trying to imitate the other's superb, cautions slip through the ripples. Foret put an arm to his shoulder at length, when he thought him sinking tiredly.

"It is shoaling fast—come, there is bottom. Put your foot down—stand up!

(Concluded on page 258)



ONE OF "THE THREE HUNSMEN" GOES A-HUNTING

Mme. Fechner and M. Marlevsky contribute prominently to the gaiety of Balleff's *Chauve-Souris*, which has taken New York by storm.



THESE "THREE HUNSMEN" NEITHER SHOOT NOR SPEAK ACCURATELY
But Messrs. Boreo, Marlevsky and Stolanovsky are funny fellows and cut some bizar capers in
Chauve-Souris.



AN AMUSING MUSICAL SNUFF-BOX
Fresh from the Bat Theater of Moscow are Mme. Karabanova, Messrs. Gorodetsky and Marlevsky,
in *Chauve-Souris*.



THE KING ORDERS THE DRUMS TO BE BEATEN

Their sound musters to Balieff's *Chauc-Souris* such unpronounceable actors as Deykarhanova, Dianina and Karabanova, Doubinsky and Malakoff.



THE MOSCOW FIANCES ENACT AN OLD RUSSIAN EPISODE

A stellar feature of *Chauc-Souris* is this singing act which tells a curiously entertaining story regardless of words.



"IN FRONT OF OUR GATES"

In a medley of Russian folk songs, in *Chauve-Souris*, two of the actor-singers are Mme. Fechner and M. Kotchetovsky.

KEMPY

A Surprise Comedy of American Life

By J. C. and ELLIOTT NUGENT

WHETHER "Kempy" belongs on the debit or the credit side of Broadway is something over which there is a division of critical opinion. Whereas the veteran J. Rankin Towse, of the *New York Evening Post*, can find "no sort of harm in it and not much of any kind of value," Heywood Broun, of the *World*, and Alexander Woolcott, of the *Times*, vie with each other in applauding "a comedy that suggests 'The First Year' more than any other recent play." As the *Times* critic observes, the elements of this unpretentious comedy succeed one another in a most unexpected fashion. For instance, the play begins with an aspect and an accent deliberately in-

tended to make the wiseacres nod their heads knowingly and murmur the name of the Craven play. And indeed there are many points of similarity in these two Simon-pure American comedies.

After the curtain rises on the first act of "Kempy" fantastic things begin to happen—suggesting a prankish imagination inclined to jump over the traces. Then popping out without any warning come airy nothings which suggest that one or both of the authors, J. C. and Elliott Nugent—father and son—has a Clare Kummer mind. And just when we are trying to reconcile some of these things we come upon a vein of pure Barrie.

Altho Grant Mitchell, in the rôle of



THE BENCE FAMILY IS IN THE DOLDRUMS

Katherine (Lotus Robb) has married Kempy (Elliott Nugent), who loves Ruth (Ruth Nugent), and Ma and Pa Bence are flabbergasted.

Duke Merrill, is featured on the program, it is distinctively a Nugent family occasion. Both Nugents, father and son, have displayed their faith in their own playwriting abilities by stepping into the cast as "Dad" Bence and "Kempy" James respectively, and a third member of the family, Ruth Nugent, has been enlisted to play the part of the ingenue. Fortunately they know how to act and, not forgetting the excellent work done by Lotus Robb, as Katherine, and Jessie Crommette, as "Ma" Bence, their three performances contribute distinctly to the success of the play.

Its story concerns a family living in a New Jersey town just a bit too remote to be in the suburban class. They are excited about the prospects of the elder daughter, Katherine, who has an excellent chance to marry Duke Merrill. Merrill is a home-town boy, and after leaving his birthplace he did very well and amassed a million. There is no doubt that he is in love with Katherine, but her feelings are complicated by other issues. She has always longed to express herself. She tried to paint and to write and later made the discovery that her voice was too light for grand opera. But she has an offer from a musical comedy impresario and that stands between her and Duke Merrill. Duke, who knows the quality of Katherine's voice, feels that the interest of the musical comedy man is not wholly artistic. Just when the quarrel between the young man and the young woman about her possibilities for a career has become acute Kempy enters



KEMPY (ELLIOTT NUGENT) AND PA BENCE (J. C. NUGENT)
AT *LOGGERHEADS*

Ruth Bence (Ruth Nugent) is trying to play a conciliatory rôle.

the house. He has been summoned to fix a pipe. Plumbing is a trade which he learned in the army, but he has ambitions toward architecture. One of his dreams centers around a church described in a book called "Angie's Temptation," by Katherine Bence, which he read in a Y. M. C. A. hut in France. When he read the book he resolved that if he ever met the author he would marry her. Kempy is a young man somewhat under the spell of modern American "go-get-'em" philosophy. Still, when he discovers that Katherine is the author of "Angie's Temptation," he is amazed at the speed with which he is married to her. It all happens within the space of an hour.

Kempy learns that the business of getting everything you go after may

end in a catastrophe. He thinks that they ought not to allow books like that—particularly in the Y. M. C. A. Altho the marriage of Kempy and Katherine is brought about with great speed, the authors have succeeded admirably in making it plausible. After all, Kempy was the only man who had ever praised Katherine's book. Ten or fifteen minutes after his marriage to Katherine, Kempy discovers that she is by no means his true love. His affections center on her younger sister, Ruth. Of course, it is easy enough for the playwrights to arrange an annulment, and in the end all the characters are shuffled back again to their heart's desire.

In the introductory scene the Bence family, including a son-in-law, Ben Wade, and his wife, Jane, are discussing Katherine, whose extravagances are a sore and growing trial to her father. He is expostulating:

DAD. Now listen here, our yearly expenses have gone from twenty-five hundred a year to thirty-five, to forty, to sixty, to eight thousand, to thirteen thousand dollars.

MA. Oh, no, Pa.

DAD. Oh, yes. Last year, with all the dividends shrinking, my expenses were five thousand dollars more than my income, just for home expenses—garage bills, dresses, foolishness.

MA. Well, I don't understand why. (*Wiping her eyes with handkerchief.*) We don't live half as well as some of our friends.

PA. We haven't got half as much as some of our friends; never did have. We've been trying to live up to this house. I'm going to sell out and buy a small place on a

side street and put everything I can get into high-grade bonds, and that's the scale we'll live on, Kate and all, until I die, and then maybe they'll realize I done it for good and kept 'em out of the poor-house!

BEN. Well, I guess you're right, but it will be hard for Kate. What's she been doing?

JANE. She don't want it talked about, but she's just ordered a new outfit for another house-party at Atlantic City, and of course it was really to get to see Duke Merrill. She's going to-morrow!

BEN. Why, he'll be here. He's expecting to come through here again on his way to New York.

DAD. What! When?

BEN. Why, to-day. He wanted to drive me up with him but I had to come through Vineland. I asked Duke to stop off here and see Jane.

MA. Surely he'll stop in and see us.



THEY ARE RIVALS IN THE EYES OF KATHERINE BENCE
She (Lotus Robb) is standing between Duke Merrill (Grant Mitchell)
and Kempy (Elliott Nugent).



KEMPY LAYS DOWN THE LAW TO HIS SUDDENLY-ACQUIRED FATHER-IN-LAW
He has strangely come into possession of the Bence homestead and acts accordingly.

BEN. Well, you know he and Kate haven't met since—

DAD. He's coming here! Then all that dam dress money's wasted. (*Door bell rings. They all rise.*)

JANE. It must be Duke! (*To Mother.*) Let's go and tell Kate so she can finish dressing. My, isn't it lucky she has new dresses to meet him in!

The caller proves to be, not the eligible Duke Merrill, but Kempy, a plumber with ambitions of being an architect. He announces to Bence that he has come to fix a water pipe. There is an argument about Kempy coming in at the front door. He proceeds toward the kitchen, but has not reached the door when the announcement is made that Duke Merrill is outside in his automobile. There has been an accident. Dad and Ben hurry out, leaving Kempy alone. Ruth Bence, a vision of girlish loveliness, enters and discovers Kempy. They proceed to reveal

their hopes and longings to each other, and it develops that Kempy has read and been greatly influenced by "Angie's Temptation," a book written by Ruth's sister, Kate.

Ruth fetches a photograph of Kate. Kempy admires it, but declares that Ruth bears a stronger resemblance to his preconception of the author. Ruth directs him to the kitchen. Duke Merrill and Dad enter, the former with a bad hand-cut. There is a rush for water and bandages and Kate, who enters, is encouraged to administer first-aid. The others find occasion to leave Kate and Duke alone. It develops that they had quarreled two years previously because Merrill was skeptical about Kate's artistic talent. She confides to him that she is planning to go on the stage and has a position awaiting her at Atlantic City.

He appeals to her to forget a theatrical career and marry him, but the

stage-struck girl is obdurate. Duke departs. Kempy enters from the kitchen and is introduced to Kate by her sister. He flatters her as the author of the book that has been his inspiration in life. He confesses that his dream is to marry her. She is willing, provided they can be married at once, and the curtain falls as they leave in search of a justice of the peace to perform the ceremony.

It is nine o'clock that evening when the curtain next rises and the Bence family, excepting Kate, are discovered in agitation concerning her whereabouts. Why, fumes Dad, shouldn't and doesn't she marry that Merrill million? The telephone rings. Jane Wade picks up the receiver. Kate informs her that she has been married and the family jumps to the conclusion that it is to Duke Merrill.

There is a deal of cheerful speculation which is interrupted by the doorbell ringing.

DAD. (*With dignity.*) I'll open it. Remember, Ruth, Kate is a married woman now. (*Opens door.*) Welcome, my daughter. Come in. Where's your husband? (*Kate enters, pale and dignified. Dad puts his arm around her, then steps back; she walks to the center of the room, looking around. Dad stands by the open door and looks at her.*)

KATE. Where's mother?

RUTH. Kiss me, Kate. Mother's out in the kitchen. (*Kate kisses her and looks around again.*)

DAD. Call your husband in, Kate, dear.

KATE. I will, and remember, father, he is my husband! (*Moves toward door.*) Come, Kempy. (*Kempy James walks in to Kate and turns with an expectant smile, half diffident, half defiant, wholly ingenuous.*)

DAD. (*Amazed. Looks at Kempy, then beyond him—and back.*) What the devil are you doing here?

KATE. Father, don't speak that way. *This is my husband!*

DAD. (*Seems stunned. Takes several uncertain sideway and backing steps to sofa and sinks into it. After a pause speaks in a weak voice.*) Ruth, go—go—call your mother.

KATE. Wait, Ruth. (*To her father.*)

No, father, I don't want mother here yet. You and I must have an understanding first. You can stay, too, Ruth.

DAD. (*In the same weak voice.*) Call your mother!

KATE. No, now father, listen. What's done can't be undone. This young man believes in me; that's more than anyone else ever did; he is young and he is ambitious and he worships me. The rest you don't understand.

DAD. (*To Kempy.*) How long have you known her?

KEMPY. Well, I just met her this evening, but—

DAD. (*Weakly.*) Call your mother—Kate's crazy.

Kate interferes. In debate with her father she says, defensively, that Duke hadn't believed in her, and "thinks I'm a fool." Ma comes in and, hearing what has happened, collapses. There is a hullabaloo. Dad orders Kate to go to her room. She defies him. The situation is highly ludicrous. Kempy is impotent, ignored, but weakly explains his position. Kate and her mother ascend the stair, leaving Dad and Kempy.

DAD. Now, young man. Why did you do this? Why did you marry my daughter?

KEMPY. (*With cool frankness.*) Because I wanted her ever since I read her book, and it says in it a girl always admires a man that gets what he wants, and I always try to make an effort to be that way.

DAD. Oh, you do?

KEMPY. Yes, I've always thought that a man can get what he wants if he tries, and it says so in Miss—in what's her name—in my wife's—in Kate's book. That's the first thing that struck me.

DAD. You get everything you want, eh?

KEMPY. (*Modestly.*) About everything.

DAD. Did you ever want to get MONEY? Did it ever strike you that it might be a good thing to want to get some MONEY?

KEMPY. Why, Kate said YOU had a hundred thousand dollars.

DAD. OH! THAT'S IT! You thought you'd get THAT!

KEMPY. No, I didn't want that, but I thought from the way you asked me if I had any that you wanted to borrow some.

DAD. Oh, you did!

KEMPY. (*Sincerely.*) I'd loan it to you if I had it, on account of Kate.

DAD. Don't talk back to me. You always get what you want? Well, you're going to get what you don't want. I'm going to break this fool marriage, and until it's broken you will keep out of this house.

Kempy decides to go, and suits the action to the decision. Kate returns, storms at her father, who retreats to his room, followed by Ma Bence. Whereupon Kempy reenters, accompanied by Ruth. Kate tells Kempy that they shall leave for Atlantic City the next morning. He is in doubt as to whether his employer will be willing. Kate tells him of her plans to be an actress and she telegraphs a theatrical manager in Atlantic City that she will arrive the next day, accompanied by her husband.

It is finally decided that Kempy shall ostensibly retreat to a local hotel for the night, but Ruth leaves the front door unlatched against his return. She turns down the lamp and retires. Duke Merrill and Ben Wade, somewhat intoxicated, find their way into the house. Ben, son-in-law of Bence, is a real estate agent into whose hands the Bence home has been placed for sale. It develops that Duke has bought the house with the idea of giving it to Kate. Jane Wade and Ruth appear and inform him that Kate has married Mr. James, a plumber of very short acquaintance. Kempy returns. The situation is discussed, Ruth and Kempy in entire sympathy. Ruth goes out. Whereupon:

DUKE. Now Kempy, here's your chance. Mr. Bence has driven you out. You are his son-in-law and you ought to take your proper place in this house to-night and I'm going to help you.

KEMPY. (*Looking after Ruth.*) But her father owns the house, and you know how much place he's going to let me take here.

DUKE. Sit down here. (*Kempy sits on couch beside Duke.*) Now we will have a council of war. We will map out a campaign.

KEMPY. All right. Sure.

DUKE. We all love Kate. We know

she's a great girl, and all right when she gets down to earth.

KEMPY. (*Nervously.*) Where is she now?

DUKE. She's up-stairs. Now the object of this campaign, in short, is to teach Kate a—let us say—a sense of values. Then you'll both be happy.

KEMPY. I don't understand. How do you know I'm not happy now?

DUKE. (*Pointedly.*) I leave it to you. Are you?

KEMPY. No.

DUKE. (*Briskly.*) There you are.

KEMPY. (*Doubtfully. Still with Ruth on his mind.*) But, how do you know I'll be happy after I do teach Kate?

DUKE. (*Convincingly.*) If you are not, I will take her off your hands.

KEMPY. That sounds fair. (*Looks after Ruth.*) Yes.

DUKE. (*Severely.*) Cut that out. You're married now, and the first duty of a husband is to win his wife's respect. Your wife can't respect you nor her father recognize you, nor Ruth—er—encourage you until you show this family that you are the man of the house and that you're going to run it!

KEMPY. But it isn't my house, I tell you. I don't own it. (*Miserably.*) I don't own anything but a dollar and a half, and a monkey wrench.

DUKE. You own the design of that church, don't you?

KEMPY. Yes, but I can't get anything for it.

DUKE. What do you think it's worth?

KEMPY. Oh, it's worth thousands of dollars. (*Desperately.*) I know that, but no one believes me. I'd take forty dollars for it. Then I could take my wife to the Central House—for a week, anyhow, till I got—

DUKE. Exactly, till you got some more plumbing. But why cheat yourself? I want to build a church! And I'll pay full union prices for these plans.

KEMPY. You will?

DUKE. Yes, I want to do something to this town, anyhow. I started here and I did very well after I left. And right now I will give you for those plans a receipted bill of sale for a property worth \$15,000.

KEMPY. Gee whiz!

DUKE. (*Taking legal paper from pocket.*) Here it is!

KEMPY. But what are you doing it for? You don't need a new church to-night.

DUKE. I want you to be in a position

to assert yourself to-night! (*Takes fountain pen from pocket, writes on cover of document "For value received I hereby sell and convey the within property to Kempy James." He signs it.*) Sign here. (*Hands Kempy pen. Kempy signs on indicated space. Now handing it to Kempy.*) There you are. It's legally receipted and calls for the deed. Now I own your church. You are to deliver the plans in the morning.

KEMPY. They are in that bundle.

DUKE. Then I own that bundle. You take care of it for me. And you own this house.

KEMPY. What d'you mean?

DUKE. That is a bill of sale for this house and two lots. Option signed by your father-in-law. Paid by me—my check for Mr. Bence now in the hands of his other son-in-law, Mr. Wade, and you own the house.

KEMPY. (*Holding the paper gingerly.*) But—but my plans may not work!

DUKE. Never mind. I own them. I can have them fixed. Now you ASSERT yourself and protect your name and your wife. Remember, you are in your own home. And you can impress that on Mr. Bence if he won't behave.

KEMPY. (*Growing more confident.*) I'll make him behave!

DUKE. Good. But the main point is to make Kate behave, too. You are her husband, and the man should be the master.

KEMPY. I'll be the master, all right!

DUKE. That's the spirit. I'll stand by you. Now I'm going out in the kitchen for a minute. Then we'll begin, we'll call them out. I want some water—ice water. (*Exits. Kempy opens paper and reads it, refolds it and returns it to his pocket. Thinks. Mr. Bence appears in pajamas and bathrobe, comes out of door and looks around but does not notice Kempy. Goes to the mantel, takes down account book and starts to figure. Duke coughs in dining-room.*)

DAD. (*Seeing Kempy.*) What! What the devil are you doing here?

KEMPY. What the devil are you doing here?

DAD. You—you get out of this house!

KATE. (*Appearing on the stairs.*) Father, Kempy, don't quarrel!

DAD. So that's it. You knew he was here. You go to your room.

KEMPY. She won't go to her room till

I send her. She's my wife and she'll do what I say.

DAD. She will, eh? Not in my house.

KEMPY. This is my house, do you understand? It's not your house, it's my house, and if you get fresh with me or my wife I'll throw you out of it.

Kempy, encouraged by Duke, continues to assert his authority and succeeds in ruling the roost. In the third act, at midnight, Kempy and Ruth meet clandestinely. She interrogates him.

RUTH. I don't understand why you married Kate in such a hurry.

KEMPY. Neither do I. I'm always doing those things—I mean well. This is going to be a great lesson to me about marriage.

RUTH. You shouldn't talk that way, this is your wedding night. . . . They say a person never forgets it. . . .

KEMPY. I'll never forget it. I always thought a person would feel different after he was married.

RUTH. Well, don't you?

KEMPY. No, only worse.

RUTH. I thought I'd be happy when Kate was married. . . . She and daddy never got along very well.

KEMPY. Are you unhappy? . . . Is some of it because Kate married me?

RUTH. I don't think we ought to talk this way.

KEMPY. Well, I do. I think facts ought to be faced. It seems to me that this marriage hasn't made anybody happy to speak of—unless it was the Justice of the Peace.

RUTH. Was he so happy—how romantic! Tell me, how were you married?

KEMPY. Oh, hustled and got a license and got this justice. He chewed tobacco and charged me ten dollars. . . . That's how I came to only have a dollar and a half. I had eleven-fifty when I met Kate!

Eventually father and mother Bence appear, the situation is explained, and Kempy offers to sell his father-in-law the house for \$15,000, but Bence declines to buy it back. Jane comes in and clears up the mystery of the transaction. Kate enters and announces:

KATE. I am going to leave this house—and my husband—and this town—tomorrow morning!

DAD. Is that so! Your husband will tell you what he thinks of that!

KEMPY. (*Eagerly.*) I think it's a great idea!

DAD, MA and RUTH. What!

KATE. (*To Kempy.*) Thank you! (*Turning to the rest of them.*) I am going to Atlantic City in the morning, where I expect to sign a contract that will make me independent of all of you! I am going to live my own life in my own way!

DAD. Well, then what did you marry this young man for?

KATE. Never mind. That's done now, it's over!

There are further explanations, toward the conclusion of which Duke enters and Kate, at midnight, suggests that she and her newly-wed Kempy retire to their room.

KEMPY. (*In desperation.*) Maybe you've had enough talk—but I haven't said anything yet! Now I'm going to tell you something. I'm sick of this whole business; I'm through! I came into this house to fix the pipe and you took me off and married me. I'm going back to the Central House right now, before this thing goes too far!

KATE. Kempy!

DAD. Look here—

MA. Oh, dear!

RUTH. (*In awed admiration.*) Oh, Kempy—

DAD. Young man, you can't get out of your responsibilities like that; you're married to my daughter and you own this house!

KEMPY. I don't want the darn house, and I'm not going to take it! (*Kempy fiercely tears up the option.*)

DAD. Gosh—don't do that!

KEMPY. The house is no good, anyway! It's built all wrong and the plumbing's

terrible! And I don't like anybody that lives in it!

KATE. Why—!

RUTH. (*Hurt.*) Oh, Kempy!

KEMPY. (*Quickly.*) Except you, Ruth!

KATE. How dare you!

KEMPY. (*Turning on Kate.*) You let me alone—you've done enough to me!

DUKE. Hold on—you've no need to abuse your wife!

KEMPY. She's no wife to me. I'm going to get out of this thing!

DAD. You can't divorce my daughter.

MA. Divorce! Oh, dear!

DAD. You've got no grounds!

KEMPY. Oh, yes I have.

DUKE. Look out, young man, you're giving her grounds!

KEMPY. I've got grounds myself. I'll bet I could get a divorce in a minute on grounds of insanity!

KATE. Insanity!

KEMPY. Well, you wouldn't have married me if you hadn't been crazy!

KATE. I realize that now!

DUKE. (*Half angry.*) You had better be careful, young man!

KEMPY. I think you'd better be careful. If I were you, I'd go home right now. No man's safe around her!

KATE. Oh! Why you—!

KEMPY. (*Turning on her.*) Well—it's true! (*Back to Duke.*) Look at the way she treated me! I hadn't been in this house ten minutes till she dragged me off to that Justice of the Peace! And I'm not of age, either—and I didn't have my parents' consent!

So it all ends merrily, by Kempy and Ruth becoming engaged and with the approaching marriage of Kate and Duke Merrill a foregone conclusion.

RUSSIA INTRODUCES \$5 VAUDEVILLE INTO AMERICA

"**V**ER' good audience," announces the moon-faced Nikita Balieff blandly, in presenting his Chauve-Souris, imported from the Bat Theater of Moscow, to the crowds that nightly foregather at the Century Roof Theater in New York. "Audience that understands art. 'S no compliment. 'S no flattery. From the heart." And, as the New York *Globe* critic observes, there

is every reason to believe literally that Balieff means exactly what he says and has every reason to say it. The audiences have been "ver' good" since the day that this meandering Muscovy troupe first wandered out of their cellar in Moscow. Not even Paris, where they sojourned en route to New York via London, greeted them with more hilarity. It is the case of a ver' good

audience deserving a ver' good show—and getting it in large measure. For sheer magic and witchery, the critics are a unit in agreeing, for color and joy and naïveté, it is the most irresistible and fantastic thing that ever burst into a metropolitan season.

There are not a few discerning playgoers who have witnessed the performance a score of times since its première at another theater and with a different bill some months ago. Its summer season program is made up, like the first, of dancing and pantomime and what Balieff calls "sad sonks." Only the inimitable wooden soldiers on parade, so shy yet so concientious, remain to remind one of the first performance.

There are haunting little fragments of old France and old Spain—"The King Orders the Drums to Be Beaten" ("don't laugh," warns Balieff, "ver' scandalous story") and the "Quadro Caballeros Sevillance" with the lights and shadows of a Russian Sorolla. There are the soldiers' songs before the revolution ("they used to sing, but now they howl-l-l," mutters Balieff, who has no love for the new régime). There are the plaintive gypsy wails from the steppes and the reeling bits of drunken foolery in settings wild with color. There are single songs—one, "The Evening Bells," was, according to Balieff, written by a poet called "Thumsmur-r," who on reflection proved to be no one more formidable than Thomas Moore. But what does the program matter when there is Balieff with his oblique assaults on the English language and his riotous troupe?

Never before, comments the *New York Times*, has a vaudeville show played five months continuously on Broadway, without a change of act, and then enjoyed a super-summer season. And all in Russian. Not an English word is spoken, unless the curtain speeches of Nikita Balieff can be so termed. And five-dollar vaudeville!

The decorations of the roof theater, by the Russian artist Nicolas Remi-

soff, are so completely in harmony with the little plays themselves as to bring the audience into intimate touch with the performers. In a panel to the left of the stage, in brilliant hues, one sees Ivanushka, the Fool, riding his hump-backed hobby horse through the sky. To the right is the hero of another fairy tale—"The Prince on the Magic Carpet." The artist has treated his subjects in the style of the Russian pictorial art of the sixteenth century. Curtains, pillars, foyers and carpets are included in the general scheme.

In this *Chauve-Souris*, writes Merian C. Cooper, in the *Times Book Review and Magazine*, the triumph of any particular act is considered unimportant except in so far as it affects the success of the entire show. There are no star acts, nor any stars. Nor are there any impromptu injections. Every stage position, every gesture, every voice inflection, is practiced again and again, not to please, at the final judgment, the taste and wishes of the actor, but to fit the Balieff idea of artistic accord with every other bit of work in the performance.

This results in changing a series of disconnected songs and dances and skits into one harmonious, synchronized production. Tears drop between bursts of laughter. Age follows youth. The contrast of emotions is so smooth, every artistic touch is so lightly handled, that one fails to notice the mechanical perfection that makes it all possible. It is a graceful woman walking on a soft, green lawn. It is a slim athlete diving into a still pool. But the mechanical perfection is the factor that makes the difficult seem easy to the onlooker. And it is in a curious and interesting way that Balieff, the genius of the idea of a unified vaudeville company, developed it.

When Nikita Balieff first had this idea he hunted for a place in Moscow to try it out. He went to inspect a dark old cellar. As he entered a bat brushed across his face. "There is the name for my production," he said to his companion. "I will call it 'The Bat.'"

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF A WOMAN'S FIRST LOVE

THE immense difficulty in explaining the nature of a woman's love to those who use only the English language arises from the circumstance, laments Mrs. Harold Sandwith in *The Nineteenth Century* (London), that no Anglo-Saxon can ever be a sound psychologist where such themes as woman and love are concerned. The intimate acquaintance of Mrs. Sandwith with the heart and soul of the woman in love and the thoroughness with which she has studied cases both in actual life, on the stage and in the pages of fiction, lend weight to her assertion that plays and romances dealing adequately with woman's spiritual virginity almost never emanate from the Anglo-Saxon world if they be the work of men. This, it is complained, is the supreme catastrophe of every English-speaking woman. She must spend her earthly existence among a breed of men who do not comprehend her heart. Here is the psychological Calvary of her sex in our world unless she should chance to meet and interest a Frenchman or some man with the insight of the average Frenchman into the heart of woman.

The Englishman's sense of chivalry—"Englishman" being a comprehensive characterization that includes his Anglo-Saxon kin everywhere—is based upon his conception of woman as a Platonic being.

Once she leaves the Platonic pedestal, woman no longer interests the Englishman, according to Mrs. Sandwith, except in connection with his baser instincts. Owing to his method of keeping all the elements composing his nature each in its own airtight compartment, we have the paradoxical fact of the Englishman—the most romantic and spiritual of men in theory—as the most matter-of-fact and unromantic in reality.

The Englishman has, in truth, lost whatever power of comprehending wo-

man he may ever have possessed originally. Woman, like all great realities, is a mystery, and the Englishman instinctively shuns mystery.

"Convention to the Englishman is the synonym of—and frequently the substitute for—morality, just as passion to him means physical desire.

"Altho not more moral than the Frenchman the Englishman preserves the appearance of morality, because—unlike the Frenchman—he never loves, or dreams to love, his mistress.

"Hence he deliberately chooses her from among the women who *do not count*, and thus avoids all disturbances of the heart and hearth.

"Hence also the Englishman, having derived his knowledge of woman *as woman* from this source, displays in marriage a profound and pathetic ignorance of the essential nature of women who *do count*.

"Hence even the well-bred Englishman will reveal in his marital relationship a crudity, a lack of delicacy and refinement, an absence of romance and poetry, strangely in conflict with his innermost self, and which would shock the average Frenchman, but which the Englishwoman (most unimaginative and least exacting of beings where man and love are concerned) tolerates placidly as a regrettable but inevitable attribute of man.

"Woman for the Englishman (we have but to open half a dozen English novels to convince ourselves of this truth) is the elaborately bound but unread book which convention and tradition alike oblige him to number among his household gods, the orthodox classic he is scrupulous to respect and—to avoid. The book which fate on occasion has a trick of prompting him to open in middle life—with dire results to his peace of mind."

It is when the tempest of passion touches the mature Englishman's heart that the true process of moral growth begins within him. It is then that we see emerge from their hiding places all those noble qualities of his—his silent endurance, his selfless devotion, his singleness of mind, his fidelity, his childlike humility and trust, his chas-

tity of soul. It is then that we see revealed the true knight, the perfect lover. Who can tell whether the ideals of modern feminism are destined to inspire and satisfy this perfect lover?

"The original of Marguerite Gautier—'La Dame aux Camélias'—was, we know, Alphonsine Duplessis, a simple farm servant, whom the vicissitudes of fate had swept into the stream of Paris life, one of those strangely beautiful creatures, one of those last *femmes galantes*, who, as Dumas tells us, were endowed with a grace, a charm, a distinction, which, in spite of their sordid calling, frequently caused them to be mistaken for ladies of quality.

"And, indeed, this distinction is apparent in 'La Dame aux Camélias.'

"From the very first she stands out in relief against the background of her surroundings and her companions.

"There is about her an atmosphere, a glamor, an elusiveness, a quality in fact, which makes it obvious that her boisterous gaiety, her craving for luxury and extravagance, her bold cynicisms, are but so many devices for the concealment of her real self, of that spiritual, that *virginal*, self which bursts into being at the call of true love. For 'a woman's virginity does not belong to her first lover, but to the first man she loves.'

"Only a Frenchman could have discovered so subtle and profound a truth."

AN ITALIAN CRITIC ON ARNOLD BENNETT'S DESPAIR OF WOMAN

WHAT imparts a special significance to that pessimism on the subject of woman which characterizes the work of Arnold Bennett more and more is the "disinterestedness" of his misogyny. The eminent novelist, playwright and critic gives woman up as hopeless, but he is not actuated by resentment in all this. He has no personal grievance against woman. He is not hostile to her advancement upon any plane. He finds her charming, interesting, but good for nothing. This impersonal and detached attitude in one who like Arnold Bennett has studied woman for years renders his attitude towards her a sign of the times, and that gifted Italian critic, Signor Orestes Rizzini, enters at length upon the theme in the Milan *Corriere della Sera*.

One fact regarding the attitude of Arnold Bennett towards woman as she is to-day must be noted at the outset—its courage. The brilliant novelist and playwright has come in for much abuse of late in the press of London. Distinguished leaders of opinion have taken him to task. He is accused of libeling the dominant type of woman in the Anglo-Saxon world, especially in his latest work. Bennett refuses to

retract. He "stands pat." Woman in this age is just what he has painted her, he thinks. Obviously, comments the Italian critic, Bennett is not to blame if in the English-speaking world, woman is what he deems her—selfish, fond of pleasure, wedded to habits of luxury. There she is. The Anglo-Saxon world is conditioned by her weaknesses, and when Arnold Bennett says this he is endorsed by the Italian writer. One finds this dominant type of Anglo-Saxon woman at all the pleasure resorts in Europe. She has beauty, health, a rich husband or a big estate to exploit. She comes of a good family as a rule. Her vagaries fill the newspapers, amaze the continental Europeans.

There are superficial aspects of this type of woman which commend her. One of these is chatter. She gabbles of everything, politics, literature, the arts and religion. Arnold Bennett has studied this chatter and he reproduces it with effect in his works. This queer type of woman—luxurious, capricious, out of touch with reality—dresses exquisitely, walks with grace, dances divinely. She is fascinating as a spectacle, altho the man who marries her after she has divorced somebody else finds her impossible to live with. One

unfamiliar aspect of this Anglo-Saxon type of femininity seems altogether new—her passion for publicity. She may not seek the vulgar publicity of the patent medicine advertisement. She will not be put in the position of seeking notoriety. Nevertheless she is not above exploiting herself as some sort of a publicist, as a kind of society goddess. She connives at the publication of her portrait in the fashion papers. She will preside at meetings, even make speeches. Wherever this strange and fantastic type is encountered, she is eager for notice, for admiration, for excitement. Her sayings and her doings exemplify her theory of what this "age of woman" really signifies. Wherever she goes the curiosity of the public is aroused and she rather revels in it.

There are variations of this type among the English and the Americans, if the views of Arnold Bennett may guide us, and the Italian says the Englishman does not exaggerate. Sometimes the butterfly woman—that is the best word when one that fits is so hard to find—goes in for sociology. Now and then she is wedded to psychoanalysis. Again she may be found raving over art. Politics will interest her fitfully or perhaps some variation of Christianity. Nevertheless, these variants of one feminine norm have this thing in common: they do no good, they always take without ever giving. These creatures fancy that in condescending to exist among men they have acquired a right to universal homage and gratitude. They deem themselves the salt of the earth. They are not. To prove it, Bennett serves the "new" woman up to the public in a play as well as in a novel, and when he is scolded he retorts that he has not painted this devil half as black as she really is.

Arnold Bennett, in this defiance of the public to which he must cater, is one of the unique figures in contemporary literature. Such is the judgment of the Italian, who reviews the stages of the English author's career in a vain effort to ascertain the cause of so queer a prejudice. There is nothing in the

career of the man to indicate that he is voicing a personal grudge against somebody. His attitude to his art is no less queer than his attitude towards woman. Arnold Bennett confesses that he turned to literature not from love of it but because he wanted to succeed in life, to get somewhere. His education was not profound nor comprehensive. He began with a little sporting journalism in the provinces. Then he was a clerk to a London lawyer. Meanwhile he was saturating his mind with English literature, with French books, with Russian romances in translation. The effect was an idolatrous love for de Maupassant, for Turgenieff, for the Goncourts.

At last he undertook a bit of a novel on his own account and he did well. He found a publisher and he got royalties. He had the certainty of "arriving." He could write. Was there yet a sign of distrust of woman? Not at all. Arnold Bennett is neither for nor against her. She has not crossed his career. In fact she promotes it, for his next step was the assumption of an editorship. His paper was devoted to woman and it was called by her name. His career was outlined—he was to write novels, romances and in time plays. There were doubtful moments still to come. When he had paid for typewriting one of his most important novels, he had just enough money left in the world to buy himself a new hat with. Not that it mattered. He gave up his editorial post in order to devote himself to fiction. He had to wait until the completion of his third novel, "The Old Wives' Tale," before he leaped into fame. There are touches in it of the misogynist to come, but it is not true of Arnold Bennett then or since that he dealt, so to speak, in the seamy side of woman's nature.

So we have him proceeding with his dissection of the soul of woman. There is the comic in it and there is the touch of tragedy. The world into which Arnold Bennett introduces us is not the heaven on earth which a good woman creates around her. Arnold Bennett

sees life too truly. He is too sane. He dumbfounds readers. If he does not hate woman he does not love her. He cannot idealize her, and this incapacity to idealize seems to suggest that woman is pitifully in need of idealization. Arnold Bennett is not in the least ashamed

of himself. There is no "message" in his works. He has no "thesis." He does not even concern himself with "problems." He is interested in life as it is, in people as they are. If the result is an indictment of woman, who is to blame?

FALLACY OF THE HUNGER AND SEX THEORY OF HUMAN MOTIVE

WHEN we scrutinize the actual motives of actual conduct, it is clear that the consciously-felt wants of men are not directed towards nourishment, protection from the elements and that sort of thing. Men, it is true, desire food, clothing and shelter of the conventional kinds and amounts. It is indeed a commonplace of ethnology that men of one social group will starve and freeze before they will adopt the ordinary diet and garb of other groups.

Only under the direct necessity, says Professor Frank H. Knight, of the University of Iowa, studying this whole vital subject in *The Quarterly Journal of Economics*, do we think in terms of ultimate physical needs as ends. The compulsion to face life on this level is equivalent to abject misery. A large proportion of civilized mankind would certainly commit suicide rather than accept life on such terms, the prospect for improvement being excluded. The interpretation of motives on the purely material plane in this style, fashionable as it is and familiar as it has become, is almost totally false. It is simply contrary to fact that men act in order to live. The opposite is, much nearer the truth. They live in order to act. They care to preserve their lives in the biological sense in order to achieve the kind of life they consider worth while.

It has been well observed, notes Professor Knight, that the love of life, so far from being the most powerful of human motives, is perhaps the weakest. In any case, it is difficult to name any other motive or sentiment for which men do not habitually throw away their lives. When we turn from the preser-

vation of individual life to that of the race as a motive a similar situation is met with.

Men will give up their lives for the group, but not for its *mere life*; it is for a better or at least a worthy life that such sacrifices are made. The life of the individual is logically prior to that of the group, as our physiological needs are logically prior to the higher ones, but again that is not the actual order of preference. Probably few civilized men would refuse to die for their fellows if it were clear that the sacrifice were necessary and that it would be effective.

But when materialistic interpreters speak of the perpetuity of the group as a motive they are likely to have in mind not this result in the abstract, but rather sex-feeling, the means by which continuity and increase are secured in the animal world. Here again they are squarely wrong; social existence and well-being in the abstract are more potent than sex attraction in any crude interpretation. With sex experience as with food, it is not the thing as such which dominates the civilized individual. His sex requirement is as different from that of animals as a banquet with all fashionable accompaniments is from the meal of a hungry carnivore which has made a kill, or a buzzard whose olfactory sense has guided him to a mellow piece of carrion. It is again a question of fact, and the fact patently is that when the biological form of the motive conflicts with the cultural, æsthetic or moral part of it—as more or less it always does—it is the former which gives way.

This whole purely biological interpretation of human conduct falls down. No hunger and sex theory of human motives will stand examination. Human interests have no doubt evolved out of animal desires, and an understanding of animal behavior can throw light on human problems, but only if interpreted with the utmost caution. Man has risen clear above, or, if this seems to beg any philosophical question, he has at least gotten clear away from the plane where life is the end of activity. He has in fact essentially reversed this relation.

It is not life that he strives for, but the good life, or at the ultimate minimum a decent life, which is a conventional, cultural concept, and for this he will throw away life itself; he will have that or nothing. He has similar physical requirements with the animals, but has become so "particular" as to their mode of gratification that the form dominates the substance. A life in which bare existence is the end is *intolerable* to him. When his artificial, cultural values are in ultimate conflict with physical needs he rather typically chooses the former, sacrificing quantity of life to quality, and it is hard to see how he could be prevented from doing so.

We can scarcely imagine a slave society placed under physical compulsion so effective that men would permanently live in it. If they were given the least sight or knowledge of their masters and their masters' way of life, no provision however bountiful for all physical wants would prevent some irrational individual from setting up a cry for "liberty or death" and leading his willing fellows to the achievement of one or the other. It is a familiar historical fact that it is not the violently oppressed populations which rebel, but those whose milder bondage leaves them fairly prosperous.

The assumption of the materialistic, or economic, or biological interpretation of conduct is that when men must choose between some "real need" and a sentimental consideration they will

take the former. The truth is that when the issue is drawn they typically do the reverse. For any practical social purpose, beauty, play, conventionality and the gratification of all sorts of "vanities" are more "necessary" than food and shelter.

"Nor do men who know what they do want—and who have not sapped their vitality by unnatural living or too much of a certain kind of thinking—want their wants satisfied. This argument of economists and other pragmatists that men work and think to get themselves out of trouble is at least half an inversion of the facts. The things we work for are 'annoyers' as often as 'satisfiers'; we spend as much ingenuity in getting into trouble as in getting out, and in any case enough to keep in effectively. It is our nature to 'travel afar to seek disquietude,' and 'tis distance lends enchantment to the view.' It cannot be maintained that civilization itself makes men 'happier' than they are in savagery. The purpose of education is certainly not to make anyone happy; its aim is rather to raise problems rather than solve them; the association of sadness and wisdom is proverbial, and the most famous of wise men observed that 'in much wisdom is much grief, and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow.' Thus the pursuit of the 'higher things' and the crasser indulgences are alike failures if the test of the pursuit is happiness.

"But the test is not happiness. And by this we do not mean that it ought not to be, but the simple fact that that is not what men want. It is a stock and conclusive objection to utopias that men simply will not live in a world where everything runs smoothly and life is free from care. We all recall William James' relief at getting away from Chautauqua. A man who has nothing to worry about immediately busies himself in creating something, gets into some absorbing game, falls in love, prepares to conquer some enemy or hunt lions or the North Pole or what not."

Only within recent years has it dawned upon psychologists that there may have been an excessive emphasis upon sex in ascertaining motive. Much of this emphasis was established by the writers of fiction and the poets.

PRICELESS COINS FROM THE MINTAGE OF CROESUS BROUGHT TO LIGHT

THE greatest archeological find in the last ten years" is what Dr. T. Leslie Shear, of Columbia University, calls the recent discovery of thirty gold coins in the buried ruins of Sardis, in Asia Minor. These coins, or "staters," as they are often named, were made during the reign of Croesus, and are at least 2,500 years old. It is generally believed that the "staters" of Croesus were the first gold coins ever minted. Until now, only five—those in the British Museum—have been known to be in existence. The find, Dr. Shear says, was "the kind of thing that hap-

cautiously with a pick and shovel on April 13, when he struck, about two feet below the surface of the ground of a sloping hillside, a small pot without handles, four and a half inches high, made of coarse gray clay. Other vases and fragments and some bones lying around gave evidence that a tomb had been here, but the entire structure of the tomb had long ago collapsed and been washed away. The mouth of the pot was choked with dirt, but when this was removed, the coins were found beautifully stamped. Some were as bright as if they had just been minted.



THE OLDEST GOLD COINS IN THE WORLD

These "staters," recently found in the buried ruins of Sardis in Asia Minor, were minted by Croesus and are at least 2,500 years old.

pens once in a lifetime." The coins, he goes on to tell us, "are absolutely priceless. There is no standard of value by which they can be measured." At the present time they are held by the Greek authorities at Smyrna, but the hope is expressed that at least some of them may be brought to America.

The group which made the discovery is known as the American Society for the Excavation of Sardis. Its general director is Professor Howard Crosby Butler, of Princeton University, and its financial supporters have included the late J. P. Morgan, Cyrus McCormick and V. Everit Macy. It had four years of activity behind it at the time of the outbreak of the World War. Work was resumed in the spring of the present year.

A Turkish laborer (so it appears from a letter written by Dr. Shear to the Editors of *CURRENT OPINION*) was working

The coins are all of the same type, showing on the obverse the foreparts of a lion and a bull facing each other, on the reverse two squares stamped in. The lion, it seems, is a symbol of Hercules, who, according to the Lydian variation of the Hercules legend, was the founder of the Lydian dynasty to which Croesus belonged. There are slight variations in the weight and size of the coins. The amount of gold in each is a little more than in our five-dollar gold pieces.

It is Dr. Shear's theory that the hoard was placed in the pot and hidden in the entrance to a tomb at a time of crisis and perhaps at the very moment when Cyrus, King of the Persians, attacked his wealthy rival. The historian Herodotus has written a vivid account of Cyrus' fourteen-day siege of Sardis, ending in its capture.

The entire story of the discovery of

this pot of gold is as fascinating as a fairy-tale. The *New York Times* says:

"The source of the gold is supposed to have been the River Pactolus, which flows through the kingdom. King Midas washed 'the golden touch' from himself into this river and impregnated the sands with the noble metal before he had shaken off the curse of automatic transmutation. Some historians have discredited the theory that the Pactolus region was rich in gold and have argued that the undoubted wealth of the kingdom was due to its foreign trade. It is believed by the explorers of the site of Sardis that the riches of the kingdom were due to mineral wealth and to its geographic positions, which made it the greatest trading center of the time.

"The Lydian kings were forced to become the great international exchange bankers of the time, because their king-

dom lay across the old Royal Road of trade from Persia, Babylon and all the Orient to the Greek cities, and probably to Egypt and other Mediterranean cities.

"Croesus not only coined gold but adjusted his system of coinage to a convenient exchange basis with the silver and copper coins of the Greeks in the west and the Babylonians and other Orientals on the east. His father and predecessor, Alyattes, had made coins of electrum, an alloy of gold and silver, but the final step to put the kingdom on a gold basis was taken by Croesus.

"The coins were mentioned by Herodotus, who says that Croesus was the first to coin gold. His positive testimony in favor of their being the first issue is borne out by the fact that no earlier gold coins have been discovered and that there are no allusions in literature to earlier coins."

THE CONVERSATIONS OF ANATOLE FRANCE

ANATOLE FRANCE, it has been said, is the heir of all the ages as is no other living man: "in him the golden detritus of civilization from its beginning appears to have accumulated and to have found there its finest voice." A dominant impression in all his work is that of a wise man talking wittily and beautifully, and in nothing which he has written is this impression more evident than in "The Opinions of Anatole France," recorded by Paul Gsell, which has been running in the *New York Nation* and is now published in book form by Alfred A. Knopf.

Something of the spirit of Boswell's "Life of Samuel Johnson" and of Goethe's "Conversations with Eckermann" has gone into this book in which we see, in his daily habit, the greatest living master of French prose and the greatest of living skeptics. Most of the conversations recorded took place at France's home, the Villa Said, not far from the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne in Paris. Thither, during recent years, have come men of letters, artists,

statesmen, Spanish anarchists and Russian nihilists. "With his keen delight in knowing the strangest specimens of humanity," M. Gsell remarks, "the master of the house received them all with affectionate courtesy."

France, like every radical, is inclined to despise what other men venerate, and some of the keenest shafts of his humor are directed against the French Academy of "Immortals." It was long, we learn, before he could be persuaded to join this august assemblage. But join it he did at last, and here is his own story of what happened:

"Ludovic Halévy, who loved me like a brother, kept constantly saying: 'Why sulk at the Academy? It is the thing to join. It looks well on the covers of one's books. Present yourself. Do it for my sake. I am ashamed to be an Immortal when you are not.' Well, the end of it was that I drew up my letter of application, and went to read it to him.

"Tut, tut!" said he, 'your letter is not in due form. Give it to me and I will arrange it properly.' And he deliberately inserted three or four fearful mistakes in

French, which stood out like poppies in a corn field.

"There," he said, "is the style required. But that is not everything. We must find out who will vote for you."

"He drew up a list and proceeded to tick off a great number of names.

"Hm! Hm!" he muttered, "it will not be easy. These damned aristocrats will make wry faces when they have to swallow you."

"I began making my calls. Halévy directed operations. Every morning I received a note: 'Go to So and So! Call again on So and So!' All the time he was consumed with anxiety. Finally, one day when I saw him he was radiant.

"That's all right!" said he, rubbing his hands; "we've got them!"

"Got whom?"

"The aristocrats! Listen. There are two seats vacant. The extreme Left of the Academy is putting you forward for one. The aristocrats have a candidate for the other, a worthy nobleman of ancient lineage, but an absolute illiterate. They will not find it easy to push him through.

"We said to them: Do you want the extreme Left to vote for your nobleman? Then, vote for the anarchist, Anatole France. One good turn deserves another. It's a bargain! They agreed. I am delighted. Now, call on the nobility. They have been warned. But for heaven's sake, don't talk politics or religion! Say: What bright sunshine! or: It is windy! It is raining! It is drizzling! Ask the lady of the house how her little dog is and her pet monkeys. The noblemen have been similarly instructed."

"Everything turned out as he had foreseen. The anarchist and the nobleman were elected on the same day and by the same votes. It was quite shameless."

Three chapters of the book are devoted to the visits of Professor Brown, of the University of Sydney, Australia. This gentleman is determined to wrest from M. France and his friends the secret of genius, and he is somewhat bewildered when his host tells him: "All great authors write badly. . . . Rabelais is not free from faults. . . . Molière also writes badly. And so do Saint-Simon and Balzac and all the others." M. France, we find, does not object even to carelessness in the writers that he admires, and Remy de

Gourmont, who joins in the conversation, points out specific blunders in "Don Quixote." What, then, the distracted Professor inquires, is the mark of true genius? M. France replies:

"All really great men have the prime virtue of sincerity. They extirpate hypocrisy from their hearts; they bravely reveal their weaknesses, their doubts, their vices. They dissect themselves. They expose their bared souls, so that all their contemporaries may recognize themselves in this picture, and reject the lies which corrupt their lives. They are courageous. They are not afraid to challenge prejudices. No power, civil, moral or immoral, can impose upon them.

"Sometimes, it is true, frankness is so dangerous that it would cost them their liberty or even their lives. Under the most liberal, as under the most tyrannical, governments, to proclaim what will be recognized as just and right fifty or a hundred years later is sufficient to incur imprisonment or the scaffold.

"As it is better to speak than to be silent, the wise often behave like fools, in order not to be gagged. They gambol, shake their cap and bells, and give utterance to the most reasonable follies. They are allowed to caper because they are taken for buffoons. This stratagem must not be held up against them. Concerning the opinions which he held dearly, Rabelais used to say mockingly: 'I will maintain them to the stake . . . exclusively.' Was he wrong? And if he had gone to the stake would it now be possible for us to enjoy his pantagruelism?"

"Great writers have not mean souls. That, Mr. Brown, is all their secret."

M. France, it seems, is not dazzled by the glory of Rodin. "Rodin," he concedes, "is a genius. I am sure of it. I have seen some nudes of his palpitating with life." But "he is not one of those great decorators such as France has known, especially in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. He seems to me to know nothing of the science of grouping. Above all, it must be said, he collaborates too much with accidents." M. France goes on to query: "Do you know how he conceived that Victor Hugo, the half-reclining figure in marble in the gardens of the Palais-Royal?" This is the story:

"Rodin had just finished in clay an imposing statue of the poet. Victor Hugo was standing upright on the crest of a rock. All sorts of Muses and Ocean deities were circling about him. One morning the sculptor brought a whole troupe of journalists to his studio, that they might contemplate the new work. Unfortunately, the evening before, he had left the window open, and, as a terrible storm had broken out during the night, a stream of water had reduced the huge group to formless pulp. The cliff had collapsed upon the dancing deities. As for Victor Hugo, he had flopped down into a sea of mud.

"Rodin opened the door, and allowed his guests to go in first. Suddenly he beheld the disaster. He all but tore his beard with despair. But the chorus of praise had already begun:

"'Wonderful! — Marvelous! — Formidable!—Victor Hugo rising from this bed of slime, what a symbol!—Master, it is a stroke of genius!—You have tried to represent the ignominy of an epoch in which the inspiration of the bard alone survived, noble and pure. How beautiful!'"

"'Do you think so?' Rodin asked timidly.

"'Of course! It is the masterpiece of masterpieces. Oh! Please, Master, leave it as it is!'"

This book shows Anatole France flirting with Socialistic ideas, but hardly mastered by them. He speaks well both of Jean Jaurès and of Jules Guesde, and he entertains, with impartiality, the friends and the enemies of the Bolshevik régime in Russia. "It is right," he says, in a conversation with Edmond Haraucourt, "for an author to feel the pangs of common humanity, and sometimes to intervene in the quarrels of the market-place. Not that I think he should fawn on any party or have a finger in the electoral pie. I expect him to preserve the independence of his spirit, to dare always to tell the truth, and to denounce even the injustices committed by his own friends. I want him to soar unfettered. I wish his opinions to be hard upon selfish interests, but usually regarded as chimerical, and that they shall have no chance whatever of being adopted for many a year."

We get even nearer to the core of

Anatole France's nature in a chapter entitled "The Credo of a Skeptic." He tells us here that skepticism, so far from being, as popularly supposed, a negative doctrine, is really affirmative:

"Skepticism! This word is made synonymous with negation and impotence. Yet our great skeptics were sometimes the most affirmative, and often the most courageous, of men. They denied only negations. They attacked everything that fetters the mind and the will. They struggled against ignorance that stupefies, against error that oppresses, against intolerance that tyrannizes, against cruelty that tortures, and against hatred that kills. They are accused of having been unbelievers. But first we must know whether belief is a virtue, and whether genuine strength does not lie in doubting what there is no reason to believe. It would not be difficult to prove that those Frenchmen of genius who are called skeptics professed the most magnificent credo. Each one of them formulated some article of it.

"Rabelais, a buffoon full of seriousness, proclaims the majesty of tolerance. Like him the Pyrrhonic Montaigne prostrates himself devoutly before the wisdom of the ancients. Forgetting the oscillations of his doubting mind he invokes pity against the ferocity of religious wars and the barbarity of judicial torture. Above all, he pays homage to the sanctity of friendship. Molière inveighs against the passions and weaknesses which make men hateful, and he preaches the beautiful gospel of sociability. In his wildest capers the unbelieving Voltaire never loses sight of his ideal of reason, knowledge and kindness—yes, kindness, for this great satirist was unkind only to the wicked and the foolish. Finally, Renan always remained a priest; all he did was to purify religion. He believed in the divine, in learning; he believed in the future of mankind. Thus all our skeptics were full of ardor, all strove to deliver their fellowmen from the chains that drag them down. In their own way they were saints."

The culmination of the book is a chapter entitled "The Omnipotence of Dream." This title lingers in the mind as the ultimate expression of Anatole France's philosophy.

TRANSMISSION OF PHOTOGRAPHS BY WIRELESS ACROSS THE WORLD

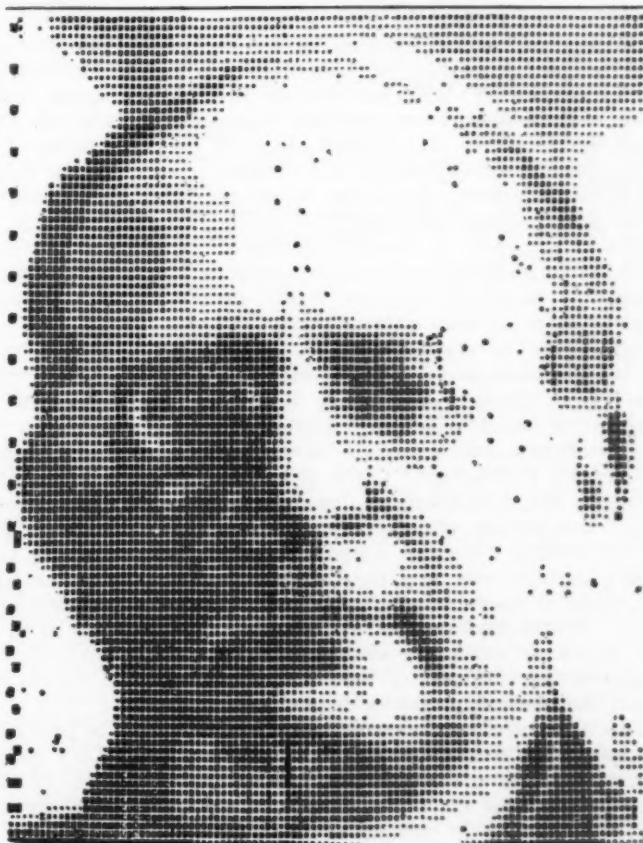
TRANSMISSION by wireless telegraphy of a photograph from Rome, Italy, to Bar Harbor, Maine, and its reproduction forty minutes later by the *New York World* indicate that Doctor Arthur Korn, professor of electro-physics in Berlin, has a practical apparatus for sending negatives to any station. Tests of the process have been in progress between Doctor Korn's laboratory near Rome and the United States Navy radio station in Bar Harbor for weeks before the *New York World* reproduced a photograph actually sent by the method.

When this photograph was "filed" at Rome, we read in our *New York* contemporary, no one in America had seen it. Forty minutes later it had been picked out of the ether on the Maine coast by Chief Radioman Edmund H. Hansen, U.S.N. From Bar Harbor to New York it had been transmitted by mail, but from Rome to New York less than twenty-four hours were consumed.

Altho the result of the experiment seems to the *New York World* to be far from perfect, that great metropolitan daily says it points the way to an

achievement that seems now to be only in the near future.

The basic method is sound, and with refinements of the mechanical processes and certain elaborations of their use the time soon may arrive when pictorial records of events will be available as speedily and as accurately as descriptions are at present. Two years



THE MOST EXACT REPRODUCTION BY WIRELESS EVER ACHIEVED

In a transmission of a photograph of Pope Pius XI, across the vast ocean spaces, the *New York World* was able to improve upon the technique of the process in a fashion to eclipse all previous performances of the kind. The *New York World*, in reproducing this striking effect by wireless, predicts such great improvements in the near future that an almost miraculous fidelity and exactness may be looked for.

ago the *New York World* amazed its readers by transmitting photographs by telegraph between New York and St. Louis. This was made possible by the use of the apparatus invented by Edouard Belin, the French electrical engineer, who was brought over here by the *New York World* to make this demonstration. As recently as last autumn the *New York* daily again surprised the public by reproductions of messages signed by Aristide Briand and General Pershing sent by wireless from Paris by the Belin method.

This latest feat is by an entirely new and distinct process. Doctor Korn had invented and carried to some degree of perfection a method of transmitting photographs by telegraph before the war. Prof. Korn began working on his process in 1900. He thought only of telegraphic transmission, as wireless had not advanced to a stage at which its practical use was even considered. When, however, it became perfected Dr. Korn instantly recognized it would multiply manifold the use of his apparatus and at once adapted this to the new method of transmission.

Wherever it is possible to telegraph or radio, there it is possible to send photographs, provided, of course, the instruments which decode them are present. Photographs under the Korn system are translated at the sending end into groups of letters, each letter representing a certain degree of darkness or lightness, and the code words formed by these groups are sent as is an ordinary message.

The Korn sending machine does the translating or coding automatically, and the receiving machine decodes back into a picture also automatically. Its accuracy is that of an ordinary telegram or radiogram, and the operator of the receiving machine can detect and rectify errors in transmission more easily than a stenographer can correct misplaced letters on a typewriter.

The sending apparatus, as it exists now, is an exceedingly complex and bulky machine, built in Dr. Korn's laboratory for experimental purposes.

The receiving machine is simple and portable, however. Without entering into a minute technical description of the process, the principles of it will easily be understood from the following:

If you look through a strong magnifying glass at a half-tone picture in a newspaper or magazine you will observe it to be made up of a multiplicity of tiny dots, the very light parts being of small dots widely spaced, the very dark spots of larger dots close together. In the original photograph from which such a half-tone is made there is an infinite number of values of light and shade; in the reproduction an approximation to these is obtained by the size and spacing of the dots. Prof. Korn, on analyzing photographs and half-tones, realized that for practical purposes all the values of light and shade could be reproduced with from 15 to 20 sizes of dots.

Suppose, for example, we take seventeen different sizes of dots and give to each a letter, say A for the smallest and P for the largest, the intermediate letters being for the intermediate shades. Now, if we can construct an apparatus which will automatically translate these seventeen values into seventeen corresponding letters and print these letters on a tape, we have a code which can be sent by wire or wireless to any place in the world, and if we have a typewriter that prints, instead of the letters indicated on the keys, the large or small dots which correspond to those letters, we can decode or translate that telegraphic or radiographic message into a half-tone picture.

This is just what Prof. Korn did.

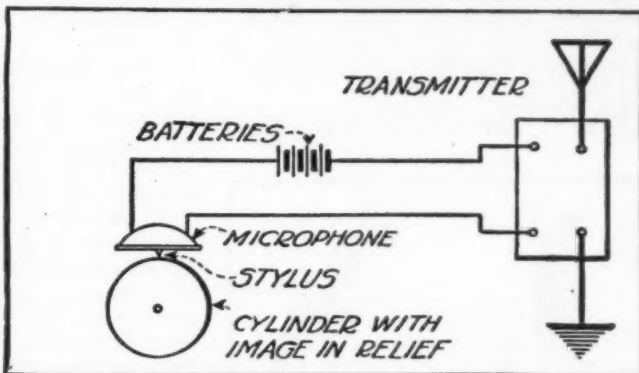
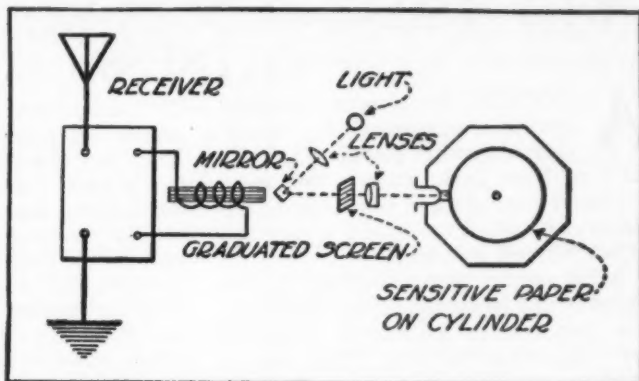
The Korn apparatus uses no screen, but a point of brilliant light traveling over the photograph being cut on and off rhythmically by a commutator in such a way that it strikes the picture at accurately spaced points, working very much like the light of a moving-picture machine. An ordinary cabinet-size photograph receives the light at about 1,000 points.

The light passing through the negative falls upon a selenium cell, the quantity passing through depending on the darkness or lightness of the spot through which it passes. Selenium is a mineral crystal endowed with the peculiar property of passing an electric current only when exposed to light and of changing its electric resistance according to the degree of light that reaches it. Selenium is exquisitely sensitive and the slightest variation in the light is accompanied instantly by corresponding variation in the electric current passing through it.

Prof. Korn makes use of selenium by placing a cell of it in the transparent cylinder on which the negative is coiled, and as the latter slowly revolves the light that passes through the negative falls on the selenium. A current of electricity passes through the selenium, and its resistance is varied by the values of the light.

Each variation of resistance—of which in this case there would be seventeen—controls a key which drops to print a letter on a tape the instant it is actuated by the electric current. The mechanism by which the present Korn machine does this is too complex to describe here; suffice it to say that it prints the letter which corresponds to the particular shade of the photograph.

In "coding" a picture we get about 1,000 letters. These are grouped by



Courtesy of The Century Co.
APPARATUS USED BY BELIN IN RADIO TRANSMISSION OF PHOTOS

The picture to be transmitted is prepared specially and mounted on the revolving cylinder of the transmitter. The picture is then produced in relief—that is, some parts are raised more than others. As the relief picture is revolved, there travels along its face a fine point or stylus which is fastened to a carbon microphone transmitter. We can liken the stylus to the needle of the phonograph. The microphone transmitter is like the transmitter used on telephones.

spacing into about 300 "words" which are sent by radio (or by telegraph) to any place. They are received by an ordinary telegraph or radio operator or by an automatic telegraphic receiving apparatus.

To decode or turn this word message back into a picture a Korn decoding instrument is necessary. This is a form of typewriter into which a sheet of paper about twelve by fifteen inches in size is placed. With the printed message before him the operator copies it on the keys; these, however, do not print letters, but dots of the sizes and shapes corresponding to the letters.

WHY WALKING DOES NOT REDUCE FATNESS

A DOCTOR is always inwardly amused, according to Health Commissioner Royal S. Copeland, of New York, when a woman or a man of red face and short breath declares: "I walked ten blocks to-day and didn't take off an ounce."

A fat person need not expect to lose weight until he or she moves so briskly that perspiration is induced. There is only one solvent of fat. That solvent is given an inelegant name by Commissioner Copeland—"honest sweat," he calls it. He defines it as the kind of perspiration that follows real physical exertion.

Turkish baths, explains this author-

ity,* and even electric-light cabinets simply extract water from the skin. Their use does not reduce fatness. A man's swift loss of weight is due to the loss of the extracted fluid which will be restored almost at once. No matter how it is applied, artificial heat, resulting in violent perspiration, will have no lasting effect upon weight. Yet naturally induced perspiration, which follows vigorous muscular exercise, seems actually to melt away the unwelcome and unsightly deposits of fat.

The explanation of Doctor Copeland is that muscular effort develops increased bodily heat. There could be no muscular action and no body heat without the expenditure of energy—which is supplied by fat.

To get rid of all excess of fat, then, the victim of it has only to continue his muscular efforts. If he makes sufficient demands upon his body for energy he must in time exhaust his accumulations of stored fat. To take off excess flesh we must work until we perspire. This is the sort of perspiration to which Doctor Copeland has given the inelegant name of "honest sweat." Furthermore:

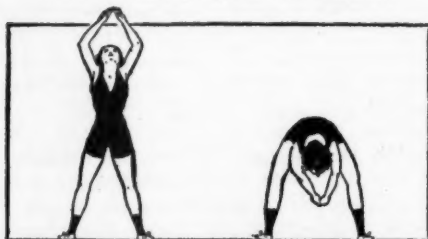
"Take systematic, strenuous exercise every day. If you object to melting your collar and soaking your clothing, select a time—morning or evening—when you can go through your exercise in proper dress. This will provide for greater freedom of movement and will permit the exercise of muscles which in tight clothing you would not be able to use.

"Walking is a splendid exercise. But you must walk briskly and long enough to produce the desired amount of perspiration. Sauntering on the shady side of the street, stopping to look in the shop windows, or sitting down now and then on a park bench, will do absolutely nothing towards removing fat. Even if you should walk five miles in this manner every day, you wouldn't lose weight.

* OVER WEIGHT? By Royal S. Copeland, M.D. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation.



1—For abdominal, hip and arm reduction.



2—To make the neck, shoulders and hips more slender



3—To reduce hips, shoulders and abdomen.

"To the contrary, gentle exercise of this sort acts as a stimulant to your appetite and, consequently, may result in increased weight.

"If you are in earnest and really anxious to reduce, you will gladly devote from thirty minutes to an hour each day to energetic exercises."

A TREMENDOUS LEAP INTO SPACE AND TIME

SEVERAL years ago, in an examination at the Harvard observatory of photographs of the so-called Magellanic cloud, the late Miss Leavitt gave special attention to certain stars of the "cepheid" class (which fluctuate in brightness in regular periods ranging from little more than a day to 127 days). By comparing the average brightness of each star with its period of variation, Miss Leavitt detected a definite relationship between the two.

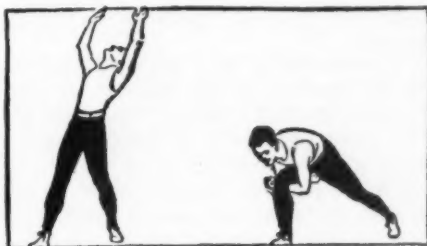
Thus, if in any star of this class only the period were known, its average brightness could be accurately predicted. As all of the stars in the Magellanic cloud are at essentially the same distance from the earth, the differences in their apparent brightness correspond to differences in absolute or intrinsic brightness. Thus this simple method, if it holds strictly for all variables of the cepheid class, should provide a means of determining the absolute brightness of such a star, however remote, from the length of its period.

Having set forth this point in *Scribner's*, the director of the Mount Wilson Observatory, Professor George Ellery Hale, adds that as soon as we know the absolute brightness of a star, a knowledge of its apparent brightness gives us its distance. By this means and also by other methods, Shapley determined the distances of all globular clusters photographed with the 60-inch and the 100-inch telescopes. With long exposures these instruments show them to be composed of many thousands of stars, grouped in globular form. The great cluster in Hercules, for example, contains fully 35,000 stars as bright as the sun, and some of these are more than a thousand times brighter. Among them are many cepheid "variables."

By observing their periods and their apparent brightness, their absolute brightness and hence their distance have been found.

This reaches through the immense space of 36,000 light years.

If this measure is correct, and there is much independent evidence to support it, we take a tremendous leap into space and time when we reach out to this cluster, proceeds Professor Hale. Light traveling at the rate of 186,000



4—This exercise helps to reduce the entire body.



5—To take fat from the abdomen, back and arms.



6—To banish abdominal fat and to relieve constipation.

miles per second requires 1.2 seconds to reach us from the moon, 8 minutes to come from the sun, and $4\frac{1}{3}$ years to cross the space between us and the nearest star. Our views of such objects are thus contemporaneous, or nearly so: we see them as they are now or as they were within a few years. But the Hercules cluster is in another class. The light that left it 36,000 years ago, traveling at the rate of nearly six million million miles per year, has only just reached us. Thus, we cannot say how the cluster appears today, or whether it has existed at all since the dawn of our civilization. There is every reason to believe, however, that if we could see the present cluster—as astronomers will see it 36,000 years hence—it would appear essentially as it does in our photographs of its remote past. For 36,000 years is as a day in the cycles of the universe, where millions of years bring little change.

This enormous star system, according to Shapley, is the nearest of the globular clusters. One of these lies at a distance greater than 200,000 light-years, and beyond this may be others still more remote. They appear to be isolated systems, not closely associated with the stars, but nevertheless so distributed that they belong to the great stellar universe represented by the Galaxy. The distance of the Hercules cluster is about the same as that of the star clouds of the Milky Way recently measured by Seares. These measures

relate to stars down to the fifteenth magnitude, but many of the fainter stars must be much more distant, perhaps as remote as the farthest globular cluster.

"Thus we may think of the galactic system as a flattened disk or watch-shaped aggregation of stars, having a diameter of perhaps 300,000 light-years, with the sun at a very considerable distance from the center. The thickness of the disk is about one-eighth of the diameter, or 37,500 light-years. These great dimensions have been denied by Curtis, who argues in favor of a galactic system about one-tenth as large. But more and more evidence is accumulating in favor of the larger conception of Shapley, which has already found wide acceptance among astronomers.

"The question at issue, it should be emphasized, is the size of the galactic system of stars to which the sun belongs. This includes all the stars within reach of observation, together with the planetary nebulae and the irregular galactic nebulae, both bright and dark. It does not necessarily include, however, the very remarkable spiral nebulae, about a million of which can be photographed with the largest telescopes. The question has not yet been settled whether these are no farther from us than the more distant stars or whether they should be regarded as 'island universes,' isolated in the depths of space and comparable in size with the galactic system. Curtis, who holds the latter view, estimates their distance to range from 500,000 to 10,000,000 light-years, while Shapley, van Maanen and others believe them to be much nearer. Interesting arguments have been advanced on both sides."

THE NEXT GREAT SOCIAL CHANGE

THE next great social transformation foreseen by the most practical of living electricians, Charles A. Coffin, is decentralization. Electricity, Mr. Coffin points out, made the big city, and the distinguished head of the General Electric Company, now retiring, adds that electricity may be expected to unmake the big city. It was necessary that the city come into existence first. Without cities we have found it impossible to attain a high degree of

human culture. All the advantages of the city will soon be possible on the farm without having to put up with the unendurable iniquities of city life. Economy, efficiency and culture will soon be broadcasted.

These views were set forth by "the man who put electricity over," and they are given to everybody by Charles W. Wood through the *New York World*. We are favored by the *World* with the information that it is just forty years

since Charles A. Coffin retired from manufacturing to become head of the Thompson-Houston Company, which later combined with the Edison Company to become the General Electric, of which he was president until his recent retirement. It may be said without disparaging the importance of other men that to Charles A. Coffin this country is indebted for those triumphs of electricity which are practical. Electricity, he feels justified in saying, will be the instrumentality through which the next great social change is to be wrought, and when Mr. Wood asked "How?" the eminent electrician replied: "Electricity is not only the cleanest and most efficient servant that mankind ever had, it is also the cheapest. It works for less than a coolie's wage, and its wages are going down every day while its efficiency is being constantly increased. In addition to this, it does its own traveling, at the rate of 186,000 miles a second, and doesn't have to be transported. Heretofore we have been compelling it to take us to the city, and it has done so beautifully, more quickly and comfortably than we have ever been moved about before. Hereafter we shall simply touch a but-

ton and have it take the city out to us."

Heretofore, he went on, we have been mining coal and carrying it across the country to be turned into power. Soon we will be sending the power across the country. If we persist in getting the power from coal, we shall at least burn the coal where it is mined, converting it into electricity, and not use up a big fraction of the power, as we do to-day, in the process of transporting it.

But there is every indication that we shall go much further than that. In the country where our food grows is the best of all places to eat it. Sending it to the city costs much more than getting it out of the ground, and it has lost a lot of its flavor by the time it has reached the ultimate consumer. Also, there isn't room to live in the city, especially for children. They can't have real homes. They can't stretch and grow, physically and spiritually, as human children should. The city has almost destroyed the home, but it has provided other advantages which the modern man can hardly do without. If only these advantages could be brought to the country village and the farm—well, watch what electricity is going to do next.

THE CONFUSION OF INSTINCT WITH THE WISDOM OF EXPERIENCE IN BIRDS

THE capacity of birds to undertake associated effort seems to that brilliant student of animal life, Miss Frances Pitt, less instinctive than naturalists generally incline to think. In fact, she thinks such expressions as "instinctive knowledge" wholly misleading. Birds learn what they know from experience mostly, and in making use of their experience they will now and then reveal mentality of a high order. All this is not in harmony with current teaching, and therefore Miss Pitt, who writes in *The National Review*, enters somewhat at length into an illustration provided by the behavior of the thrush, the snail-breaking habit of which is well known.

The song thrush carries any snail it may encounter to some familiar stone—such a stone will often be surrounded with the remnants of a dozen victims—on which anvil it beats the snail until it has pounded its hard shell to bits and the soft body can easily be extracted.

To the casual observer this would look like a case of instinct, but investigation by Miss Pitt proved the reverse. The manner in which she put the thing to proof was by taking a young thrush from the nest, hand-rearing it, and then when it was full grown placing some snails before it.

The thrush took no interest in them until one of the snails put out its head and began to move about, whereupon

he flew down from his perch, watched it for a moment and then pulled its waving tentacles.

The poor snail hastily retreated into its shell, to the bewilderment of the thrush, which seemed to wonder what could have happened to it. The thrush even turned the snail over, but could make nothing of it. So the bird tried another snail which had begun to move about, with similar result:

"In disgust he flew up to his perch. Presently the two snails put their heads out again, and he flew down, and once more pulled their waving tentacles, with the same result as before. He could not make out what had happened to them, and it was evident that he had no idea they were good to eat or how to get them out of their shells. Daily for a week I showed him snails, and each time he was most inquisitive about them, turning them over, pecking the shells, and trying to make out where the snails had vanished to. He shook one, having picked it up by the lip of its shell, just as he would have done in killing a worm, but it did not seem to occur to him to carry it to one of the stones I had put ready for him to beat the snails on. Of course, this had no effect on the snail, which only shrank back further into its house. On the sixth day the bird seemed to lose all patience. He picked up a snail, swung it backwards and forwards and brought it down with such a thump on the ground that it flew from his beak and half across the big cage. He hopped after, picked it up, and, jumping on one of the anvils I had put ready for him, beat the snail several times against it, hitting it first on one side, then on the other, with a swinging motion. He was not expert enough, however, to crack it, and it rolled away, after which he tried in turn all the five snails that were in his cage. He seemed very pleased with his discovery that they could be hit on a stone, and went on trying, first one snail, and then another, until, after fifteen minutes' hard work, one, more weak in the shell than the rest, gave way. He had cracked his first snail! Once the shell was broken it did not take him long to pound it to bits, extract the snail and swallow it. After long trying he had found out how to deal with snails."

It is obvious from this that the snail-

breaking habit of the thrush is not a specialized instinct, but arises through individual experience from the hereditary impulse to beat on the ground or against any hard object any food that proves difficult to deal with. Jack, as the thrush was called, not only hammered earthworms to pieces before eating them, but beat on the ground anything that was at all unmanageable. He would even pick up a small pill-box from the floor and rap it against the leg of a chair.

With regard to the respect that many creatures show for wasps and similar insects, again it seems probable that there is no knowledge of them, except such as is acquired through experience, but that the loud buzzing arouses caution. Even this does not always suffice. Miss Pitt has seen a kitten play happily with a wasp and with a bumble bee in a window. These are but a few of the instances prompting this careful investigator to conclude that when birds and animals perform instinctive actions they do not think about what they are doing. True instincts are undoubtedly mechanical responses of nerves and muscles to such stimuli as set them in motion. The new-born infant at its mother's breast sucks by instinct, the teat between its lips acting as a stimulus which arouses the response. After that, experience begins to step in. With birds and beasts instinct plays a larger part than with us, but likewise experience steps in and with memory we get mind in varying degrees.

"The tricks played by two tame ravens that I had at one time will serve as good illustrations of 'mind' in birds. The two, known as Ben and Joe, had their headquarters in a yard (clipped wings prevented them straying) through which people, dogs and cats were constantly passing. With the latter began a feud, possibly originating in food stealing on the part of the cats. At any rate, the ravens developed a grudge against all members of the feline tribe, for whom they laid in wait. When a cat appeared one would hop forward, while the other remained out of sight. The cat, seeing an adversary, invariably crouched, laid back her

ears and spat furiously at the raven. Joe (it was often he who led the attack) would then erect his feathers, lower his head, and hold her attention by pouring forth a succession of guttural sounds, which seemed abusive. Meanwhile, Ben had left his retreat, and with feathers held tight was sneaking up behind, sidling nearer half a step at a time, so as to get up close behind her and take her in the rear. A sudden lunge and he had the cat by the tip of the tail, giving that

member a sharp pinch before letting go and jumping back out of reach. Round sprang the harassed cat, only to afford Joe his opportunity, when he in his turn gave her tail a good pull. Thus between the two, who always played into one another's hands—or should one say beaks?—she had no chance at all, her only hope lying in ignominious flight. She generally bolted, a much-ruffled and upset cat, leaving the ravens to croak together over the affair."

OUR NEED OF NUDITY

THE idea that a nude person, with pigmented and properly functioning skin, is not clothed, soon leaves us at one of the European sun cures, records "Lens," the ray expert of *The New Statesman* (London). Conventional ideas of true modesty cannot long withstand an experience at such a light cure as Leysin, in Switzerland, for instance, where Doctor A. Rollier, in the *Ecole au Soleil*, enters somewhat into the injury to health effected by the rules of decency at certain American and Canadian resorts. For example, the ideas of decency which both in this country and in the dominion to the north of us require that a girl, when bathing, shall wear stockings of full length—lest her knees be visible—and which compel a visitor to don a local suit, cumbrous for swimming, because his own university costume, brought from home, is not "proper," require reexamination in the light of many sciences. The present American attitude to the skin is denounced by this authority as stupid and hence not to be approved, but there is something in it more serious than its stupidity, namely, its peril. The retardation of the growth of young girls is traced to some of this hatred to the skin.

This admirable organ, the natural clothing of the body, which grows continuously throughout life, which has at least four absolutely distinct sets of sensory nerves distributed to it, which is essential in the regulation of the temperature, which is water-proof from

without inwards, but allows the excretory sweat to escape freely, which, when unbroken, is microbe-proof, and which can readily absorb sunlight—this most beautiful, versatile and wonderful organ is, for the most part, smothered, blanched and blinded in clothes and can only gradually be restored to the air and light which are its natural surroundings. Then, and only then, we learn what it is capable of. Properly aired and lighted, the skin becomes a velvety, supple, copper-colored tissue, absolutely immune from anything of the nature of pimples or acne, and its little hairs usually show considerable development.

Exposure to light greatly increases the circulation through the skin. It causes pigmentation, the result of which is to effect the still more complete absorption of the ultra-violet rays. In any case these rays are very quickly stopped by the skin, as by coal smoke in the air, whilst the red rays pass on. The ultra-violet rays may be transformed by the pigment into red rays, of greater penetration, and red rays are antiseptic. The curative action of the light, even at some depth, might thus be accounted for. Processes vastly more subtle than the killing of bacilli by radiations are at work, as we see by the value of the light, generally applied to the skin, upon deep-seated local infections, and by the curative results of heliotherapy in many affections which no one believes to be of microbic origin. America, we are told, is in special need of this knowledge.



IN an illuminating article, in the *North American Review*, on the spirit and lack of spirit displayed in contemporary poetry, Jeannette Marks observes that attitudes towards poetry are as various as its kinds. To some, poetry is simply one of the elegancies of life, withal a bit superfluous. Others think poetry is sugar-water, as it is sometimes and as are many people who think they are thinkers; and there are no federal laws for putting them out of the way. But the most damaging of all attitudes is that which holds that poetry is inimical to the facts of life and of science. Poetry of a high order, as this critic maintains, poetry that employs the speech of human experience and love for nature, never is.

As an energy, Miss Marks inquires, has poetry been as useful in the life of man as electricity has been? Certainly it has been in human service for a much longer time and, like electricity, it is an energy. Possibly, this critic ventures, it would not harm mankind to measure

worth more by the amount of light from ideas it can turn on than by the number of electric bulbs in its houses. There are all sorts of aspects—unguessed at—of common things to be seen when the light from ideas is strong enough; for example, that beauty is only truth from another side; or that, according to an analogous theory of Einstein-refraction, some things comfortably fixed in beauty and truth and goodness are not at all in the position in which they are thought to

be! It is even conceivable that beauty has a fourth dimension.

Miss Marks goes on to assert that the reader wandering into poetic regions in search of his soul is merely looking for himself, enlarged, in the poetry he reads. She is of the optimistic opinion that no one is incapable of understanding or even loving poetry, for such love is as natural as love for the earth or for a child. Perhaps, Miss Marks acknowledges, men seriously study the philosophy of a poet, but it is not that which primarily

I AM A SPENDTHRIFT IN LOVE

By ANZIA YEZIERSKA

I AM a spendthrift in love.
I am thrifty and wise and prudent
in everything but love.
I cannot help it;
My heart rushes out of me in a surge
of reckless longing and desire at the
passing shimmer of beauty.
Eyes, lips, a smile whisper to me a
thousand secrets.
I never count the cost,
I never stop to think whither,
I can only follow the beckoning shine
of love—
I can only sing out my heart's hunger
for beauty.

All my life I've spent myself on love.
All my life I've let go all for the fleet-
ing rainbow gleam of beauty.
My hands are empty.
My house is bare.
I stand alone in the dimming memories
of vanished loves,
But in me I feel it beating still—
I inhabit vast spaces of quiet and light,
I have arrived here on the wings of
glamor.
On the skyey wings of desire,
Which, tho illusion, has passed into
beauty and peace,
I have spent love—and bought beauty.

is of interest to them in so far as every love affair that ever has been or ever will be is, like poetry, an affair of the heart. Men and women set out to read poetry and make themselves very wise by much reading and much study. But, we are assured, in the end what all readers of poetry learn is something unalterably, fundamentally human, upon which all the accumulated facts and wisdom in the world can but throw light, but not create an enlarged experience.

Certainly it is an enlarged experience that Thomas Hardy has given us in both prose and verse, and, tho we are inclined to admire his prose more than his poetry, there is no gainsaying the importance of his "Late Lyrics and Earlier" (Macmillan), as containing a quantity of real, if not great, poetry. Thomas Hardy is in the great tradition, not of the romantic nor of any specific school, but of poetry per se, in that he gives us the causes of emotion rather than his individual emotions and by that means makes us share them. In him, in the very soul of his verse, one feels a shyness, almost an unwillingness of emotion, which causes him to avoid the obvious beauties of verse, instinctively rather than on any conscious esthetic principle. He likes to write about an incident which has caused him to feel rather than about the feelings it has aroused; and his effort is to draw the incident in its essence and particularity. Through long, intense and patient effort he has become a master of such drawing; he can give the character of an incident, as Rembrandt can give the character of a person, in a few strokes of extreme precision and unforced emphasis, so that we have both the relish of fact and the beauty of art. For example:

WHITEWASHED WALL

BY THOMAS HARDY

WHY does she turn in that shy soft way
Whenever she stirs the fire,
And kiss to the chimney-corner wall,
As if entranced to admire
Its whitewashed bareness more than the
sight

Of a rose, in richest green?
I have known her long, but this raptured
rite
I never before have seen.

Well, once when her son cast his shadow
there,

A friend took a pencil and drew him
Upon that flame-lit wall. And the lines
Had a lifelike semblance to him.
And there long stayed his familiar look;
But one day, ere she knew,
The whitener came to cleanse the nook,
And covered the face from view.

"Yes," he said; "my brush goes on with a
rush,

And the draught is buried under;
When you have to whiten old cots and
brighten,

What else can you do, I wonder?"
But she knows he's there. And when she
yearns

For him, deep in the laboring night,
She sees him as close at hand, and turns
To him under his sheet of white.

In an impressive series of verses from "A Sailor's Note-Book," transcribed by Mr. Roe and published in *Poetry*, of Chicago, as "an attempt to interpret the sailor in terms of his own choosing," we come upon the following striking specimens of verse which augur well for a successful fuller development of the interpretation. The author explains that the sailor, into whose mouth he puts the words, was "Michaelis Kerek, my shipmate on a four-masted schooner for a nine-months' trip in the South Pacific. He is Lettish by birth, but by profession he is an alien, a wandering man, at home everywhere, and nowhere at ease; in short, a sailor."

TYPHOON

BY ROBERT J. ROE

I HAVE heard many men in many
tongues
Hollering for something they wantit.
Un I have heard the typhoon
Quarrelling with his brother the sea
On the lee beaches.
"This is mine island," says Typhoon.
"Is mine," says the Sea.
"I bring birds what makes trees."
"I pile sand for to make beaches."

"Is mine what for I love it."
 "Is mine what for I marry it."

Typhoon takeit island by trees.
 Sea grab at the beaches.
 Un when they is through—
 Palms piled like jack-straws,
 Beaches pulled to pieces.

SEA

I

SEA is dumb fellow,
 Which don't know what he wants
 Un is not happy.

II

SEA is wie bucket full with gold-dust,
 Un ship is little piece of dirt
 What Somebody would snap out pretty
 soon
 With His finger.

WIND

I

WIND hunches his shoulders,
 Un shivers behind deck-house.
 He would like to be im tropics now.

II

WIND jumps at the luff of sails,
 Slides down on his belly
 With legs all spread-eagled,
 Tumbles off boom,
 Un goes round un round companionway—
 Like crazy cat chasing his tail.

III

WIND is lazy stevedore
 Which comes along
 Un dumps sacks of spices,
 Un shuffles away singing,
 "Yankee ship came down the river."

BARNEY

BARNEY is bad watch-mate,
 Whatfor I do many times his work
 Un hate him for it.

But when I go out on jib-boom
 Im squally night
 To makeit fast the headsails,
 Un Sea takes me in his mouth
 Up to mine waist
 Un spits me out again,
 Barney is like angel
 Sweating in cold blow.

In "Youth Grows Old" (Robert M. McBride & Co.) is revealed in an unusual volume, the scheme of which recalls the work of Shaemas O'Sheel, the

mental and emotional transition between youth and the twilight of age. The author of such verses as follow realizes the futility of the rebellious senses and finds his escape from the turmoil of dreams and visions in the retirement of eternity, leaving his experience summed up in an epitaph of defeat:

HE WRITES HIS EPITAPH

BY ROBERT NATHAN

SAY he was sad, for there was none to
 love him,
 And sing his song.
 Now he is still, and the brown thrush
 above him
 Sings all day long.

Say he was lost, for there was none to find
 him
 And hold him tight.
 Now the brown hands of mother earth
 will mind him
 All through the night.

THE POET LOSES HIS LOVE

BY ROBERT NATHAN

SHE bent her head, and all her golden
 hair
 Fell on my face in faint and foaming fall.
 I was a city on the sea's gray stair,
 With idle ships along the old sea wall.
 She spoke, and beauty like an outward tide
 Drew all my dreams to sea. So to the
 foam,
 With lifted bows, deliberate with pride,
 They cleared me going seaward, going
 home.
 Bare is the ocean after the great gales,
 The snowy gulls of silence float above;
 Rude rolls the sea o'er unreturning sails,
 The deeps will keep my lost and weary
 love,
 While still her beauty with the dying
 breeze,
 Blows on my heart across the empty seas.

HE BLAMES HIMSELF

BY ROBERT NATHAN

WHEN I was a young man,
 I said, bright and bold,
 I would be a great one
 When I was old.

When I was a young man,
 But that was long ago.
 I sang the merry old songs
 All men know.

When I was a young man,
When I was young and smart,
I think I broke a mirror,
Or a girl's heart.

There is essential poetry, it seems to us, in the paradox with which the following lyric, from the *Century*, concludes:

WISDOM

BY SARA TEASDALE

IT was a night of early spring;
The winter sleep was scarcely broken;
Around us shadows and the wind
Listened for what was never spoken.

Tho half a score of years are gone,
Spring comes as sharply now as then;
But if we had it all to do,
It would be done the same again.

It was a spring that never came,
But we have lived enough to know
That what we never have, remains;
It is the things we have that go.

Amid a quantity of mere verse in a recent number of the *London Chap Book*, we discover two contributions conceived and executed in quite different veins but which impress us as being equally successful in effect:

GALLIPOLI

BY MARY MORISON WEBSTER

A GHOST is on the windy ways,
They say her hair is wet with showers,
They say her hands are filled with flowers,
This ghost that walks the windy ways.

She hath no covering on her head,
She hath no voice to sing, they say,
And yet her eyes are wont to pray,
As tho they held their tears unshed.

She doth not pause nor night nor day,
Her feet are bare upon the ground;
She hearkens for some strange, sad sound
And marks the crosses on her way.

Her scanty garments cling with blood,
Like fleshless bones her gaunt cheeks cry:
The loveless nightwinds pass by her,
She walks alone with Solitude,

Where hungry stars call to the sea
And carrion gnaw her hungry breast:
The voiceless spirit of unrest,
The shadow of Gallipoli.

EPITAPH TO MYSELF

BY IDA M. SWAINE

HERE lives Ida, stiff and staid,
Soon to be a stern old maid,
Stupid, stale and much decayed,
Past the power of human aid,
In the tomb herself hath made,
Where lie all the flowers that fade,
All the hopes of youth, delayed,
All the tunes she sang or played,
All the pictures old and bad,
That once made her young heart glad.
Here she lies, but do not weep,
For she only lies asleep.

The following charming lyric, from the *Kansas City Star*, has been awarded the Kansas Authors' Club prize of \$100 for the year 1921, the decision having just been announced by Nelson Antrim Crawford as president of the Club:

GOOD-BY—TO MY MOTHER

BY MARGARET LARKIN

LET not your heart be altogether lonely
Now that the last, reluctant words
are said,
I take away my face and voice, but leave
you
My heart, instead.

Our separate lives will only make love
dearer,
And beautiful as distant mountains are,
When all the little hills erase each other,
And leave no scar.

For every westward-blowing wind is my
wind,
Dawning I send you, when my sun is
high,
And all God's lovely stars are ours together.
Good-by! Good-by!

Eery sorcery of a kind has gone into the making of the ensuing little poem which is one of a group recently contributed by Mrs. Wylie to the *Outlook*:

PARTING GIFT

BY ELINOR WYLIE

I CANNOT give you the Metropolitan
Tower;
I cannot give you heaven;
Nor the nine Visigoth crowns in the Cluny
Museum;
Nor happiness, even.

But I can give you a very small purse
Made out of field-mouse skin,
With a painted picture of the universe
And seven blue tears therein.

I cannot give you the island of Capri;
I cannot give you beauty;
Nor bake you marvelous crusty cherry
pies

With love and duty.
But I can give you a very little locket
Made out of wildcat hide:
Put it into your left-hand pocket
And never look inside.

Charles J. Finger, on whom has fallen the editorial mantle of William Marion Reedy, has evolved a new idea in anthologies. He publishes one, entitled "The Choice of the Crowd," in which are represented twenty-one poets, whose contributions to *All's Well* (Fayetteville, Ark.) have found favor in the eyes of at least ten readers of that publication who cared enough for the poems to tell the editor so. Several of the poems have already appeared in these columns. Among others that fairly represent the collection are:

AN OLD WOMAN

BY MARJORIE MEEKER

HER memories flutter
about a thought,
a thought of youth,
Like moths about a flame,
gay moths blown
by sudden winds of oblivion.

Once . . petals falling
in an old orchard . . .
plum petals . . pear petals
drifting luminous . . .

Once . . blue shadows under the trees,
and two who lay in the
shadows . . .

And passion . . a scarlet thread twisted
through days cool as silver . . .

(The gray moths flutter and drop,
flutter and drop,
blown by dark winds)

One . . it was many, many Springs ago,
many, many Springs . . .

INVITATION

BY HELENE MULLINS

MY love is rippling out,
Little liquid streams
Over the edge of the fountain,

But hardly anyone ever passes this way . . .
My love is rippling out . . .
Come a little nearer, if you are thirsty . . .

ANSWER TO A PLEA

BY HELENE MULLINS

YOUR heart was a ripe, juicy
Grape

Which I sucked dry
To satisfy my thirst.
But . . . be reasonable!
Did you ever hear of anyone
Holding on to a dry, withered
Grape?

DRAB EXISTENCE

BY HELENE MULLINS

I AM a bottle,
Life is oozing out of me.
Quick! pour in a few drops
Of vivid coloring . . .
That which I have is too pale,
Too unbeautiful . . .
I do not want to be remembered thus.
Ah, pour me . . please . . just a little
Just a little . . .
Coloring . . !

A stretch of memory or imagination may be required to grasp, at this season, the chilly significance of the following winter picture which has been given italic prominence in the *Smart Set*:

DAY OF ICE

BY GEORGE O'NEIL

THE rain has frozen on the trees;
Now they are plumes of splintered
glass.

The wide pond and the corn-heaps freeze
And steel glints in the grass.

The glaze locks every stem apart,
And not a branch dares bend or shake.
Quiet, quiet, crowded heart!
Whatever stirs must break.

Dr. Mary McKibben Harper offers, through *The Bookfellows*, a prize of \$25 for the best unpublished poem of not more than twenty lines having as its subject a bird or flower. The contest is not confined to Bookfellows, but is open to anyone, anywhere. Poems should be addressed to Harper Prize Contest, The Order of Bookfellows, 4917 Blackstone Ave., Chicago, Ill.

CREATIVE THOUGHT AS THE HOPE OF THE WORLD

A Notable Plea for the Open Mind

By JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON

AT rare intervals there appear books which may properly be described as epoch-making. They concentrate the thought of an entire era. Such a book was John Stuart Mill's "Liberty," such was Darwin's "Origin of Species," such was William James' "Pragmatism," and such, it may be, is "The Mind in the Making" (Harper), by James Harvey Robinson. H. G. Wells has lately declared that, for him, Robinson bids fair to be almost as important as was Huxley in his adolescence and James in later years. "In the last few months," he writes in the *New York Times*, "I have visited America, watched the Washington conference, met all sorts of interesting and important people, and seen a multitude of significant things. But when I come to reckon up, if ever I do reckon up, the values of this American visit, I think I may well reckon that, from my own personal, individual point of view, the encounter that has been of most importance and that is likely to have the greatest lasting effect upon me is meeting and talking with Professor James Harvey Robinson." Mr. Wells hazards the prophecy that "every intelligent person" will soon be reading "The Mind in the Making." He calls it "a cardinal book," and goes on to question "whether in the long run people may not come to think it and the School of Social Research associated with it as marking a new and characteristic American initiative in the world's thought and methods, as important, or even more important, than the Washington conference that has just concluded."

Dr. Robinson, as many will recall, was one of Wells' associates in that vast enterprise, "The Outline of History."

He has also collaborated with H. W. Rolfe and C. A. Beard in historical writing, and is author of several books of his own. He taught history for years at Columbia University, but left that institution because he wished to make an experiment. He had become convinced, as he tells us in "The Mind in the Making," that education of the conventional sort is futile. He proposed something like a revolution in education. The New School of Social Research, in New York City, has become the instrument of that revolutionary purpose.

The central problem to which Dr. Robinson addresses himself might be stated in some such way as this: Why is the world in its present miserable plight, and what can be done to lift us all into something better? When he raises these questions he is thinking of the War, of the difficulties of labor and capital, of national arrogance, race animosity, political corruption and general inefficiency. He opens the discussion with the statement: "If some magical transformation could be produced in men's ways of looking at themselves and their fellows, no inconsiderable part of the evils which now afflict society would vanish away or remedy themselves automatically."

By way of clearing the ground for a statement of his own attitude, Dr. Robinson dismisses, first of all, the plans of administrative and religious reformers. There is little to be gained, he intimates, by merely changing "the rules of the game." Direct primaries, referendum, recall, government by commission, etc., are not in themselves sufficient. Nor is much to be gained by spiritual exhortation that refuses to face the actual facts of our world.

"The fatherhood of God has been preached by Christians for over eighteen centuries, and the brotherhood of man by the Stoics long before them. The doctrine has proved compatible with slavery and serfdom, with wars blessed, and not infrequently instigated, by religious leaders, and with industrial oppression which it requires a brave clergyman or teacher to denounce to-day. True, we sometimes have moments of sympathy when our fellow-creatures become objects of tender solicitude. Some rare souls may honestly flatter themselves that they love mankind in general, but it would surely be a very rare soul indeed who dared profess that he loved his personal enemies—much less the enemies of his country or institutions. We still worship a tribal god, and the 'foe' is not to be reckoned among his children. Suspicion and hate are much more congenial to our natures than love, for very obvious reasons in this world of rivalry and common failure."

Dr. Robinson has no more use for Socialism as a redemptive force than he has for administrative and religious reform, and he gives us the key to his thought in this connection when he speaks of the "unhistorical assumptions of class struggle," the "exaggerated economic interpretation of history" and the "notion that labor is the sole producer of capital." The Socialist, he asserts, is more precise in his doctrines and confident in his prophecies than a scientific examination of mankind and its ways would at all justify.

There remain to be considered education and intelligence, and these Dr. Robinson affirms, but not in the ordinarily accepted senses. A "change of heart" and a "chastened mood" are indispensable to further advance. We shall have to understand how our minds became what they are before we can make them what they ought to be. We shall have to learn how to think *creatively*.

The first and most important thing to remember in dealing with the mind is that it is a composite product, stratified as the soil of the earth is stratified. It rests, Dr. Robinson tells us, on four historical layers—the animal mind, the child mind, the savage mind and the

traditional civilized mind. "We are all animals," to quote Dr. Robinson's exact words, "and never can cease to be; we were all children at our most impressionable age and can never get over the effects of that; our human ancestors have lived in savagery during practically the whole existence of the race, say five hundred thousand or a million years, and the primitive human mind is ever with us; finally, we are all born into an elaborate civilization, the constant pressure of which we can by no means escape." We are told further:

"Each of these underlying minds has its special sciences and appropriate literatures. The new discipline of animal or comparative psychology deals with the first; genetic and analytical psychology with the second; anthropology, ethnology and comparative religion with the third; and the history of philosophy, science, theology and literature with the fourth.

"We may grow beyond these underlying minds and in the light of new knowledge we may criticize their findings and even persuade ourselves that we have successfully transcended them. But if we are fair with ourselves we shall find that their hold on us is really inexorable. We can only transcend them artificially and precariously and in certain highly favorable conditions. Depression, anger, fear or ordinary irritation will speedily prove the insecurity of any structure that we manage to rear on our fourfold foundation. Such fundamental and vital pre-occupations as religion, love, war and the chase stir impulses that lie far back in human history and which effectually repudiate the cavilings of ratiocination."

It gives us a proper sense of proportion to recall the hundreds of thousands of years that have gone into the making of the human mind, and it may humble us to try and estimate how much of what we are wont to describe as "our" thought is really ours. The Greeks, the Medievalists, above all, the natural scientists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries (Bacon, Galileo, Descartes, etc.), have made immense contributions to our mental texture. But how much of all this have we as-

simulated? How much of it belongs to us in any real sense?

Most of our so-called "reasoning," Dr. Robinson says, *consists in finding arguments for going on believing as we do.* In this connection he writes:

"I remember years ago attending a public dinner to which the governor of the state was bidden. The chairman explained that his excellency could not be present for certain 'good' reasons; what the 'real' reasons were the presiding officer said he would leave us to conjecture. This distinction between 'good' and 'real' reasons is one of the most clarifying and essential in the whole realm of thought. We can readily give what seem to us 'good' reasons for being a Catholic or a Mason, a Republican or a Democrat, an adherent or opponent of the League of Nations. But the 'real' reasons are usually on quite a different plane. Of course, the importance of this distinction is popularly, if somewhat obscurely, recognized. The Baptist missionary is ready enough to see that the Buddhist is not such because his doctrines would bear careful inspection, but because he happened to be born in a Buddhist family in Tokio. But it would be treason to his faith to acknowledge that his own partiality for certain doctrines is due to the fact that his mother was a member of the First Baptist church of Oak Ridge. A savage can give all sorts of reasons for his belief that it is dangerous to step on a man's shadow, and a newspaper editor can advance plenty of arguments against the



HAILED AS A MASTER THINKER

James Harvey Robinson's "Mind in the Making" is described by H. G. Wells as "a cardinal book." Mr. Wells declares that, for him, Robinson bids fair to be almost as important as Huxley and William James.

Bolsheviki. But neither of them may realize why he happens to be defending his particular opinion."

We like to think that we have the "open mind," and that we believe in freedom of thought, but, of course, we have nothing of the kind and believe in nothing of the kind. This statement applies equally to radicals and to conservatives. The Bolshevik government in Moscow is just as intent on suppressing ideas that are felt to menace its stability as the American government

is on suppressing Bolshevik ideas. Dr. Robinson tries to show the futility of a "philosophy of repression," wherever manifested. He specifically criticizes the state of mind which manifests itself in Lusk Committees and inquisitorial methods.

What we need, he says, is a "reconstruction of mind." We must "create an unprecedented attitude of mind to cope with unprecedented conditions, and to utilize unprecedented knowledge." Life has become, in the striking image of H. G. Wells, a "race between education and catastrophe." If we do not soon educate ourselves, we may soon find ourselves standing amid the ruins of civilization. There is no panacea, in the sense in which that word has been understood in the past. *"Nothing is going to be settled,"* Dr. Robinson asserts, *"in the sense in which things were once supposed to be settled, for the simple reason that knowledge will probably continue to increase and will inevitably alter the world with which we have to make terms."* The most we can hope for is the vigor that will enable us to bring to our problems the intellectual honesty and the love of truth displayed by Bacon and his contemporaries.

Economic issues are the chief and bitterest of our time. It is in connection with them that free thinking is most difficult and most needed. There are many who have neither clarity of thought nor courage to speak. There are also many, however, who see truth and who speak it. Dr. Robinson names, among others, Veblen, Dewey, J. A. Hobson, Tawney, Cole, Havelock Ellis, Bertrand Russell and Graham Wallas.

Dr. Robinson speaks of four kinds of thinking. There is, first, the reverie or day-dream by which we try to escape from reality. Then there is the thought which goes to the making of practical decisions. "Shall we write a letter or no? Shall we take the subway or a bus? Shall we have dinner at seven or half past? Shall we buy U. S. Rubber or a Liberty Bond?" Third comes what Dr. Robinson calls "rationalizing"—the

process by which we intellectualize our desires and justify ourselves to ourselves. Finally comes the only kind of thinking worthy of the name:

"It has not the usual qualities of the reverie, for it does not hover about our personal complacencies and humiliations. It is not made up of the homely decisions forced upon us by every-day needs, when we review our little stock of existing information, consult our conventional preferences and obligations, and make a choice of action. It is not the defense of our own cherished beliefs and prejudices just because they are our own—mere plausible excuses for remaining of the same mind. On the contrary, it is that particular species of thought which leads us to change our mind.

"It is this kind of thought that has raised man from his pristine, subsavage ignorance and squalor to the degree of knowledge and comfort which he now possesses. On his capacity to continue and greatly extend this kind of thinking depends his chance of groping his way out of the plight in which the most highly civilized peoples of the world now find themselves. In the past this type of thinking has been called Reason. But so many misapprehensions have grown up around the world that some of us have become very suspicious of it. I suggest, therefore, that we substitute a recent name and speak of 'creative thought' rather than of Reason. *For this kind of meditation begets knowledge, and knowledge is really creative inasmuch as it makes things look different from what they seemed before and may indeed work for their reconstruction.*"

Galileo, Newton, Faraday, are types of the men that Dr. Robinson has in mind when he speaks of creative thought. Great poets and dramatists might also be named. The dominating quality of the creative mind is that it approaches each new problem without prejudice in order to learn what it may have to teach. "Few of us," Dr. Robinson says, "are capable of engaging in creative thought, but some of us can at least come to distinguish it from other and inferior kinds of thought and accord to it the esteem that it merits as the greatest treasure of the past and the only hope of the future."

NEW AMERICAN WINNERS OF THE COVETED "PRIZES OF ROME"

THE recent announcement of this year's awards of the so-called "Prizes of Rome" suggests a retrospective glance at one of the most important of our American art institutions. Back of the naming of the actual winners—Alfred Floegel, Lawrence Tenney Stevens, Henri Gabriel Marceau and the rest—are a great idea and a great tradition embodied in the American Academy in Rome, and destined to exert an ever-growing influence upon the arts and learning of our country.

The importance of the American Academy can best be grasped in the light of a comparison with a similar institution in France. As long ago as the reign of Louis XIV was established the Academy which for more than a century has occupied the famous Villa Medici in Rome. The "Grand Prix de Rome" means to a French artist the supreme reward of student excellence, to be gained in strenuous competition. The French nation maintains its Academy as a governmental institution, under the Ministry of Fine Arts; its Director is a government official.

We in America do things differently. We have not as yet a Ministry of Fine Arts, nor any equivalent. When we want an Academy, we have to provide it ourselves, out of our pockets. The Government confines itself to furnishing a charter.

The time may come when we shall be able to tell a different story, but the record of the American Academy is one of purely voluntary endowment. It goes back to 1893, the year of the World's

Fair in Chicago. Then for the first time in America architects of a vast project worked as a group in the closest association, and then was born the idea of the Academy at Rome.

Charles F. McKim, sometimes described as the greatest of all American architects, was the leader in the project. Daniel Burnham was his able collaborator. La Farge and Saint-Gaudens, now gone, and William Rutherford Mead, who after McKim's death succeeded him as President of the Academy, all contributed to the upbuilding



HE GOES TO ROME FOR THREE YEARS

Alfred Floegel, awarded this year's "fellowship" by the American Academy in Rome, has painted houses and ships as well as pictures. He was born in Leipzig twenty-seven years ago, and came to this country prior to 1914.

of the Academy, which, at the first, was keyed to the idea of architecture. In 1897 the scope was enlarged to include painting and sculpture. The Villa Aurora in Rome was used as headquarters until Mrs. Heyland, an American lady living in Rome, gave to the Academy the splendid property known as the Villa Aurelia. An endowment of half

a million dollars provided by J. P. Morgan, Cornelius Vanderbilt, H. C. Frick and others, laid the financial foundation of the Academy.

In 1912 the Academy was united with the American School of Classical Studies in Rome. Its two coordinate branches are, for the sake of convenience, called "schools," but, strictly speaking, as C. Grant La Farge, Secretary of the Academy, points out in a report celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of the institution, they are not accurately described as such. Mr. La Farge explains:

"The Academy is *not* a school; it is not for technical training or the teaching of any rudiments; it does not have classes, nor does it even impose a very rigid, prescribed course. Its beneficiaries are those who have already advanced far beyond the preliminary stages of their various callings; frequently they may be people ready to embark, or who have embarked, upon their professional careers. All of them come to Rome for the enlargement and fuller development of their knowledge and talents through first-hand contact with the record of the past. Next—and this cannot be too plainly or too emphatically stated—what the Academy offers, its Prize of Rome, is not meant to be a benevolent assistance to worthy youth, but the means whereby the best material discoverable may be raised to its highest powers for the elevation of American art and letters.

"The winners of the prize are termed Fellows. At present there are sent out annually, and maintained at the expense of the Academy in residence there—in the Fine Arts division, an architect, a mural painter and a sculptor, each for a term of three years; and at this writing a landscape



PRIZE-WINNING SCULPTURE

This creation of Lawrence T. Stevens was awarded the 1922 prize for sculpture by the American Academy in Rome. It is keyed to the idea of music, and shows a youth pouring forth his soul in a song of love for the girl at his side.



THE PAINTING THAT WON THE "PRIZE OF ROME" FOR 1922

Mr. Floegel pictures here not only the central Spirit of Music and Interpretative Art, but also Pathos, Mirth, Ambition, Love and Devotion. He explains his conception: "Man, having received the inspiration of music, comes to bring before her throne every human emotion."

architect is in residence. Fellowships in Music will be established when funds are available; there are similar and equally cogent reasons for the advanced study of this art in Italy as in the case of the other arts. In the Classical division, two Fellowships, to be increased to four as soon as funds permit. The full plan, therefore, contemplates the sending out each year of nine Fellows, making twenty-seven always in residence."

The fellowship in painting this year was awarded to Alfred Floegel, of German birth but an American citizen, whose restless activities during a period of ten years in America have taken him from coast to coast. He has been a house painter, a ship's painter, a kalsominer and a stucco worker, and his prize-winning subject was "The Inspiration of Music."

The fellowship in sculpture was awarded to Lawrence Tenney Stevens, of Brighton, Mass., who has served in the army and adventured in Mexico, as well as modeled figures. He has been

a student at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and his subject, like that of Floegel, was "Music."

The fellowship in architecture was awarded to Henri Gabriel Marceau, who has lately been in charge of a party of American architectural students engaged in reconstruction work in France. He was born in Richmond, Va., and graduated from Columbia University. His winning designs were for a "Headquarters for a National Association of Music."

These three young men belong to a company which already includes distinguished artists. Paul Manship was, in his time, a student at the American Academy, and Barry Faulker, Ezra Winter and John Gregory, all alumni, have done splendid decorative work for the Great Hall of the Cunard Building in New York City. Apart from the work of these men, it is not extravagant to say that the American Academy in Rome, by its very existence, has raised the entire standard of American art.

VIENNESE ART CRAFT SHOWN IN NEW YORK

A UNIQUE exhibition, notable for its artistic quality and also because of the light it sheds on after-the-war conditions in Austria, has lately been attracting widespread attention. Its home is on Fifth Avenue, New York, and it is sufficiently original to succeed in communicating a real thrill even to those who, as a rule, are not enthusiastic over form and color. This exhibition, known as the "Wiener Werkstätte of America," interprets art in the sense in which William Morris, Rossetti, Burne-Jones and their circle interpreted it in England fifty years ago. It makes us think of art not merely as something pictorial, but as an influence that should inspire architecture and shape every article of daily

use. The presiding genius of the exhibition is Joseph Urban, who came to this country ten years ago and is well known as a master of twentieth-century stagecraft.

The impulse that led to the exhibition is rooted in the plight of Viennese artists following the War. Mr. Urban saw his fellow-craftsmen in actual distress. He knew that there could be no steady market for their creations in Europe, and he determined to bring their work to New York and to show it here in a setting worthy of its quality.

These artists were lucky to have Mr. Urban's cooperation, and his powers have seldom been displayed to better advantage than in this exhibition. Every branch of the arts and crafts is represented here. We can

look, if we like, at ceramics, brass and silver, glass, enamels, ivory and jewelry, or, if we prefer, at furniture, wall-paper and hand-blocked silks. Light proceeds from delicate crystal chandeliers. Flower-span-gled walls and screens heighten the illusion. The effect of the whole is harmonious and complete.

In the New York *Times* we find the following account of the "Wiener Werkstätte":

"There are 1,000 of the younger artists connected with the 'Wiener Werkstätte' in Vienna. The plant occupies an entire block, including a number of buildings, where to each artist is given a separate little studio, and



AN AUSTRIAN ART-AMBASSADOR

Joseph Urban, one of Vienna's greatest architects and artists, has lately provided in New York City a delightful setting for the work of his fellow-craftsmen.



A GOLDEN APOLLO ON FIFTH AVENUE

This half-tone reproduction only suggests the glittering figure which, in the New York galleries of the "Wiener Werkstätte," is seen against a background of green and black paneling, relieved here and there by crystal chandeliers, a glint of silver ornament or a splash of summer flowers.

there he or she—there are women also—are given an opportunity to develop their talents along the most liberal lines.

"Freedom of artistic conscience is the great factor in producing the work. Each artist in his studio works largely according to his own fancy. They are not limited to one line of expression. If one day fancy leads an artist to work in ceramics, very well. The next he may have a great desire to design wall-papers or to do some fine thing in metal, gold, silver or brass. The freedom to follow his own choice is his.

"There are some twenty-two different lines of artistic endeavor represented in the work which has been brought to this country. They are not all shown in the present exhibition, which has been limited in the few rooms of space allotted to it, as each article has been placed with a definite thought for the appropriateness of its setting, and nothing is crowded. There is no appearance of the store in the beautiful rooms. . . .

"Features of the rooms designed to exhibit the work of these young artists are mysterious little closets here and there. These, when opened, reveal in each a cabinet on the wall—a small cabinet of dark wood—in which are a few beautiful pieces. The front of the cabinet is closed by a falling door which lets down and is held in a horizontal line by ribbon supports on either side, and on it may be placed for closer observation the individual pieces. The rooms for the exhibition are small, clustered around a circular, dome-ceilinged one, giving a pleasing sense of intimacy to the charming things they hold."

A New York correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor* has this to say of "the real surprise" which awaits the visitor to the exhibition:

"A central circular gallery is handsomely paneled in patterned silk and black and silver ornament; pendant crys-

tals conceal the hanging lights and at intervals are placed slender columns supporting silver ornaments, and colored prints are displayed on the walls. Great variety obtains in the surrounding galleries and offices, every detail of which is from Mr. Urban's designs. In one room narrow doors, twelve feet high, open to disclose closets in vivid green contain-

ing silver and enamels; the walls are hung with a gay-flowered stuff, rose on black, and the furniture is designed to harmonize with the architectural effects. Another room has ingeniously devised recesses with concealed lighting; light is also shed through glass ceilings. Color is everywhere in hangings of Nile green chiffon, chairs and sofas in bright coverings, gay cushions, or great masses of flowers in slender silver vases. . . . The presiding genius of Mr. Urban is everywhere felt in giving these overseas creations their proper setting, and in making it possible for New Yorkers to learn at first hand how the Viennese, familiar enough as musicians, conduct themselves in other matters artistic."



A VIENNESE DANCER

One of the dazzling fantasies by Gustav Klimt which makes it easy to understand his enduring hold on his countrymen.

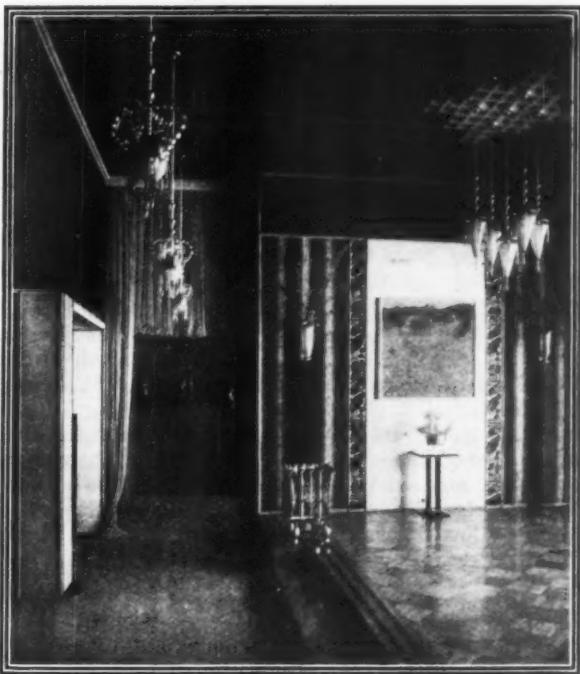
The two outstanding artists represented in the exhibition are Josef Hofmann and Gustav Klimt. The first-named is described as the most clearly defined and most significant personality of the circle who are working for the "Wiener Werkstätte." He has always stood for art free from tradition. The bright and daring colors of peasant art influenced his youth, but his first notable work was done under the influence of Otto Wagner, one of the most original architects of the past century. Some of Hofmann's architectural creations are magnificent, but since the War he has been compelled to confine himself to smaller works of art of the kind now being shown in New York.

Gustav Klimt did not live long enough to enjoy the reputation in the New World that the exhibition is bringing him. His paintings, however, are well known in private and public collections in Europe, and we learn from a statement issued by the "Wiener Werkstätte" that

"his art has remained the inspiration and guide of the art workers of young Vienna"; also that "his greatest contribution to modern painting lies in the fact that he served as a bridge between two styles, impressionism and expressionism, and found his supreme power in a combination of both."

Of Joseph Urban we can only say that his versatility is as amazing as his power. His latest achievements include stage settings at the Metropolitan Opera House; a re-creation of the proscenium of the Rialto Theater in New York; and Cosmopolitan screen productions. It seems that when only twenty-three years of age he was commissioned by the Khedive of Egypt to decorate and furnish the Abdin Palace in Cairo. Twenty years ago he was granted awards for public buildings, parks and bridges, including the Czar's Bridge over the Neva to Petrograd. From 1904 to 1912 Mr. Urban designed settings for theaters, his most notable work being at the Hofburg-Theater, the Vienna Hof-Theater, the Komische Oper in Berlin and theaters in Mannheim, Cologne, Stuttgart, Charlottenburg, Hamburg and Budapest. In 1912 designs by Mr. Urban for "Pelleas and Melisande," "Hansel and Gretel" and "Tristan and Isolde" were bought by the Boston Opera House, and the young genius became art director of the institution. Two years later he came to New York to design settings for stage productions, including James K. Hackett's production of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "Macbeth" and "Twelfth Night," the Percy Mackaye masque, "Caliban," and the Ziegfeld "Follies."

On the entire Viennese art-movement



A CORNER OF THE "WIENER WERKSTÄTTE"

Gaiety and sparkle in interior decoration, as distinct as the rhythm of Viennese music, find expression here.

represented by Hofmann, Klimt, Urban and their circle, David Lloyd, of the *New York Evening Post*, makes the following comment:

"Crispness is its chief aim. It expresses a horror of dullness. That becomes a limitation. It bestirs itself to entertain. It is ostentatiously simple. It wears its ornament sparingly. Plain surfaces are favored, and not only plain but of a scrubbed, showed, almost peeled character. In form it has a trick of truncating shapes; in line it deals with a geometric sheerness and angularity. It has a fondness for expanses that becomes at times almost an affectation, but there is nothing ponderous in the way in which it disposes volume.

"Compared on the other hand with the sustained sinuosity of *l'art nouveau*, tho the two share a good deal more than a kindred temper, it is vivacious and edgy. Above all it is lavish of its inventive energy and versatile in applying it."

IS AMERICAN FICTION DESPISED IN ENGLAND?

IS it true that English writers, with a few exceptions, are ignorant and contemptuous of American books? Sinclair Lewis, who answers this question in the affirmative, in an interview cabled from New York to the *London Times*, and who has lately returned from a year's stay in England, ought to know whereof he speaks. "You can't find," he tells us, "a good recent American book in a single bookshop without the greatest difficulty," but "our cheapest and most sentimental fiction sells over there by the boatload. Every shop is always stocked with American Wild West stories, five-cent paper-back weeklies and love stories." The author of "Main Street" says further:

"England can no longer be the mother country to American literature any more than she can be the mother country to American politics or American life. She can be a sister country if she wants to, but we are of intellectual and literary age. England has had the mother attitude toward us too long.

"Every young Englishman two years out of Oxford adopts the mother attitude toward writers like Edith Wharton, Joseph Hergesheimer, James Branch Cabell and Sherwood Anderson, telling them how they should write. It would be sickening if it were not so silly. I have been mothered by young English upstarts until I am pretty weary of it. It is time for us to stop looking to England for anything at all and go our own way, producing what I'm sure will be the finest literature of our time."

All of which is in line with oft-repeated statements by Henry L. Mencken in the *Smart Set* to the effect that English critics are engaged in a sort of conspiracy against the American novel, and has led to spirited comment on both sides of the Atlantic. We find the English attitude best represented by Hugh Walpole in an open letter to Mencken recently published in the *New York Bookman* and by J. C. Squire in the page in the *London Outlook*

which he conducts over the name "Solomon Eagle." These writers both confirm the idea that American fiction of the better sort is not much read in England, but they would not agree that this neglect is based either on ignorance or contempt.

Mr. Walpole, indeed, expresses regret that the novels of contemporary American writers, such as Cabell, Tarkington, Lewis, Anderson and Miss Cather, do not command larger sales in England. "For some reason," he says, "the American novel presents English readers with conditions that are very difficult for them to understand." Part of the difficulty he finds beyond question in what he calls "the new American language":

"Take 'Main Street' or 'Three Soldiers' or 'Moon-Calf,' and you will find pages of those books peppered with phrases that to nine Englishmen out of ten are quite unintelligible. When you get to the words of Don Marquis or Ring Lardner they might, for most English readers, be just as readily written in Russian or Chinese. But it is not only difficulty of language. American conditions simply have no parallel in this country. The majority of Englishmen have not visited the United States, and many of those who have been there have penetrated no farther than the wilds of New York and Chicago.

"Such a book as one of the very finest of all American novels, 'My Antonia,' is simply not intelligible to the ordinary English reader, and the small sales of 'Main Street' over here are entirely due to the fact that we have nothing in our country at all parallel with the cultural conditions of your own small towns. It would be in many ways much better for us if we had.

"That these writers are critically neglected, is simply untrue. . . . The fact, however, remains that the American novel is at present dealing with conditions unknown to the English reader, while the English novel is speaking of manners and customs that have been known for generations to American visitors."

Mr. Squire, in similar spirit, finds that a large proportion of the more ambitious of recent American novels are of the documentary kind, books written deliberately not to express universal truth through a local medium, but to exhibit the "facts" about some particular phase of contemporary American life or some particular region of the States. But "there is some general grievance," he admits; "there is a lack of curiosity about American books until they are forced upon our attention." He continues:

"It would be a bad thing if critics were to lose their detachment (which does not exclude sympathy) in approaching American books, or any other books. A vast majority of all books, whether American or British, must be negligible in the eyes of a critic who is endeavoring, free from personal or national considerations, to single out those works and those authors that seem to contain promise of permanent appeal, to make the exceptional book known and encourage the exceptional author. This is a valuable function; through its exercise are standards preserved—and there are plenty of journalists who are content to recommend works of a more topical or ephemeral kind which may be good in their way. But it implies a very careful discrimination and seldom allows quite unqualified praise. I cannot conceive that anybody in his senses here has ever 'mothered' Mrs. Wharton, or Mr. Hergesheimer; they are not what they are

as Americans but as human beings who happen to live in America, and who write good books in the tongue which we share with America. Defects in their books will be noted; but so are defects in Mr. Conrad's; I confess I have never noticed any discrimination. . . . We do not want a bias in favor of American books, or any weakening of the critical attitude, especially towards novelists, of both countries, whose wide immediate appeal often encourages loose panegyric as it is. What is needed is that we should watch America more closely, which involves knowing America better, which involves going there."

The New York *Evening Post* thinks that Sinclair Lewis has spoiled his case by overstatement. "The truth is," it remarks, "that the British attitude towards American letters cannot be summed up in easy generalizations." It goes on to comment:

"There are circles friendly, unfriendly and indifferent. An Englishman here might be displeased by Mrs. Gerould's attitude towards 'British Novelists, Ltd.' or the harshness of our college professors towards H. G. Wells, but he would be wrong to say that a contemptuous and ignorant hostility is the rule. There are actually groups in England where appreciation of American literary endeavor is almost too fervent. Stephen Graham writes of America as 'the inspiration of living literature.'"

PSYCHOANALYSIS VIEWED AS DETRIMENTAL TO OUR LITERATURE

"PSYCHOANALYSIS is the spoiled child of a realistic age, and its boisterous manners should be corrected by a metaphysical spanking." So Maxwell Bodenheimer declares in the New York *Nation*. It may come as something of a surprise to find a writer himself identified with the extreme "left" taking such a position, but Mr. Bodenheimer feels that the time has come to speak out. "All that the psychoanalysts have done," he says, "is shrewdly to reclassify, and in some in-

stances clarify, the obstructing physical surface of man's conduct and emotions, and after probing this surface they have stopped, mistaking their inch for a complete world. They have resembled strangely scientific street urchins twiddling their thumbs and fingers at a mysticism that has existed since the beginning of man, and this gesture has had a pernicious influence over American literature during the past ten years." The argument proceeds:

"Passing over the hordes of books by

American disciples of Freud, in which we have read all about the strange case of Mrs. C—, whose dream of falling from a bridge solved her problems of personal equilibrium, or the equally interesting case of Mr. D—, whose dream of chasing himself through an apple-orchard proved that he was a victim of auto-suggestion—passing over these serious jests we find that the American novel has been equally maltreated. American novels have rapidly formed themselves into the following classes: the sensual melodrama, written in an awkwardly forced style and unsuccessfully wavering between Whitman and Baudelaire, such as Waldo Frank's 'Rahab'; the novel in which sensuality adopts a heavy, clumsy and naively serious mien, such as the stories and novels of Sherwood Anderson, in which young men lie upon their backs in cornfields and feel oppressed by their bodies, etc.; the novel in which sensuality becomes half flippant and half sentimental and plays the youthful ape to sophistication, such as the creations of F. Scott Fitzgerald; the novel in which sensuality, sordid and undressed, fights with longings for business success, a proceeding that occurs in the ponderous fiction of Theodore Dreiser; the novel in which sensuality sneers at itself and wonders whether the gain is worth the effort involved, a quality recently exhibited in Ben Hecht's 'Erik Dorn'; and the endless novels in which sensuality runs after romance, nobility and domestic bliss."

Waldo Frank's "Rahab" is characterized by Mr. Bodenheim as the most ludicrous ringleader shown by any novelist on the foregoing list, for "this book is ruled by the clumsiest of incongruities, while most of the other volumes present, at their worst, units of style and purpose." He adds:

"In Mr. Frank's novel a huge animal-vigor tries to pirouet in the manner of an elfin and capricious dancer, and the stumbling pursuits of finesse that ensue are remarkably amusing. If his intention had been to write a morbid burlesque on sensuality his book would be a masterpiece, but on the contrary he took his style with elaborate seriousness. His book is in reality merely the worst manifestation of a ruling tendency in contemporary American fiction. Intellectual curiosity, emotional whimsicality, the decorative poetic touch, ironical strength, and even a plausible realism—all of these qualities are for the most part absent in American novels of the present, and the novels in question have become mere recitals of one man's affairs with different women, interrupted by interludes in which he grapples with material success, or flirts with social propaganda; or one woman's attempt to reduce the masculine enigma to a series of crisp, simple sentences. And back of this farce stands the psychoanalyst, with his enticing implication that nothing exists in human beings except sex."

THE LAW OF THE TRAP

(Continued from page 208)

What is there to be afraid of now, m'sieu?"

But the other man could not keep his feet. He stumbled in the shallows, and Foret had to aid him again until they both sank on the dry sand. The stars were yet bright, but dawn was a gray veil in the east over the flat sea.

FORET stuck his knife point into a bit of rotted driftwood. Upon this wood he spread a handful of sodden tobacco, and unscrewed his brass matchbox to look solicitously at the contents.

"The sun will dry it after a while. It will be some hours before the luggers discover us here. They will search—they will pick us up easily."

After that he went to rubbing his naked form. The filelike hide of the killer had

rasped the skin from his side and thigh. Life seemed to have gone back to mere petty affairs of a man's comfort and well-being.

But presently Banway raised himself weakly up and stared at the other man. They could still hear the threshing in the shoal cove and make out dimly, under the ripples, the dissolving pageant of death. Banway could not speak, but his companion, fingering the tobacco shreds out of his leather case, which—oddly enough for a fatalist—he had bound to his wrist and saved, interpreted the question that the stranger tried to voice.

"Why did I save you, m'sieu? I don't know. I broke the law to save you—the law of the trap and the devouring pack outside. You, now, can do as you see fit; it is your affair to reason out."

NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE PLANS TO SAFEGUARD SMALL INVESTORS

THAT the average small investor needs protection of some kind or other is as manifest as the fact that the average person with a craving for alcohol needs to be guarded against himself. However, the president, Seymour L. Cromwell, of the New York Stock Exchange, is opposed to placing all brokers under Federal or State control and, in the *Saturday Evening Post*, calls attention to the fact, regarding which there seems to be no dispute, that the listing requirements of the Stock Exchange are much more strict than those of any law. It is contended that "licensing doesn't stop fraudulent practices any more than registering a vicious dog will prevent him from biting."

As the largest single market for securities in the United States, especially for stocks, this institution has 1,100 members authorized to deal in bonds with a par value of more than 37 billion dollars and stocks of a par value of nearly 18½ billion dollars, in addition to nearly 32 million shares of stock without par value. Aside from these listed securities and considering only those which are outside, Mr. Cromwell feels that "there is a great danger in

having the superintendent of banks, secretary of state or other official receive applications for securities and put upon them the stamp of approval of the state," and that "a situation like that would mean a real interference with legitimate business, which might be countenanced if it would stop the bad things. But the danger of stamping the approval of the official of the state on an issue of securities is that you cannot easily take it off again. The thing does not stand on its own feet, which an ordinary speculation or investment must do."

In support of this argument, it is

asserted by the Stock Exchange that many so-called bucket shops, and rings or groups of them, have had the most powerful of political backing. Nor is there the slightest doubt that bucket shops, like race tracks, gambling houses, liquor interests and other easy-money forms of business, have had in many instances the support of politicians. Mr. Cromwell says: "We believe that it is greatly to the public benefit for us to have this, you can call it 'autocratic power,' if you want to. We believe we are the last ditch, in the way of defense,

A CODE FOR AMERICAN BUSINESS

WE protest against all forms of paternalism and class legislation.

We hope that in the present coal strike no settlement will be made which does not establish the right of a man to work for whom he pleases, and of the employer to employ whom he pleases.

We condemn all tax-exemption and advocate a constitutional amendment forbidding it.

We need official representation on the Reparations Committee; we are inextricably concerned in the affairs of Europe.

We urge on Congress the need for free zones at principal ports.

We desire a still closer community of interest between the United States and Canada.

We favor the temporary continuance of the War Finance Corporation.

We protest against any change in the Federal Reserve Board to give partisan representation therein.

For the benefit of the public, railroad credit must be preserved; and we believe the Esch-Cummins act should be given a full trial.

We wholly condemn the bonus, while urging fullest care for the disabled.

We favor a Federal blue sky law.
—Declaration by Executive Council of the American Bankers Association.

against these swindlers. We believe that we are the one agency that the public authorities can use to accomplish what they want if they want to. When the wires were taken out of one of these houses last year, the pressure that was exercised was such that we are convinced that the cure cannot come from that source"—political control. One does not have to take the word of the Stock Exchange for the existence of strong connecting links between bucket shops and politicians. It is a matter of common knowledge in New York that one of the most active defenders of the largest bucket shops that has failed this year was prominent in the political life of the state.

Whatever the soundness of the argument may be, says Albert W. Atwood, in the *Post*, brokers assert that under a license and control system the state authorities would be swamped with a flood of applications from all manner of irresponsible parties, and that there would be no practical system of keeping out the crooks. It would be difficult to set a minimum amount of capital, as with a bank or insurance company, as a very poor broker if honest and skilful is just as good as, and in fact a great deal better than, a wealthy but dishonest one.

It has long been maintained by the Stock Exchange that by selecting its own members, who at all times are wholly subject to the control of experienced governors, it has produced and maintained high standards of business honor and integrity, with, of course, minor exceptions, in the eyes of men best fitted to know. State control, with its complemental license, it is argued, cannot itself produce or maintain high standards of business honor and integrity, and under such supervision the control by the governing body of its members would be gone.

It is feared that any crook with enough money to hire good lawyers could get an injunction compelling the Stock Exchange to give him ticker service, and continue to do business until the case was fought out in the courts.

It is argued that not only the swift removal of tickers from outside concerns suspected of bucketing, but the equally swift discipline of its own members upon frequent occasions, would be interfered with by all manner of legal objections and obstacles.

In its program to combat bucket shops and bogus investments, the Stock Exchange is forming an organization for popular education in thrift and sound investment. This organization will give powerful assistance in providing machinery whereby securities may more effectively be distributed to small investors. It is hoped to do this by inducing a larger number of banks and employers to buy sound securities for their customers and employees. The effort is to get the banks to break down the awe which the small investor feels for banks and bankers, and which is one reason why he would rather deal with the smooth, slick stock salesman than with his own bank.

It is hoped also to interest newspapers and advertising agencies to shut out more effectively the advertisements of swindlers, and also to prevent these gentry from getting bank references. Another most important purpose is to inform the public where facts regarding fraudulent promotion and stock swindles may be promptly had and handed over to the legal authorities or other agencies qualified to prosecute.

Another method to be followed by the Stock Exchange to protect the purchasers of securities will be a more frequent and accurate investigation of the financial condition of its own members. It already possesses almost absolute powers of discipline, which it frequently exercises. But it has long been urged to supervise its own members, under this complete power which it now has, far more actively than in the past. "We are going to require from our members, at periods as frequent as twice a year, the answering of a questionnaire which will cover all the points necessary to disclose their condition." It is said that the Exchange will also adopt a system of requiring its mem-

bers to take off trial balances as often as once a month and its president is on record as advising all members to, in turn, advise small investors to keep their money in bank until they have perhaps \$500, when they can purchase outright several shares of stock. The part-payment plan of buying securities is discouraged as something which practically all stock exchange author-

ities have always regarded as a disguised form of margin speculation and subject to all the evils thereof. The New York Stock Exchange is taking a strong attitude against its members calling up strangers on the telephone as "contrary to proper standards of conduct." This has been one of the greatest evils and nuisances of the bucket shop and get-rich-quick swindles.

SCHWAB TELLS HOW CARNEGIE DEALT WITH HIS MEN

ANDREW CARNEGIE knew a great deal about men, but he did not have to know anything about picking men. He did not go about picking his partners and, according to Charles M. Schwab, it is doubtful if in the whole Carnegie organization a man was ever promoted from the ranks who would not have been elected to that position on a secret ballot of the workers themselves. His partners appear to have picked themselves.

He never criticized, writes Samuel M. Crowther in an article, in *System*, based on interviews with Schwab and other Carnegie partners. When a mistake had been made the great ironmaster considered that it was made and the main thing was to prevent its recurrence. If a man continuously made mistakes he would quietly be removed from his position, but one of those closest to Carnegie does not recall that this ever happened. "When Mr. Carnegie came out to the works and found nothing to praise—or at least praised nothing—it said more to his associates than a dozen speeches of criticism."

It appears that he did not regard a difference of opinion as a betrayal of confidence, and even after the Frick suit, which was contested with considerable bitterness, he never, as far as many close to him could discover, held any resentment. Frick never had occasion to ask Carnegie for anything in the nature of a favor. But one of the two partners, among the 39 associated with the Carnegie Steel Company, who

stood with Frick in that suit and who was at the time very bitter indeed against Carnegie came to a man close to Carnegie years afterward. He said that he was practically down and out, that business was going against him, and he needed money. He spoke also of the wrong he had done Carnegie.

"You musn't tell me about this," the associate of Carnegie said. "Go and tell Mr. Carnegie."

"Oh," he said, "Mr. Carnegie would not receive me."

"Yes, he will. I am sure he will," was the reply. "You just go and tell him exactly what you have told me."

He went to Carnegie and he told him the truth and Carnegie, we are told, put his arms around the man's shoulders and said: "I am glad to see my old friend back here again. We will be better friends now than ever before." And they were. Carnegie loaned him \$300,000 on the spot and enabled him completely to rehabilitate himself.

We are told, in this connection, that nearly all the partners believed that Frick was right and Carnegie wrong, but the remarkable thing is that, with the exception of two men, the partners thought more of Carnegie than they did of ready cash. They would not countenance anything in the nature of an attack upon him—and the Frick suit was essentially an attack. It is stated further that the two partners who did stand with Frick were not with him and against Carnegie, but took that side solely because they felt that the

money ought to be distributed and what to them was paternalism ought to cease.

There were no concurrent authorities in the Carnegie Steel Company. The partners held variously sized interests, but merely being a partner did not of necessity connote a corresponding share in management. A 5 per cent. partner did not by reason of his partnership have 5 times the authority of a 1 per cent. partner.

The partnership relation had to do with the distribution of the profits. A man's job and responsibility were no greater and no less because he happened to be a partner. The company was never managed by a mass meeting of the partners. The association as a whole was directed by Andrew Carnegie. But since each partner had a sphere of his own, there was very little directing to do and, we read, the Carnegie partners did very little conferring.

An instance of what is characterized as his "over-fairness" occurred in connection with the contract of one of his closest business associates. A steel master noted abroad made this official an offer of a salary that might have turned his head, had it not been that "he would rather have worked for Carnegie at \$10,000 a year than for anyone else at \$1,000,000 a year." He did not even have to think about taking or refusing this offer from overseas. He regarded it as a high compliment, but said nothing at all about it to the boss. Some time later the foreign steel manufacturer and Carnegie met. The former spoke of the offer. Just as soon as Carnegie returned to this country he sent for his associate who was involved, told him what he had learned, and presented him with a contract extending over a term of years.

When the United States Steel Corporation acquired the Carnegie Steel Corporation it also acquired the obligation to pay under this contract. Some of the bankers who made the United States Steel Corporation were considerably worried. It involved what seemed to them a preposterous sum to pay to one

man. Nevertheless, the contract was a legal obligation of the United States Steel Corporation and could have been enforced—but the official involved did not care to receive a salary paid under something approaching duress. So he just tore up the paper and settled the question.

Quite a while later, it is recorded, one of the bankers mentioned this incident to Carnegie. The next day the official received from him \$4,000,000 and a note explaining that this was his calculation of the cash value of his arrangement with him.

Andrew Carnegie was not a man who cared to work with people he did not like. There had to be a loyalty of friendship, and not merely the relation of master and man. None of the Carnegie partners were mere ciphers. They were not messenger boys. They were men who stood well in their own communities. Some of them may not have had pleasing personalities to begin with, but, consciously or unconsciously, they acquired the personality of the organization. They did not all develop the same sorts of personalities. There was nothing in the nature of uniformity of thought or even of approach, but a partner had to "belong"—he had to be able to fit into the social atmosphere. Or he did not become a partner.

Every one of his results was secured through a spirit of approval, it is said. He was never afraid that a man might make too many mistakes—he was afraid of having their mistakes dishearten them. He told, for instance, one of his associates never to blame a man for trivial faults—that it was well not to notice too many things.

On the other hand, he was never carried away by enthusiasm. If his associates had done well and thought that they had done well, then he took the opportunity to remind them that they had best keep their feet on the earth. For instance, in the old days, when business was booming and the profits were rolling up to \$500,000 or more a month, one or another of his associates

would naturally now and again, and not without pride, take the results of an exceptionally good month to him. And always he would ask for the cost sheets—he never asked for them when business was low!

"Show me your cost sheets," he would say. "It is more interesting to know how cheaply and how well you have done this than how much money you have made. The one is only a temporary result, but the other means a permanency that will go on with the works as long as they last."

Charles M. Schwab tells a story of a water boy at Homestead. This boy became a clerk. He apparently had no

mental equipment above that of the average clerk, but he had a distinct craving for work. He attracted attention to himself by working through long hours. He was usually the first in the office and the last out. His work was accurate. He made few mistakes of any kind and none of them were mistakes of carelessness. When an assistant superintendency opened, it was this boy who got the job. When the great armor plate department was opened, quite as a matter of course his superiors made him manager. Eventually he became a partner, and everyone who knows anything of steel has heard of him. His name is Alva C. Dinkey.

AN ELECTRIC PICKER TO REVOLUTIONIZE THE COTTON INDUSTRY

AN electrical cotton-picker that promises to revolutionize the cotton industry and to place L. C. Stuckenberg near Eli Whitney, inventor of the cotton-gin, in the industrial Hall of Fame, has been developed and successfully demonstrated. Its invention is said to have resulted from Mr. Stuckenberg, who hails from Memphis, observing a number of trespassing cows licking cotton out of the bolls in a Tennessee cotton field. As it happened, writes Miss M. Tevis, in *St. Nicholas*, he had long been working on the problem involved in substituting some form of mechanical labor for hand labor in the arduous task of cotton picking. He was struck by the neatness and dispatch with which the cow extracted the cotton; and in thinking it over he realized that this was owing to the nature of the cow's tongue, which is quite rough, being covered with projections composed of horny cuticle, so that its surface is very much like that of a rasp.

But tho this observation gave him the initial idea for his invention, it took some fourteen years of patient experiment and endeavor before he brought it to completion. As it now stands, it



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

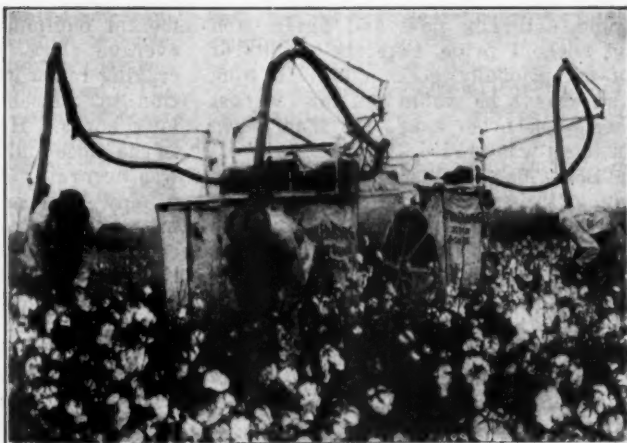
HE HAS REDUCED COTTON-PICKING TO A SCIENCE
L. C. Stuckenberg, of Memphis, Tenn., may rank with Eli Whitney as the benefactor of a great American industry.

consists essentially of two revolving brushes (which pluck the cotton lightly, but cleanly, from the open seed-pod, or boll, as it is called) of a suction system, and of a set of electric motors, together with an electric generator and a switchboard, or "panel-board."

It is the brushes, of course, which play the part of the rough and flexible tongue of the cow. They are enclosed in a small metal frame about as big as your two fists, and they revolve toward each other. When these are placed in contact with the cotton they instantly pull it free, without collecting any part of the boll or leaves of the plant, as a human picker is only too apt to do. Connected with the revolving brushes are flexible tubes known as "picker-tubes," which carry the cotton by means of suction to the collecting-bags, just as the dust and fluff picked up by a vacuum-cleaner are carried to a collecting-bag.

Just before the cotton drops into the bag it is cleaned by fanning with a blower. Each machine is mounted on a tractor whose engine provides the electric power to run the eight motors. One of these, which drives the brushes, is suspended about half-way down the suction-tube, while another provides the suction power and also operates the blower. Miss Tevis goes on to say in detail:

"Each machine can pick eight rows in one passage through the field, and the man who operates it needs only a little training, such as can be acquired in a few days, in order to pick four hundred pounds or more a day; whereas the hand-picker averages only from seventy to one hundred and fifty pounds a day, according to his strength, speed and skill. This greater rapidity in harvesting is particularly im-



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

AN ELECTRIC PICKER AT WORK IN A COTTON FIELD

It does not inspire songs but it does pick five times as much cotton as can be picked by hand, each machine gathering from 500 to 800 pounds a day.

portant in the case of cotton, since it is a crop which ripens gradually, instead of all at one time, like grain. There are three crops of the cotton, in fact, and the process of ripening requires some two months.

"For this reason the 'floating labor,' as we term the great hordes of seasonal laborers who follow the grain crops from south to north, is not available, and the cotton-planter must depend on his hired hands, or on local labor, at best. The great disadvantage of this is that much of the cotton deteriorates in quality because of exposure to wind and dust, sun and rain. Weather-beaten cotton tends to lose its immaculate whiteness and smooth and even fluffiness, becoming soiled and matted together. Hence it brings a lower price than that which is picked as soon as the bolls have opened. Hand picking also tends to mat the fibers into humps; and because of this, the fibers are often 'gin-cut,' which again lowers the quality, since the longer the fiber the better it is for spinning purposes, other things being equal."

Authorities estimate that only one-third of the cotton raised at present is harvested in prime condition, the remainder of the crop being more or less injured by delay in picking and by the admixture of dirt, leaves and other foreign particles, which hand-picking involves.

BEATING WAR MATERIAL INTO IMPLEMENTS OF PEACE

THE Biblical injunction relating to the conversion of instruments of warfare into implements of agriculture is not being literally heeded by Uncle Sam, but, in the distribution to the 48 states, for use in highway construction, of \$150,000,000 worth of surplus material designed to prosecute war, the Government is engaged in a great and curious work. Obviously the motor vehicles employed by the Ordnance Bureau of the War Department could not be abruptly adopted without modification to the purpose of road building. Changes also have been essential in adapting wartime picks, shovels, adzes, chisels, derricks, cranes and many other kinds of machinery which have required ten closely typewritten pages merely to itemize. Suggesting more radical transformation has been the conversion of singularly designed bomb-proof iron shelters used for protection of men in the trenches.

Listed under the descriptive designation, "Shelters—elephant and trench," thousands of these semi-cylindrical bomb-proof enclosures have been distributed by the Bureau of Public Roads, Department of Agriculture, for building storehouses and magazines for high explosives. Approximately 20,000,000 pounds of T N T, primarily intended for destructive warfare, have found safe storage in these transformed shelters. The surplus explosive, in turn, has been dedicated to the use of farmers in blasting stumps and rocks and to uprooting obstructions in the paths of new roadways. In Colorado great quantities of these transformed shelters have been installed in mountain passes. Arizona, completely distorting their original intent, has built culverts of them. In the desert areas of the southwest, reports S. R. Winters, in the *Illustrated World*, infrequent rains are counteracted by cloudbursts, floods frequently effacing highways where drainage canals are inadequate. Concrete foundations, or red-

wood, where sand and gravel are not plentiful, afford a stable support for the refashioned bomb-proof shelters.

Salvaging of pipe—one hundred and fifty miles of assorted sizes and types—inspired an unusual display of ingenuity. On a highway in Arizona, the identical pipe employed in conveying compressed air from the compressors to the drills operating in the excavations of the foundations of a bridge in the course of construction was subsequently employed as the guard-rail of the finished bridge. Nebraska is using its allotment of war-salvaged pipe as heating coils to warm garages in which are retained the state's apportionment of motor vehicles. As conveyors of water to concrete mixers, in the formation of hand-rails for bridges and culverts, and in a variety of other ways, the one hundred and fifty miles of pipe are serving useful ends.

Motor-trucks—twenty-three thousand have already been distributed by the Bureau of Public Roads—constitute the major equipment in the transfer to state highway departments authorized by specific Congressional legislation in the interest of improved highways. The shapes and sizes of these motorized vehicles as instruments of warfare involved alterations when consigned to the builders of roads. These modifications have varied as particular needs dictated. Generally speaking, dump bodies and hoisting devices have displaced cargo- and ammunition-carrying containers with which they were originally equipped. The highway department of Idaho, for example, converted the steel ammunition bodies into hopperlike containers by the installation of false bottoms, sloping from front and back to a pair of drop doors controlled from the driver's seat for bottom dumping. Highway engineers in Maine have removed the cargo-carrying body from the chassis and, by pivoting it near the rear end, supplementing a hoisting

device, converted the original design into a dump body. Maine and Vermont have modified the bodies at the sides so that they can be dropped or raised, thus permitting unloading from the side of the motorized vehicle.

We read that ambulances, formerly employed at the front, now are used in transporting convict labor in several states, and army motor trucks in large numbers have been converted into street sprinklers. Operating in an odd capacity is a truck assigned to New Jersey as a water sprinkler, equipped with a centrifugal pump mounted beneath the tank and driven by the propeller shaft. The change is radical. The machine is now used in spraying whitewash on poles along the state highways.

Sectional bridges are being con-

structed as one of the useful and interesting adaptations of the material which was designed to span streams over which soldiers were to pass in safety. The modified form of bridge will bear up safely under a burden of fifteen tons gross weight for spans up to one hundred and fourteen feet.

Galvanized corrugated iron is being employed in building shops, garages, offices and other quarters to promote the industries common to peaceful pursuits. Even the windows of offices are being protected from the burning sunlight by awnings cleverly contrived from automobile tops distributed by the Government as an aftermath of war. From pants to pumps, and from pins to crowbars, the assortment is well-nigh complete.

A WONDERFUL NEW GLASS CALLED SILEX

WHAT may prove to be an epoch-making discovery in the glass industry has recently been made by a Czech engineer, Dr. Vaclav Horak. It is a transparent substance which, while not indestructible, is of such consistency that it is extremely difficult to break whether by main force or by subjecting it to extreme heat. At a recent exhibition given before the leading business men of Prague, the inventor, who is connected with the Kavalier Glassworks of Sazava, in Bohemia, demonstrated how a hollow stick made of this glass could drive nails into a piece of wood, how very thin tumblers could be dropped with impunity on the floor from a height of a couple of yards or so, how a vessel made of the glass could be placed upon an open fire, filled with water and the water boiled without injuriously affecting the glass. In an enumeration of the tests that the glass, to which the name of silax has been given, has stood, we are told that in the early stages of its production the workmen of the Sazava works played football with round ball-like jugs made of it, afterwards cooking utensils were made

of it, cakes baked in them, tea and coffee prepared in them and even metals smelted in them.

A Prague correspondent who visited the glassworks at Sazava the other day relates how a glass dish scarcely a millimeter in thickness was placed upon a plate of red-hot iron and remained unaffected tho a piece of wood placed in it immediately burnt to a cinder. From the iron plate the dish was tumbled directly into a vessel of cold water, where it fizzed itself cool. In another glass red-hot cokes were extinguished by pouring water on them, but the glass remained intact. The coefficient of expansion of silax is so significant that a temperature of 400 degrees Celsius has no measurable effect upon it. It is less brittle than cast iron.

The commercial possibilities of this species of glass are unlimited. Its cost is about three times that of ordinary glass, but it is not proposed to use it for the manufacture of such articles as have hitherto been made of glass but rather to employ it as a substitute for earthenware, porcelain, enamel and aluminum. For the kitchen, silax is said

to have the advantage of being cheaper than either enamel or aluminum, is more easily cleaned, and by its transparency enables the cook to observe how the cooking is proceeding without the trouble of lifting off lids, etc.

Like other discoveries, the production of this new glass is the result of many years of research and experiment. Dr. Horak has had one smelting furnace working for the past twelve years in his efforts to produce what is described

as a crowning discovery of the Bohemian glass industry, whose history extends back some five hundred years.

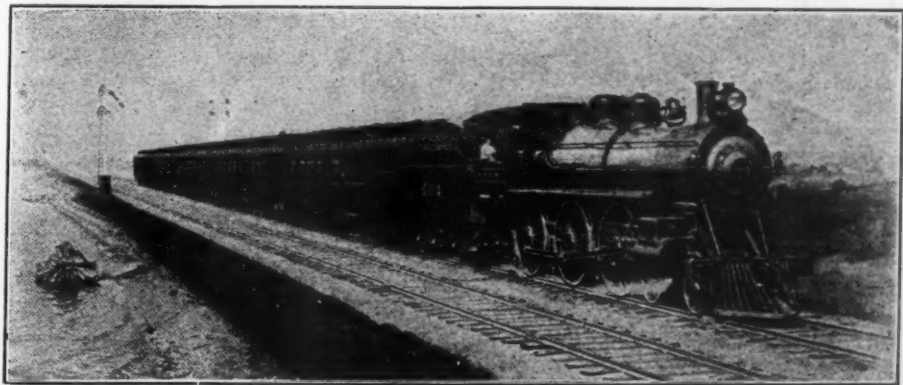
Silex would seem to bear a strong resemblance to the "unbreakable" laminated glass, described in *CURRENT OPINION*, last November, which has been undergoing sensational tests in this country. It is declared to be impenetrable to bullets and ordinary missiles and yet perfectly transparent. Its distinction from silex is not disclosed.

TWENTIETH-CENTURY LIMITED CELEBRATES ITS TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY

WHEN "Jack" O'Reilly, New York Central engineer, closed the throttle of the Twentieth-Century Limited on its arrival at Chicago, June 15, it marked the close of the second decade in service of the fastest long-distance train in America. On the mid-day of June, 1902, the Limited began making its daily trips and was hailed as "the train which made Chicago a suburb of New York," or vice versa, as the late John M. Gates, author of the statement at New York, restated in Chicago at the end of the initial trip. It was widely heralded by the press of the country, and the ears of the nation were grounded to hear the results of the remarkable experiment which was to bring the two cities

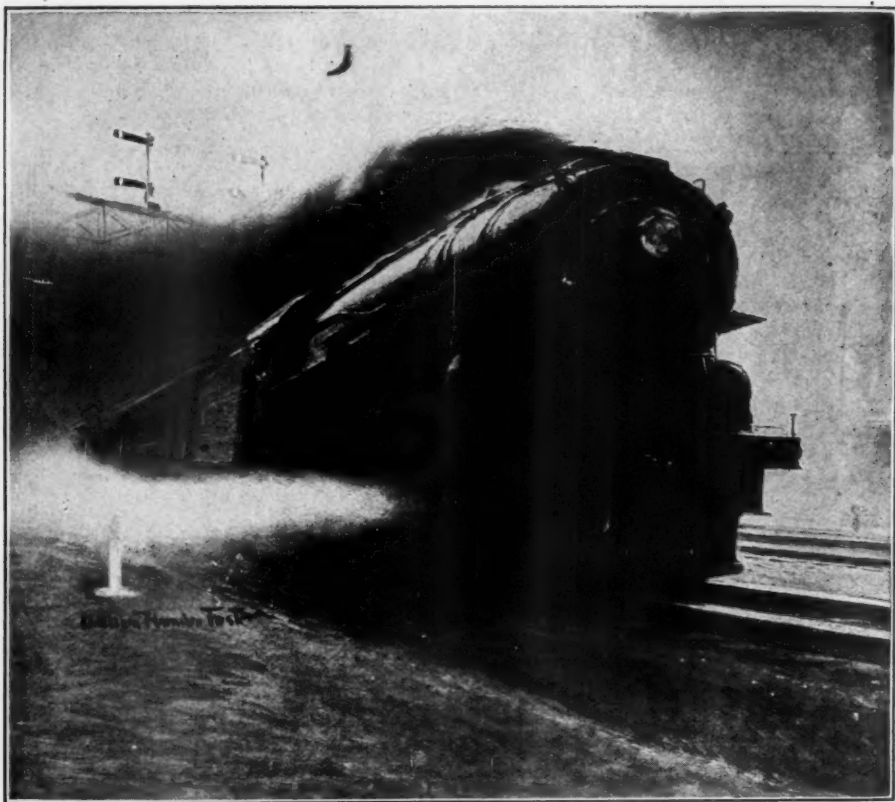
closer by 240 minutes. Several hundred people gathered at Grand Central Station to witness the departure of the Century on its pioneer trip.

The engine of those days was known as the *Central Atlantic* type, costing between \$15,000 and \$16,000, and the entire rolling equipment on a Century train in those early years, says the *New York Central Lines Magazine*, represented a cost of about \$115,000. A Twentieth-Century Limited train of the present time operating with steam locomotives represents an investment in motive power and rolling stock of approximately \$250,000. The modern *Pacific* locomotive, which is the only type used in Century service, costs \$59,000, or almost four times the cost



AS IT WAS TWENTY YEARS AGO

The Twentieth-Century Limited as it appeared when inaugurated in 1902. On the baggage car, just back of the tender, is painted the train's name.



THE TWENTIETH-CENTURY LIMITED TO-DAY

Painting by William Foster, depicting vividly the tremendous power, speed and picturesque character of the Century when it is under way.

of the *Central Atlantic* of the first days, and more than half the cost of the entire train of the first trip.

If it were possible to place the original Twentieth-Century train alongside the Century of to-day the contrast would be marked, to say the least. In the first place, the Century of to-day is really two trains, for there is seldom a day but that it runs in two sections, both east and westbound. Often three sections are required to care for the patrons of the famous limited. On several occasions the Century has run in four sections, a prodigious size for a train that makes such a lengthy journey daily. This is brought home more clearly when it is realized that every passenger boarding the Century is des-

tined for Elkhart or Chicago, westbound, or Albany, Harmon or New York on the eastward run.

The number of passengers carried on the first trip was 54. Now, each year the Century carries as many passengers as all the Atlantic liners plying between New York and Europe carry in their first cabins. Instead of the five cars of its early days, a single section of the train to-day carries from eight to ten cars of the most modern types.

The initial trips were both successful. Since then, the Century trains between New York and Chicago have made at least 14,600 journeys east and westbound, in fair weather and foul, weekdays, holidays and Sundays.



The Columnists' Columns

THE function of the jester in the courts of long ago was to illumine the moment with deft humor and appropriate satire. To-day, in the courts of journalism, as Michael Earls has lately pointed out in *America*, the columnist plays the merry and helpful rôle of fool, now with sallies of wit, now with the pointed lances of satire, and betimes with touches of lyrical wisdom and philosophical prose. The art of the columnist, as revealed in two new books, is essentially American if only because it is designed to meet the needs of men who rush from breakfast tables to trains and trolleys and who insist on being entertained while they rush. It has its flippant side, but it is well worth studying, as well as enjoying.

"Sonnets to a Red-Haired Lady by a Gentleman with a Blue Beard" (Doubleday, Page), the first of the two books mentioned, is Don Marquis' ninth volume and is reprinted from the "Sun Dial" of the New York *Sun*. We see here the poet in cap and bells, and we also see the serious craftsman. The second part of the book, "Famous Love Affairs," is a re-creation of the dramatic moments in the lives of some of the famous lovers who have strewn the path of history with the wreckage of their hearts.

Thirty flaming heroines, thirty pensive memories of former wives, are celebrated in the sonnet-sequence. We get something of the spirit of the

whole in Sonnet Number Two and Sonnet Number Twenty-Six, here reprinted:

PLUNGE shaded eyes adown the flaming
past
And lamp the locks that set the world
afire:—
O wig that touched off Troy! O Dido's
pyre,
Where flame was given back to flame at
last!
O love that lashed Ulysses to the mast
What time the red-head Sirens smote the
lyre!
O simps that used to simmer and perspire
When Mary Stuart's furnace ran full
blast!

My Second Wife would very often say:
"There's nothing—*nothing*—I can do with
it
Just after it's been washed!" Ah, wella-
day!
Sometimes I've thought 'twas almost
wrong to hit
A woman *hard* . . . I mention this to you
Merely in pensive reminiscence, Sue.

SUZANNE, my Beard is Blue, whether I
shave
It close or let it float ambrosial on
The breeze like sprays of lilac cloud at
dawn . . .

Blue as the tossed
and curled and
raveled wave,
Reef-combed, that
coils about some
ocean cave
Where the coy
smelt creeps to
woo the flattered
prawn . . .
Sooze, what a pos-
ter we would
make if drawn

THE "gentle art of columnning" is distinctively American. It has been defined as "the art of informal, personal criticism adapted to a democratic world." Its pioneers have included Eugene Field and Ed Howe, and its practitioners at the present time are among the wittiest writers in America. We hope to present the best of their writings in this department from month to month.



THE NEW BLUEBEARD

Stuart Hay's conception of the man who writes
"sonnets to a red-haired lady" in Don Marquis'
latest book.

Together by some cubist loud and brave!

If drawn together, Sue! The artist, Fate,
Has drawn and scrambled us in just that
way . . .

Wife Twenty-Six wore on her desert pate
A wig . . . I tied it to an opera chair
One night; and when she rose it dangled
there

And left her bald and broken. . . . Welladay!

Some of the dramatis personæ in the lyric tales which conclude the book are Paris with the lamps hypnotic and his timid Helen, King Cophetua and the beggar maid whose papa peddled lemonade, and Cleopatra whose wedding day was Friday. The skill with which these caricatures are handled is well illustrated in the following passage from "Paris and Helen":

He'd take her to see shows as hot
As if they had been peppered;

She'd blush . . . he never changed a spot:
He was a Moral Leopard!

And oft, with blushes that would make
Her brow and cheek and chin burn,
She'd listen while this Subtle Snake
Lisped her the Pomes of Swinburne.

We also quote the opening verses of
"Othello and Desdemona":

Othello's heart was weathered oak,
And so was his complexion;
He was, no doubt, the Biggest Smoke
In Venice's collection.

He'd served Venezia's Duke, his liege,
From Cyprus to Bologna,
And 'twixt a battle and a siege
Eloped with Desdemona.

An F. F. V., this artless gal—
First Family of Venice—
Who played along the Grand Canal
Splash, squash and water tennis.



"DRAWN TOGETHER BY SOME CUBIST"

The love-affair of the Blue-bearded Gentleman
and the Red-haired Lady finds here its up-to-
the-minute portrayal.

She was quite blonde. Her father said:
 "By Heaven, this is tragic!
 That Dinge could not have turned her
 head
 Unless he'd pulled some magic!"

"I pulled no stuff that wasn't right—
 Us Tans and us Gamboges,"
 Othello bragged, "can act as white
 As any pale-faced Doges!"

Fate loosed upon this twain a man
 Of guile and gab, Iago,
 More subtle, slick and sinful than
 A Buyer from Chicago.

"The So-Called Human Race"
 (Knopf), by Bert Leston Taylor, is
 the second of the posthumous books in
 which are revealed the unique qualities
 of the man who for nearly twenty years
 conducted "A Line o'Type or Two" on
 the editorial page of the *Chicago Tri-
 bune*. "I should as soon attempt the
 task of endorsing the sunrise as that



THE UNREGENERATE KING

Cophetua, in Don Marquis' re-telling of a famous love-story, was over-fond of the flowing cup before he met the beggar-maid.



LEANDER SHOWING OFF

We see here, through the eyes of Stuart Hay, the ancient hero who won a bride by doing water stunts.

of writing a preface to the verses of B. L. T.," once declared Franklin P. Adams. He was "the first of our day's 'colyumists'—first in point of time and first in point of merit," Henry B. Fuller maintains in a foreword to the new book. Taylor, Mr. Fuller continues, "had the gift of opening new roads and of inviting a willing public to follow. Or, to put it another way, he had the faculty of making new molds, into which his helpers were only too glad to pour their material. Some of these 'leads' lasted for weeks; some for months; others persisted through the years. The lifted wand evoked, marshalled, vivified, and the daily miracle came to its regular accomplishment."

We append a few characteristic samples of Taylor's wit:

A man will sit around smoking all day and his wife will remark: "My dear, aren't

you smoking too much?" The doctor cuts him down to three cigars a day, and his wife remarks: "My dear, aren't you smoking too much?" Finally he chops off to a single after-dinner smoke, and when he lights up his wife remarks: "John, you do nothing but smoke all day long." Women are singularly observant.

With the possible exception of Trotzky, Mr. Hearst is the busiest person politically that one is able to wot of. Such boundless zeal! Such measureless energy! Such genius—an infinite capacity for giving pains!

AN OBSERVANT KANSAN

[From the *Emporia Gazette*]

The handsome clerk at the Harvey House makes this profound observation: Any girl will flirt as the train is pulling out.

THE GIRL OF THE PERIOD

She formerly talked of the weather,
The popular book, or the play;
Her old line of chat
Was of this thing or that
In the fashions and fads of the day.

But now she discusses eugenics,
And things that a pundit perplex;
She knocks you quite flat
With her new line of chat,
And her "What do you think about sex?"

Just as we started to light a pipe preparatory to filling this column we were reminded of Whistler's remark to a student who was smoking: "You should be very careful. You know you might get interested in your work and let your pipe go out."

HEARD IN THE BANK

A woman from the country made a deposit consisting of several items. After ascertaining the amount the receiving teller asked, "Did you foot it up?" "No, I rode in," said she.—H. A. N.

The fact that Abraham Lincoln, George Washington and other great departed whose names are taken in vain every day by small-bore politicians, do not return and whack these persons over the heads with a tambourine, is almost—as Anatole France remarked in an essay on Flaubert—is almost an argument against the immortality of the soul.

Gleaned by R. J. S. from a Topeka church calendar: "Preaching at 8 p. m., subject 'A Voice from Hell.' Miss Holman will sing."

One must agree with Mr. Yeats, that the poetic drama is for a very small audience, but we should not like to see it so restricted. For a good share of the amusement which we get out of life comes from watching the attempts to feed caviar to the general.

WHY THE MAKE-UP MAN LEFT TOWN

[From the *Grinnell Review*]

Born, April 19, to Professor and Mrs. J. P. Ryan, a daughter.

This experience suggests that simple scientific experiments performed by college students would furnish a very interesting program of entertainment in any community.

As a variation of the story about the merchant who couldn't keep a certain article because so many people asked for it, we submit the following: A lady entered the rural drugstore which we patronize and said, "Mr. Blank, I want a bath spray." "I'm sorry, Mrs. Jones," sezze, "but the bath spray is sold."

IN A DEPARTMENT STORE

Customer—"I want to look at some tunics."

Irish Floorwalker—"We don't carry musical instruments."

Arthur Shattuck sued for appreciation in Fond du Lac the other evening, playing, according to the Reporter, "a plaintiff melody with great tenderness." The jury returned a verdict in his favor without leaving their seats.

THE DICTATORS

Sir: I have lost a year's growth since I went into business in answering questions about the letters that appear after my communications—HAM/AND.

H. A. M.

Letters from the vice-president of the Badger Talking Machine Company, of Milwaukee, are signed JAS/AK. What do you make of that, Watsonius?

The following was typed at the end of a letter received t'other day: "HEE/HA."



1,820,000 Telephones Moved

In the telephone business every day is "moving day." Telephone subscribers are probably the most stable and permanent portion of our population; yet during the past year one telephone out of every seven in the Bell System was moved from one place of residence or business to another at some time during the year.

The amount of material and labor, and the extent of plant changes involved in "station movement" are indicated by the fact that this item of service cost the Bell System more than \$15,000,000 in 1921.

To most people, the connecting or disconnecting of a telephone seems a simple operation of installing or removing the instrument. As a matter of fact,

in every case it necessitates changes in the cables and wires overhead or underground. It also necessitates changes in central office wires and switchboard connections; in subscribers' accounts and directory listings; and frequently requires new "drop" lines from open wires or cables.

The problems of station movement are among the large problems of the telephone service. Because of the double operation of disconnecting and re-connecting, the work involved is often twice as great as in the case of new subscribers. With nearly 2,000,000 changes a year, it is only by the most expert management of plant facilities that Bell service is enabled to follow the subscriber wherever he goes.

"BELL SYSTEM"



AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy, One System, Universal Service, and all directed toward Better Service

Cave Man Stuff

BACK near the beginning of things, our prehistoric forebears would have perished from the earth if they had not understood the science of reading advertising.

The cavemen didn't know much about underwear, hair tonic or phonographs, but they did have to eat. The one who could follow the tracks of the game he hunted, or read the meaning of a twisted leaf or broken twig, was best off in life.

Then, as now, the most consistent reader of advertising was best dressed, best fed and most contented.

There has been something of an evolution in advertising in the last few thousands of years, but the principle is just the same.

The consistent reader of the advertisements is invariably best informed on what to eat and where to get it; what to wear and how much to pay for it; what to do and how to do it. He's up on the most important things in life. Consequently he gets most from life.

Throughout the ages, advertising has done much to make life livable and pleasant. We owe it much.



Let's make the most of it.



Write to the Travel Information Department for information on Hotels and Resorts, Railroads and Steamship Lines. CURRENT OPINION through this Department will give you accurate travel information free of charge.

If you are going to Europe, to the Orient, to the Pacific Coast or to the Atlantic Coast, or anywhere, let CURRENT OPINION help you choose the best routes, the best places to stop, and tell you what to see en route.

In writing, please be as specific as possible so that we can be of real service in helping you plan your trips. Address all inquiries to the Travel Information Department, CURRENT OPINION, 50 W. 47th St., N. Y. City.



World's Largest Ship "MAJESTIC"

The Magnificent Trio:

Majestic	-	56,000 Tons
Olympic	-	46,500 Tons
Homeric	-	34,000 Tons

Experience

Back of the magnificent and luxurious appointments for which the world's largest ship, *Majestic*, the *Olympic* and the *Homeric* are internationally famous, is that finished skill and mastery of service which is made possible only by long experience.

The White Star and Red Star Lines have regular weekly express services to Queens-town, Liverpool, Cherbourg, Southampton, Plymouth and Antwerp.

Convenient sailings also from New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Montreal to Hamburg, the Mediterranean, Liverpool and principal continental ports.

Inquire about economy rates on our cabin and one-class ships.

WHITE STAR LINE
AMERICAN LINE  **RED STAR LINE**
 INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY

No. 1 Broadway, New York City

12 Canadian Day Cruises New York-Halifax-Quebec

THE PALATIAL TWIN-SCREW

S. S. "FORT HAMILTON"

will make 3 unusually attractive
Yachting Cruises (No Freight),

Sailing From
New York

August 5-19

Stopping One Day (Each Way) at Halifax
Two Days at Quebec

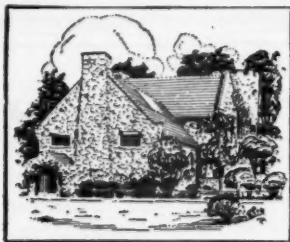
Sailing through the Northumberland Straits, Gut of Canso and up the Saguenay River. Magnificent scenery, smooth water, cool weather. The ship has spacious promenade decks, and deck games, many rooms with bath, finest cuisine, etc. Orchestra for dancing.

The round trip occupies 12 days, rate \$150 and up, or one way to Quebec, 5 days, \$80 and up.

No Passports required for these cruises. For illustrated literature address

FURNESS BERMUDA LINE

34 Whitehall Street, New York
Or any Tourist Agent



Roycroft Chapel

Very Special Announcement From the Roycroft Shops

The response to the initial announcement of the Roycrofters' Memorial Edition of Elbert Hubbard's complete writings,

THE LITTLE JOURNEYS TO THE HOMES
OF THE GREAT

and
THE SELECTED WRITINGS

has become so insistent that it has been decided to appoint special representatives to handle these great publications throughout the country. The opportunity is a most unusual one. For full particulars address WM. H. WISE & CO., 50 West 47th Street, New York City, distributors.



Around the World

by specially chartered Cunard Line
new steamship

"SAMARIA"

A Cruise De Luxe

Strictly limited to 400 guests

January 24 to May 31, 1923

Sailing eastward from New York

A kaleidoscopic panorama of the world we live in—the wonders of the living age—the marvels of bygone civilizations—many different peoples and races—strange customs—you will find them all in this Golden Jubilee Cruise, which marks the 50th year since Thomas Cook, the founder of our organization, conducted his first tour around the world.

On a magnificent new Cunarder you will circumnavigate the globe in 127 days—days that will ever be gratefully remembered.

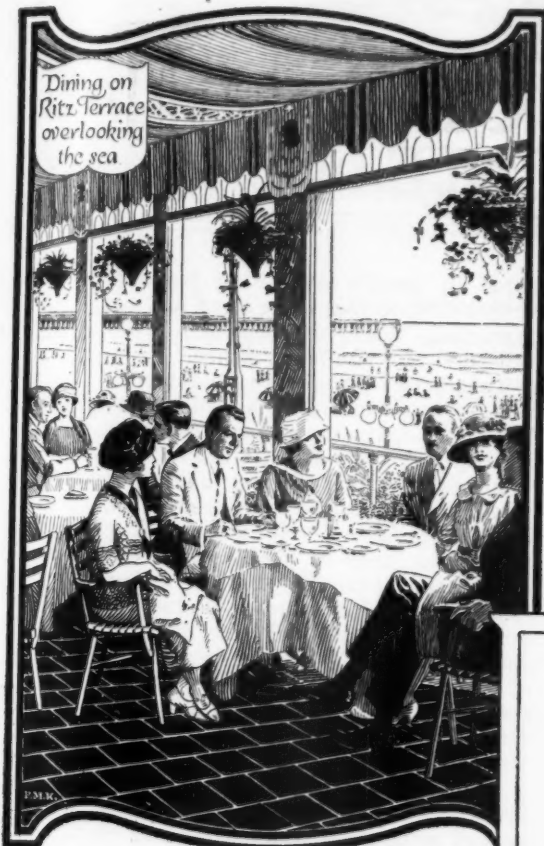
The Cruise is limited as to number, and limited in this instance spells plenty of room, comfort and luxury aboard and ashore.

There is a wonderful itinerary—with visits at MEDITERRANEAN PORTS—EGYPT, etc.—four weeks in BRITISH INDIA, DUTCH EAST INDIES and STRAITS SETTLEMENTS—Saigon, Manila, China—two weeks in JAPAN, etc.—visiting each country under the most favorable climatic conditions.

Full Information and Literature on Request

THOS. COOK & SON

245 Broadway NEW YORK 561 Fifth Ave.
Boston Chicago Los Angeles Toronto
Philadelphia San Francisco Montreal Vancouver



RITZ- CARLTON

ATLANTIC CITY
NEW JERSEY

THE Atlantic City Ritz-Carlton is the newest Hotel in this famous resort, and carries out the European atmosphere of the Ritz-Carlton Hotels of the Continent; unique Ritz Grill for dancing; service on each floor; sea-water private baths with each of the 500 sleeping chambers; many Ritz innovations; amazing color treatment throughout.

European plan only. Reservations direct, or through Ritz-Carlton, New York

ALBERT KELLER
Managing Director
GUSTAVE TOTT
Resident Manager





FINANCE & INVESTMENT

HUMAN beings are endowed with reasoning faculties which, if cultivated and intelligently applied, constitute their best guide. Occasionally, however, one meets with a particularly gifted person who seems at times possessed of a power of discrimination which does not come wholly within the range of reason; intuition it is called—a valuable gift in some, a most notoriously unsafe guide to most of us.

Yet there are many who prefer to arrive at such important decisions as the choice of their investments based almost entirely upon intuition and the advice of some biased, interested or badly-informed person rather than upon the exercise of the reasoning faculties with which nature has supplied them. A believer in the infallibility of intuition must throw good judgment, common sense and knowledge based upon experience to the winds. The man with a "hunch" is a man to be avoided. The man who insists upon knowing the facts—all the facts—and who gives his intelligence a chance to solve his problems in the light of reason and analysis, is more dependable than he who relies upon the freakishness of intuition or upon unseasoned advice.

In choosing one's investments one should exercise all the care based on actual knowledge that he is able to bring to bear. Intuition may be of some help. There are salient points outstanding with respect to some so-called investments that intuition of the most ordinary sort should be able to recognize. This refers particularly to unearthing, seeing, "smelling out," so to speak, the bad or objectionable fea-

tures in investments or in business propositions as they come along and are presented. But to rely implicitly on intuition is to invite being misled.

That it is far easier to make money than to avoid losing it is well known. There are many instances where men have spent a successful lifetime in their own business and, retiring on money invested in apparently safe enterprises, have lost it all in a brief space. Their money was made by close attention to a business which they thoroly understood. Never having made a study of outside investments and being too self-satisfied and self-confident as a result of past successes to consult an authority, have fallen easy victims to the fallibility of their intuition and to the wiles of the unscrupulous promoter.

In what follows we shall briefly address ourselves to this class of investors as well as to those who are anxious to place their small savings at work so that the maximum of return consistent with safety may be obtained. We shall address ourselves primarily to those men whose business has never led them to study security values and whose time has been too much occupied in their regular business to admit such study.

Volumes have been written on how to select a good bond or other investment security. We will, for the moment, take the other tack and enumerate some of the manifest pitfalls that must be avoided; some of the things to steer clear of when considering investing one's hard-earned surplus funds.

No doubt every business man, once he shows signs of even limited prosperity, will soon receive a call from the

Railroad Bond Investments

WE have prepared a book that describes sixteen sound railroad bond issues. It contains maps of each road, showing in color the mileage covered by the mortgages securing each issue.

In addition, a table shows the 10-year range of prices of the bonds described, and approximate yields at recent prices.

A limited number of these books is available to *investors*, upon request at any of our offices.

It is part of our service to assist you in solving your individual investment problem. Call at our nearest office or send us a list of your investments for review; we shall be pleased to give you our recommendations.

MAIN OFFICE: GUARANTY TRUST COMPANY BUILDING 140 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

OTHER OFFICES:

NEW YORK

Fifth Ave. & 44th St.
Madison Ave. & 60th St.

ALBANY, N. Y.

ATLANTA, GA.

BALTIMORE, MD.

BETHLEHEM, PA.

BOSTON, MASS.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

CHICAGO, ILL.

CINCINNATI, O.

CLEVELAND, O.

ERIE, PA.

HARRISBURG, PA.

HARTFORD, CONN.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

PORTLAND, MAINE

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

READING, PA.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

SCRANTON, PA.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WILKES-BARRE, PA.

Guaranty Company of New York



Safeguard Your Travel Funds

Anxiety concerning your money
is a poor traveling companion

Experienced travelers everywhere
carry—

K. N. & K.
Travel Checks

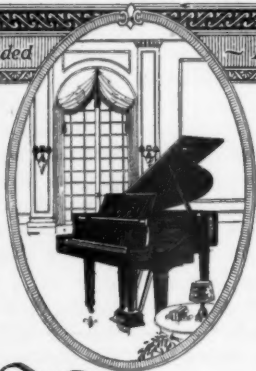
because of their safety and availability.

Sold in denominations of \$10, \$20,
\$50 and \$100 by thousands of banks
throughout the United States or they
may be secured from

Knauth Nachod & Kuhne
Equitable Building NEW YORK

Founded

1869



Krakauer

INSPIRING concerts in your own
home! Supreme piano playing by
the world's greatest masters! A
repertoire of thousands of composi-
tions! Such is the inexhaustible en-
joyment and entertainment command-
ed by owners of the Krakauer
Reproducing Piano. Designed in both
Upright and Grand Models.

Catalog of upright, grand, player
and reproducing pianos on request

KRAKAUER BROS.
215 Cypress Ave., New York City

A Half-Century of Quality Production

stock salesman or promoter. Left to himself the latter will soon show his hand in such a way that, by observing a few of the following rules, his sincerity, or lack of it, may easily be detected.

If he ridicules the ordinary and time-honored methods of investing money, as in savings banks, first-mortgage bonds of comparatively low yield, real estate mortgages and the like, pass him by. He is not serious.

If he promises huge dividends which seem to you out of proportion with the possibilities of the business, do not believe him just because he says so. Do a little detective work on your own hook.

If he offers you the stock in a company purporting to have real earning power and real assets at a price which looks to you ridiculously low, trust him not. The chances are that his enterprise is a fake. You can afford to take no chances when there are so many really legitimate investments in the market.

If he is in an abnormal hurry to get your subscription and your money, fight shy of him. He doesn't want to give you a chance to think it over or talk with any of your hard-headed friends about it. If you do he knows he is lost.

If he tells you the price of the stock he is offering will be advanced in a few days, "by order of the Board of Directors," using this as an argument to hurry you, decline to be in a hurry and do not let such arguments influence you. It is better to be safe than sorry.

If he tells you that only a limited number of shares can be allotted to you or to any one person, do not believe him. If you should, foolishly, offer to buy all the stock he has, you could, undoubtedly, get it.

Avoid getting into a company without a record of its own whose promoters remind you of the fortunes that have been made by early investors in such well-known enterprises as Calumet and Hecla, Bell Telephone, Standard Oil and the like, and who use the phenomenal success of these companies as an argument to sell you something that will make you rich over night. This is an old and popular game that has been worked over and over again, and is still working.

A Far-Sighted Banker's Idea of Advertising

by FESTUS J. WADE

President, MERCANTILE TRUST COMPANY of St. Louis

DO I believe that a banker considers reputation, as developed by advertising, in extending credit? There probably are bankers who will give a negative answer to this question and believe they are giving the right answer.

But let those bankers be approached by a credit-seeking national advertiser, who has established his name, therefore a market for his goods, and see what happens. In nine cases out of ten the fact that those goods have become a household "buy-word" will be the greatest factor in granting the credit.

The banker himself will have become subconsciously sold on the firm, through its consistent advertising. He will say, "Oh,

yes, that's a big house—well known, good reputation," etc., not realizing that it was advertising that did the work.

The next minute he may be approached by a new company, trying to make its name, and turn down the loan because too much of it is to be spent for the purpose of advertising. In the first application he has helped the big advertiser to cash in on his reputation, and in the second was depriving the newcomer of the right to build a reputation. This is only a hypothetical case, and I am glad to say I don't believe it happens as often as it did in the past. Just as we learn something new every day, so every day another banker wakes up to the underlying power and pull of advertising.

CURRENT OPINION

in cooperation with The American Association of Advertising Agencies

By the same token avoid buying the stock of a company, actually in business, that has the most flattering prospects for future earnings with the addition of the new money you are asked to contribute, but whose past earnings have been a disappointment.

These are some of the symptoms the would-be investor should be able to detect on sight. The theory of the unscrupulous stock salesman is that there is a "sucker born every minute." Decline to be one of them.

To the investor of limited means we recommend, with the advice and assistance of a reliable broker, a careful, analytical study of the many legitimate investments the market affords. We realize, however, that many private investors cannot possibly understand all the intricacies of corporate matters; they do not, as a rule, comprehend corporate bookkeeping, and no wonder. The interpretation of the balance sheet of our large corporations is a matter for experts. Their affairs are so interwoven that it is almost impossible to state in simple words the information it is necessary to convey. One must dig deep to get at all the crucial facts.

It is the aim of CURRENT OPINION to assist small investors whose training has been along other lines than the interpretation of corporate accounts and statements and to direct their minds to thinking in terms of sound investments rather than speculative ventures.

It is essential to know at the outset that the most conservative securities are not selling at present to yield as high even as 6 per cent. An investor, however, who has the time, patience and willingness to keep in close touch with his holdings and to review their status from time to time, a 6 per cent. return or better may be had. This cannot be done, however, unless the greatest care and discrimination is exercised. Unless one is willing to devote the same time and thought to his investments as he does to his daily business, he had better forget all about 6 per cent. and buy Liberty bonds, savings bank railroad mortgages or municipal bonds to yield $4\frac{1}{2}$ or 5 per cent. in the first place.

Bonds Up or Down?

If you now hold or contemplate the purchase of Bonds as a long swing investment by all means read

Babson's REPORTS

Barometer letter just off the press. It gives you the plain unbiased facts and shows you what's coming. This information is of vital importance to every investor.

Report on Request

This Barometer Letter and Booklet—"Getting the Most From Your Money"—is available for distribution to interested investors, gratis. **Tear out the Memo—now—and hand it to your secretary when you dictate the morning's mail.**

MEMO

For Your Secretary

Write Roger W. Babson, president of Babson's Statistical Organization, Wellesley Hills, 82, Mass., as follows: Please send me Bulletin H56 and booklet "Getting the Most from Your Money"—gratis.



To the investor who is willing to watch the trend of the market closely and be prepared to move quickly one way or another at short notice, we recommend a study of the following list, by a judicious investment in which he may be able to safely maintain an average yield of 6 per cent. or better.

Of bonds we suggest:

Northern Pacific 6's.

Chesapeake and Ohio Convertible 5's.

Canadian Northern 6's.

Philadelphia Electric First Refunding $5\frac{1}{2}$'s.

Kansas City Joint Stock Land Bank Farm Loan 5's.

United Fuel and Gas Company 6's.

Dutch East Indies 40-Year 6's.

Alabama Power Company First 5's.

West Penn Power Company 6's.

Keep His Noble Spirit Alive in the Nation

Your Best Memorial to

Theodore Roosevelt

This is for
**Current
Opinion
Readers Only**

Will be these volumes in your home

The Life and Meaning of Roosevelt and his Messages to Americans

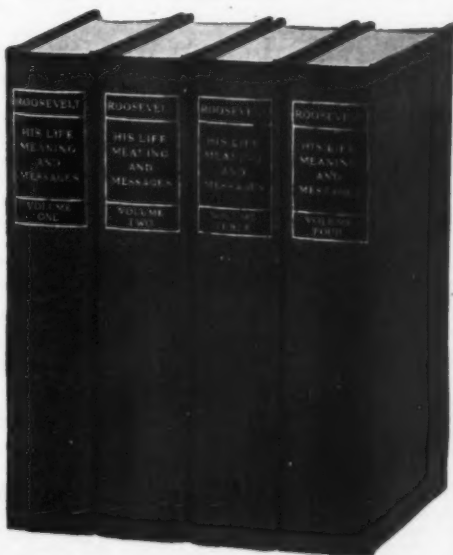
Roosevelt spoke to the hearts and souls of his countrymen as few men in all the centuries have done. Most of the men who are doing great things to-day in America in business, in social betterment, in clean politics, in statesmanship, have been inspired by Theodore Roosevelt.

He Speaks to America To-day Through These Four Volumes

In them the secrets of his marvelous power over men is explained so that those who really wish the same power may employ the same means of gaining it. These books reveal the true Roosevelt in his many-sided life and work. Volume I tells, with many stories and vivid narratives, the thrilling history of his life and an interpretation of its meaning for Americans to-day. Mr. Roosevelt himself read and strongly approved this later portion of the volume by Eugene Thwing.

Volumes II and III contain Theodore Roosevelt's stirring addresses and messages by which he roused the moral conscience of the American people on matters of The Square Deal in Business, corporate wealth, the relations of capital and labor, child labor, the tariff, the federal land policy, and the development of our inland waterways.

In Volume IV are gathered his important addresses and messages on Americanism, Preparedness, and the great National duties and ideals thrust upon the Nation during the four years of world war. With these thrilling utterances Theodore Roosevelt woke the Soul of America and made it possible for the country to meet its greatest task and achieve its greatest service and glory.



The volumes are full library size, 5½x8½ inches each

Let Us Send You These Books for 5 Days—FREE

We find that we have on hand a larger supply of these volumes than we will need for use in the next few months, so that we are very glad to lend these books to Current Opinion readers for five days, feeling that after you have examined them, you would not be without them for several times the price that we ask.

You need therefore send no money. Simply sign and mail the coupon to-day and the books will be sent promptly for examination. After five days' examination you may return them to us and you will owe us nothing, or if you keep them you need send only \$6.80 for these four priceless volumes of the life of this great American.

You can be an inspirer of men—a leader and man of power if you study the life and words of Roosevelt, who was the greatest human inspirer of manhood the age has ever seen.

What value is truth if it does not strike into the souls of men? Study these four volumes and learn how to get a grip on the souls of men.

SEND NO MONEY

CURRENT OPINION
48-50 West 47th St.
New York City

Send me the four volumes of The Life and Meaning of Roosevelt which you will lend to me for five days' examination. At the end of that time I will either return the books and owe you nothing or you may bill me for \$6.80, the entire cost of these four volumes.

Current Opinion

48-50 West Forty-Seventh Street
New York City

CLIP AND MAIL TO-DAY

NAME

ADDRESS

C. O. 8-22

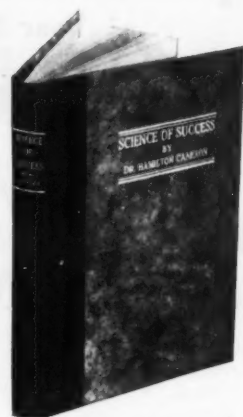
SUCCESS

No Longer a Matter of "LUCK"

now a

Scientific Certainty

To One Who Follows Its Simple Laws



Dr. Hamilton Cameron, in his brief, practical and lucid publication, *Science of Success*, gives you:

- I. A practical method of self-analysis and self-instruction—to help you develop your success qualities.
- II. A comprehensive visualized record of your individuality and personality; a vivid picture of you—The Mental Man.
- III. A personal record chart that will serve as a working guide for advancement and achievement.
- IV. A practical plan to acquire and develop the Four Elements and the Great Fundamental Principles of Success Science.

Authorities Say of It:

B. C. FORBES OF FORBES MAGAZINE—"Your *Science of Success* is worthy the delightful dress in which it appears. I am glad you emphasize the value of courage because I have found that many men who think they are ambitious have only a wish-bone and no backbone. The larger the sale of your inspiring volume, the better it will be for the nation."

THE BUSINESS EDUCATOR—"The aim of this beautifully bound book is to help you help yourself. It will instruct, inspire and stimulate thought and action through a logical and simple exposition of the practical philosophy and psychology of individual success."

HUDSON OBSERVER—"On the subject of how to succeed Dr. Cameron's *Science of Success* is without exception the best treatise ever printed. It is not only a study in psychology, but is a fountain of knowledge and through its simplicity

and descriptive charts can readily be digested by the lay mind."

J. W. ELLIOTT OF THE MAN MESSAGE CORPORATION—"Science of Success is a book that I will keep close through all the years, for within its pages I find that something which helps to Keep On Keeping On."

FILING & OFFICE MANAGEMENT—"Of the many books that have been written on success, the work of Dr. Cameron stands out as one of the leaders because of his brilliant handling. He has written in such a way as to visualize his ideas to the reader and to stimulate him to better work."

CECIL A. ROSS, HARVARD UNIVERSITY—"The Dean and Faculty of the Graduate School of Business Administration would appreciate it if you would cooperate by placing in the library of the school a copy of *Science of Success*."

Special Offer to Current Opinion Readers!

This de luxe volume was made in the famous Roycroft Shops to sell at \$7.50. It is printed on special deckle-edge paper from classic type, bound in rich purple half leather, gold titles and tops, silk ribbon marker at

One Third Regular Price

We have been able to secure just a few copies of this dynamic little book for our readers at only \$2.50 each. An unprecedented value.

SEND COUPON TO-DAY

CURRENT OPINION,

48-50 W. 47th St., New York, N. Y.

Please send me, charges prepaid, *Science of Success*, by Dr. Hamilton Cameron. Half-leather binding. \$2.50 enclosed.

Name

Address

City..... State.....

C.O. 8-22

How Applied Psychology

("Organized Common Sense")

Will Increase Your Earnings

Another man started even with you in life, no richer, no more talented, no more ambitious. But in the years that have passed he has somehow managed to move far ahead. What is the secret of it? Why should he, apparently, have the power to get so easily the things he wants while you must work so hard for all that comes to you?

Another woman, madam, no more able than yourself, has the good gifts of life fairly thrust into her hands. You have compared yourself to her and questioned what there is in her character and talents that you somehow lack.

Learn the Reason From Science

Scientists have found the secret. They can show you how you, too, can obtain the better things of life. How you can arouse the hidden powers of your mind and make them bring you more influence, a larger income, greater happiness.

Human intelligence acts and reacts according to certain laws known as the laws of

Psychology—"organized common sense." Either by instinct or by study some individuals master these laws. To them the minds of their associates become like fine instruments on which they can play at will. They have but to set the train of circumstances moving and await results. In other words—they apply Psychology.

No Longer the Dream of Theorists

To-day we see Psychology studied by the business man and its principles applied to the management of factory and office. We see men in every profession, as well as those in many lines of industry and business, ap-

plying Psychology to their personal occupations, and from the benefits derived from it greatly increasing their incomes, enlarging the scope of their activities, rising to higher positions of responsibility, influence and power.

Psychology the Direct Method for Success

Recognizing the need for a popular understanding of its priceless truths, an organization was founded by Mr. Warren Hilton some years ago to coordinate the principles of Psychology and apply them to every-day life—thus the Society of Applied Psychology came into being. Among the members of the Advisory Board, who also contribute to the Society's literature, are such well-known men as Henry A. Buchtel, D.D., LL.D., Chancellor, University of Denver, former Governor of Colorado; Hudson Maxim, D.Sc., Inven-

tor and Mechanical Engineer; George Van Ness Dearborn, M.D., Ph.D., Psychologist and Author; Harry S. Tipper, Chairman, National Educational Committee, Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, and others.

Because of the very great value of the Society's Basic Course of Reading to the average man and woman, *The Literary Digest* is cooperating to bring it within the means of every earnest seeker for self-betterment.

FREE—"How to Develop Your Power of Achievement"

A compelling booklet packed with information on such topics as: Psychology reduced to easy, simple language; How to Apply Psychology in Salesmanship; in Public Speaking; in Retail Selling—Psychology Applied by the Professional Man—Your Undiscovered Resources—Source of Will Power—How to Avoid Worry—How Ideas are Created—The Ability to Read Men,—etc. Sign and mail coupon and you will also receive full particulars of the Society of Applied Psychology, and what membership in it will mean to you.

THE LITERARY DIGEST

354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York City

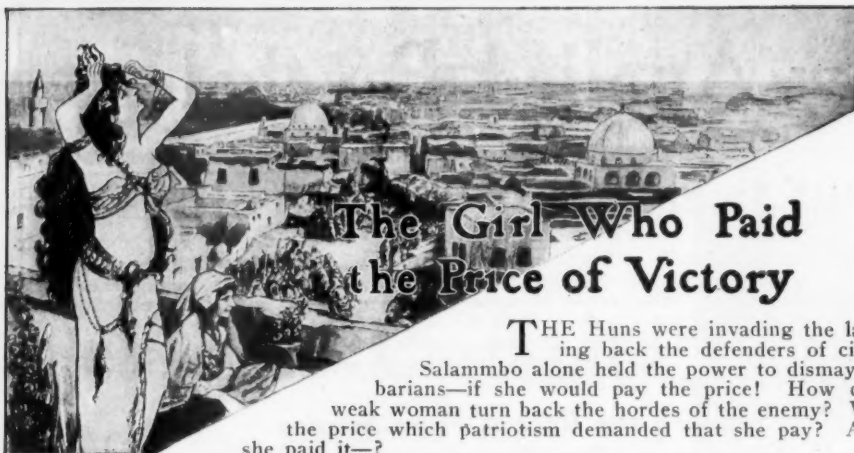
C.O. 8-22

Please send me by mail the free booklet, "How to Develop Your Power of Achievement."

Name

Street Address

City..... State.....



The Girl Who Paid the Price of Victory

THE Huns were invading the land, beating back the defenders of civilization. Salamambo alone held the power to dismay the Barbarians—if she would pay the price! How could one weak woman turn back the hordes of the enemy? What was the price which patriotism demanded that she pay? And when she paid it—?

In Salamambo we walk the streets of the superstitious city. The brutal, uncontrolled Barbarians stare us in the face. We are held in suspense as Matho, the giant Libyan, searches the forbidden temple, steals the sacred veil of the Goddess, and makes his wonderful escape. We tremble for the fascinating Salamambo as she goes on the fearful trip which saves her city, and we follow Hamilcar as he maneuvers to defeat the enemy ten times his number. This great romance teems with dramatic situations that defy description.

This is but one of the irresistible stories offered you in the works of France's great writer of realism and romance. You may now examine his complete works in your own home.

The Fascinating Works of Gustave Flaubert

Ten volumes which contain some of the greatest of all French writings. Flaubert was the originator of realism in French literature. He is supreme in the art of word-painting. He creates characters which fascinate you and tells their stories with a vividness and power that are irresistible.

Vivid Pictures of French Life

These wonderful stories describe French life intimately—the gaiety and darning of the Parisienne, the intimate secrets of the demi-monde, the simple existence of the peasants. *Madame Bovary* is the world's masterpiece of naturalistic romance. It tells the story of its characters, their ideals and aspirations, their frailties and falls, with wonderful frankness, truth and power. *Sentimental Education* constructs a perfect image of the lives of men and women in Paris, evading none of their problems, veiling none of their faults, telling all the truth, whether it illustrates the lofty or the base in human nature. Every one of the many stories in this great set has an individual charm, both for its subject matter and for its style. Once you read Flaubert, you will always delight in the fascination of his writings.

Romance Never Surpassed

The romances in Flaubert have held the world of Book-Lovers enthralled. The development of their magnificent plots, their beauty and power of expression, their frankness and courage, make them incomparable. Nothing in all literature is more superbly romantic than *The Temptation of St. Anthony*. The gripping story of the immortal Herodias and the beautiful Salome is told with a beauty unsurpassed. Any selection you make from this wonderful set, whether it be *The Castle of Hearts*, *A Simple Soul*, *St. Julien the Hospitaller*, or any of the many others, will offer you the same fascinating entertainment and superb literary form. For Flaubert never fails to strike a responsive chord in the hearts and minds of his readers. He tears aside the veil of pretense, of propriety, and paints the naked human soul in burning words of truth, whether they honor or damn.

Ten Volumes—Sent on Approval—Send No Money Now

These ten volumes with their wealth of good reading, their 24 rotogravure illustrations and substantial binding will be sent for examination without obligating you in any way to purchase them. You may examine them in your own home for ten days. Judge for yourself whether you need these books and then if you wish return them to us. All that you must do now is to send the coupon so that one of these sets may be reserved for you.

FREE EXAMINATION COUPON

Wm. H. Wise & Co., Publishers,
50 West 47th St., New York, N. Y.

Send me, charges prepaid, the 10-volume set of Flaubert's works. I agree to return them within 10 days after delivery, or if I decide to keep them, I will pay \$1 after 10 days and \$2 a month for 7 months. Deduct 10% if cash in full is sent with coupon.

Name

Address

Occupation C.O. 8-22

Special Price On 200 Sets—Act Now

These two hundred sets of the great French master are the last sets in existence of this edition and were sold to us by the St. Dunstan Society in order to realize cash on their stock. They were bought at a price for which they could not be manufactured now. We were able to get only two hundred sets, which are on their way to our stockroom in New York. When these sets are sold the works of Gustave Flaubert will be available only in the binding costing over \$50.00. If you want these books you must act immediately. Shipments will be made in the order of their receipt up to two hundred. Now while you have this page before you sign the coupon and fill in your name and address and mail before it is too late to take advantage of this wonderful offer.

WM. H. WISE & CO., 50 W. 47th St., New York City

The Foundation of World Literature for Less Than \$20.00

Once in a lifetime comes a real opportunity to add to your collection, those books which must be found in any complete library, at a price which is within the reach of all. This opportunity comes to you at this time because we have sold all of our plates and are taking this method of disposing of our manufactured books which are on hand. They are being offered to you at just the cost of production in order to make the offer so attractive that we can dispose of these books within thirty days.

These are the volumes which are offered to you at less than half of their former price and at a price at which you will never be able to buy them again.

A HISTORY OF FLORENCE, by Machiavelli. Distinguished in an age noted for subtlety and evasion by its absolute candor and courage of expression. Pronounced by Hallam, the great historian of the Middle Ages, to be an immortal example of what history should be. Machiavelli marks the path of true historical narrative for those who follow him.

THE FEDERALIST (2 vols.), written by Alexander Hamilton, James Madison and John Jay in support of the Constitution of 1789 and largely responsible for its adoption in face of strong opposition. It has been called the greatest exposition of sane politics ever penned, and the most lucid statement of the principles of federal government ever made.

FRENCH BELLES LETTRES: The humor, sentiment and romance found in Flaubert, Lamartine, Mérimée and others. No literature in the world can be said to surpass the French. This volume gives a sweeping view of French literature for 230 years.

ENGLISH BELLES LETTRES. Covering English literature up to 1834. An epitome of the highest and most ennobling in nine hundred years in the making of English literature, containing much of the truest genius, wisdom and romance shined in the English tongue.

HEBRAIC LITERATURE. Comprising translations from the Talmud, Midrashim and Kabbala. In the Talmud is contained the very life of the Jewish race. The Midrashim are expositions of Jewish legends

and the Kabbala is the foundation of Jewish Metaphysics.

THE REPUBLIC AND STATESMAN OF PLATO are an epitome of Plato's entire philosophy and of his doctrine concerning morality. The dialogues seek to prove that the end of all legislation should be the improvement of the morals and physical condition of men.

OTTOMAN LITERATURE. Embracing the poets and poetry of Turkey. Orientals write poetry to express emotions, not to tell events, and this is the key to Oriental poetry which in its passion stands alone among the literatures.

THE QUATRAINS OF OMAR KHAYYAM. Comprising the various editions of Edward Fitzgerald's paraphrase. The complete Quatrains afford new views of Omar and dispel many of the illusions that have prevailed about his infidelity.

CONVERSATION WITH ECKERMAN. Being appreciations and criticisms on many subjects, by Goethe. Priceless interviews with Goethe extending over ten years, revealing the poet, scientist, philosopher and intellectual giant as none of his books can.

CLASSICAL (IMAGINARY) CONVERSATIONS (GREEK, ROMAN, AND MODERN), by Walter Savage Landor. Landor's learning was varied, his imagination vivid and his power of expression incomparable.

UNIVERSAL CLASSIC MANUSCRIPTS

In a portfolio, chronologically arranged, are contained over seventy copies of original manuscripts of importance with the autographs of kings, queens, statesmen, generals, etc. They include documents from 1419 when Henry V of England was king, through the period of Michael Angelo, Mary Queen of Scots, Sir Walter Raleigh, Oliver Cromwell, Rousseau, John Wesley, George Washington, George Eliot and Queen Victoria. This is a valuable addition to your library and an interesting study in itself.

The volumes named above will be sold until exhausted at the price of \$1.80 each or for the eleven, \$19.80; but to all who order the eleven volumes, the Universal Classic Manuscripts which sell alone for \$5.00 will be included entirely free. You need not send any money now. Tell us to send any one or all of the books. If less than the full number are ordered you may pay the postman \$1.80 per volume plus the cost of the postage. If all eleven volumes are ordered we will include the manuscripts and you need pay only \$5.00 when the books are delivered and \$5.00 per month until the balance is paid. This offer holds good only while we have the remaining volumes in stock and so we advise your writing to tell us your wishes to-day.

ST. DUNSTAN SOCIETY - 48 WEST 47th ST., NEW YORK CITY



Hidden Gold on Treasure Island

Treasure Island and we're anchored at last! Pirates in our own crew have incited the seamen to mutiny! Shore leave for all hands to avoid an outbreak. Jim Hawkins goes along to spy while shanghaied Ben Gunn awaits his opportunity!

There are many climaxes just as thrilling. Each story is told in a way that makes you catch your breath.

The Masterpieces of

ROBERT
LOUIS

STEVENSON

in 9 volumes—Treasure Island, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Kidnapped, New Arabian Nights, Travels with a Donkey, An Inland Voyage, Child's Garden of Verse, Familiar Studies, Virginibus Puerisque, Master of Ballantrae. What a Galaxy of Names! The masterpieces which immortalized Stevenson. Just the books you want to read—probably as many as you would read if you purchased his complete writings containing three times as many volumes. These nine volumes contain Stevenson's best stories, finest essays, most beautiful poetry and are yours at the ridiculously low price of

ONLY \$8 INCLUDING CURRENT OPINION

(To Subscribers—For 9 Volumes Only \$6)

CURRENT OPINION is often called "the best of all the magazines in one." If you have time to read no other magazine it will keep you well informed and up to date. It covers the world's activities in politics at home and abroad, modern business, science, the stage, literature and art. If you enjoy Stevenson, the world's greatest story teller, you will enjoy CURRENT OPINION and the short story it publishes each month selected by the O. Henry Memorial Committee as the best in current periodical literature. CURRENT OPINION is indispensable to the busy man or woman who wants to keep abreast of what all the world's doing.

CURRENT OPINION,
50 W. 47th St., New York, N. Y.

Send me the nine volumes of Stevenson's masterpieces and CURRENT OPINION for one year. I will send you \$1 within five days of their receipt and \$1 a month for the succeeding seven months, total only \$8 for the books and magazine.

To subscribers \$6 for books only.

Name

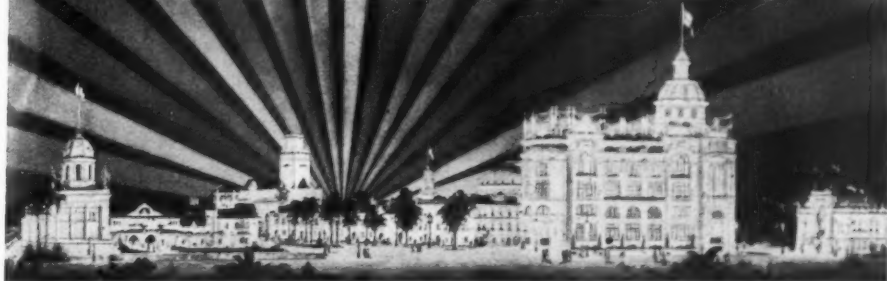
Address C.O. 8-22

The Special Art Binding

gray covers, two color decoration, has been selected with an eye to beauty and durability. This combination offer is being made at this exceedingly low price to win new friends for CURRENT OPINION—new friends who will become life-long friends through the value of this offer and through the interest in the pages of each magazine as it appears.

SIGN AND MAIL COUPON TO-DAY

CURRENT OPINION



GORGEOUS ILLUMINATION EFFECTS THAT FEATURE THE BRAZILIAN CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION

It opens at Rio de Janeiro this month, commemorating 100 years of Brazilian independence. A distinguished American delegation headed by Secretary of State Hughes is attending the opening.



© Harris & Ewing

SIGNING A TREATY OF GOOD OMEN TO SOUTH AMERICA

Secretary Hughes officiating as master of ceremonies at the Tacna-Arica conference in Washington when Chile and Peru came to terms over disputed territory.



AFTER 24 YEARS HE IS DECORATED FOR CARRYING "A MESSAGE TO GARCIA"
Major Andrew S. Rowan, U. S. A., whose famous exploit was immortalized by Elbert Hubbard, has
been rewarded by the War Department with a D. S. C. and Silver Star citation.



© Keystone View Co.

**"HE WOULDN'T HURT A FLEA." RECALLED GOV. ALLEN, AFTER THREATENING
WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE WITH PRISON**

Editor White, shown here, posted strikers' sympathy cards in his newspaper office at Emporia, in defiance of Kansas law, and suffered a "complimentary arrest."



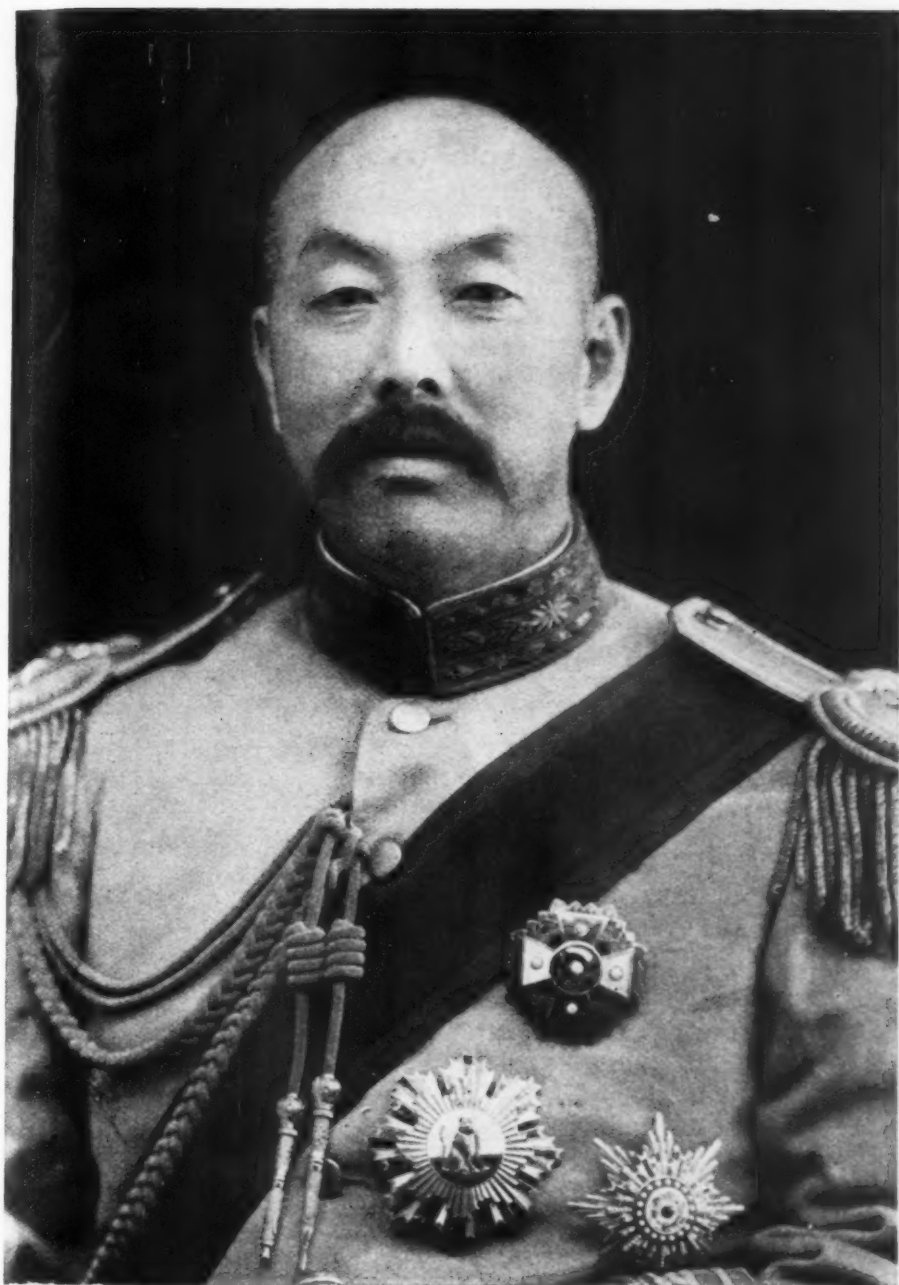
© International

ON HIS 83RD BIRTHDAY HE KEPT A BARGAIN
John D. Rockefeller gave photographers permission to take his picture if they would attend a church service a few Sundays ago. They attended and were rewarded.



© Underwood

AT 84 THIS MERCHANT PRINCE WRITES HIS OWN ADS
John Wanamaker began doing so in 1912 to "kill time," at his son's suggestion. Thousands of them have since been published and 1,000 or more "scrapped" as "flivvers."



© International

HE IS CALLED THE "MARSHAL FOCH" OF CHINA

General Shen Li-Chen has won a high place in military history through his work in the Chinese Civil War.



"G. SWOPE, HELPER, \$1 PER DAY"

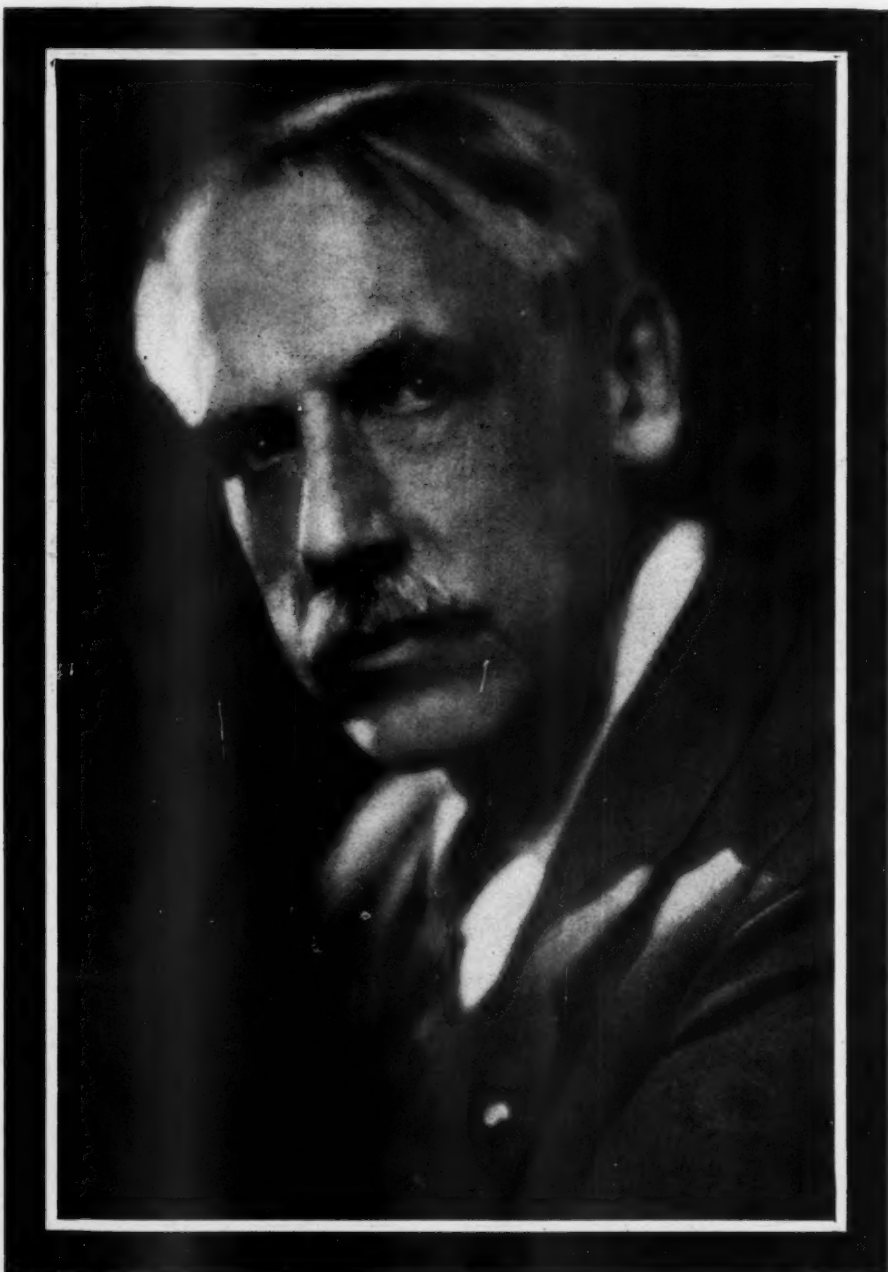
Thus the name of Gerard Swope appeared on the General Electric Co.'s payroll in 1893. To-day he is president of the company.



© Wide World Photos

ANATOLE FRANCE REGARDS IT AS A "DISTINCTION" TO HAVE HIS BOOKS BANNED BY
THE HOLY ROMAN CHURCH

The famous French author, accompanied by his newly-wed wife on the Riviera, "doubts whether it
will cause many good Catholics to cease reading him."



© Davis & Sanford

EDWARD JEWITT WHEELER

March 2, 1859—July 15, 1922

"He recorded current opinion, but he also helped notably to elevate and ennoble it by his own opinions fearlessly expressed."

Edward J. Wheeler: A Notable Record and Recollection

DR. EDWARD JEWITT WHEELER, who for seventeen years had been chief editor of *CURRENT OPINION*, succumbed to a lingering illness on July 15 last, at the age

of sixty-three, concluding a long and honorable career. It is not often, in a troubled time of reconstruction and readjustment, that so many thousands of men and women in every walk of life are shocked into mourning by the realization that a magazine editor with claims to greatness

has laid down his pen. Dr. Wheeler, as someone has said, was "one of the best friends that twentieth-century American civilization ever had."

Succeeding to the editorship of *CURRENT OPINION* (then *Current Literature*) in 1905, Dr. Wheeler expressed an editorial ideal that has continued to shape the life of *CURRENT OPINION*. He said:

"Nothing will sooner bring harmony into the discords of the world than a clear and just understanding of what one another's thoughts and purposes actually are. To bring about such an understanding, which

is the mission of this magazine, is more possible to-day than ever before. . . .

This magazine is not an organ of personal views or partisan interests. It is absolutely independent of any trammels, political, religious or financial, that might interfere with the impartial presentation of the truth as seen by many minds

from many angles. It does not appeal to prejudice or passion, except as the love of truth and justice becomes a passion. It strives to increase the sense of universal brotherhood by increasing the general understanding of one another's point of view."

CURRENT OPINION, under his direction, performed, as it will continue to perform, this service.

Night's Mardi Gras

By EDWARD J. WHEELER

NIGHT is the true democracy. When day

Like some great monarch with his train has passed

In regal pomp and splendor to the last,
The stars troop forth along the Milky Way,

A jostling crowd, in radiant disarray,
On heaven's broad boulevard in pageants vast.

And things of earth, the hunted and out-cast,

Come from their haunts and hiding places; yea,

Even from the nooks and crannies of the mind

Visions uncouth and vagrant fancies start,

And specters of dead joy, that shun the light,

And impotent regrets and terrors blind,
Each one, in form grotesque, playing its part

In the fantastic Mardi Gras of Night.

It was a month before his death that Dr. Wheeler was removed from his New York City residence to a favored resort in the Adirondacks. In him at that time was every hope of life—a hope that was not to be realized. In going away he had been preceded in 1917 by his wife, after a long married life of mutual devotion.

Among the many offices filled by Dr. Wheeler, aside from his editorial office, it is probable that he took chiefest pride, as its first president, in launching some ten years ago and later shaping the course of the Poetry Society of America. No worthy movement in any direction, however, no worthy cause that solicited his support failed of getting it in generous measure. They are too numerous to mention.

Graduated from Ohio Wesleyan University in 1879 the future editor migrated to New York with a sheaf of juvenile verses in his pocket and found a publisher for them in the Funk

and Wagnalls Company. Rather more than incidentally he found an editorship, that of a Prohibition organ, *The Voice*, and he was prominent in the early Prohibition movement. Later he was for fifteen years editor of *The Literary Digest*.

Dr. Wheeler was a Litt.D. and trustee of Ohio Wesleyan University and a governor of the

National Arts Club. He was a directing force in many other organizations. During the war he was one of a group of American editors who went to Europe as guests of the British government. While in England they were tendered a dinner by the London *Times*, at which Dr. Wheeler

presided. He was decorated by the French Government in recognition of his eminent editorial services in support of the Allies.

On July 17 the funeral service was conducted by Bishop William Fraser McDowell, a college classmate, at the Madison Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, in New York, of which he was a member, and the hon-

Edward Jewitt Wheeler

March 11, 1859—July 15, 1922

EDWARD JEWITT WHEELER, Editor of *CURRENT OPINION*, died July 15, at Lake Placid, N. Y. During forty years of his splendid life he was associated with Funk & Wagnalls Company, and for fifteen of these years he was the Editor of *The Literary Digest*.

During all that period of close business association with our house his smile was always serene, and in his presence it seemed as if the sun was always shining. His lips were never heard to utter an unkind or ungenerous remark about any one. His was a great soul. His heart beat in sympathy with every good thing not only in the land of his birth but throughout the world. So it was well said of him by Bishop William F. McDowell, at the funeral service in the Madison Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, New York, that like the Roman youth, Marius, who carried the white bird unsullied through the market-place, Edward Jewitt Wheeler bore his soul pure and white through the market-place of the world to God.—From *The Literary Digest*, July 29, 1922.

orary pall-bearers were Willis O. Robb, John G. Agar, Major George Haven Putnam, William B. Randall, Francis H. Sisson, Miles M. Dawson, Robert J. Cuddihy, William H. Wise, Dr. Frank Crane, Hamlin Garland, Chester M. Cloud, Dr. John H. Finley and William Griffith.

Bishop McDowell, in his sermon, said in substance:

Dr. Wheeler's life at its beginning took the direction it could well keep until the end. I do not mean to say that in college he was a saint. I do mean that in all the elements of reality and genuineness the life that was in him then was the life that was in him to the days you knew. It was a life that interested itself in the best things and nourished itself in the highest things. Through the years he wrote much in many forms; spoke freely on many subjects; mingled constantly with the men of this great city and with the men of the larger world. He never gave his potent pen to the advocacy of anything low or mean or unworthy, and never failed

to use both pen and voice in the service of the things that are true, honorable, just, pure, lovely and of good report.

Men here know the opportunities this writing man has had in this city, in these years, to sell his influence. Men here also know that like Marius the Epicurean he carried his soul like a white bird across the market-place of the world and

did not allow a spot to fall upon it.

I do not wish to make him anything else than what he was. I only wish you might all have known him as he was through the years. I knew his father well. If I had been his father I think he was the kind of a son I should have been proud to have. If I had been his son I think

From the Publisher

IN the death of Edward Jewitt Wheeler CURRENT OPINION has suffered the loss of a great editor, and his associates the loss of a beloved friend. Added to Dr. Wheeler's fine principles and scholarly attainments were the warm qualities of human affection, consideration, gentleness and justice that made association with him a privilege and daily contact a never failing source of inspiration.

At all times deeply conscious of his responsibility to the public, Dr. Wheeler brought to his work an exalted sense of service and established a high standard to which CURRENT OPINION'S future is committed.

We shall endeavor to honor his memory by carrying forward the plans of the leader and friend for whom we now mourn.—WM. H. WISE, President.

he was the kind of father I should have liked him to be. Being his friend, I speak for myself, for one other in this company, and for many beside in saying that he was the kind of friend we wanted to have. He has lived among you these years, has won high recognition among you, high recognition in the world, and has gone with clean hands up the hill of the Lord.

Following are extracts from hundreds of written tributes to the memory of Dr. Wheeler:

Dr. Wheeler was in touch with the mind of the world. It was essential that one in his position should be a man of tolerant spirit, willing to hear and able to see all sides of a question, and yet of clear vision and discernment. He could not be provincial. Current affairs run round the world and he who follows them must be prepared to make "successive journeys" with the sun, which does not halt at every boundary. Though one of the most tolerant of men, Dr. Wheeler had ever the courage to speak and write for causes that he believed would make for the righteousness of his own nation and of the world, even when some of these causes seemed for the time hopeless. He recorded current opinion, but he also helped notably to elevate and ennoble it by his own opinions fearlessly expressed.—*John H. Finley.*

When I saw him last I was impressed, deeply impressed, with the courage he showed. Nothing in life could conquer it and death changed its manifestation only.—*John G. Agar, president National Arts Club.*

The Poetry Society can never forget his devoted, patient and fruitful services, nor his wise and friendly smile.—*Witter Bynner, president Poetry Society of America.*

In the whole editorial field in this country, I don't believe there was a man of finer fiber and spirit than Edward J. Wheeler.—*Herbert S. Houston.*

In the three years I have known him, as I had come to know him, through our work on the O. Henry Memorial Committee of the Society of Arts and Sciences, I have ex-

perienced for him a growing admiration. It seems to me he summed up the word gentleman in the best sense: that, without being narrowly perfect, he came as near human perfection as one may.—*Blanche Colton Williams.*

I know of no one whose life expressed more clearly and forcefully the highest possible ideals of mind and character. They were ideals of his daily life and work.—*Albert Britt, president of Outing.*

He was the true type of American nobleman, gentle, considerate and high-minded. He always had the best interests of America in his mind and he will be missed by all who knew him.—*William Neisel, of the Funk & Wagnalls Company.*

It was a pleasure to discuss international affairs with this unaffected learned American who was an admirer of France and to whose literary family I can but feebly express my profound sympathy.—*Jonas Lippmann.*

Without him the Poetry Society will never be the same. So long he was the wise administrator, the urbane guide, that we had come to lean upon his judgment as final. . . . He helped to gather and unify the many strands that have woven the fabric of the poetry of this century and helped to give poetry place and power in our literature.—*Anna Catherine Markham, secretary Poetry Society of America.*

We at Westerleigh, Staten Island, recall his large public spirit in the interest of the community, and his great and distinguished position in the editorial branch of American letters. . . . A remarkably successful career. . . . A spirit prepared for the great adventure of immortality.—*Charles R. Kingsley.*

THE CURRENT OF OPINION

The only thing to be afraid of is fear. The only thing to be suspicious of is suspicion. The only thing to hate is hate.

□ □

The most important financial question in this country is not the investment of a million dollars, but the investment of ten dollars.

□ □

When the price of gasoline was recently reduced two cents a gallon, it meant a saving of more than \$70,000,000 to the motorists of the United States.

□ □

What Causes Crime?—When the chiefs of police met in San Francisco the other day and discussed the causes of crime, it was found that they could not agree. They blamed sin upon everything, from women and glands to unemployment, prohibition and laziness.

There is but one cause of crime. It is the weakness of the moral inhibitions.

□ □

Woman and Politics—When politics comes to be understood for what it really is, that is, economics, or housekeeping, it will be handed over to the women. It is not really a man's job. The man should work, create, earn, build, get; it is the woman's place to keep, conserve, care for. To see this point would solve many political problems.

□ □

Taxing the Rich Men—A good illustration of the flabdoodle-nature of the argument that the income tax makes the rich men pay all the taxes is given in the case of the estate of the banker Jacob H. Schiff. This

was valued at nearly \$35,000,000. The taxable income from it worked out scarcely 1½ per cent. a year, for the reason that the bulk of his estate was in tax-exempt bonds. The income tax forced Schiff to take his money out of that sort of investments which build up industry and help the country, and put it into city, state and national bond issues.

□ □

The Bonus—The sensible view in regard to the bonus for ex-soldiers in the Great War, that is, the view of the most intelligent of these soldiers themselves and of the most humane and sympathetic citizens, is that the able-bodied, self-supporting ex-soldier does not want the bonus and that the whole movement savors of political clap-trap. To this may be added that no expense should be spared to take care of the disabled or assist those that are really in need.

National Commander John T. Nolan, of the National Disabled Soldiers' League, in his speech at Philadelphia, declared that the disabled men are irrevocably against the soldiers' bonus until the disabled veterans have been properly cared for.

□ □

Four New Nations—The United States on July 27th announced that it had formally recognized the Republics of Esthonia, Latvia and Lithuania, the three Baltic states carved out of the old Russian Empire, and also Albania. This should have been done long ago. The next step should be the recognition of Mexico.

N

□ □

The Sale of Honors—It has long been the custom in Great Britain to peddle out titles as a reward to

party service. Political parties need money and one of the easiest ways to get it in England is to hand over titles of lordships to millionaires. These, being mostly goops, are glad to pay for the empty honor.

During Gladstone's various periods of office sixty-seven peerages were created. Disraeli created new peerages and made no bones of saying that it was his policy to make "useful" appointments.

During the Tory epoch before Asquith came into power, the peerage came to be known as "the beerage" because of the number of brewers who were suddenly made gentlemen.

In every administration the party war-chest has gained by the conferring of honors upon persons who paid handsomely for them.

Critics say that in most instances the actual negotiations were conducted by persons who could be disavowed by the government if necessary.

Slowly the British conscience is getting stirred up over this graft.

□ □

The Soundness of America—Dr. Benjamin M. Anderson, Jr., of the Chase National Bank of New York, in an address before the National Association of Credit Men, thus stated the case of America's soundness: "America to-day is the one country in the world where Government finance is absolutely sound and currency on an unshakable gold basis, with the gold standard maintained in its full integrity by actual unhesitating redemption on demand, and with full freedom of gold export. Whatever else we do, we must not weaken the position, either of the United States Treasury or of our banking and currency system."

□ □

The Sad Plight of Anatole France—Anatole France, the aged and famous French author, has been placed on the Index Expurgatorius by the Church.

Time was when this would have been the finish of M. France. Everybody would have been afraid to read his books. Everybody would have taken the books out in the back yard and made a bonfire of them.

That time has passed, happily or unhappily, according to the way you look at it.

The only effect now will be a tremendous advertisement for France's books. For every one who is discouraged from reading them, there will be twenty who will look them up and buy them.

It is too bad about Anatole France.



SOFT MUSIC BY THE SNAKE CHARMER

—Enright in New York World.



SOME TESTS BY WHICH WE JUDGE CANDIDATES

—Johnson in *Saturday Evening Post*.

The Constitution—The proposition for an amendment to the Constitution which shall give Congress the power to annul or veto any decision of the Federal Supreme Court declaring a Federal statute unconstitutional, or the proposition to make any judicial decision a reason for recall by legislative or popular referendum, or any other sort of a proposition which shall subject the court to Congress, is vicious.

No doubt laws and conditions should be constantly changed, for the nation is growing. But it is quite as necessary that this change should be orderly as that there should be any change at all.

The very stability of the United States centers upon the slow method by which the Constitution can be changed. The people can change it whenever they wish, but they must go at this in the slow and orderly method prescribed in the Constitution itself. Any attempt to take a short cut is disastrous.

Alexander Hamilton said: "There is no liberty where the power of judging be not separate from the legislative and executive power."

George Washington said: "The constitution which at any time exists, till changed by the explicit and authentic act of the whole people, is sacredly obligatory upon all."

Chief Justice Marshall said: "To what purpose are powers limited and to what purpose is that limitation committed to writing, if these limits may, at any time, be passed by those intended to be restrained? . . . It is a proposition too plain to be contested, that either the Constitution controls any legislative act repugnant to it, or that the legislature may alter the Constitution by an ordinary act. . . . If the latter be true, then written constitutions are absurd attempts, on the part of the people, to limit a power in its own nature illimitable."

Elihu Root said: "A sovereign people which declares that all men

have certain inalienable rights, and imposes upon itself the great impersonal rules of conduct deemed necessary for the preservation of those rights, and at the same time declares that it will disregard those rules whenever, in any particular case, it is the wish of a majority of its voters to do so, establishes as complete a contradiction to the fundamental principles of our government as it is possible to conceive."

The Hennepin County Bar Association of Minnesota, after rehearsing these expressions, declared that the adoption of such amendments as have been referred to will amount to the practical abandonment of constitutional government.

The association was entirely correct in its expression of "unqualified opposition to such constitutional amendment or to any amendment of similar character as a most dangerous menace to our American Government and to American institutions."

The price of having a constitution at all is that we shall have a recognized body to interpret it.

□ □

Edith Wharton's New Novel— Elsewhere in the pages of this magazine is reviewed Mrs. Wharton's new book, "Glimpses of the Moon." It is the general policy of this magazine to present no book to its readers that is not worth buying and reading. To this policy this book of Mrs. Wharton's is the exception. We would recommend nobody to buy it or to read it.

It is difficult to understand how this sort of writing can be of any value to any human being. It may have good artistic technique, but the kind of people written about are of no value to the world either in or out of the pages of fiction.

We agree with Heywood Broun: "Even Mrs. Wharton has not sufficient skill in writing to make the doings of so dowdy a cast of characters enthralling."

A Great Book and How to Use It—"The Outline of Science," by Prof. J. Arthur Thomson, is entirely out of the ordinary.

The only criticism that can be made of it is that it is published in so expensive a form that it cannot be bought by the millions. Doubtless in time the publishers will get out a cheap edition.

For this is a book that ought to be in the place of honor and of daily use in every civilized family. It contains the fundamentals of what every growing mind should know.

It does for science what Wells did for history in his "Outline of History." That is, it gives a bird's-eye view of the whole amazing story of science and its accomplishments.

Any book that attempts to popularize science is subject to two criticisms: first, that it is too technical for the average man to understand; or, second, that it has been made inaccurate and unreliable in the effort to make it understandable. Prof. Thomson's book escapes both of these criticisms. For it is accurate and confines itself to the proven truth, and it is clearly and simply written so that the ordinary mind can understand it.

If you can possibly get the money, buy this book and read it, not cursorily as you would other books, but diligently, faithfully and daily.

It ought to be in the hands of every high-school student, and it is a crime against any boy or girl of the age of fifteen or over to deprive him of the advantages of its study.

Keep the book in your bedroom. Read a chapter or two or so every morning when you get up and every evening before you go to bed.

Re-read what you have read until you have become perfectly familiar with it. I do not hesitate to say that the contents of this book are as essential to the formation of your opinions as any book can possibly be.

Possessed of the facts of this book, you will be saved from many

a folly, superstition and hurtful fad.

Here are the foundations of our civilization. Here is the stuff of which all respectable thinking is composed.

If some lover of the human race should want to know what to do with a million dollars or so, it would be hard for him to find a better thing to do than to induce the publishers to reprint this book in cheap form and then to use his million dollars in getting a copy of it put into the hands of every growing girl and boy in the United States.

□ □

In Praise of War—

Sects of devil worshippers have been known. There are people who find joy in perversion only. Poisoning by alcohol has been crowned and garlanded by poets from time immemorial, and there are hundreds of thousands of people to-day who can conceive of having a good time only by taking this kind of drug.

But perhaps the most horrible perverts in the world are those who praise war. For war is the sum of all villainies and destroys not only the individual, but the nation and humanity itself.

George Santayana said: "There are panegyrists of war who say that without a periodical bleeding a race decays and loses its manhood. Experience is directly opposed to this shameless assertion. It is war that wastes a nation's wealth, chokes its industries, kills its flower, narrows its sympathies, condemns it to be governed by adventurers, and leaves the puny, deformed and unmanly to breed the next generation."



FEAT THAT WON RECOGNITION

—Peace in Newark News.

The Triumph of Jazz — When Princess Mary, the daughter of the King and Queen of England, gave her first entertainment as matron, a dinner dance, the other day, she introduced the jazz.

Jazz has now conquered royalty.

It began in the alley and has gradually worked up.

It has been steadily abused and has the distinction of being cursed by almost every sort of high-brow there is.

It still is with us and going strong.

Out of the nineteen dance selections at Princess Mary's party she picked just nineteen jazz compositions.

When any shop has sold anything to a member of the royal family, it is entitled to put over its door "Purveyor to H. M. the King." Irving Berlin, Jerome Kern and others now

have the right to call themselves "Musicians to H. R. H. the Princess Mary."

In the gathering at Chesterfield House were not only the King and Queen, but all the other face cards, including anybody who is anybody in England. There were gorgeous gowns and jewelry and knee breeches and red sashes and medals and everything.

But the distinguished company had to wriggle and shimmy and fox trot to jazz.

□ □

What Gompers Believes—According to Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, the industrial difficulty is not a mere quarrel over money, but a fundamental dispute between industry on the one hand and finance on the other.

"It is," he says, "a conflict between service and profit. Vast opposing forces are operating and must continue to operate until there is an adjustment that permits the supremacy of service and victory for public welfare."

The root trouble, he thinks, is that money is invested to produce profits and not to produce commodity. This is the real basis of the issue to-day.

"That is why mine owners nationally organized guard their secrets and refuse to agree upon terms with the workers. That is why railroad managers refuse to come together with the workers and agree upon terms. Management is serving profits, not production needs, and not the requirements of the people. This is the biggest fact in the whole situation. It is the fact that is at the bottom of everything."

To remedy this he suggests the establishment in industry of a uniform cost-accounting system which will make possible the scientific gathering of essential facts. And second, public access to these essential facts.

What You Pay For at the Hotel—

Every once in a while you are inclined to kick at paying three dollars for beefsteak at the hotel, when you know the steak only cost seventy cents at the butcher shop and that the farmer who raised the steer got only about five cents for the portion of it that is set before you.

But you do not reflect on the fact that it is not the steak that you are paying for, but a whole lot of other things. As George W. Hinman points out, "we are paying for the doorman, who welcomed us when we came in; the clerk who keeps the register where we wrote our names; for the bell-boy who handles our grip and shows us to the room; for the chambermaid who brings the towels that we may wash our hands; for the telephone girl who has taken the message for our reservation; for the woman who takes our hat as we enter the dining-room; for the head waiter who shows us our seat; for the other waiter who writes our order; for the bus boy who arranges the knives and forks; for the cooks in the kitchen; for the scullions that wash the dishes; for the garbage man and so on, and so on."

So long as we want other people to wait on us and are not disposed to go out and kill and eat our meat ourselves, the larger portion of every chunk of beefsteak we get must be charged to the matter of service.

□ □

When Will Gasoline Give Out?—

A question that often occurs to our minds is: What if the supply of gasoline should give out? Statistics from Washington are reassuring upon this question. Rapidly mounting gasoline reserves in the United States now represent an amount which would enable an aviator to fly around the world 350,000,000 times. He could make 200 trips to Mars and back next Sunday, when the neighbor planet will be only 42,000,000 miles away.

The United States Bureau of Mines announces that the total stocks on hand as of May 1st were 892,267,766 gallons, an increase of 38,000,000 gallons over the previous high mark by April 1st. And in the face of Attorney-General Daugherty's investigation into gasoline prices, it is quoted at 27½ cents a gallon, making the wealth represented by present reserves nearly a quarter of a billion dollars.

□ □

Can Goodness Be Scientifically Taught?—Speaking on "The Reasonableness of Science" at the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa exercises the other day, William Morris Davis, orator of the occasion, prophesied that science, not revealed religion, will determine questions of right and wrong. He proposed the study in schools and colleges of a new subject, "The Natural History of Goodness."

It will be some time before the mind of the world arrives at the point where goodness can be taught with any practical success without the authority of the Bible or the Church or some equivalent of these.

One reason is that we have always approached the matter of goodness either from the standpoint of theology which inculcates goodness as a means of getting to heaven, or from the standpoint of philosophy which teaches goodness from the standpoint of metaphysical ideas.

Somehow or other we ought to approach this most vital matter from the standpoint of the engineer. That is to say, we should study moral conditions as we study electricity. We don't waste time speculating and quarreling over what electricity is. Nobody knows what it is, and few care. What interests us in electricity is how it works, and all our ingenuity is directed toward making it work for the welfare of the human race.

This great force we call con-

science, or God, or the moral sense, is as much a mystery as electricity, if we consider its origin and nature. But it works in perfectly definite and known ways. And these ways should be studied and classified so that we can use this force as well as electric force for the benefit of humanity.

The teachings of John Dewey and the effect of such books as Robinson's "Mind in The Making" and Korzybski's "Manhood of Humanity" are to encourage us in taking this engineering point of view.

As to the method Professor Davis says: "Scientific inquiries will indeed remove the cold and hard view of ancient origin to the effect that punishment, either in this world or in hell, is the best means of suppressing evil.

"There is great need of finding something better than reward and punishment as a means of improving the world. Can the scientific study of the natural history of goodness discover something better? It ought at least try to do so, for that study includes a search for the forces by which good thoughts and actions may be encouraged and strengthened and bad ones inhibited. How will that search proceed? Undoubtedly by the standard scientific method of observation, invention, deduction, including experiment and verification; in a word, reasonably."

□ □

The Reason for Love—The woman who called her husband into court for desertion made this declaration:

"I know he is the worst man in the world, but still I want him. I have always wanted him, bad as I know him to be."

This is no new nor unusual thing, this power of bad people to inspire devoted and loyal love. It will not do to say that this woman is a silly fool. She has given us a glimpse

into the abiding mystery of love. And we know about as much about the nature and cause of love, just as we know about as much concerning life after death, as the cave-man did.

□ □

Read Henry George—A book we would advise every young person to read is Henry George's "Progress and Poverty." It makes no difference whether you believe in single tax or not. No intelligent American can afford not to read that book. It will do better than tell you what to think, for it will start you to thinking.

□ □

When Force Is Needed—We decry force as a means of progress or as a support to government. But that does not imply that force has no place. It has a place. Its place is in the hand of government to see that the will of the majority shall rule and that all changes of condition shall be accomplished in an orderly manner.

In other words, force is a delusion if applied to change conditions, but it is an absolute essential in preventing change so abrupt as to destroy the social organization.

No combination of capitalists nor organization of workers should be allowed to throttle the industry of the United States, because it cannot have its own way.

Any group can get its own way in this country, if it can convince the majority.

It must also get its way by the orderly process of law. If it becomes impatient and proceeds to mess up the place, that is the time for government to show its hand and that is the place for force and for the man with the gun.

Joubert's maxim is the sound one: "La force en attendant le droit"—Force till right is ready.

America's Example to the World

—We do not like to be chesty, to thrust our right hand into the buttoned-up front of our Prince Albert and gesticulate with our left and exclaim, "He stands before you!" But all the same, we would modestly suggest that Europeans might learn a good deal if they would come over here, study the history of America since the Great War and try to imitate our example. Of course, we have had our quota of scandals, waste, buncombe and breakage. But just the same, we have got our forty-cent dollar up to where it is worth one hundred cents plus. Although there are still many unemployed, there are not half as many as there were a year ago, nor a third as many as there were sometime before that.

We have industrial wars and rumors of wars. The air is thick with ultimatums flying back and forth from capital and labor. And to read it perhaps you would imagine everybody is quarreling and barking and nobody is at work.

Meanwhile industry is looking up and business is coming back.

"Suppose," says George W. Hinman, "this nation some two years ago had gone on inflating credit, currency, securities, speculation. Suppose instead of taking its medicine and deflating, it had gone on indulging itself in a bloated increase of prices, feverish production, wild flotation of new companies, and the excesses of frantic operations on the stock exchange. These were the ways and courses of most other countries. What would be happening to American business if American business had done the same?"

We may be very crass, uncultured and so forth, but at least we have been good sports and have been honest enough, far-sighted enough and sagacious enough to render the United States of America the soundest and healthiest nation in the world to-day.

Premier Poincaré Talks Sense—
In a Fourth of July speech in Paris M. Poincaré gave a statement of France's point of view which contains a very human note. Appealing to the Americans gathered together under the auspices of the American Chamber of Commerce, he said: "You know us; you can tell your countrymen that do not know us, or illy understand us, that we are neither bullies nor small emperors disguised as democrats, nor children that want to play at soldier games, but a peaceful, laborious people, whose soil, so often invaded, has just been devastated once more, and who ask compensation for their losses in order again to be in a position to resume their interrupted tasks. Tell them we are still the French that applauded the declaration of July 4, 1776; the French of our own declaration of rights; the French that know how to fight for France, but who do not covet supremacy."

At the same meeting Ambassador Herrick expressed the sentiment which ought to be more generally uttered: "Let us forget the past. Let us stop quarreling and work together as the soldiers did in the war. Let us forget our ill nature and drop selfishness and we will soon surmount the difficulties of the situation as they exist today."

□ □

Sursum Corda — Sursum Corda—lift up your hearts!

This is the motto which has been adopted by Urbain Ledoux.

Urbain Ledoux is one of the richest men in the country because not only does he not own anything, but he does not

need money. A man is stronger to be independently poor than to be independently rich.

Having traveled widely among the people his conviction is that what everybody needs is to lift up their hearts.

In plain English, that means that what the world needs most is courage and that what threatens the world is fear.

Mankind is rather a helpless animal on this globe.

He is in the midst of gigantic forces, material and spiritual, which he has never been able to understand.

He does not know whence he comes nor whither he goes.

His origin is a subject of dispute, his destiny is not a matter of universal agreement.

In the midst of all this, his only rational attitude is to go forward and be unafraid. Better than this no man can do.



"I THOUGHT HE WAS WORKING FOR ME"

—Enright in N. Y. Evening World.



OFF WITH THOSE SHACKLES!

—McCay in *New York American*.

How to Form Opinions from the Newspapers—In forming an opinion from reading the newspaper, we should conclude as a general rule the very opposite to appearances. Newspapers publish news. News means something unusual. What is unusual is not typical. If your newspaper, therefore, publishes some morning a number of crimes of violence, dishonesty in official life, frauds, divorces and scandals, your conclusion should be that the general tone of the public life is quite normal. This news is unusual or it would not have been printed. Some day when your newspaper publishes an account of a man paying his debts or a woman being decent, or a politician acting honorably, you may know that the situation is desperate.

As President Harding recently said: "I have no fear about the Republic. We are not only stronger, but we are morally better than when we began. If there is seeming excess of exploitation, profiteering, dishonesty and betrayal it is only because we have grown larger, and we know the ills of life and read of them more than the good that is done."

A Nation's Power—Dr. Thomas T. Reed, of the Bureau of Mines, declares that the real power of a nation is not in its wage-earners, but in the output of its mechanical energies.

"The energy output of an average workman is about one-tenth of a horse-power. The energy expended by a coal miner in an eight-hour day thus amounts to about that available from two pounds of coal.

"There are 41,000,000 wage-earners in the United States and their energy output is little over 4,000,000 horse-power, or only nine times the potential energy output in the form of coal of 100 miners."

No other country has one-fiftieth part of the total energy resources of the United States. And it is quite evident that many parts of the globe can never support an industrial civilization of any magnitude, for they simply have not the resources of energy.

□ □

The New Cross of Gold

ONE by one the rainbows which Europe has been accepting as solid realities during the three years since the Treaty of Versailles are fading away. They leave us with the melancholy but healthier realization that industrial and financial affairs everywhere in the old world are in an extremely serious condition. The nations have come close to the brink of the precipice—and the drop is long and straight.

An important factor in the tangled international situation is the burden of the debts owed by one country to another. They amount to more than fifty-six billion dollars, one-quarter of the cost of the war. The other three-quarters of this cost is represented by internal obligations, which now add up to the colossal total of more than two hundred and thirteen billions.

German reparations, thirty-three

billion dollars, is the largest single item of international debt. Next comes the indebtedness of the Allies to the United States, which with the unpaid interest now amounts to eleven and a half billions. Great Britain has loaned on the continent almost as much, or ten billion three hundred million. France has aided her smaller Allies with loans totaling not quite three billion.

How much of this fifty-six billion-dollar total can be collected?

At the present moment, less than ten per cent.; or to be precise, the four billion six hundred million dollars that Great Britain owes us.

Germany has paid two and a half billion dollars, nearly all of which has been in goods. She will pay more, if, by means of the moratorium, loan and reduction of the reparations total she is able to get on her feet. But honesty demands the frank statement that most of the fifty-billion-dollar balance is owed by nations which have neither the ability nor the desire to pay—at least not for a long time.

This is particularly true of the debts owed to the United States by continental European nations. The argument of our debtors is that the money was all spent in the United States, going into the pockets of American manufacturers and workmen. Moreover, it was spent in the furtherance of a war in which we subsequently joined, a war which we have declared was fought to save civilization, a struggle quite as much America's moral obligation as their own.

And finally, they say that we don't need the money half as much as they do. If they paid us in gold it would merely add to our already embarrassingly large hoard of precious metal. If they paid us in goods, our manufacturers would complain that their domestic markets were being ruined. True, these debtors overlook the fact that our government has outstanding more than twenty billion dollars'

worth of Liberty Loan bonds, and that their payments could be used in retiring these. But the important fact is that if they do not want to pay, we can hardly collect by force; and they certainly do not intend to pay at present.

Under the circumstances, it is wholly natural that the suggestion should have been made repeatedly that America ought to cancel these debts. Only once, however, has it been made officially and upon that occasion President Wilson uttered a prompt negative. The strongest and perhaps most effective statement on the question, though it was not ostensibly directed to the United States at all, was contained in Lord Balfour's identical note to France and to the other European debtors on the eve of the London Conference of August 7.

Lord Balfour said flatly that England would be glad to participate in a general cancellation of debts, in the belief that through the impetus to economic activity all nations would



ROBINSON CRUSOE BEGINS TO SUSPECT THAT HE IS NOT ALONE ON HIS ISLAND
—Harding in Brooklyn Eagle.

gain more than they would lose. The United States, however, has asked Great Britain to pay, and the latter cannot forgive with one hand and pay with the other. The sum owing to her is four times as large as the sum she owes the United States, but she is willing to renounce three-quarters of the debt and collect only so much as is needed to pay America.

This statement is not quite candid, for in the total, which is "four times as large" as the British debt to the United States, is included the entirely uncollectable Russian debt, as well as Great Britain's twenty-two per cent. of the thirty-three billion dollars of German reparations. Even the French officials, who have been incorrigible optimists about Germany's ability to pay because they had to take that attitude or admit a terrific deficit in their own budget, no longer hope to get more than twelve and a half billions out of Germany.

That such is the case was clearly demonstrated by the French endorsement of the idea that England should forgive France's debt and renounce in her favor the British share of reparations, provided France in turn would agree to cutting down the total bill which Germany must pay from thirty-three billion dollars to twelve and a half. It is interesting to recall that the "Series C" bonds which would thus be abolished represent the additional burden imposed to take care of the Allies' pensions and separation allowances—charges which, most authorities now agree, never should have been levied against Germany at all.

It is a sufficiently ironic comment on the financial strength of the vanquished that these conditions should have been accompanied by the proviso for a foreign loan, which both Britain and France agree is imperative, and for a moratorium as to which the only disputed point was the length, the French suggesting a

few weeks or months and the British talking in terms of years.

What should be the attitude of good Americans, desirous of seeing the world restored, as to the cancellation of the debts?

Lord Balfour is probably right when he argues that even in the narrowest selfish sense America would profit more by having Europe busy, prosperous and happy than by insisting on our pound of flesh. There is little to be gained in America's standing by to see the rest of the world staggering under the burden of a cross of gold—a cross which is none the less onerous because the gold is non-existent! If we could be sure that cancellation of the debts would result in the return of prosperity, our own self-interest as well as every other reason should impel us to take that step.

Unfortunately, there is little evidence as yet that either the leaders of Europe or the common people are in an attitude of mind to justify this action. Certainly the London Conference of the Premiers could not be seen to differ in spirit (at least in its opening stages) from any of its predecessors.

Europe is still ruled by hate. Huge armies are kept up; the deadly virus of imperialism still poisons millions, just as though the lesson of the last war had gone for nothing and its dead been sacrificed in vain.

The new states as well as the old are depending on the rule of force; they fence off their frontiers, and by artificial barriers interrupt the normal flow of economic life. The same old powder mine in the Balkans is ready as usual for an explosion; and western Europe is in almost as serious a plight.

Were America to cancel the debts at this moment the state of things would not be improved even temporarily. If a collapse is coming, it is too near for American aid to prevent it, though that aid went far beyond the mere cancellation of a

debt which no one in Europe is taking seriously. If, on the other hand, a better day is dawning, indisputable evidence of it should soon be forthcoming. That will be the moment for the United States to take advantage of the great opportunity which will then be hers.

□ □

The Strikes and the Public

BROADLY stated, American public policy on questions of industrial strike is: "Never do anything until it is too late."

As a nation, we pay no attention to the quarrels of employer and employee until they have flamed out into the open warfare of a strike. By that time both sides, being mere human beings, are usually too angry to be reasonable. Efforts at conciliation must wait until the passions of combat have burned out or until one of the participants (it is usually labor) has been starved into submission.

Just how foolish this policy is, we have had bitter reason to observe this summer. Three great strikes have been in progress, two of which have been so serious in character that their continuance would threaten the very life of the whole population. Though we have heard less about the third, the strike of the New England textile workers, it is not less significant as an expression of the complex nature of modern industrial civilization than the quarrel in the coal mines and that on the railways.

For many years the word "arbitration" has been endowed in the popular imagination with magic powers. When Congress passed the Railroad Law and set up a Railroad Labor Board to adjudicate disputes, most of our good citizens probably settled back with a sigh of relief, comforted by the impression that



GULLIVER UP TO DATE

—Smith for Newspaper Enterprise Association.

railroad troubles were now at an end. But while the board is a useful piece of machinery and its members loyal and earnest, it was given no power to enforce its decrees. Public opinion was relied upon to compel railroad executives and shop men to heed its edicts. The lesson of this strike of 1922 is that public opinion is not enough.

A moral issue has been created in the railroad strike which was not there in the beginning. Both sides were guilty of violating the rulings of the Labor Board, the roads by making outside contracts for shop work, the men by going on strike in defiance of a wage cut, the second since the peak of high wages was passed in 1920.

Prior to making these reductions the board had raised wages in several instances. Indeed, if you accept the thesis that wages should go up and down with the cost of living, prices have fallen faster than the railroad men's income.

According to Professor David Friday, in 1911 the railroad worker received \$750. This had risen only to \$892 in 1916, but with government control it jumped to \$1,004

(1917); \$1,409 (1918); \$1,486 (1919) and \$1,820 in 1920. The reductions of 1921 brought the average down to \$1,686 and those of 1922 would reduce it further to \$1,540.

Such averages do not give a true picture, for they include many men who are paid a great deal less and some who are paid considerably more; but they do show the rate of increase and decrease. They show that though the cost of living is now 167 per cent of 1913, railroad labor is being paid more than 200 per cent. The deflation of the past two years has reduced the railroad man only 16 per cent., whereas the farmer, for instance, has had his income cut by 50 per cent.

The government's attitude toward the strike during its first month was dominated by the desire at all costs to prevent the destruction of the Railroad Labor Board. The administration believed that if this at-

tempt to substitute reason for ruthless combat should fail, we might as well give up the whole attempt to put an end to industrial warfare.

The shopmen were foolish and wrong to go on strike, the government maintained; but the railroads were unfair when they sought to seize the opportunity to destroy the shopmen's union by taking away from the men as individuals their seniority rights because as members of the union they walked out. The bitter feeling with which this matter has been debated on both sides illustrates the type of industrial dispute where passion runs too high to insure a reasonable hearing of the merits of the case.

During July the government and to some extent the public came to the realization that the problem of coal was even more serious, both in its immediate menace and as a symptom of disorganized industry. Going behind the specific issues,

which have been reiterated endlessly in the daily press, we find a fundamental public service which has been allowed to drift into utter chaos. The country has far too many mines to produce all the coal we need. These are seven hundred thousand men doing the work for which only five hundred thousand are necessary. Such conditions make trouble inevitable.

For more than two years the miners have been asking for a thirty-hour week, by which they mean not that they want to be reduced to five hours a day, but that they want to be increased to that.

In 1921, the men averaged only a fraction more than three days'



IN BAD ODOR

—Enright in New York World.

work a week. Their earnings were far below the minimum which the United States government says a family of five must have if it is to live decently.

The action of the miners in rejecting the first offer of mediation by the President may have been partly based on the feeling that a patched-up compromise peace would only bank the fires which must flame out again in a few months. Nevertheless, this refusal was received by the public and the press with almost unanimous hostility.

The New England textile strike is the outgrowth of an even more complicated industrial situation. Before the war the average wage in the mills was approximately \$10 a week, which rose during the conflict to \$20. The present strike is against a 25 per cent. reduction.

The mills claim—and they seem to be substantially correct—that it is impossible for them to go on paying present wages and keep the industry going. In the past few years the textile trade has been greatly developed in the South, where goods can be produced for much less than in New England. The brutal truth seems to be that the textile industry in the latter place cannot survive except by forcing down the standard of living of all the workers—a standard which is already none too high.

What this means is shown by a government investigation in a typical mill town some time ago. The government agents discovered that among families where the wages were \$10 a week, twenty-six babies out of every hundred died during



KEEP COOL!

—McCay in New York American.

the first year. Where the wages were \$20, the number of deaths fell to five per hundred per year. A difference of \$10 a week was sufficient to save the lives of 21 per cent. of the babies.

Nearly all of us are partisans on one side or the other in the industrial struggle. If you are for the unions you will believe that in the railroad strike, for instance, the workers had a perfect right to walk out. You will feel that the railroad executives were trying to smash the organization by unfair and merciless means when they insisted that seniority must be given the men who stayed on the job and the new employees.

If you sympathize with the executives you will feel that the promise of permanent employment to the new men was a sacred pledge. You will insist that the strikers, once they had walked out, had no rights that the railroads were any longer bound to respect.

The one fact on which partisans of both sides ought to agree, and the one usually ignored, is the paramount right of the whole body of citizens to be protected against the harmful results of quarrels among minorities who are in control of key industries. No fight between capital and labor should be allowed to go so far that innocent citizens are brought into danger of starving or freezing. How far the country is from having adequate machinery to safeguard the people, this summer's strikes have most unpleasantly revealed.

□ □

A Chinese Wall for America

THERE is a popular notion that after a man's leg has been cut off he can go on for some years having pains in it. Assuming the legend to be correct, it affords an excellent illustration of the present attitude of the Republican party toward the tariff. The Republicans have always had a high-tariff leg; it was cut off in the war, and the party hasn't yet discovered that fact. It is still having pains; and they will undoubtedly grow more violent as the country finds out just what the Fordney-McCumber bill means and what it will do to us.

The progress of the bill through the Senate has already been marked by one of the most turbulent debates since the war. To picturesque episodes like the "museum displays" of alleged cheap goods from abroad which are waiting to ruin American manufacturers, have been added more serious charges and counter-charges. It was discovered that some of the Senators active in furthering a high rate on wool were themselves engaged in the wool business. By way of retaliation, advocates of the measure asked an investigation of a number of the leading newspapers of the country on the

ground that they have "sold out" to European manufacturing interests. This attack was an attempt to discount the opposition to the bill which has been aided not only by Democratic organs but by many leading Republican papers. Before the echoes of the quarrel had died away Senator Smoot, who has been active on behalf of the sugar tariff, was revealed as personally, though only slightly, interested in the business, and as the author of an abortive attempt some months ago to persuade Cuba to limit the size of her crop and thereby keep the price up. Senator Lodge has entrenched himself for reelection in Massachusetts by placing the hide of the "bovine species," as it is termed in the tariff bill, and boots and shoes as well on the free list.

So violent has been the rebellion of the country against the tariff that even party wheelhorses who closed their minds on this subject thirty years ago have grown alarmed. It is possible they have remembered that the first high tariff of 1816 was followed by a severe industrial depression in 1819; that the high rates of 1828 were lowered four years later, and reduced still further during the subsequent decade. If their memories do not go so far back, they may recall that both the McKinley tariff and the Payne-Aldrich bill were followed by an immediate loss of control of the House of Representatives and the subsequent election of a Democratic President.

President Harding, with an apprehensive eye on these facts, first tried to get the principle of "American valuation" adopted, which would base tariffs not on the wholesale cost of goods abroad, but on the estimated value at the moment of entry. Failing in this plan, which would have resulted in impossible confusion, he asked the widest discretionary powers for himself to raise or lower any rate if in his judgment it was necessary. This would put

every industry in the country absolutely at the President's mercy, and has met violent objection from other Republican leaders.

This is not the place to reopen the whole issue of free trade versus tariff, on which so many precious hogsheads of ink have been wasted. Tariff advocates still maintain as they have for a century that laboring men in foreign parts will and do live under conditions to which no self-respecting American worker will submit. Therefore foreign manufacturers can pay low wages and sell goods in America at lower prices than our manufacturers can meet.

To overcome this, we levy a fixed charge on goods as they are imported. The American manufacturer may set his prices just a little lower than the cost of production abroad plus the tariff, and be sure of getting virtually all the business. The American consumer not only pays the tariff on everything imported, but he pays it on all "protected" goods produced in this country. How much he will pay under the new schedules, it is impossible to say, but it will be probably several billions annually.

The theory that high tariffs are for the protection of the American workingman, maintaining his high standard of living, is a beautiful one; but unfortunately the economists have discovered that it isn't so. Employers do not pay their men the largest wages they can possibly afford under the beneficent mantle of the tariff. They pay "the market rate," which is determined by the supply of workers and the demand for their services. When there are more jobs than men, wages go up. When there are more men than jobs, wages go down. If the surplus of men continues, they will keep on going down, regardless of whether or not they make the maintenance of the "American standard" impossible.

The high-tariff man says that by

keeping out foreign goods more work is made for the American laborer, and unemployment is prevented. To some extent this is true, but the item is not very important. Our imports in the past twelve months have only been about 6 per cent. of our total production of wealth. If the tariff helps some workers to get jobs, it also makes their dollars buy less. Moreover, when we shut off imports we reduce our own exports, for in the long run nations abroad cannot afford to deal with us except on a barter basis. The curtailment of exports was a large factor in the depression of 1920.

The other standard reason for the tariff, the protection of infant industries, has hardly been heard at all this year. So many of the businesses which demanded protection and were in a position to enforce their demand so obviously couldn't be placed in the infant class that the argument has been quietly dropped.

The plain truth is that our world situation has been utterly changed by the war, and the proponents of tariff have not yet realized that fact. Even if you grant that some degree of tariff protection is necessary in normal times to guard American business against longer hours and lower wages in Europe, the provisions of the Fordney-McCumber bill go far beyond such necessities. Our financial situation has changed. We were formerly a debtor nation, needing a favorable trade balance (an excess of exports over imports) of half a billion a year in order to discharge our annual debt to Europe.

To-day we are a creditor nation. We have the greatest hoard of gold ever accumulated — three billion seven hundred million dollars of it in our hands. The European governments owe us eleven billions for war debts, to which must be added several billions for private loans by American export houses and banks since the Armistice. Our

whole policy should therefore be to encourage imports instead of discouraging them with a tariff. America needs an "unfavorable" trade balance of at least half a billion a year to meet Europe's current obligations to us.

Individual manufacturers who will be benefited are of course supporting the Fordney-McCumber bill from purely selfish motives. But bankers and independent students of international affairs in general are almost unanimous in urging that we should impose the lowest tariffs possible, at least until this war-weary world has managed to get the wheels of industry revolving once more.

□ □

That British Election Again

JOURNALISTS abroad, announcing again and again that Mr. David Lloyd George will not, as the English phrase runs, "go to the country" and test his position through the medium of a general election, are too positive. The Prime Minister, if London newspapers close to him may be trusted, is seriously thinking of an appeal to the people. There may be a general election in Great Britain this winter.

Whenever it be held, the general election will bring more laborites into the House of Commons. This is affirmed in quarters supposed to be well informed to form one of the objects of the Prime Minister's strategy. A few prophets tell us that he will himself head the labor movement after taking care to direct it into conservative channels.

The prevailing belief in England is that whenever Mr. Lloyd George decides to go to the country, the country will go to him. His triumph will not be due to his adroitness, wonderful as that is, nor to his brilliance as a platform orator,

which everyone concedes. He will return to power, say the prophets, because he is so completely identified with the prestige of his country in the international sphere that it would be a display of downright political ineptitude in the British to reject him at the polls this winter.

The personalities of the campaign against Mr. Lloyd George will exceed in virulence anything with which the English have been disedified since the abolition of the rotten boroughs. In the first place, the whole scandal connected with the high prices paid of late for titles and honors will be charged against the Prime Minister. Then the old allegations connected with the Marconi shares are to be revived to show, if possible, that Mr. Lloyd George has no squeamish delicacy in money matters. Finally, he is to be accused of establishing a personal despotism in the form of a cabinet secretariat which perverts the constitution by threatening the supremacy of Parliament. The hubbub will be immense. Everybody's veracity is likely to be impeached. Few will retain a definite idea of what it is all about. When it is all over, Mr. Lloyd George will go on as before unless there has come a political earthquake of which the recording instruments just now afford no indication whatever.

□ □

When the World Will be Full—
A. N. Farmer in a recent address to the Brotherhood of American Yeomen in Chicago declared that the world will have as many people as it can support about the year 2072. He figures that our planet will by that time have a population of about 6,000,000,000 and will be peopled to its full capacity. Perhaps by that time the human race will have addressed itself to the problem of quality instead of quantity in the human stock.

Kato in Tokyo

IF it be true, as so definitely announced in the Japanese press, that Admiral Baron Kato must soon lose his post as Premier in Tokyo, the effect upon the four-power treaty, the naval treaty and the other agreements arrived at in Washington will be anything but propitious. Kato, who is often confused in dispatches with other distinguished members of his powerful family, was most reluctant to head a government. It is beyond all doubt that he did so only in obedience to a behest from the throne, confirmed by the advice of the Elder Statesmen. Kato is the man who deserves all the credit for Japan's brilliant share in the success of the Washington conference.

Unfortunately for Kato, he assumed office in the fiercest phase of the struggle between the party groups in the chamber on one side and the clansmen of the peerage on the other. His ministry on the face of it represents, however nominally, a defeat for those Japanese liberals who insist upon a ministry made up of party men acknowledging responsibility to the people's representatives. Kato's cabinet is not formed upon that theory. It came into being at a nod from the *genro*, who wanted to show the United States in particular how loyal Japan can be to the pact signed in Washington. Thus it happened that the Kato ministry was received with universal execration in the vernacular press. Its comments, cabled abroad within the past month or two, inspire a suspicion that Japanese politicians oppose the four-power treaty. The truth is that the newspapers are outraged because the *genro* dictate the formation of cabinets. It is most important that the misunderstanding on this point be cleared up. A fall of the Kato cabinet might otherwise be misconstrued into a demonstration against

the results of the Washington conference, but any idea of that kind could be based only upon a complete failure to grasp the nature of the constitutional crisis at Tokyo. That crisis, as all observers agree, is most acute just now. It tends to become yet more aggravated. There is not the least likelihood that its sound and fury will affect the size of the fleet, but it is certain to entail one or two more of those exchanges of newspaper extracts which render the conduct of international relations so piquant.

□ □

Trotsky's Terror

IF it be true, as one of the dispatches of last month affirmed, that the Soviet government has lost control of Georgia, the situation of Trotsky must indeed be serious. The importance of Georgia to the Bolsheviki is not appreciated over here, although we all know about the importance of Baku, where the oil is.

All the czars understood the importance of Baku and so did all the Turkish sultans. Many a hot fight they had over it. One of the first things the Bolsheviki did was to take Baku over.

Baku is useless, nevertheless, until the great corridor that leads into the outside world is also seized and held. The oil must flow from Baku through the corridor of commerce, as the *Geneva Journal* calls it, a corridor formed by the region from the Caspian Sea to the Black Sea between the big Caucasus on the north and the little Caucasus on the south. Inevitably, then, the czars and the sultans and the "reds" have all in turn invaded Georgia. The ability displayed by Trotsky in holding Georgia was the first revelation of his importance as a soldier to the military experts of western Europe.

It is therefore very difficult to believe that Trotsky or the Soviet

power will, as some dispatches hint, acquiesce in the loss of Georgia, that is, if Georgia be actually lost to the reds. There are many competitors for the oil wealth of Baku, and in the opinion of our well-informed Swiss contemporary the very multitude of these competitors will facilitate the efforts of the Bolsheviks to retain their hold. There may have been a local revolt in Georgia, but there is no evidence that it gets any serious support from outside. Holders of Baku concessions under the Czar would be delighted to stir up unrest in Georgia, for these people have in some instances been reduced from the pride and power of grand dukes to the indigence of beggars on door steps. Individual instances are not only pathetic but in more than one respect suggestive of the horrors of the revolution in Paris when Marat was supreme.

The reds themselves do not deny that they have treated the holders of Baku concessions with cruelty and even with imbecility. The Bolsheviks might have gained much had they placated the holders of the oil concessions instead of flaying them. The reds, after futile efforts to exploit the oil along communistic lines,

had to go hat in hand to the bourgeoisie of western Europe. Just when these negotiations seemed likely to achieve results, the reds were driven out of Georgia, or rather the troops of Trotzky sustained a smart check there. If Trotzky submits to that humiliation his power must be near its end. News from Georgia, therefore, is likely to be more important than news from Moscow for some time to come.

□ □

Terrors of Berlin

WIRTH, in his capacity as German Chancellor, found a letter on his desk the other day in the course of which his own assassination was predicted.

Erzberger got such a letter. Rathenau got such a letter. Other leaders of the German Republic have been similarly addressed.

The French take this warning as seriously as did Wirth himself when he delivered his recent lugubrious speech before a committee of the Reichstag. He is friendly to France, and the newspapers of Paris make much of the fact that the victims of terror in Berlin are invariably friends of the policy of conciliation. The moment a German statesman looks at anything from the French point of view he dies, says the *Temps*. It gives terrifying details of a league of murder made up of partisans of the Hohenzollerns. The victims of this clique are never Pan-Germans, never monarchists, never prophets of the creed of revenge.

The republic at Berlin has its champions too, and they have become energetic in their manifestations against the royalists. The literature is vivid, furious. In it the Germans are reminded that their capacity for parliamentary self-government is not conceded by the western world. Publicists of eminence in London and New York have taught the English-speaking



THE PATIENT MUST NOT DIE—HE HASN'T PAID HIS BILLS!

—Wahl in Sacramento Bee.

peoples that the Germans are a race wedded to Cæsarism of the most imperial type. Bismarck himself heaped scorn upon the political ideals of which the House of Commons is the natural expression. The man of blood and iron was ostentatious in his repudiation of party ministries responsible to an elected chamber. The representatives of the people were to take orders, not to give them. They were to vote taxes, but not to inquire curiously into expenditure. The whole Anglo-Saxon constitutional edifice was a house of cards to the iron chancellor, and many a time he blew it down in Berlin.

Nevertheless, the world beholds a republican Germany, clamoring to be taken seriously. It points to its universal suffrage, its equality of the sexes, its parliamentary responsibility, its abolition of Cæsar and Cæsarism, its subjection of the mailed fist. If that republic cracks, the world will return to its old notion that Prussians, Bavarians, Hessians and Saxons are more bent than ever upon following a Cæsar. Chancellor Wirth dwelt upon that possibility gloomily, and the echoes of his warning brought the masses out against the royalists in such numbers that even the *Temps* was impressed. Nevertheless, it says, the Germans generally lack what it calls the republican mentality. Wirth, it adds, has good reason to talk lugubriously, for the immediate future of his country, politically, will be sanguinary.

□ □

Hounding Poincaré Out

THE campaign of the communists against Raymond Poincaré, greatest of French Prime Ministers, has assumed proportions which to the Paris *Victoire* seem scandalous. For some little time past, the Paris *Humanité*, for ex-



GERMAN FINANCIAL CIRCLES

—Gale in Los Angeles Times.

ample, said to be under the control of recently naturalized Frenchmen and much influenced by the Moscow reds, has conducted a war on Poincaré as the actual, responsible author of the world war. The agitation assumed proportions that led a full dress debate of a sensational kind in the chamber of deputies. It became necessary for a French statesman to defend himself from a charge hitherto reserved for use against the former Kaiser.

This line of attack on Poincaré, as the *Victoire* points out, is really a campaign against France. If Poincaré really brought on the war, the charge against Germany falls to the ground. Now, the agitation which seeks to make Poincaré the scapegoat relieves Germany indirectly of all the weight of her guilt. It is a French manifestation, moreover—the working masses being particularly under its influence. No wonder the effect upon the chamber at Paris was prodigious.

There was a tremendous scene in

which Viviani came to the rescue of Poincaré. The reds had an indictment carefully prepared from which it appeared that every measure of self-defense demanded by Poincaré in the two years preceding the war had been in reality a provocation to Germany. Viviani in his eloquent way brought Giolitti, the Italian statesman, into the picture. Giolitti as early as 1913 had been approached by the Wilhelmstrasse with a view to a declaration of war. Giolitti, the veteran of Italian politics, the man behind the scenes, took Viviani, then a Prime Minister of France, into his confidence, revealing secrets which enabled the greatest master of the spoken word now alive to demolish the case against Poincaré then and there. The agitation is subdued for the moment, but nobody at Paris believes that the reds are really off the trail of Poincaré. He will be attacked again and the attack will have a profound influence upon the fate of those reparations for which he clamors night and day.

□ □

Burnt Buildings, Wrecked Railways, Ruined Homes

THE ease with which guerilla warfare can be carried on in Ireland and the genius of her people for battle by night, to say nothing at all about the arms and ammunition with which the land is so well supplied, sufficiently account for the prolongation of a crisis otherwise quite unintelligible. The sinister feature of the month's dispatches from the vicinity of Cork, Waterford, Limerick and Dublin would seem to be the growing number of violent outrages against women. They are classified as "reprisals," but they comprise a novel item in that catalog.

There would be peace in Ireland to-day if the "war" had not yielded so large a number of military heroes, especially on the republican side. These heroes can retire from their raids into a big town to some retreat in the hills, where there is plenty of food and drink. Farmers may not be able to get their produce to a market, owing to the growing number of ruined railways and battered bridges, but the produce of the soil is at the disposal of the "military," who "commandeer." The farmer is given a document which he may turn into cash when the "republic" is recognized in some indefinite future. This situation must last as long as the rural regions can support it. When the food is gone, the war must conclude.

Those observers in Ireland whose judgment and experience entitle them to speak positively insist that Mr. De Valera has played his last trump and lost the game to Michael Collins. This was suggested by the elections of two months ago. The progress of events since confirms the impression that the republicans are by no means masters of the art of losing.

The best summing-up of the situation is that of the participants in the struggle—to Rory O'Connor's boast that he would die fighting, Mr. Michael Collins retorted that Rory would die drinking.

□ □

Bernard Shaw on the Church—Speaking of the Church the other day, Bernard Shaw said that if every church were shut and every parson unfrocked the effect would be very salutary. But the reason he gives for this opinion is as startling as the opinion itself. "It would," he said, "soon provoke an irresistible demand for the reestablishment of the Church, which we could then start again without the superstitions which make it so impossible to-day."

Significant Sayings

"Truth, some truths at least, can drive one mad."—*Edgar Saltus.*

"It is the melancholy conclusion of anthropologists that in twenty-five thousand years the human race has not advanced, either in stature or in brain power."—*John Corbin.*

"Now that everybody who helped to lose the war has written a book about it, it would be interesting to hear from some of the winners."—*James J. Montague.*

"I don't believe there is any such thing as a Money Power. There is the power of money."—*Thomas A. Edison.*

"There are at least occasions when mutual ignorance between nations does no harm. History shows nations too much in contact are nations apt to dislike each other."—*Dr. Manoel de Oliva Lima.*

"An imposed peace was made at Paris. There was left out every element of that vision of justice and hope for brotherhood which Woodrow Wilson had. 'Vengeance is mine, said the Lord,' but the Allies thought vengeance was theirs, and so shaped a peace of vengeance. The fruits are bitter."—*Frank A. Vanderlip.*

"By peaceful penetration the United States is fast Americanizing Australia. Nearly every young Australian is anxious to visit the United States."—*C. J. De Garis.*

"From my knowledge, I am convinced that never in the history of organized labor and capital has there been such an effort on both sides to view things from a really human standpoint. Every day I see a brighter and better outlook before me. I am most optimistic for the future."—*Samuel Gompers.*

"If the League of Nations succeeds, civilization is safe; if it fails, civilization is doomed. I have seen the horrors of war, and they made me vow to concentrate my remaining energy to making it impossible for humanity again to pass through the fire, the torment, the cruelty, the horror and the squalor of war."—*Lloyd George.*

"Trotzky will go down in history as one of the world's greatest organizers."—*Philip Kerr.*

"Germany, who was responsible for the war, must repair the harm she wrought. Either with good grace or under compulsion, she will repay."—*Premier Poincaré.*

"A bit more evolved and we will look ahead as readily as we now look back; the immediate future will be as clear as the immediate past. Or we will realize that there is no future, no past, merely a continuous present, in which events occur."—*Edgar Saltus.*

"The man who has something important to say is unusual, but the man with something important to say who really knows how to say it is the rarest bird of all."—*Becquerel, the French physicist.*

"Whenever anybody begins a sentence, 'Now, my feeling about the Jew,' it is pretty safe to assume that he is going to talk rot. The definite article betrays him. It is a symbol of prejudice."—*Heywood Brown.*

"You can bet your life that if we have another war and if we're attacked, we'll use gas. We will use gas and we won't care how, when or why."—*Admiral Wm. S. Sims, U. S. Navy.*

"I commanded a naval post on the east end of Long Island during the war and had at my table sixteen fishermen, farmers, carpenters and longshoremen, each with some kind of a black bottle within reach—all rated temperate in my naval conduct reports. In 1917 they growled and growled about impending Prohibition, altho I never said a word for it. Then one day I remarked: 'Oh, come, if you had to vote to-morrow for or against Prohibition, how would you vote?' With ill grace and much cussing and apology the vote went around the table and the result was thirteen for Prohibition and only three against—to our own complete amazement! It opened my eyes mighty wide and they have not been closed since."—*Richard Welling, Counsellor at Law.*

SCIENCE BROUGHT TO "THE MAN IN THE STREET"

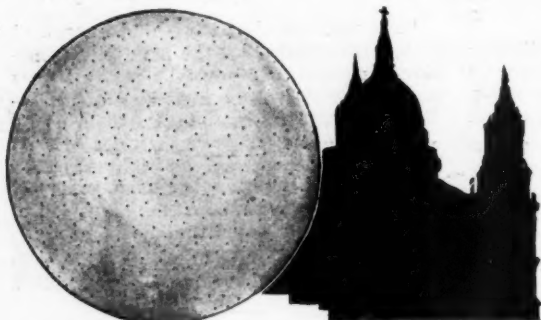
A Plain Story of Evolution

Edited by J. ARTHUR THOMSON

IF the future of civilization, as John Dewey has said, "depends upon the widening spread and deepening hold of the scientific habit of mind," then the publication of such books as "The Outline of Science" (Putnam's) must rank among the philanthropies. For here we get, unencumbered by technicalities and magnificently illustrated, the whole

revival of the Darwinian controversy. Arguments for and against evolution are still in the air. The new volumes are valuable if only because they furnish the very latest word in a discussion that is as old as human thought.

"The Outline of Science" takes evolution for granted, and, from this point of view, may be said to furnish an arsenal of arguments in favor of the scientific, as opposed to the theological, view of the origin of life. In Professor Thomson's thinking, evolution is as central as gravitation, let us say, was in Newton's. He tells us:



IF AN ATOM WERE AS LARGE AS A CATHEDRAL
An atom is far too small to be seen. If magnified to the size of St. Paul's Cathedral, it would be found to contain electrons about the size of small bullets.

story of our world as modern science conceives it. This masterly work, now half completed in two volumes, is appearing in England in brief paper-covered parts. Its editor, J. Arthur Thomson, Professor of Natural History in Aberdeen University, is regarded as the ablest living compiler of scientific literature. "It was written," the American naturalist, William Beebe, declares in the *New York Times*, "by the right man, at the right time, in the right way, and . . . when completed should stand with Wells' 'History' and be read by every human being."

There is something especially appropriate in the appearance of "The Outline of Science" in America at the present time. We have lately witnessed a

revival of the Darwinian controversy. Arguments for and against evolution are still in the air. The new volumes are valuable if only because they furnish the very latest word in a discussion that is as old as human thought.

It is characteristic of modern science that the whole world is presented as vital. The word "dynamic" expresses it. Thus the new revelations of the constitution of matter which we owe to the researches of J. J. Thomson, Ernest Rutherford and Frederick Soddy have shown in the very dust an activity and complexity hitherto unimagined.

The atom is no longer the indivisible particle of matter it was once supposed to be. "We know now," as Professor J. A. Thomson puts it, "that there is an atom within the atom—that what we thought was elementary can be dissociated and broken up." This knowledge is associated with our comparatively recent discovery of such things as radium, the X-rays, and the wonderful revelations of such instruments as the spectro-scope.

The advent of the electron theory is equally disturbing to the older beliefs, and bids fair to reveal to us many of nature's hidden secrets. "It has given us a new conception of the framework of the universe. We are beginning to know and realize of what matter is made and what electric phenomena mean. We can glimpse the vast stores of energy locked up in matter. The new knowledge has much to tell us about the origin and phenomena, not only of our own planet, but other planets, of the stars and the sun. New light is thrown on the source of the sun's heat; we can make more than guesses as to its probable age."

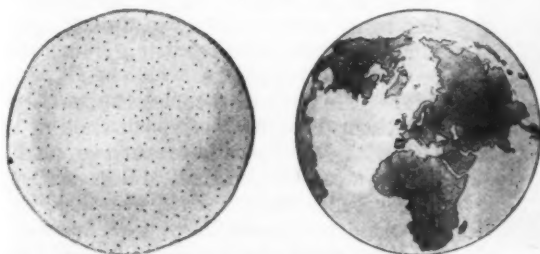
In the science of living creatures, as



A "TENTATIVE" MAN

The "Java man," here shown in a reconstruction made for "The Outline of Science," is supposed to have been one of nature's earliest experiments in the direction of modern man as we know him.

in chemistry and physics, the changes of theory have been just as startling. Professor Thomson cites the discovery of the "hormones," or chemical messengers, which are produced by ductless glands, such as the thyroid, the suprarenal and the pituitary, and are distributed throughout the body by the blood. The work of physiologists like Starling and Bayliss has shown that these chemical messengers regulate what may be called the "pace" of the body, and bring about that regulated harmony and smoothness of working which we call health. "It is not too much to say," according to Professor Thomson, "that the



AN ILLUSTRATION OF THE RELATIVE SIZES OF ATOMS AND ELECTRONS

In a bubble of hydrogen gas no larger than the letter "O" there are billions of atoms, whilst an electron is more than a thousand times smaller than the smallest atom. The picture shows a bubble of gas magnified to the size of the world. On this scale each atom in the bubble would be as large as a tennis ball.

discovery of hormones has changed the whole of physiology."

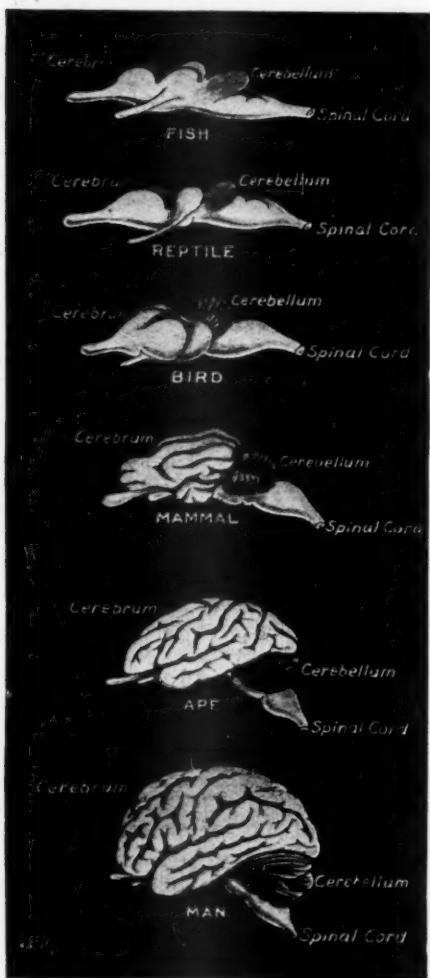
When he passes on to speak of the present status of Darwinism, Professor Thomson recalls the fact that the essence of the Darwinian theory is in the two words Variation and Selection, and that Darwin stated it in a couple of sentences: "As many more individuals of

each species are born than can possibly survive, and as, consequently, there is a frequently recurring struggle for existence, it follows that any being, if it vary however slightly in any manner profitable to itself, under the complex and sometimes varying conditions of life, will have a better chance of surviving, and thus be naturally selected. From the strong principle of inheritance any selected variety will tend to propagate its new and modified form."

Most of the English biologists and several of the German—conspicuously Weismann—have followed Darwin in emphasizing natural selection as the main factor in evolution, but Lamarck, a Frenchman, laid stress on the idea of the transmission of "acquired characters," while Mendel, experimenting in an Austrian monastery, has contributed revolutionary theories of heredity.

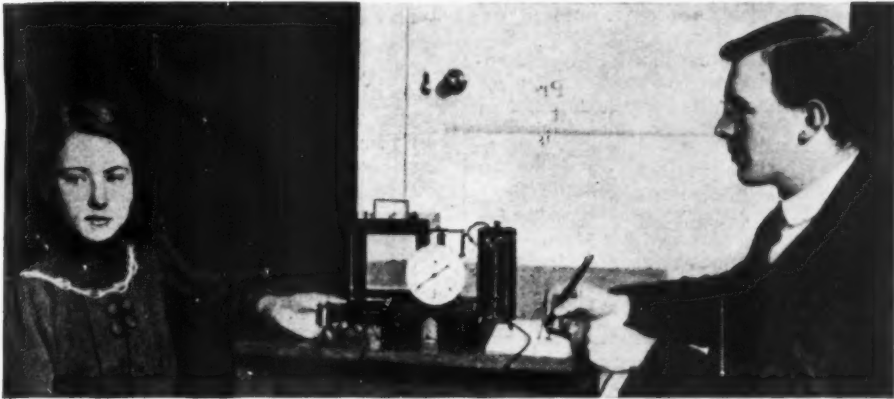
There are three fundamental ideas in Mendelism. The first is the idea of "unit-characters" and involves the transmission of some clear-cut, crisply defined characteristic as a definite whole. In this connection Professor Thomson cites the persistence of the Hapsburg lip in the Royal Houses of Austria and Spain. The second idea is that of *dominance*. "When Mendel crossed a pure-bred tall pea with a pure-bred dwarf pea, the offspring were all tall. So he called the quality of tallness dominant to the recessive quality of dwarfness, which the hybrid offspring kept, as it were, up their sleeve." The third fundamental idea in Mendelism has to do with the ratio of "pure" and "impure" germ-cells resulting from successive interbreedings.

The Mendelian theories appeal to Professor Thomson as "epoch making." He speaks of a possible return to some of the ideas of Lamarck, and asserts a firmer belief than Darwin ever held in the sudden appearance of new species. Then he offers the comment: "When we use the term Darwinism to mean, not his very words, but the living doctrine legitimately developed from his central ideas of variation, selection and heredity, we may say that Darwinism stands



SHOWING THE EVOLUTION OF THE BRAIN FROM FISH TO MAN

This drawing, one of hundreds made for "The Outline of Science," calls attention to the fact that the Cerebrum, the seat of intelligence, increases in proportion to other parts of the physical body. In fishes it lies on one plane. In birds it curves. In mammals it becomes more and more convoluted.



MEASURING THE SPEED OF A THOUGHT

We see here Mr. Cyril Burt, psychologist of the London County Council, measuring the speed of the thought of a child under a chronoscope to two-hundredths of a second.

to-day more firmly than ever. It has changed and is changing, but it is not crumbling away. It is evolving progressively."

Professor Thomson is firmly convinced that evolution is still going on in the world about us. He cites the Evening-Primrose, among plants, and the Fruitfly, *Drosophila*, among animals, as examples of organisms which are at present in a sporting or mutating mood. "We are impressed," he remarks, "by striking novelties that crop up—a clever dwarf, a musical genius, a calculating boy, a cock with a ten-foot tail, a 'wonder-horse' with a mane reaching to the ground, a tailless cat, a white blackbird, a copper beech, a Greater Celandine with much cut-up leaves; but this sort of mutation is common, and smaller, less brusque variations are commoner still. They form the raw materials of possible evolution."

There are jellyfishes which constantly change. The various kinds of cabbages, such as cauliflower and Brussels sprouts, kale and curly greens, are all descended from the wild cabbage. The evolution of cultivated plants is continuing before our eyes, and the creations of Luther Burbank, such as the stoneless plum and the primus berry, the spineless cactus and the Shasta daisy, are merely striking instances of what is always going on.

Of much more importance is the continuing evolution of man. Professor Thomson quotes a description in Aeschylus of primitive men who "first, beholding, beheld in vain, and, hearing, heard not, but, like shapes in dreams, mixed all things wildly down the tedious time, nor knew to build a house against the sun with wicketed sides, nor any woodwork knew, but lived like silly ants, beneath the ground, in hollow caves unsunned." Then Professor Thomson says:

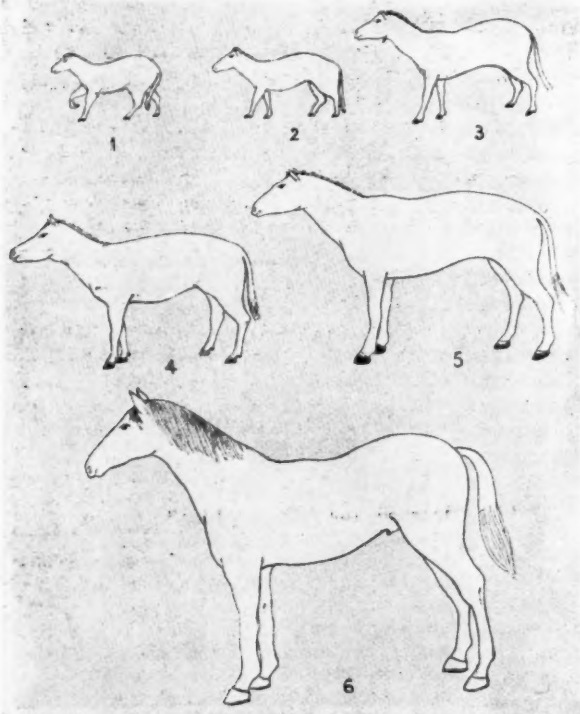
"Contrast this picture with the position of man to-day. He has mastered the forces of nature and is learning to use their resources more and more economically; he has harnessed electricity to his chariot and he has made the ether carry his messages. He tapped supplies of material which seemed for centuries unavailable, having learned, for instance, how to capture and utilize the free nitrogen of the air. With his telegraph and 'wireless' he has annihilated distance, and he has added to his navigable kingdom the depths of the sea and the heights of the air. He has conquered one disease after another, and the young science of heredity is showing him how to control in his domesticated animals and cultivated plants the nature of the generations yet unborn. With all his faults he has his ethical face set in the right direction. The main line of movement is towards the fuller embodiment of the true, the beautiful and the good in

healthy lives which are increasingly a satisfaction in themselves. . . .

"It is not likely that man's body will admit of *great* change, but there is *room* for some improvement, e.g., in the superfluous length of the food-canal and the overcrowding of the teeth. It is likely, however, that there will be constitutional changes, e.g., of prolonged youthfulness, a higher standard of healthfulness and a greater resistance to disease. It is justifiable to look forward to great improvements in intelligence and control. The potentialities of the human brain, as it is, are far from being utilized to the full, and new departures of promise are of continual occurrence. What is of great importance is that the new departures or variations which emerge in fine children should be fostered, not nipped in the bud, by the social environment. The evolutionary prospect for man is promising."

The closing chapter of Volume Two of "The Outline of Science" deals with Freud and psychoanalysis, and is notable if only for its impartiality. Professor Thomson finds the distinctive contribution of Freudian psychology in the theory that "there is a great part of the mind of which we are unconscious" and that "this unconscious part exercises an enormous influence upon our thoughts and actions without ourselves being aware of it," and he is ready to concede that the theory "has thrown a flood of light upon the working of the human mind and led to curious alterations of our views upon dreams, insanity, myths, art and religion." He goes on to say:

"Much, probably far too much, has been made of the claim that psychoanalysis may be applied to the interpretation of dreams, based on the assumption that dreams are the symbolical expression of repressed tendencies. To claim that every dream is determined by the subconscious working of a repressed tendency is unwarrantable, and the theory is not accepted by those most qualified to speak on the subject. . . . Not all dreams are due to repressed wishes. Many dreams are more or less inchoate reproductions of impressions received during the day; such dreams, however, have a fragmentary character. In very many cases where the dream is a rounded and completed whole it is also an allegory, a symbolic manifestation of elements which have been repressed into the unconscious. The repressed elements, even so, do not secure complete fulfilment. There is still what Freud calls the 'censor.' Dreams may illustrate very interestingly, in fact, the indirect ways in which psychic energy seeks an outlet."



SIX STAGES IN THE EVOLUTION OF THE HORSE

This illustration shows what Henry Fairfield Osborne, President of the American Museum of Natural History, has called "the edition de luxe of the horses," extending over millions of years. Number 1, the four-toed horse, or "Eohippus," was about one foot high. Number 5, the one-toed horse, or "Platichippus," was the immediate predecessor of the modern horse.



© Wide World Photos

THE BRITISH PRIME MINISTER AND HIS CABINET AT ST. PAUL'S, LONDON
The occasion is the funeral of Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson. Left to right are Mr. Churchill, Dr. MacNamara, the Speaker (Mr. Whitley), Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Edward Shortt, Home Secretary.



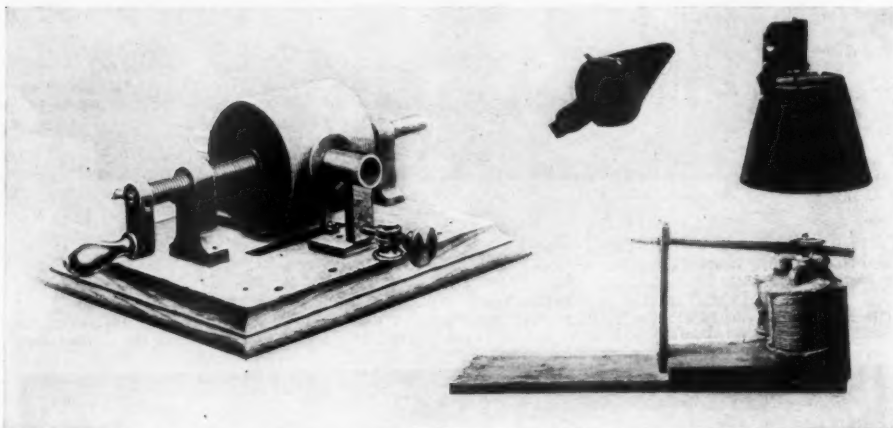
© Underwood

SECRETARY DENBY IS RECEIVED IN JAPAN WITH UNIVERSAL ACCLAIM
"Howls of delight" greeted him in Tokyo where he was fêted at the Bankers' Club by Prince Tokugawa, Foreign Minister Count Uchida, Premier Kato, Ambassador Warren, Baron Goto. Behind Premier Kato are Senator Willy, Viscount Kaneko, Rear Admiral Hoogerwerff and Ambassador Shidehara.



THE FIRST EDISON ELECTRIC LIGHT THAT EVER WORKED

Where metal is now deemed indispensable the "Wizard of Menlo Park" actually used wood and he worked 13 years to achieve this crude model.

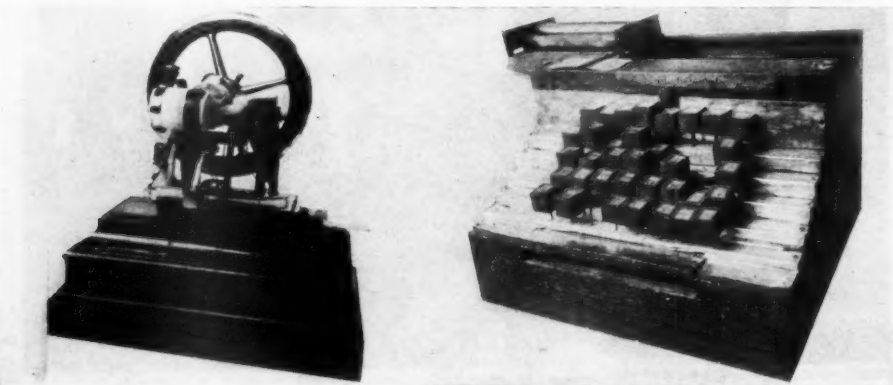


45 YEARS AGO THE PHONOGRAPH WAS SIMPLY "A CRAZY IDEA"

This original model of Edison's "pet invention" cost \$18 and 15 years of night and day toil, and is not yet perfected to his sensitive liking.

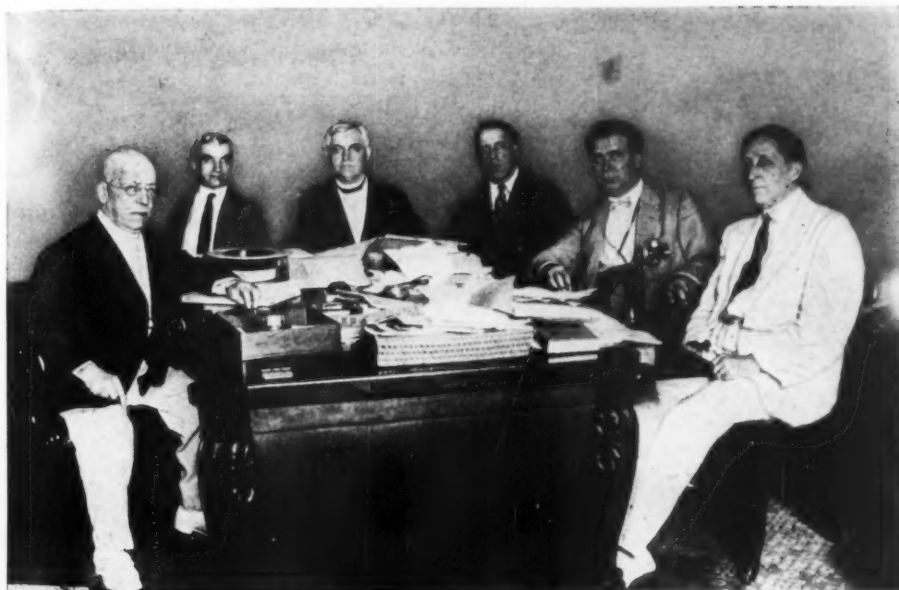
TWO OF AMERICA'S GREATEST GIFTS TO CIVILIZATION

Above are the original Bell receiver and transmitter which worked "by accident" in 1874. Under them is the first telegraph instrument which made S. F. B. Morse a "laughing-stock."



ITS INVENTION WAS A LABOR OF LOVE
While Elias Howe struggled to make this pioneer sewing machine, his wife supported him by means of her needle.

THE FIRST PARENT OF THE TYPEWRITER
Made by a Kentuckian, R. T. Allen, out of children's blocks, it was later perfected and manufactured by Yost and Remington.



© Harris & Ewing

AN IMPORTANT CAPITOL CONFERENCE ON THE STRIKE SITUATION

Discussing ways and means to prevent further strikes are assembled in the office of Senator Borah (second from right), Samuel Gompers, Edgar Wallace and Frank Morrison, of the A. F. L., and Senators Walsh and King.



© Keystone View Co.

THE SITE OF ANCIENT TROY MADE FAMOUS BY HOMER AND HELEN

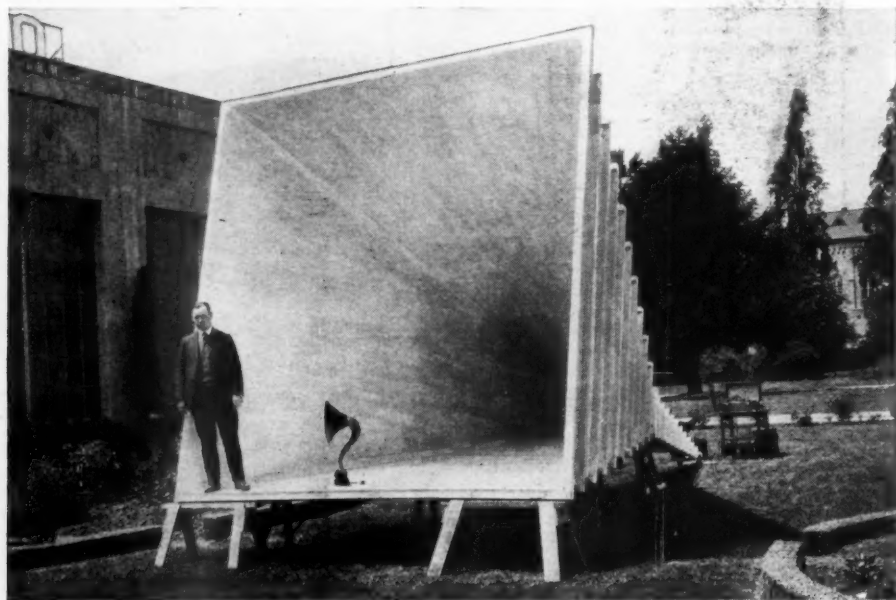
Recent archeological researches indicate that the modern town of Pergamum stands on the spot where the most romantic siege of history occurred. Excavation work on a big scale is contemplated.



© Major Hamilton Maxwell

IDLE SHIPS THAT, FOR UNCLE SAM, ARE A FINANCIAL TRAGEDY

The Government owns 7,000,000 gross tons of shipping, of which 4,500,000 tons are tied up and simply operating as food for barnacles. The fleet pictured here is anchored in the Hudson River.



A HORN THAT BROADCASTS MUSIC OVER A 29-MILE AREA

It is the world's largest broadcasting horn, being 35 feet long, with an opening 12 feet square, and is in successful daily operation at Idora Park, in California.



© International

WALTER HOOVER, SELF-TAUGHT WINNER OF THE DIAMOND SCULLS, A PEERLESS OARSMAN

Returning from his triumph at Henley-on-Thames, he is given a \$15,000 house by his townspeople at Duluth, Minn.



© International

THE FASTEST SWIMMER IN THE WORLD
Johnny Weismuller, at 17, holds a score of national and international records. Never defeated.



© International

A MODERN MERMAID WITH NO RIVAL
Ethelda Bleibtrey, still in her teens, is an Olympic veteran and holder of many swimming records.



THREE BRIGHT PARTICULAR STARS OF THE TENNIS WORLD

Characteristic poses of the French Mile. Suzanne Lenglen, international woman champion; William T. Tilden 2nd, of Philadelphia, world's champion, and Vincent Richards, of Yonkers, N. Y., junior champion.



© Keystone View Co.

RECENTLY A CADDIE—NOW NATIONAL GOLF CHAMPION
Two years ago Gene Sarazen, of Pittsburgh, caddied at Bridgeport, Conn.
In July he won the open golf tournament at Glencoe, Ill.



© International

AN AMERICAN WHO HUMLED THE STAR GOLFERS OF ENGLAND
Walter Hagen, although subsequently defeated by Sarazen, swept all
British golfers before him on their home links.



© International
PREPARING TO DEFEND HIS TITLE OF
WORLD'S CHAMPION

Jack Dempsey, who is to meet Harry Wills in the roped arena within a few months, has his fists insured for \$100,000.



© Keystone View Co.
WHO, IF NOT HE, IS THE GREATEST
LIVING BALL PLAYER?

In St. Louis and elsewhere George Sisler, the fielding and batting marvel of the Browns, is so acclaimed.

A FRENCH APPRECIATION OF THE GAIETY OF LLOYD GEORGE

NO accurate impression of David Lloyd George, Prime Minister though he be, is derivable from any mere statement that he is the head of the British government. Long familiarity with supreme power in the state has indeed given him an irresistible influence. He is much more than all that implies, however. He wishes to be much more. Since the days of Oliver Cromwell, there has not lived in England a man who played with such glory and such thoroughness the part of her protector. He has just the temperament for the part. His tastes fit it. Minister in the cabinet for something like a dozen years, chief of the government during eight tremendous years as well, he wrought a transformation in the familiar theory of what constitutes power in England. Thus does a keen student of personality introduce a sketch in the *Revue de Paris* of the personality of David Lloyd George.

This Prime Minister, it is pointed out, has extended his sway over all the ministerial departments. In flat defiance of constitutional tradition, he has concerned himself with every conceivable issue before the people. He holds in his hands the threads of every policy. Nothing is lacking to his glory, neither devoted partisans nor popularity with the people nor the admiration of those exalted classes of society from which formerly he held aloof, not even an opposition which through the impotence of its repeated assaults emphasizes the solidity of his position.

The field upon which Lloyd George thus shines so gloriously has, through force of circumstances, become vast. The world conferences have one after another enabled him to assert and establish his prestige not in his own country alone but throughout the globe. It might be said to be impossible for Lloyd George not to love all lands alike. A statesman who is both a realist and

an imaginative genius cannot resist the splendor of the vocation presented by these cosmopolitan assemblages. Hence Mr. Lloyd George has become a veritable Caesar in a new Rome of his own creation. Into his ear are poured the confidences of the world, requests from all mankind. What he will say next is eagerly anticipated. What he has said is no less eagerly studied. There have been occasions upon which a whole civilization seemed concentrated within the villa he occupied. Homages showered upon him—compliments, eulogies, flatteries as well. Even objection appeared in the light of a tribute to his power of great decision.

The critics of the man behold in him a versatile comedian, nothing more. Those who admire his qualities discover the great statesman. In his defects no less than in his qualities foes and friends alike agree in admitting a species of greatness. As a human being, Lloyd George is a nature in which power sits supreme. Circumstances may have favored him, yet no one can deny this man a magnificent personal temperament and dazzling gifts. Subtle as a Gaul, swift, fiery, he faces casually the most terrific emergencies. Resourceful, he does not know what resignation is. His furies are not usually of a kind to make anyone afraid. Neither is his tranquillity of a perfectly reassuring sort.

Never until the great world conferences had he appeared upon so vast a stage. He employed every method available in achieving his effects. He can be vehement. He can be rough. There are many moments when he exhales only good humor, geniality, charm. His hand, which a few hours before may have struck the table in front of him with fury, has gestures as soft as they are caressing. He has presence of mind. He creates his atmosphere. There was a moment, for example, at the Genoa conference, when

Tchicherin seemed to have ruined everything, and he elicited a sharp retort from M. Barthou. It was not the affair of Mr. Lloyd George, who was eager that his own deportment should be calm. Tchicherin, who understands how easy it is to play one ally against another, is no Talleyrand. He has lacked tact. In a few words that were a blend of firmness with good humor, Lloyd George dissipated the first clouds of this gathering storm. The incident must have been witnessed for a perfect comprehension of it, for it proves how exquisitely the capacities of Lloyd George adapt themselves to tortuous negotiation. The tribune of the people in times past harangued the crowd in the public square. He still harangues in parliaments. The statesman of the future, as he is conceived by Lloyd George, is he who can address an audience infinitely vaster, more motley, a gathering in which the Japanese will rub elbows with the Czecho-Slovakian, in which the neutral sits side by side with the fighter of yesterday's war, in which, beneath the shadows, a Bolshevik fraternizes with a German.

Above all things else, Lloyd George is characterized by gayety, high spirits. It is the most surprising of his traits, the essential fact in his course of conduct. Public affairs of the gravest kind grow complicated all around him and he remains gay. The future of the world is at stake and he confesses it himself, the security of whole peoples, order and civilization, war or peace are to be decided, and still Mr. Lloyd George never loses even a trace of his geniality, smiling ever from his clear eyes. The universe is a spectacle to which his philosophy adjusts itself—to act at his ease he knows he needs all his coolness. His opponents declare that he does not know, that he is ignorant of much that is set down in the pages of history. No learning could have brought him more serenity and no contemplation of the past more skepticism regarding events and more confidence in his own course of conduct.

Domination to a man of that political

type is a necessity. He remains in constant need of the only support that is indispensable to his dictatorship—that of public opinion. The chief in history, as we read about him, is seen to have ruled by force. Force in modern society is derived from the popular will. A parliament is the mere expression of it. Above and beyond parliament, this force resides in the man in the street, and the man in the street is incarnate through Lloyd George. By the very nature of his character, through the part he now plays and through his form of power, Lloyd George is destined to feel as the man in the street feels, he is every moment obliged to know what public opinion seeks and to satisfy the demand.

Now in all lands public opinion is mobile, simple, readily stirred. It derides logic. It heeds only its immediate wants. It is not amenable to the attraction of farseeing designs. It is more sensible than rational. To satisfy public opinion, it is essential to practice a policy made in the image of public opinion. Hence it would be unreasonable to ask Mr. Lloyd George to frame a doctrine characterized by continuity, wherein all the pieces shall be well put together. From him we must look for a flashing series of points of view, a jet of intermittent sparks, according to the varying times and the changing places. There is a great distance between this political living from day to day, this hand to mouth statesmanship, necessitated by the peculiarity of a world crisis, and the conception of a Richelieu, with a unified plan, spaciouly designed, acting in behalf of his country and if need be in spite of his country, working for the people yet not by the people. Times have changed. Public opinion is queen of the whole world. The statesman, according to the formula of Lloyd George, holds sway by reckoning not with circumstances only but with the reaction of the crowd to those circumstances. All this amounts to a dependence upon personal experience, it is an empiricism that permits him who is master to remain master.

THE ROMANCE OF AN ENGINEERING GENIUS

THIRTY years ago a lad, who was less than penniless and a cripple in addition, landed at Ellis Island from Germany with every apparent likelihood of becoming a public charge. In order to enter this country, it is related, he had to borrow \$25 from a fellow transatlantic passenger. Had he been unable to negotiate the loan the history of the development of the electrical industry would not contain several remarkable chapters that recite the achievements of Charles Proteus Steinmetz.

His career can match that of any man in America in the matter of early struggles against desperate odds, or of overcoming obstacles through patience, perseverance and hard work. Yet instead of giving the stereotyped formula for success, in which the words "honesty," "hard work," "stick-to-it-iveness" stand out like sore thumbs, this chief consulting engineer of the General Electric Company says that "any boy can achieve as much as I have achieved, if he has the right opportunity."

In the *National Pictorial Monthly* Charles W. Wood, reviewing the career of Dr. Steinmetz, comments on the fact that he has remained, until recently, comparatively unknown to the general public. Meeting Steinmetz ten years ago, this biographer was puzzled to find a reason why such a typical story of inspiration to American youth had not been heralded broadcast. The peculiar reason was that Steinmetz was known as a Socialist, and that, in the public thinking of the time, set him down as a freak. Socialists, for the most part, were supposed to be soreheads—people who had failed in life and were trying to blame society instead of themselves. And if someone who had succeeded still called himself a Socialist, it must be due to some queer twist which had followed him from childhood.

The magazine writer was taken to the General Electric laboratory by a ma-

chinist who wanted to ask Steinmetz a question about mechanical principles which was too deep for a mere interviewer to understand. He ventured a few questions about the schools of Schenectady (Steinmetz was then President of the Board of Education under the first Lunn administration) and was surprised at the simple way in which he answered them. "I discovered that I had been afraid of him; I was afraid of his knowledge, afraid of the big head which had solved a thousand mysteries and which must look with contempt, I thought, at the rank and file of cheerful idiots about him. I said something, in fact, concerning a hope that he would not consider my questions foolish. 'There are no foolish questions,' he said, with an engaging grin. 'No man really becomes a fool until he stops asking questions. The science of education is the science of helping people find out what they want to know.'"

It is this propensity to ask and find the answers to questions that, we are told, led Dr. Steinmetz to discover the principle underlying the forging of artificial thunderbolts, the publicity attending which recently created an international sensation. Recounting the event, in the *World Magazine*, William James Smith gives prominence to an item which seems to have been ignored. It had to do with a mirror that happened to be in the path of the lightning and was broken to smithereens. The occurrence was at a camp on the Mohawk River, near Schenectady, N. Y. The idea came to Steinmetz that if he could piece this mirror together he might be able to trace the path of the lightning and see just how it expended its energy. The idea was a flash of genius, but the work of putting together a mirror shattered by lightning is illustrative of the painstaking, tedious, patient work necessary to gain its end. Another person would have been provoked over the loss of the mirror and would have carted it out of



© International

TWO "WIZARDS OF ELECTRICITY" MEET WITHOUT A SHOCK

Dr. Charles P. Steinmetz and Guglielmo Marconi at the General Electric plant at Schenectady, N. Y., recently discussed everything but matters electrical, the principal topic of conversation being the alligator pets owned by Dr. Steinmetz.

camp and, mayhap, buried it somewhere where it would not interfere with bare feet. But to think of restoring it! It was a jig-saw puzzle of tremendous dimensions, discouraging, seemingly hopeless. "I offered to help," says the writer, "and my efforts must have been laughable to the doctor as he sat there

quizzically watching my ineffectual efforts to aid in the piecing together of the partly restored glass. Finally, after days of effort, he did piece it together. Then the mirror was carefully placed between two pieces of plate glass, which were sealed along the edges. In this way it was transported from camp

to the laboratory in Schenectady. And now, years after, the result of the solving of the jig-saw puzzle is flashed around the world."

Apropos of the asking and answering of questions, it is recounted that an engineer at the General Electric Works, engaged in a very complicated mathematical problem, had been unable to obtain the correct result and that Dr. Steinmetz, happening by, looked at his work and said: "If you will now put your 'y' for your 'x' and your 'x' for your 'y' you'll be all right." It was done and the problem was solved.

While this biographer was studying mathematics at Union College he and Steinmetz were camp fellows one summer and on one occasion the student found himself unable to solve a certain problem. "Read it to me," said Steinmetz.

"I read it to him while he gazed across the Mohawk River at the beautiful Rotterdam Hills, apparently paying no attention. I had hardly finished reading the problem when he said. 'The answer is so-and-so.'"

"Well," I said, "that is very good, but I would like to know how it was done."

"Then he very carefully explained the manner in which he had solved the problem. Before going to class I found out that none of the other boys had solved the problem, so I, too, professed ignorance. In class, the professor asked, 'How many have solved this problem?' There was no reply. Finally he said, 'I didn't think that anyone would do it.' Then he proceeded to show on the blackboard how it was done. I was amazed at the intricate way in which he solved it (compared with the way in which Dr. Steinmetz had done it) and finally said, 'I can do it a much shorter way than that.' The professor was skeptical, remarking, 'Come to the board and show us.' I went to the board and set the problem down as Dr. Steinmetz had solved it for me. The professor 'smelled a rat,' and asked, 'Who solved that for you?' But he never learned the source of my assistance."

It happens that this acknowledged head of his profession in America is one of the most human of men. His fondness for children is pronounced. He is as enthusiastic in helping them understand how two and two must be four as he is demonstrating his latest electrical calculations to a convention of gray-bearded professors. Steinmetz in his laboratory, Steinmetz working out a problem upon which our industrial civilization waits, is no more absorbed in study than is this same Steinmetz, with a handful of fortunate children around him, as he demonstrates the miracle of long division. Looking at him upon such an occasion, it is impossible to tell who is the pupil and who the teacher. For the wizard is learning. He is asking questions. He is finding out how the marvelous human forces operate.

It is ingeniously contended that Steinmetz is "great" by contrast with so many men who have simply been "successful" because "he is so much richer," in the sense of having all the money he wants. The amount of his fortune is a matter of conjecture. His salary is estimated at \$200,000 a year, but the accuracy of the figure is questionable. One biographer thinks that Steinmetz himself neither knows nor cares what may be its exact size. His contract with the General Electric Company is said to call for everything he needs: but all that anyone needs, to the Steinmetz way of thinking, is sufficient equipment so that he can function at the fullest possible capacity.

"Work," Dr. Steinmetz is quoted as declaring paradoxically, "is a curse. The chief aim of society should be to abolish work." In the same paragraph he is quoted as saying that he has succeeded in reducing his own work-time to thirty minutes a day, explaining that this gives him about eighteen hours daily to devote to engineering. What he meant by work, of course, was drudgery, but the "drudgery" that he had in mind is the "work" of thousands. He hopes for a day when every man will be able to work creatively.

BARON KATO: THE SELF-EFFACING PRIME MINISTER OF JAPAN

IN the course of his exciting visit to this country that timid Baron Tomosarubo Kato who was made Prime Minister at Tokyo the other day assumed an audacity of facial expression and a swagger in deportment which, relates the *Milan Corriere*, were wholly for the benefit of the Americans. He had been assured that as he drew near Washington he must rid himself of such handicaps as modesty of manner, discretion in speech and incapacity to speak at length of his own merits and importance. Otherwise the Americans would deem him uninteresting and insignificant.

Unfortunately for the Baron, who is now in his sixty-fourth year, he could not, our Italian authority tells us, lay aside the habits of a lifetime. He trembled before the most juvenile reporter and was on more than one occasion driven to an expedient that served him well in Japan, when first he was made head of his country's fleet. He had to report promptly at Tokyo where newspaper men lurked for his arrival. In fact, they swarmed aboard his train at Kozu. The Admiral, who had not yet been elevated to the peerage, had taken the precaution to draw the hood of his cloak well over his gray head. He removed every button and badge that might betray his exalted rank. Then he took refuge under one of the seats in the private car allotted to him. For nearly an hour, while the reporters ran nosily from end to end of the train, the Admiral hid thus in terror, being rescued in a lamed condition from his cramped posture. He understood that such tactics would not foil the Americans.

Physically the new Prime Minister of Japan seems somewhat taller than he is, owing to a leanness which at times suggests emaciation. Nevertheless he is in perfect health, astonishing his friends by his feats of strength in the gymnasium to which he resorts for the acrobatics in which he delights. The Baron, indeed, lives in dread of superfluous flesh which he will not permit to accumulate in any portion of his anatomy. He boxes, fences, runs and leaps as if he were still twenty, and he confided recently to a friend his expectation of living to be a hundred. His sister is still living at Hiroshima where



HIS PEOPLE CALL HIM TOMO

The friends of Kato have not recovered from their blank amazement at the latest distinction conferred upon one whom they deem the idlest of an immense family.

the Admiral himself was born, and this sister, herself past eighty-three, recently told a representative of *The Japan Advertiser* that her renowned brother was quick-tempered in his youth, often getting and giving black eyes in his frays with the boys of the neighborhood. His people call him Tomo, and they have not recovered from their blank amazement at the latest distinction conferred upon one whom they deem the most reckless, the least capable and the idlest of an immense family. The Admiral had a kind, good brother, it seems, who always stood at the head of his class, who never soiled his clothes and spoke exquisite Japanese without a grammatical error almost from his cradle, besides never losing his temper or hitting his relatives on the head; but this paragon has never been heard of by the outside world, whereas Tomo, the bad boy, is Prime Minister. His venerable sister confesses herself bewildered by such a paradox of politics.

The incorrigible Kato is a source of disedification at the cultured court of Tokyo because he will take no trouble with his handwriting, and he flatly refuses even to attempt the writing of poetry. The Baron is thus something of an anomaly among the peers, but he defends himself upon the plea that beautiful calligraphy could not possibly facilitate his tactical evolutions during a cruise with his squadron, and as for poetry he insists that he has no ideas that call for expression through the medium of verse. This observation having been misconstrued into a disparagement of poets, the Baron took care to explain that he has no prejudice against epics, lyrics, sonnets, couplets or anything of the sort. On the contrary, he listens with delight whenever his grandson recites a classical extract or a masterpiece of modern prosody. The Baron means no more than that, being himself no poet, he does not strive to excel in those literary forms of composition which are so highly appreciated in the circle around the throne.

Critics of the Prime Minister are also

disposed to twit him on the score of that preternatural gravity of countenance which leads to the suggestion that he is desitute of the sense of humor. The simple truth is that the Baron has never been given to unrestrained hilarity. "I cannot smile," he explained to a photographer in Tokyo, "because there is nothing to smile at." On another occasion, when asked to make a speech, he insisted that he could not talk because there was nothing to talk about. His noble kinsman, the Count Uchida, took occasion to demur at this, notes our Milan contemporary. Anyone can talk, said the count, when supplied with a topic for conversation. To talk well and edifyingly when there is nothing to talk about is to place one's companions under a great obligation. "My dear count," retorted Kato grimly, "that is all easy enough for a man of genius like yourself. I expect you to smile when there is nothing to smile at and to talk when there is nothing to talk about—some day I shall see you eat when there is nothing to eat!"

Kato is well aware of the importance of the temperate habits to which he has clung ever since he entered the navy as a midshipman at the age of twenty-four. He was fond of pointing out to his classes when he was a professor at the naval academy that the drunkenness of which so much is made in some fleets does not affect the higher command. Kato himself, according to the Japanese press, is partial to the native beverage of "sake" and indulges in it moderately at every meal. Green tea, despite its popularity with his countrymen, he will not touch because it interferes with his sleep. He looks with disapproval upon the tendency among his people to adopt every foreign dish that appeals because of its novelty or that tickles the palate because of its seasoning. To Kato the western world is in servitude to its stomach. He is said to complain occasionally of the trouble of having to eat three times a day such meals as are affected by Americans and Europeans, one of which, he is quoted as saying, would last him a week.

A LABOR LEADER WHO DEPLORES THE STRIKE AS A WEAPON

ALTHOUGH the disaffection in the ranks of railway workers, which attained the proportions of a nation-wide strike, has been confined to some half million railroad shop craftsmen, a very significant figure in the background of the rail labor situation is the pacific president of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen. How William Granville Lee—"W. G." is his nickname among his fellow workers—has risen from brakeman to a commanding position in the railroad world is one of the romances of the great steel highway.

Railway presidents who have met Lee

in debate describe him as conscientious and well-meaning. But, we are assured by a New York *Herald* biographer, these words lessen the man and are the interpretation of his conservative attitude. He is reasonable on the surface, but beneath his affability one senses the leader of force and vision "who wants nothing more than to see his men get reasonable wages so that they may live in comfort, free from anxiety and even save money and buy their little homes. He wants to see them allowed time for relaxation." In a word, "his ambition for his men is confined to

wanting them to have the things that are the general aspiration of Americans," and he is said to deplore the strike as a weapon. At the same time this paradoxical railroad labor leader gives the impression of a man charged with heavy responsibilities and as being mindful of them. Of a progressive spirit he may have appeared, as people say he did, a decade ago, to be a man of the hale, rough and ready type. But Lee and his compeers of to-day are not exteriorly what they were ten years ago. Gone are the times when simply to be forceful was sufficient, and we are assured that no present-day leader puts a big cigar in the corner of his mouth and rests his feet on the table. Conferences between labor magnates and



HE KNOWS HOW TO STRIKE AND STRIKE HARD, BUT HATES TO DO IT

W. G. Lee is, as head of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, a dominant figure in the labor situation.

railway presidents are polite functions. Harsh words are never exchanged. But in this modern amenity of conduct it is not likely that the force of strategy goes begging for employment.

President Underwood, of the Erie, has a high opinion of the head of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen as a leader and as a man. He describes him as a hard worker, conscientious, a speaker who is always concise and to the point. There is no indication that during his incumbency his office will become a bureau of dictation or suppression.

In the railway fight, a close observer of the situation is quoted as saying, people have dropped from view certain important things. They fancy, for instance, that when this country went into the war the accompanying increase in wages was tendered to the men on a sort of salver. That is an illusion. The leaders such as Lee had to fight and fight hard for what they got. Now, justly or unjustly, they don't want their wages reduced.

Another point on which the public has been badly informed is that the Federal Labor Board cannot by law compel the railroad men to do anything. When the Labor Board said that the narrowly averted strike of last year was in violation of the orders of itself the railroad brotherhoods might have replied: "Go to hell." They made no such reply, we are reminded, and their restraint is said to have been due primarily to W. G. Lee.

He and the presidents of the other railway brotherhoods consider that they possess an element of strength in the complexion of the organizations. Nearly all railroad union men are Americans. Although there exists no positive bar to foreigners, yet the foreign element in the organizations is almost negligible. There are no Italian brakemen and no Finns, or exiles from the Balkans. So when an appeal is made by railroad labor to the country the leaders say it is from brother to brother.

The salary of William Granville Lee is not a large one—\$10,000 a year—

considering the amount of work he has to do and the fact that he is on the rack most of the time. In his incumbency of the presidency of his brotherhood he has, it is said, been responsible for many changes which have strengthened it all along the line.

This labor leader, at sixty-three, is a big man physically, broad of shoulder and inclined to stoutness. His hair is snow-white and has been so for twenty years or more, tho there isn't as much of it as there was when he was a conductor on the Santa Fé. He is said virtually to have no relaxations, no games, to read temperately and to avoid fiction. Only occasionally does he go to the theater, but he has a weakness for the movies. Something of a connoisseur of architecture, he incidentally cares for good pictures and owns as many as his moderate salary admits of. Acting, dancing and kindred exhibitions leave him cold.

Much of his strength with the trainmen grows out of his intimate knowledge of their lives and toils, we are told. He has been through all the experiences they are likely to have and he sympathizes with them in their natural ambitions. From every standpoint he can view their aspirations and visualize their needs. Having like ambitions and aspirations, he can weigh theirs, accept what is reasonable and possible and discard what seems too far-fetched. Lee is an American, and perhaps that says all. But to go on by negations it may be added that he is anti-socialist, anti-bolshevist and against almost every subversive theory. He does not wish to subvert any existing law of government, but instead to make the present laws better understood.

With no hesitation, apparently, he forced himself during the 1920-21 railway labor fermentation to cancel the charter of 20,000 members of the brotherhoods because of their violation of contracts. The organization of railway trainmen is the largest railroad group and was the hardest hit, testifying to the courage of its president.

THE SIXTH SHOT

By S. A. DERIEUX

Illustrations by
Charles S. Corson

THERE was a dance going on in Steve Abernathy's house, far up in the Big Smoky Mountains. The fire roared and crackled in the big broad chimney; the barrel of cider lay by the window, rocking on its stays; the old fiddler sawed at his fiddle and called the figures; the men came swinging down the aisle of girls, snatched their partners and whirled away; the low-ceiled room rang with shouts and laughter.

But there was trouble brewing, too. For Steve's girl Phoebe was dancing first with Bud Campbell, then with Nank Morgan. She didn't mean any harm; she was just turned woman, and the prettiest in the mountains, at that. It was the most natural thing in the world for her while she danced with Bud to throw smiles over her shoulder at Nank, and while she danced with Nank to throw smiles over her shoulder at Bud. Girls always have done that kind of thing and always will. But that doesn't alter the fact that it's a dangerous thing to do in the Big Smoky Mountains.

First Bud Campbell stood in a corner, his chest rising and falling as if he had run a race, his blond head almost touching the rafters, the grin on his face not good to look at as he watched her whirl away with Nank. A young giant was Bud, just



Old Bill, who knew more ways of fighting than any other man in the mountains.

IN this story, which we publish by permission of the "Red Book," in which it originally appeared, is presented, with the admirable simplicity of the skilful writer, a fire-vivid drama of primitive love and hate—a drama which comes to its strange climax on moonlit Dead Man's Field. It is adjudged by the O. Henry Memorial Committee of the Society of Arts and Sciences as one of the best short stories that has appeared in an American magazine this year.

turned eighteen, hardly more than a boy—but boys are men in the mountains as soon as they are ready to love and fight. Phoebe was "his gal"; she had been his ever since his trousers lengthened to his shoe-tops, and her dresses lengthened to her ankles. That was the big fact in

Bud's life, that Phoebe was "his gal." Nobody had ever dared dispute it until to-night.

THEN Nank Morgan, who *had* dared dispute it, stood in the same corner, lean, lank, swarthy, dressed in "city clothes," his mouth drawn tight as a wire, his black appraising eyes full of the devil that possessed him as he watched her

whirl away with Bud. He was older than Bud in years; he was ages older in experience. He had been away two years working in town, had come home on a visit, and had dropped in unexpectedly on this dance to-night. He had found Phoebe Abernathy, a girl when he left, now grown into a woman, and very good to dance with. He was not the man to respect another's claim. What Nank Morgan wanted he took.

The two men were neighbors. They had grown up together, fished and hunted together, gone to frolics together. They had been friends when Nank went away; they had met as friends when Nank dropped in to-night. Then Phoebe Abernathy had smiled at Nank, for girls like men who have been away, seen the world and have come back. Then she had danced with Nank and thrown smiles over her shoulder at Bud. What was happening here in Steve Abernathy's house is the sort of thing that happens everywhere all over the world. But, again, that doesn't alter the fact that it breeds trouble in the Big Smoky Mountains.

Old Steve had had a pull or two at his jug and turned in early. He didn't know anything about it—he wouldn't have minded if he had. Girls must have their fling, and men must have their fights, and old Steve was a philosopher. As for the other dancers, they were young; every man had his girl, every girl had her man. They didn't notice, or if they did, they didn't care.

But there was one in the room who took it all in, and who knew what was coming. He sat by the chimney-corner where the firelight fell upon him, patting his foot and puffing his pipe and stroking his beard—old Bill McCordle, who never missed a frolic, old Bill who had seen more fights and knew more ways of fighting than any other man in the mountains.

HE could tell you how to fight with knives or pistols, with shotguns or rifles—just how far to stand, just how to play the game as it ought to be played, what *had* been done and what hadn't. In another sphere of life he would have been a scholar, maybe a professor of Greek. Of late years his lore had been listened to by ever-diminishing crowds at the cross-roads store, like the worn-out lectures of some ancient professor who interests the rising generation no more. But to-night his eyes were shining and shrewd and joyful. For good times, such as existed be-

fore the law came in to meddle and take the spirit out of men, were coming once more to the Big Smokies.

He knew both those young men who glared at each other over the heads of the rollicking and heedless crowd; he had known their fathers before them, and their grandfathers, and he knew that they came of fighting stock. He knew they would not "take it out" in looking. Now and then he nodded his head, then went on puffing his pipe and tapping his foot. It would be bright to-night in Dead Man's Field, and the Field lay on the way home for Bud and for Nank and for him.

ONCE he thought the fight was coming right here in the room, and he rose to his feet like a bearded lion and dropped his pipe into his pocket. He had his rules, his ethics, his ideals. A room full of people was no place in which to start a row. Women would scream and meddle, likely faint or get shot. Then, too, a man who forced a fight in a crowd was usually a blusterer who counted on interference.

The fiddle had stopped, and Phoebe was talking eagerly up into Bud's face, trying, after it was too late, as women always do try, to stop the conflagration she had started. Nank was standing close behind her as if he owned her, though it was Bud's dance—old Bill had kept account of that. Suddenly the fiddler started up, and Nank snatched her from under Bud's very eyes and whirled her into the dance. Bud took a step after them, his face white, his eyes wild; old Bill started forward then. But with the dancers whirling all around him and bumping into him, Bud stopped a moment. Then he turned and stumbled out of the room, slamming the door behind him.

"He'll be waitin' out thar in the yard," said the old man to himself. He sat down once more, puffing his pipe.

Old Bill was the first out when the dance broke up—the first to reach Bud waiting down there by the road, the first to catch and hold him when the oath rang out and Bud reached for his gun and started for Nank, coming out with the rest of the crowd.

"This ain't the place!" he said, holding to Bud's wrist with a grip that cut, and looking up into his face with steely eyes.

Then Phoebe Abernathy came running through the crowd straight to Bud where he stood, with the old man holding him, just outside the heavy shadow cast in the moonlit yard by a cedar. She had not



Old Bill had seen the two of them more than once, walking slowly down the mountain roads together.

seen him standing boldly out in the moonlight, as he had been standing when the old man reached him. She thought he had been hiding in that shadow—which was black as ink—hiding in ambush, waiting.

"You coward!" she cried up into Bud's face, her breast rising and falling.

The old man smiled with the cynicism of age and experience. The girl liked Bud and was disappointed; she wouldn't have let anybody else call him that. Old Bill had seen the two of them more than once walking down the mountain roads together, walking very slowly, as if there were no such thing as time.

Her face was white now, and she was sobbing when they dragged her back into the house. Not once had she looked at Nank, who stood in front of the crowd, cool and steady, but watchful. Old Bill knew; she might as well have said: "I love you, Bud!" It would have meant the same thing.

But Bud didn't know. Old Bill had heard him gasp as if the girl had struck him in the face. Bud was young, you know, and didn't understand. The world had ceased to exist for him. Later what she had said would rankle, would drive him mad with rage. But right now, as he stood paralyzed—right now, thought the old man, was a good time to be going.

"I'll look out for these two fellers," he said to the crowd. "I live down below whar they live, an' I'll see 'em home."

A man in the crowd laughed. . . . Some of the frolickers, strangely quiet now, went part of the way with them, then at the crossing turned off down the mountain, their talk and laughter beginning again as they passed out of sight. Silently along the ridge road trudged the three, the old man walking between Bud and Nank, his hands in his coat pockets, his pipe in his mouth, his mind running ahead to the moonlit field—that historic and hallowed spot that had rung with more shots and drunk up more blood than any other field in the mountain.

OLD BILL wasn't blood-thirsty; he was simply a man with an idea—the same idea that has been held by philosophers more learned than he: the idea that to fight is the chief function of man here on this planet that whirls round the sun, with the moon at intervals looking down on it and lighting up Dead Man's Field.

Bud was bareheaded—he had forgotten his hat—and he walked straight now, head thrown back, swinging along in the moonlight.

"It's a pretty night," he said after a while in a queer, loud way, and threw back his head and laughed.

Old Bill said nothing; he had seen them this way before when liquor or the love of a woman had made them drunk. And Nank said nothing—only smoked a cigaret.

Suddenly Bud stopped in the road, and Nank stopped, and the old man stopped, very watchful.

"I said," yelled Bud, "this here's a mighty pretty night. What do you say,

Nank Morgan? Is this here a pretty night, or ain't it?"

Still Nank did not speak, only looked at Bud quickly, viciously, his face white, his eyes blazing.

"Come on," said old Bill dryly. . . .

In silence the rest of the way they came out into the flattened field at the very top of the mountain range, where the moon was bright as if it were shining on snow. Halfway across the field Bud stopped in the road, and Nank stopped, and old Bill.

"This here's mighty pleasant, now, ain't it?" sneered Bud, "this here walkin' together in the moonshine!" His hand darted to his hip pocket and swept his coat backward. "Git out of the way, old man McCordle!" he yelled. "Draw, Nank Morgan!"

Nank threw away his cigaret.

"I ain't got nothin' to draw," he said. "I got out of the habit of totin' it in town."

"Then, by God, borrow!" yelled Bud.

For a moment the gleam went out of the old man's eyes.

"I ain't got nothin' to lend," he said humbly. "Things has been quiet roun' here so long, I jus' got out of the habit of totin' mine. Hit wore my britches pocket out. The ol' woman had to keep on patch-in' 'em. Things ain't like they used to was," he said in his sorrow.

THEN out of the vast storehouse of his knowledge it came—and the gleam of authority shone once more in his eyes.

"Thar's a way," he said slowly. "Hit's been done."

"Then speak up!" said Bud, his face close to the old man's face, his breath hot. "It's got to be to-night, an' it ain't no fist fight. It's me or him!"

"Speak up, old man," said Nank. "Spit it out."

"Thar's a way," repeated old Bill, unmindful of the interruption. "Yes, hit's been done. Here—gimme that gun, Bud."

He unbreeched the revolver, a heavy old six-shooter, the nickel worn off in spots.

"Hit's a ol' gun," he said.

"Oh, it's good enough, I reckon," said Bud proudly. "It was Pa's gun—him that died fightin' four men an' brought down two of 'em."

"I know," said old Bill reverently. "I war thar."

He emptied the cartridges out of the cylinder and held them out in his hand. "Be thar six?" he asked. "Then here goes five!" And he threw the five away

far into the field. "An' here goes one back in the gun," he said, and shoved the solitary cartridge into a chamber. He gave the cylinder a twirl and clicked the gun shut. "It may go off the first shot; it may go off the second—it may go off the sixth. An' you don't know, Bud; an' you don't know, Nank; an' I don't know. Only God A'mighty knows, an' He ain't likely to meddle."

HE dropped the pistol into his coat pocket and looked at the two men. He waited a moment, then went on:

"Hit goes by the toss of a coin. The man that gits the first toss gits the first shot. The man that gits the second toss gits the second shot—an' so on till the hammer comes to whar the ca'tridge be. Bud Campbell, this here's your gun; you might have settled things here an' now, settled 'em your own way, an' you didn't. Speak up, Bud Campbell—heads or tails?"

A moment Bud stood staring at him—then he spoke:

"Tails."

"So be it, amen!" said old Bill. He took a quarter out of his pocket and held it up. "Betwixt each shot I spin this two-bit piece. If it falls tails, it's Bud's shot; if it falls heads, it's Nank's. That's the rule all the way through. I may have to spin it one time; I may have to spin it two times; I may have to spin it six times. Nobody but God A'mighty knows; an' He ain't goin' to meddle."

Only the amateur hurries through a thing. In all that followed, old Bill was deliberate, grim, impartial. He went out into the field; he came back with two stones, and placed them in the road exactly ten paces apart. Between each shot, or each click of the pistol that told that the cartridge had not come under the hammer, he tossed the coin like the expert he was, then got down on his knees in the road and struck a match above it. He handed the gun to the man who had won the toss, watched him take his stand at one rock, watched the man who had lost take his stand at the other, then stepped to the edge of the road, hands in his coat pockets, pipe in his mouth. "Ready?" he asked each time, and waited for the response of the man who faced the gun. When it came, he took his pipe out of his mouth. "Shoot!" he said, then put his pipe into his mouth again.

The night was cold, and his old blood was thin, but the cold didn't touch him now. As the cylinder brought the car-

tridge closer to the hammer, and the chances of prolonging the game grew narrower, his movements became even more deliberate, though his eyes shone ever brighter, and his hands trembled a bit now as he stooped over the coin and struck a match. He spun the coin each time a little higher up in the moonlight; he held the match longer above it; he examined the silver verdict closer.

"Say, but this here's fun, ain't it?" said Bud a little wildly on the fourth shot—a shot that came to Nank.

"Ready?" asked the old man.

"Ready an' waitin'!" cried Bud.

"Shoot!" said the old man. . . .

IT was on the fifth shot—the coin gave it to Bud Campbell as it had given the two previous ones to Nank—that Nank took off his wide-brimmed hat and dropped it in the road beside him, then stood facing the gun, straight and unflinching, his mouth a little tighter than usual, his face a little paler. But Bud was breathing deep, and his voice was hoarse when he spoke.

"Nank Morgan," he said, "you got one chance out of six to live; you got five chances out of six to die. Is thar anything? Your ma or sisters or anybody?"

"Ready?" broke in old Bill.

And like an echo came the voice of Nank: "Ready!"

"All right," said Bud grimly, "so be it."

He raised the gun; he took careful and deadly aim—and on his face came a sudden and terrible eagerness. This was the last shot but one. If the gun missed fire this time, it meant for a certainty that the cartridge lay ready for the next shot. He could pull the trigger once more right quick; old Bill was a little deaf and wouldn't hear the first click; nobody would ever know—and Nank would tumble yonder in the road, and he would go home this night and to Phoebe Abernathy tomorrow, conqueror.

"Shoot!" cried old Bill quickly, his eyes blazing.

Bud pulled the trigger; the gun clicked; a moment it remained level while the sweat started to Bud Campbell's face in great beads and his hair rose on his head and every muscle in his big body quivered. Then the gun came down, and Bud stood gasping and choking.

"Here's the gun, Bill McCordle," he said, and turned away.

There was a dead tree lying prostrate beside the road, a white old skeleton of



Bud raised the gun. This was the last shot but one.

an affair. He sat down on it, his chest rising and falling, and mopped the sweat from his face. He rose like a tired man when Nank came toward them and looked his enemy quickly and searchingly in the eyes. He saw the grim approval there, the touch of gratitude, of friendliness, of comradeship. He thought for a moment of the nights when he and Nank used to go frolicking together. He had always looked up to Nank. Nank had seen his struggle; Nank knew the temptation that had almost overwhelmed him to pull the trigger just once more, to end this thing, to keep his own life. Neither spoke; there was no need of words; but they stood close together, united by some strange bond, while old Bill got deliberately ready to spin the coin for the last time.

HIGH up in the air this time old Bill tossed that two-bit piece, their eyes trying to follow it as it went out of sight in the darkness. It seemed to stay up there awhile as if lingering, then off yonder a little way it hit the frozen ground with a *ting*. It bounced, spun round, then rolled off into a rut beside the road, as if to hide the secret it held upon its face.

They all bent down now over the spot where it seemed to have run there in the



"Shoot," cried old Bill quickly, his eyes blazing.

deep rut, while old Bill pulled the dead weeds and grass carefully, tenderly, almost lovingly aside. There was no sound but that of hard-breathing men. Even old Bill's face looked queer and drawn as he struck the match. They peered down into the rut washed full of silvery sand that glistened in the flare of the match. There was no quarter here.

Farther down the road now the old man, his hands trembling, pulled the dead grass aside, struck another match, and looked up and down the shining sand, then still farther, then back, his movements growing more eager, his face worried.

"Spin another one," panted Bud.

"Hit won't do!" cried the old man. "Hit's got to be found if it takes all night."

He struck fire to the dead grass and weeds that overhung the gully and the edge of the road, the flames, tiny at first, then brighter, lighting up their faces like crimson footlights. Bud went back to the log, sat down, and buried his face in his hands. Nank stood beside the old man, watching the flames and the smoke that dimmed the face of the moon now.

"Here it be!"

Bud rose and hurried to them, and once more they all stooped while old Bill held

close to the fugitive face of the coin his last match. There was a moment's silence; then Bud staggered to his feet.

"I'm a dead man," he said, and turned away, "—dead an' bound for hell."

He took his place beside the rock in the road, tearing his shirt open at the throat as if the night were hot.

"Hurry up," he said.

"Is there anything, Bud?" asked Nank as he took his place with the gun.

"It don't make no difference now. I've had my fling. Only you can tell my ol' ma it was fair. You can tell—tell Phoebe Abernathy I ain't no coward. That's all, boys. This here's fun, I say. Them's my last words."

Old Bill took his pipe out of his mouth. It had gone out long ago.

"Ready?" he asked.

Yonder the gun came up slowly, steadily. Behind it Nank's face was white as paper.

"Ready," said Bud. "This here's a pretty night, ain't it, old Bill McCorcle—moonshine an' all."

"Shoot!" said old Bill, and swallowed hard.

Still Nank stood, pistol level, face like paper.

"Shoot!" said old Bill and started toward him. "God A'mighty, man—don't stan' thar lookin'! Shoot!"

The pistol came slowly down; strange and quiet came the voice of Nank: "I done shot."

A MOMENT the old man stood, uncertain, uncomprehending, wondering if the gun had shot and he had not heard. But yonder stood Bud alive, and there had been no flash of flame from the pistol. Suddenly the suspicion rushed through his mind that even Nank Morgan had lost his nerve and had not pulled the trigger. Then an inkling of what had really happened dawned on him, and he hurried to Nank, the suspicion and the question both in his excited eyes.

"You played a trick on us," panted Nank, his eyes blazing like live coals. "You never stuck no cartridge in this gun. You had us standin' up here thinkin' we were killin' one another. And you—!"

With hands that trembled, the old man snatched the gun away from him, unbreeched it and exposed the cartridge. "Strike a match!" he ordered. "Hold it close here! I played a trick, did I? See that ca'tridge? See that'ar dent in the



Silently along the ridge road trudged the three, the old man walking between Bud and Nank.

cap whar the plunger hit? See it? I played a trick, did I?"

He counted the empty cells back to the one that lay under the hammer. There were four of them. The old gun that had barked in many a fight had "snapped" in this—snapped on the second shot.

"That would have been *me*," said Nank. "It is you, young man!"

OLD Bill did not speak with resentment; that had left him now. It was just a question of doing the right and fair thing, of seeing through to the end this fight that had begun. He turned to Bud, coming toward them like a sleepwalker.

"Bud Campbell," he said, "this here gun snapped on the second shot. That shot was yours—that shot is still yours. If the gun snaps again, it is still yours—yours till the gun do go off. Hit's the right an' fair thing; hit's the only right an' fair thing."

A moment Bud stood looking down sternly into the old man's unflinching eyes. Then he cried out so loud that the startled echoes came back to them from the border of the silent field.

"No—by God, no! I don't want no shot fair or no fair! Gal or no gal! Git out

of my way; git out of my way with that gun. —Nank Morgan—me an' you was raised together, Nank. Me an' you have been to hell together. Here's my hand, Nank Morgan!"

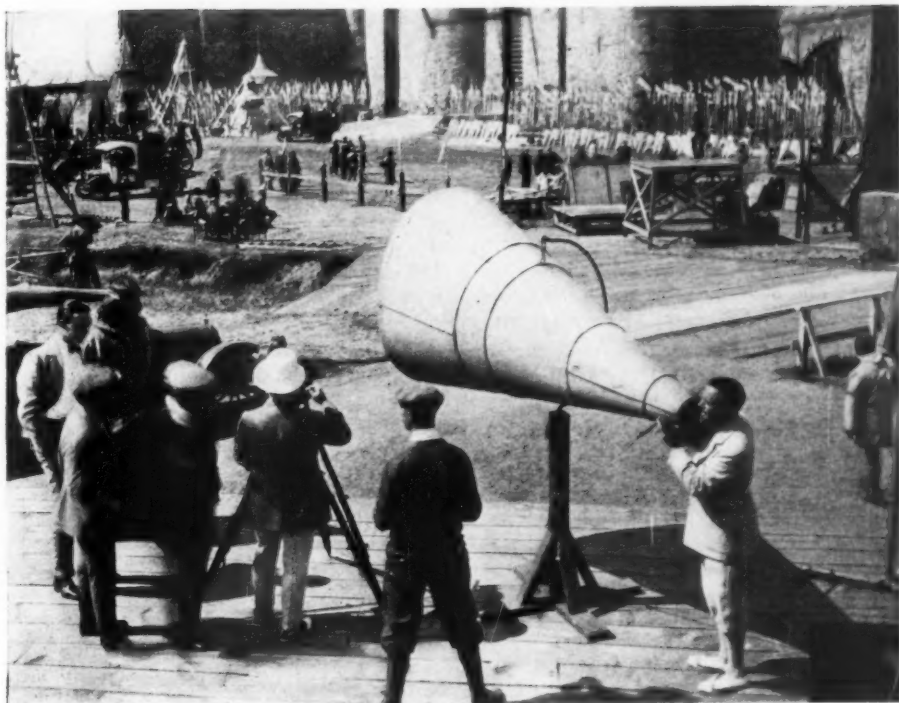
And so they shook hands there in Dead Man's Field, looking into one another's haggard eyes.

"It's all my fault," said Nank. "I didn't have no business buttin' in to-night. She's yours, Bud. She don't care nothin' for me. I ought not to have butted in. I'm goin' back to town to-morrow."

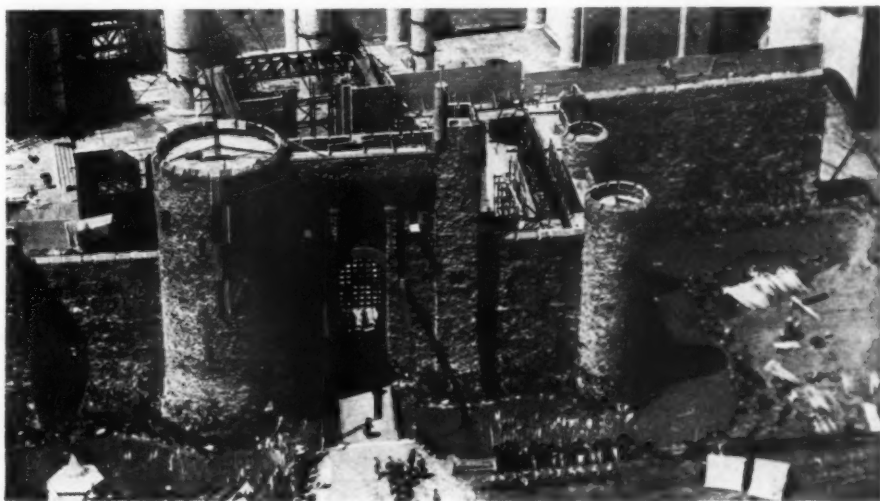
OLD Bill McCorcle turned away and shuffled on down the road alone in the moonlight. Back there was no place for him. Young men didn't know their minds any more. The world had fallen on degenerate days. A mile down the road he passed the cabin of the Campbells. There was a light in the window. The Widow Campbell was sitting up for Bud. Farther on, he passed the cabin of the Morgans. There was a light in the window here too.

"Things ain't like they used to was," he said, and shook his head.

But there was a grin on his hard old face as the moonlight fell upon it.



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS DIRECTING THE MAMMOTH FILM PRODUCTION OF "ROBIN HOOD"
Scene inside the Fairbanks-Pickford studios in California, where a castle covering 20 acres, with a hall 300 feet long, 160 feet wide and 200 feet high, was constructed.



PRONOUNCED TO BE THE LARGEST "SET" EVER MADE IN MOTION PICTURE HISTORY
It shows part of the castle sets constructed at the Fairbanks-Pickford studios at Hollywood for the multi-reel film "Robin Hood" to be released this month.

LAWFUL LARCENY

A Play of Hearts Broken and Mended

By SAMUEL SHIPMAN

THE fact that "Lawful Larceny," as written by Samuel Shipman and produced by A. H. Woods, has been holding the stage on Broadway these many moons evidences its pulling and staying power. It is the old story of the vampire, the victimized wife and the wayward-repentent husband told with a curiously fresh accent. The argument of the play is that if it is not unlawful for one woman to steal another woman's husband and reduce him to bankruptcy, why is it unlawful for the victimized wife to turn the tables on her unscrupulous rival? Scarlet women, since the beginning of time, exclaims the heroine, Marian Dorsey (Belle Bennett), have been glorified by historians, celebrated by poets, painters and sculptors and, though they have rocked empires and the like, they are permitted to go their wicked ways practically unimpeded. No penalty exists for those who steal hearts and break up homes. But she who steals money must pay and pay.

The New York *Herald* observes of the play that Mr. Shipman has contrived it with well-sustained continuity of interest, comparatively free from sterile spots, though "some of the personages seem inclined to discuss their love affairs too freely." The *Commercial* places it in the "category of glittering trash which has so powerful an appeal to readers of a certain type of magazine," but applauds the producer for giving it a "cast and settings worthy of a real literacy." The *Morning Telegraph* assays it as "one of those gems which, while not flawless, is still sufficiently sparkling to make the producer and author feel rather comfortable about its

future." The *World* observes that "while the pictures of vice with which the piece is fulsomely decorated are reprehensible enough, it is at these moments when the author indulges in an irresistible tendency to moralize that his play becomes hardest to hear with gravity consistent with his intentions. As a story of happenings that might be expected to take place anywhere or at any time it touches the most extravagant extremes of improbability."



HE AGAIN RINGS THE BELL WITH A BROADWAY SUCCESS

But Samuel Shipman's "Lawful Larceny" is hailed by the critics less enthusiastically than by the public.



WHILE THEIR WIVES GAMBLE FOR HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS AT CARDS, THE HUSBANDS SHOOT CRAPS FOR PENNIES

An amusing situation in which Martha Mayo, Ida Waterman, Frazier Coulter and John Stokes are principals, in "Lawful Larceny."

The curtain rises on a prologue in which Andrew Dorsey (Fleming Ward) and his wife, Marion (Belle Bennett), are discovered in the drawing-room of their Riverside Drive (New York) apartment after returning from the theater. It is the fifth year of their marriage. They behave like bride and groom. It develops that Marion has just returned from a visit to her parents in California. During her absence things have happened which Dorsey is fain to confess. He has been sirenized by another woman, he announces, but he still adores his wife. At the same time, he admits, he is continuing to see the other woman.

MARION. Why are you still seeing her? Why didn't you leave her on my return—if you didn't love her?

ANDREW. Because she threatened to expose me to you. She has squeezed every

dollar out of me. Our property, our securities, all is gone.

MARION. So that's how you lost our money.

ANDREW. She has one note of mine for \$25,000, a personal note drawn on the corporation. If she discounts it I could go to prison.

MARION. Prison!

ANDREW. Yes.

MARION. What did you give her? How did she manage to get so much money from you?

ANDREW. She has ways of her own. There are no limits to the ways which that woman has of getting money out of men.

MARION. There could be one way only—the way of the wanton!

ANDREW. She is not that kind of woman at all. Were she that, I would have been on my guard. She isn't a vulgar demi-mondaine. She is something far more dangerous and far more expensive to a man. She conducts a perfectly decent home, fre-

quented only by decent people. If she falls in love with a woman's husband she will take him from her, and then take him for all he has got.

MARION. Andrew, I don't know why I'm listening to you. How will all this talk palliate the crime against me and my boy?

ANDREW. It doesn't palliate it, it only shows this woman's guile.

MARION. Her guile! Who is this woman? Do I know her?

ANDREW. No.

MARION. Does she know me? Has she ever met me?

ANDREW. No. I only met her myself after you went to California.

MARION. Where does she live?

ANDREW. At 450 Park Avenue.

MARION. 450 Park Avenue—weeds grow in rich soil! What is her name?

ANDREW. Vivian Hepburn.

MARION. Vivian Hepburn—Vivian Hepburn.

ANDREW. Won't you please say something to me, Marion?

MARION. There is nothing to say. It is the end.

Of course, it isn't so much the end as the beginning of the dramatic action. For the first act discloses Vivian Hepburn's duplex apartment a week later, with a group of her quasi friends in evidence. Among them is Judge Perry (Byron Beasley), an elderly bachelor who, in an elderly manner, professes an infatuation for Vivian. He and she are presently left alone. Whereupon:

JUDGE. I wonder why God made women.

VIVIAN. (*With a laugh.*) God has made women to keep men's noses to the grindstone.

JUDGE. (*Seriously.*) No. To destroy what man creates. Two-thirds of the energy put forth by man is dissipated by women, such as those that just walked in the card-room.

VIVIAN. I am so glad you don't include me.

JUDGE. You! You are the chief destroyer! And you are destroying yourself.

VIVIAN. I am still whole. There's no part of me missing.

JUDGE. All the Vivian I used to know is missing.

VIVIAN. I've had more fun out of life than I ever hoped to have.

JUDGE. Fun! What fun—running a place like this?

VIVIAN. What's the trouble with my place? It's my home. Have you ever observed anything wrong—indecent?

JUDGE. No—

VIVIAN. Well, what?

JUDGE. I mean the gambling.

VIVIAN. (*Offended.*) This is no gambling house. All the playing that I allow is for my friends to pass an hour.

JUDGE. Or a night. You are gambling for money most of the time; that is, when you are not engaged in gambling with some man's life.

VIVIAN. I like to live dangerously. Money and love being the most dangerous, the most precious things, I gamble in them. Tell me, Dan, what life would you choose for me?

JUDGE. Any life but this. You are gifted, Vivian; why don't you do something worth while?

VIVIAN. I have tried writing, painting, music, and I have failed. This is the only way I can enjoy life. I wish you would let me alone.

JUDGE. You are going from bad to worse.

VIVIAN. (*Angrily.*) What have I done?

JUDGE. (*Tensely.*) You've been wrecking lives.

VIVIAN. Whose?

JUDGE. Andrew Dorsey's, for instance.

VIVIAN. Oh, Andrew! When I first met Andrew, I was sure he was my man, I fell it love with him; and when I love a man I don't wish to wait for a solemn Judge like yourself to sanction the satisfaction of that love. I can't understand why I should be annoyed with ceremonies; why I should tie myself up for life if the hero of my dreams should turn out to be a nightmare. In Andrew's case it did turn out a nightmare, and I am left free to choose the next man.

JUDGE. (*Looks at her and shakes his head.*) I am sorry for you, Vivian, but I am still more sorry for Dorsey. He's a nice chap, and I understand he has a charming wife and child.

VIVIAN. Well, I'll adopt his wife and child. Is that what you want me to do?

JUDGE. (*Severely.*) I want you to get away from all this.

VIVIAN. (*With a laugh.*) How? By marrying you?

JUDGE. Even that would be better.

VIVIAN. Dan, if I'm so wrong, how can you love such a woman?

JUDGE. You know? That is a mystery even to myself.

VIVIAN. Dan, I've told you not to waste your time, and I can only repeat it. I think I've found the right man. I'm desperately in love with him.

JUDGE. Guy Tarlow?

VIVIAN. Yes.

Their colloquy presently is interrupted by Tarlow (Lowell Sherman), about thirty-five, handsome, suave and dressed with meticulous care. The Judge retreats to the card-room, leaving Vivian and Tarlow together.

VIVIAN. (*Throws her arms around him and kisses him passionately.*) Oh, Guy, I love you! If you break my heart—

TARLOW. Why do you talk that way?

VIVIAN. I'm mad about you, Guy. Don't take advantage of my love for you. If you disappoint me—

TARLOW. Vivian, you have it bad today.

VIVIAN. Guy, you're the first man that I've truly loved and you are going to be the last. If you are playing with me, if you are insincere— Well, you'll have a funeral on your hands.

TARLOW. Mine?

VIVIAN. No, mine.

TARLOW. If you ever get to that point, please don't leave me out.

VIVIAN. You do love me! Don't you, Guy?

TARLOW. Why these sudden doubts? I love you, and don't let anything ever worry you.

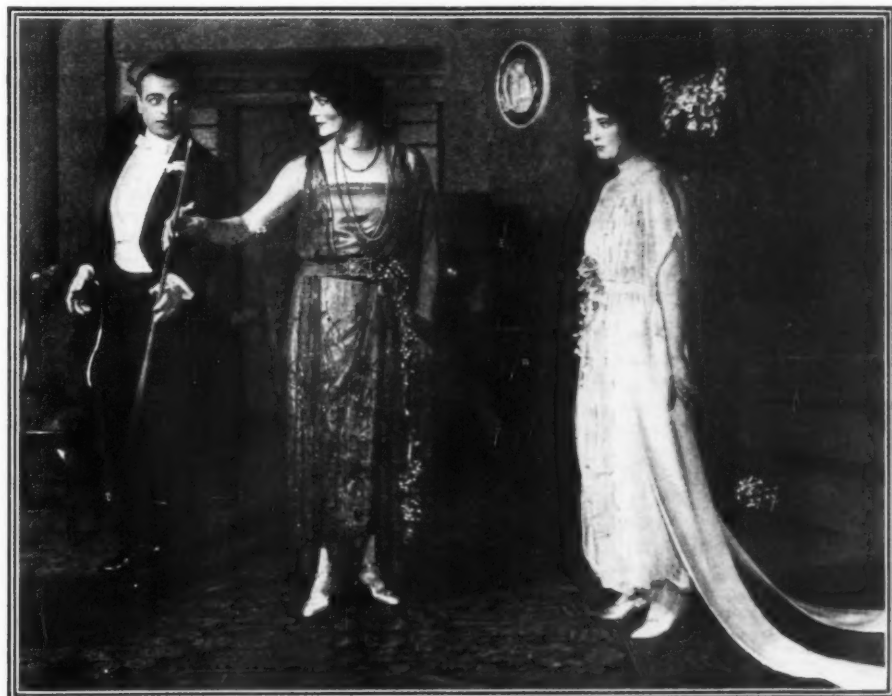
VIVIAN. I can't help worrying. I'm so jealous of your love.

TARLOW. You haven't any cause.

VIVIAN. Then kiss me.

(*He kisses her.*)

It develops that Vivian has advertised for a secretary and an applicant for the position is announced. The applicant proves to be Marion Dorsey, who has assumed the name of Marion



"SAFETY FIRST" IS HIS MOTTO IN TAKING THE BILLIARD CUE FROM HIS VICTIM
Guy Tarlow (Lowell Sherman) prepares to tell Vivian Hepburn (Pauline Armitage) that he is going to marry Marion Sylvester (Belle Bennett).

Sylvester. In a clever scene she is interrogated by Vivian as to her qualifications and passes the examination successfully.

VIVIAN. You are clever and smart and pretty enough to assist me in my social duties. I may want you to dine at the same table with me, to dance at the same parties, to play at the same card games, everything, except to fall in love with the same man.

MARION. (*Equivocally.*) Any man who loves you, Miss Hepburn, couldn't possibly fall in love with me.

VIVIAN. Men's tastes are so diversified.

MARION. Very true.

VIVIAN. Do you know, I like you, Miss Sylvester, I like you very much. I hope Mr. Dorsey does too.

MARION. Mr. Dorsey! Why must he like me?

VIVIAN. He pays the bill.

MARION. I thought you were unmarried.

VIVIAN. I am, but there is always a man who pays the bills. It may be a brother, or a father, or husband, or something still better—a lover.

MARION. Is a lover better than a husband?

VIVIAN. Some women think it a good plan to have both.

MARION. Both!

VIVIAN. Some married women enjoy the advantage of having both—husband and lover, but as a single woman, I am at a disadvantage. I can have only one.

MARION. That's too bad.

VIVIAN. Of course, I can pay my own bills if I want to, but what has God made men for? (*Laughs.*)

MARION. (*With a forced laugh.*) To work for the wrong woman.

VIVIAN. No, my dear. There is only one kind of wrong woman—the woman who doesn't work a man right.

Marion is introduced to some women callers and passes their feline inspection. They depart. Vivian is dictating some letters to Marion, to test her shorthand writing:

VIVIAN. This to

"Mr. Andrew Dorsey,

"27 Pine St., New York City.

(*Looking out of window.*)

"Dearest Andy: I rang you up three times yesterday, but was unable to get you. It is most important that you make

an appearance here. Your note is due. If I don't hear from you within twenty-four hours, I shall send it to my bank for payment. I know you don't want this to happen, so please call and kiss your darling, and bring the cash with you. Love and kisses, Viv." You had better let me hear the last one. (*Marion re-reads the letter.*) Splendid! Not an error!

MARION. Thank you. (*Breaks a little.*)

VIVIAN. What's the matter?

MARION. Oh, it's been a strain, and I'm a little nervous; please forgive me.

TARLOW. May I come in?

VIVIAN. Come in, Guy. (*To Marion.*) That will do for the present. Up-stairs to the right, Miss Sylvester, you'll find a typewriter and paper. Please go up and type the letters. I'll be up shortly and glance over them.

To Vivian and Tarlow enters Andrew Dorsey who, when Tarlow exits, proceeds to "break" with Vivian. She is obdurate, insisting that she will ruin him if he defaults in any financial promises to her. Eventually Andrew is alone in the room and is telephoning his home when his wife appears and dumbfounds him by announcing:

MARION. I am about to become your lady's secretary.

ANDREW. Her secretary!

MARION. I have taken my maiden name. You don't know me.

ANDREW. What do you mean?

MARION. You've met me here for the first time. You must let no one know who I am.

ANDREW. How did you manage to come here?

MARION. I first made it my business to meet her former secretary. She wanted to get married, but lacked funds; so I paid her a year's salary to give up this position and to recommend me for it.

ANDREW. What!

MARION. I have sold my pearls to do it.

ANDREW. Do you intend to stay here?

MARION. Yes.

ANDREW. How long?

MARION. As long as it suits my purpose.

ANDREW. I can't let you stay in this house. I can't let you stay here! I want you to forget this place!

MARION. Keep quiet, Andrew. I'll stay here, and what is more, you'll stay here, too.

ANDREW. What!

MARION. I want you to continue your visits. Don't break with her. Promise to pay her bills and her notes. Promise to give her anything, everything!

ANDREW. But I have just returned her keys. I have just told her I won't come here again.

MARION. Tell her you didn't mean it. Tell her you were jealous. Tell her anything!

ANDREW. Jealous? Why do you want me to continue my visits here?

MARION. To protect me, Andrew—I may need you.

ANDREW. What are you planning?

MARION. I don't know.

ANDREW. What are you going to do?

MARION. I don't know.

ANDREW. You can't accomplish anything with her. You will get the worst of it.

MARION. I can't do worse than you have done.

So Andrew follows his wife's orders and patches up an armed truce with Vivian, who thinks she has sent the letter to her bank, relative to the \$25,000 note, that will bring Andrew to terms. Meanwhile his wife has retired, donned a becoming evening gown, reappears, meets her husband formally and, at the close of act one, she surreptitiously hands him a sealed envelope containing the promissory note which has threatened ruin to him.

The time of the second act is ten days later—at midnight—and the place the same. Vivian Hepburn is "entertaining" a group of "choice people" at their expense. Among them are on stage the husbands of certain idle gambling wives, such as Mrs. Davis (Martha Mayo) and Mrs. French (Ida Waterman). In an amusing scene one of the tired husbands, whose wives are still hard at it in the card-room, is tempted by another to shoot craps. Judge Perry is present.

DAVIS. Come on, Dick. (*Shaking dice in his hand.*)



SHE IS MORE THAN A MATCH FOR A PROFESSED LADY-KILLER

Guy Tarlow (Lowell Sherman) falls in love for the first time in his life and so informs Mrs. Andrew Dorsey (Belle Bennett).

FRENCH. Not I! One loser is enough—plenty.

DAVIS. Just to amuse ourselves. I'm afraid I'll fall asleep again and then we'll never go home.

FRENCH. All right; just to spite the women. (*Both men kneel on floor.*)

DAVIS. You've said it! Join us, Judge.

JUDGE. No, thanks. It is not a white man's game.

DAVIS. (*Shaking dice.*) I'll bet you a hundred!

FRENCH. (*Taking out coin.*) I have plenty of losses in there; a nickel.

DAVIS. I guess you're right. We can't afford to lose. Shoot a penny. Baby needs new shoes. (*Throws dice on floor.*) Seven! Seven she is! (*Enters Mrs. French, with cards in her hands, very much excited from card-room.*)

MRS. FRENCH. Look, Dick! Look!

FRENCH. Don't bother me.

MRS. FRENCH. Please look! I've just held this hand—three aces and two kings.

FRENCH. Fine! How much did you win?

MRS. FRENCH. I lose five hundred dollars.

FRENCH. What! (*Mrs. Davis rushes*

in with cards in her hands, very much excited.)

MRS. DAVIS. Look, baby! Look at the hand I've just held—four deuces!

DAVIS. Good! Beat Mrs. French's hand?

MRS. DAVIS. Yes. (*Happily.*)

DAVIS. How much did you win?

MRS. DAVIS. I lose eight hundred.

DAVIS. What!

MRS. DAVIS. Vivian had four nines—beat us both.

Presently Marion Dorsey-Sylvester emerges from the card-room and an interview with her husband is manipulated. He is contemptuous of her double-dealing.

MARION. Please don't insult my position; I am her private secretary; her confident friend, even chaperon, and above all, her gambling aide. She gave this to me as a sort of souvenir—she autographed



THEY ARE CONSPIRATORS IN COMMITTING "LAWFUL LARCENY"

Guy Tarlow (Lowell Sherman) is robbing Vivian Hepburn, while Marion Sylvester-Dorsey (Belle Bennett) 'phones for a taxi.

it. It is her lucky deck. (*Puts deck of cards in chest on mantel. Comes down to Andrew.*)

ANDREW. Marion, I have decided to take you home to-night.

MARION. (*Curtly.*) You can't decide anything for me. I'm a free woman.

ANDREW. I'm still your husband, and I want you to leave this house.

MARION. I'll go whenever I'm ready.

ANDREW. When is that going to be?

MARION. Maybe to-night, maybe next month. I don't know.

ANDREW. You can't stay here.

MARION. You have spent three months in this house, my dear man. Let me have at least three weeks, won't you?

ANDREW. I can't! I can't stand seeing you here; it is torture to me.

MARION. I like it.

ANDREW. I am worried about you all day in the office; and then instead of going home, I have to come here.

MARION. You were not so unhappy to come here in my absence. Why are you so miserable in my presence?

ANDREW. (*Loses patience.*) Don't taunt me about it! It is hell for me to come here.

MARION. Don't come. The men and women who come here are all right. I have nothing to fear from them. As to Miss Hepburn, well, we are getting on swimmingly. I am safe, quite safe.

ANDREW. You can't stay here much longer. I promised Vivian to pay the money on the note that you—that was lost in the mail—to-morrow.

She is sanguine. The party breaks up. Vivian declares Marion a paragon. There is a great deal of clever stage talk. Then it seems that Tarlow is desperately resolved to make Marion Dorsey-Sylvester his wife. Pleading, the two alone:

TARLOW. Miss Sylvester, I'm a fairly young man, a fairly wealthy man, a fairly good-looking man, a fairly chivalrous man, an da good lover withal. You are a very sweet and

charming girl, working for another woman. That woman is desperately in love with me, yet I should die of heart-failure if you told me you didn't love me. Now do you believe that I love?

MARION. Just one minute! You're a fairly wealthy man; at least you say so. May I ask your business?

TARLOW. My business is to spend money.

MARION. Don't you earn it?

TARLOW. Yes, I earn it.

MARION. In what way?

TARLOW. Why talk about that? I have a good income, which I am perfectly happy to let you enjoy. What else should you wish?

MARION. Guy, I like you—I like you very much. If you'll be honest and frank with me, and prove to me that you will risk telling me what you probably would not tell anyone else in this wide world, I am sure I could love you. In fact, it would prove to me that you are sincere, that you love me. Now be real gallant, risk it and tell me. Won't you trust me, Guy?

TARLOW. (*Laughs.*) Yes, I will be gallant and trust you, because I do love you and I want you to love me. So here is my story, and the Lord help you, and the Lord help me, if you betray my confidence. Marion, I have made my money divorcing women like Vivian from what they squeezed from suckers like Dorsey. (*Laughing it off.*) Now a man *could* do worse than that, couldn't he?

MARION. (*Not quite understanding.*) Guy, what do you mean?

TARLOW. I have seen women like Vivian send men to bankruptcy court, to the lunatic asylum, and to the grave, with their families trailing close behind them. Dorsey is one of her victims, but he is not a good example.

MARION. Why not?

TARLOW. Because she took everything from him, but she has left him his body and his soul. That's because his money didn't last long enough. I don't know where his wife and family may be, but I am sure there is hope for him.

MARION. In what way?

TARLOW. He is a decent enough chap, and he is bound to snap back to himself all right.

MARION. You think so?

TARLOW. I am sure of it.

MARION. Guy, you mean you are a thief by profession?

TARLOW. No, I mean I am a thief by

destiny. Listen: When I left college I was left a lot of money. A woman like Vivian played the same game on me. In three months she had all my money, and I—Well, they shipped me to a hospital. I was young and strong and I got over it all right. I left the hospital with a bitter hate for women of that kind. Since then, I have been treading this little planet as a sort of Nemesis. Every time one of them trimmed a man like Dorsey some invisible power put her in my way. Somehow, she invariably falls in love with me; of course, that's not my fault, and that makes matters simple. I have robbed them with the greatest amount of ease. I have taken from the Vivians a neat little fortune. I came here to swell it. (*Laughs.*) Lord, what a trimming I am going to give this female Jesse James. You know that there is a safe back of that picture? (*Points to it.*)

MARION. Yes.

TARLOW. I advised her that she ought to have a safe in her house.

MARION. Yes.

TARLOW. Times have been panicky. I also had her to convert her property into valuables that could be liquidated at a moment's notice. It's all there in Liberty bonds, cash and jewels. I was about to bundle it off and take it away when you came and learned the real combination to my heart. (*Rises.*) I can't forgive you for that. How I'd loved to punish her as she deserves.

MARION. You mean you know the combination of that safe?

TARLOW. Do I know the combination? I bought the safe and sent it to her as a gift.

MARION. You really intend to rob her of everything?

TARLOW. Everything but her wardrobe, and I think it vulgar to carry bundles. Well, now you see me stripped to the skin—my heart lies bare. Put a knife into it, if you will. Of one thing rest assured: I shall never touch that safe. Meeting you here is compensation enough. Lucky Vivian! Damn her! Now do you believe me?

So the "lawful larceny" is arranged. Vivian is summoned and made acquainted with the situation. She storms, is really driven to distraction. As a climax, she lashes verbally at Marion:

VIVIAN. You are a vile, sneaking thief!

MARION. If I am a thief, you are an

assassin! I have stolen one man; you have stolen a dozen. Yes, I took Guy from you—he is single. You have taken a dozen men who were married. You have taken them from their wives who love them, and from their babies who love them, and for what? Not for love, but for money. I have no scruples in stealing Guy from you: I only hope you suffer hard enough.

VIVIAN. What do you mean by that?

MARION. I will make it plain to you. What was Andrew Dorsey when you met him? A married man, a decent husband, a father, an honorable business man. You knew that. You stole him. What is he now? A bankrupt! Deserted by his wife! Deserted by his friends! A failure in every way! You call me a thief! What do you suppose his wife would call you? You stole Dorsey when his wife was away. I stole Guy right before your eyes. I went you one better. But I was fair. Your heart is broken? You haven't any heart to break!

There is a great hullabaloo, toward the close of which Marion Dorsey protests her love for Guy Tarlow and her intention of marrying him, if she can get a divorce. Tarlow is so blinded as to be a dupe. She lures him on:

MARION. Guy, if we are to start life together let's make a good start. Take everything Vivian has in that safe.

TARLOW. *(Taken aback.)* You don't mean—

MARION. Yes, I mean it!

TARLOW. You want me to—

MARION. Yes, or I swear I won't marry you.

TARLOW. Dorsey was right. What a wonderful girl you are!

MARION. You said you knew the combination of the safe. Do you know how to open the picture?

TARLOW. Don't insult my intelligence. Certainly.

MARION. Get to work quickly. I'm going to get a handbag to put the valuables in. *(Tarlow opens picture, works on combination of safe. Marion returns with handbag.)* Here, take it. Put it all in this—all of it! *(Gives him handbag.)*

TARLOW. All right. *(He has door of safe open. He quickly empties safe, filling handbag with its contents.)*

MARION. *(At telephone.)* Hello, give me Schuyler 6000. *(To Tarlow.)* Don't leave her a piece of blank paper.

TARLOW. I'll take the safe, too.

MARION. Hello! Edarhurst Garage? This is Miss Sylvester. Send a taxi over. Yes, for Miss Hepburn—yes, as quickly as you can. Yes, that's it, at once.

TARLOW. Why don't you charge it? Wait a second, I want to get my coat. *(Gets his coat quickly.)*

MARION. I need a wrap, too. Run upstairs to my room, get me something—anything! *(Tarlow exits up-stairs hastily. Marion hastily puts on his coat, takes handbag and walks out by rear door, locking it from the outside. Tarlow re-enters, surprised at Marion's absence, calls.)*

TARLOW. Marion! *(Looks around for her. Quickly rushes to rear door, tries it and finds it locked. He leans against the door for support as if he were about to swoon.)* My God! She's a crook herself!

The third act is a cleaning-up process. We are back at the Dorsey apartment, with the Vivian Hepburn treasure properly or improperly secreted by Marion unbeknownst to her husband. He questions and, learning of the theft, expostulates. Vivian enters, with an officer of the law, and charges Marion with larceny. Marion admits the theft and is "proud of the job," but declares "Mr. Dorsey is the real thief," being "a member of a gang who rob their wives and turn it over to women like you." Then the bomb explodes. Marion reveals herself as Mrs. Andrew Dorsey and Andrew admits the fact. Vivian is incredulous, then furious. She and Marion debate the merits of their respective cases while Andrew lamely throws in an occasional remark or question. He attempts to shoulder the blame, in so far as the theft of Vivian's securities and jewels is concerned, but Marion maintains that she "deliberately robbed this woman and is going to stand trial for it." The other woman retorts that, although she may have stolen Marion's husband, Marion, in turn, had stolen the man she was about to marry. Marion admits the charge, declaring, however, that she wanted to prove that women like Vivian Hepburn hold no monopoly on the affections of men. And there is not much more to it.

OTIS SKINNER TELLS WHY THE SCREEN DRAMA IS NOT AN ART

NOW it is Otis Skinner who, after an interval of several weeks at Hollywood, California, assails the screen drama and declares it to be "a process or medium," but most emphatically "not an art." In his opinion, expressed in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, aside from its advantages in story-telling and the advantages that the movie affords for staging great scenic effects, such as fires, tossing trees and storms, the motion picture has not established anything like a close relationship to the arts. This is particularly clear in the case of the actor whom the camera man can so easily make or break. Even tho the actor be a great pantomimist, we are reminded, his art must be synchronized with the camera and subject to it, as is the dramatic singing and music in the performance of some opera singers.

If, says Otis Skinner, there is anything approaching art in the movies it is on the part of the director, and he supposes there are people who would call D. W. Griffith an artist. But "consider the big scene of the Griffith picture, 'Way Down East.' Some very excellent pictures of the breaking up of the ice in a New England river were obtained. In between these pictures were sandwiched glimpses of Anna, the heroine, floating on a painted platform—good old stuff like the painted soap boxes on which Eliza crossed the ice in the days when 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' was a favorite in the theater. The irate Squire Bartlett had turned Anna out of his house, and there is a great snow-storm. David, the young hero, bundles himself up well in a buffalo robe to follow Anna. At last he finds her. She is on a cake of ice in the middle of the river, and unless he intervenes she will go over the falls. David starts leaping from one cake of ice to another. He bounds about like a cork in spite of the fact that he has not discarded his buffalo robe at the river's edge. Probably

none except the most professional and expert riverman could go through this scene, especially encumbered with a heavy robe. Just there you probably have the explanation for not discarding the robe. The substitution of a professional jumper for the hero is more easily accomplished if the hero is bundled up. The best thing in the climax of this play was the beautiful views of the breaking up of the river. These might have been taken by any good camera man and exhibited in a news reel."

It is contended that the film drama is pantomime and photography and that a photograph cannot be made a work of art. "Of the many excellent photographs of the war there are few that suggest so much of actual warfare and life in mud trenches as do a few simple sketches and paintings in color. The artist knows and practices restraint, and his long experience and training will suggest what to leave out and still give you a trench dug in the mud."

A stage play is not a play until it is before an audience, whereas, this actor-critic points out, in the movies things are rarely gone over more than three times and thus a great deal is lost. Little things of characterization which will come again and again as a flash in the theater, and very often as a result of the audience's unexpected response to something which may even be a matter of accident, very often improve a performance. Since there can be no collaboration between the audience and the actors or director of a motion-picture play, the problem of what the play shall be rests almost entirely with the director, and pictures vary with the director. If, it is emphasized, he is a man of some imagination this may work out very well and a good picture may result; but too often the director is a man of no imagination and overplays the mechanical resources at hand. He is apt to understand neither restraint

nor reticence and, because he expresses himself in a medium that can tell everything, he feels it necessary to do so.

Otis Skinner places the blame for most of the shortcomings of the movies at the door of the director. At the same time he does not agree with most

authors who think that motion-picture directors are incredibly stupid and ignorant. He himself has found the motion-picture director quite as well equipped as the similar man in the theater, but, it is emphasized, this is not enough.

BEDROOM FARCES ARE PASSÉ DECLARES THEIR LEADING PRODUCER

ADMITTING paradoxically that he will produce no more so-called bedroom farces for a period of seven years, one of the leading play producers of America, A. H. Woods, has the temerity to defend with vehemence such financially successful but much-criticized plays as "Up In Mabel's Room," "Ladies' Night," "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath" and "The Demi-Virgin," on the ground that "the public approves of them, pays to see them," and that he himself "sees nothing wicked or immoral in them."

Mr. Woods was recently haled before a New York grand jury to defend his production of what had been publicly denounced as an immoral play, "The Demi-Virgin," and was acquitted by a jury, selected from a panel of three hundred, who witnessed the performance and disagreed with such ministers as the Rev. Dr. John Roach Straton and Rabbi Wise, who denounced it as "an immoral play." The theatrical producer observes, in the *Theatre Magazine*, that "they apparently do not believe in juries" and that, curiously enough, he himself is of the opinion that "it would be a better idea to have a State censor than a jury to determine whether a play is fit to be produced or not." For, he explains, "that arrangement would be much more fair to the producer. Why should a theatrical producer go to the expense of buying a play, engaging a cast, rehearsing it, and staging the play, only to learn after it has opened that it must close at once? He has lost many thousands of dollars by this system. How much better it

would be for all concerned if a manuscript under consideration were first submitted to a censor by either the author or the producer, so that it might be passed or banned before actual work on its production had commenced!"

Mr. Woods naively confesses that if he is entertained by a play submitted to him in manuscript form, if he is amused by certain situations and forced to laugh over the dialog, he buys it. And, he inquires pertinently, why not? "If the public doesn't like it after it's produced no one is the loser but myself. A play isn't forced upon the public. It can take it or leave it. If the public is as amused over the play as I have been while reading the manuscript, I stand to gain. That's the situation. Those who are afraid of having their sensibilities bruised by my plays need not buy tickets for them."

It is argued in defence of "zippy" shows that the public is more or less shrouded in gloom, and the "reformers" are constantly doing something or other to take the joy out of life. . . . Plagues. Hard times. All sorts of woes. I should be considered a public benefactor when I try, by means of a zippy show, to drag people out of the depths of despond."

At the same time this preeminent producer of morally daring plays announces that he is calling a halt on the production of them, "not because of the adverse criticism which has come from certain sources," but because he believes such plays would lose in popularity if continued indefinitely. "All things travel in cycles, and the bedroom farce has had its day."

OUR MACHINE CIVILIZATION—A FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER?

By Raymond B. Fosdick

ONE hundred years ago Harvard College graduated the class of 1822 with sixty members. The commencement address was given by the Reverend John Kirkland and it was as dreary as commencement addresses invariably are. It contained all the wise counsel and pious admonition which age habitually gives to youth and which youth habitually disregards. But in the middle of that address, which now lies mouldering in the Harvard library as its author lies mouldering in the grave, the Reverend Mr. Kirkland said a rather startling thing. He referred to the world into which the sixty Harvard seniors were about to step as "a complex world." He seemed to infer that the simplicity of older days was gone and that life had become an involved and bewildering process. I am, of course, aware that this has always been to some extent the reaction of old age. Life seems to speed up because age is slowing down. But with all allowance for this natural change in speed, it does seem a bit strange, does it not, particularly from the standpoint of 1922, that the world of 1822 should have seemed to anybody to be *complex*.

For think what the world was like in 1882. In all America, in all Europe, there was not a railroad, nor a telephone, nor a telegraph. The steamboat had just been tried out as a doubtful experiment. Travel was a

IN this article, which is the gist of an address delivered at the commencement exercises of Wellesley College, we are brought to a startling realization of the changes civilization has undergone in a century. As the author queries pertinently, will this intricate machinery which man has built up and this vast body of knowledge which he has appropriated be the servant of the race, or will it be a Frankenstein monster that will slay its own maker? Mr. Fosdick states some facts of first importance and draws some prophetic conclusions for those who run to ponder. The address has been pronounced a masterpiece of its kind.

painful and precarious undertaking, with the result that most people stayed home, living and dying where they were born. Students at Harvard College living at some distance came by way of the stage coach or on horseback. From South Framingham to Boston was a day's journey

when the roads were good, and they often were bad. From Boston to New York was five days. When Samuel Morse, the painter and inventor, tried to get from Washington, D. C., to New Haven, Connecticut, to the bedside of his dying wife, it took him seven days. From one month to three months elapsed before European news reached the United States, and the battle of New Orleans, with all its dreadful slaughter, was fought in ignorance of the fact that weeks before peace had been signed between England and America in the city of Ghent in Belgium.

That long stretch of history is a story of human capacities undeveloped and natural resources unused. Transportation and communication were no more rapid a hundred years ago when the Reverend Mr. Kirkland was exhorting the sixty Harvard seniors than they were with the ancient Egyptians. Nothing swifter than a horse was known to either Nebuchadnezzar or Napoleon. The farmers around Wellesley in 1822 used the same methods and the same instruments that were used in the days of Julius Caesar.

And remember this was only a hundred years ago. I am not talking about ancient history; I am talking of conditions of life in the days of our grandfathers.

When Mr. Kirkland made his commencement address, Charles Darwin was only thirteen years old and the whole foundation of modern biology and modern philosophy as well was yet to be laid. Agassiz was fifteen years old; Sir Charles Lyell was twenty-five years old, and the crude geological conceptions of Linnaeus and Lamarck were still in vogue. In the general field of chemistry and physics Michael Faraday was just beginning his work. In the field of medicine, Jenner was still alive, and his idea of vaccination against smallpox was just beginning to win its way. Lord Lister and Louis Pasteur were not yet born, and anesthetics and antiseptic surgery were unknown to the world. In the realm of astronomy, Pierre Laplace, who originated the nebular hypothesis, was still alive, while J. C. Adams, his successor in the field of mathematical astronomy, was only three years old. Many of the subjects which you young women have studied in your four years at Wellesley were unheard of. There was no such thing as experimental psychology, for example, and the word sociology did not exist in the English language. If that world seemed complex to the sixty Harvard seniors of the Class of 1822, what does the present world seem to us! For between that time and this, between the days of our grandfathers and ourselves, has occurred the mightiest revolution in history.

Think what has happened. With the advent of steam and electricity we have annihilated the difficulties of space and distance. When Napoleon was retreating in headlong fashion from Moscow, it took him 312 hours to complete the last leg of his journey from Vilna to Paris. Any traveler can now do it in less than 48 hours by railroad or in 8 hours by airplane. We cross the ocean in five days, where a century ago it took two months. We fly by airplane

from one city to another, from one country to another, in a few hours' time. Our fast mails go by airplane. In our automobiles we pass from state to state and see in a day more than our grandfathers could have covered in a month. By cable and wireless we are in immediate and constant touch with the uttermost parts of the earth. With our own voices we talk to our friends a thousand miles away. Seated in our own libraries we hear concerts and lectures that are hurled to us through the air from 500 miles or more away. We hear Galli-Curci and Sembrich in our own homes, and Caruso returns as from the dead to sing to us. Events that few could witness are brought to the whole human race on the celluloid film; we see the King of England walk through Westminster Abbey to lay a wreath on the tomb of the unknown soldier, and we see and hear the President of the United States speaking in Arlington Cemetery. If Mr. Kirkland, who winced at the complexity of 1822, could return to us to-day, what would he think of our generation!

A hundred years ago it is conceivable that a man might acquire and digest a fairly substantial proportion of the body of human knowledge. At least he could easily find a point of orientation from which he could intelligently survey the course, and keep up with the progress of the march. To-day this is utterly impossible. In the growing complexity of knowledge one can scarcely find his way. Whole groups of conclusions must be accepted without analysis or examination, and most of the departments of learning we cannot even enter.

But those days are gone. The scientific revolution has wiped them out as completely as if they had never existed. In the field of government, our task is to control complex functions like subways and street railroad financing with the same intelligence that was adapted to the spade and the blacksmith shop. The machinery of our environment is increasing in complexity, but the tools of control remain largely the same.

And how faulty those tools may be we are only just now beginning to realize. We have always thought of the American people—our own people—as being peculiarly intelligent. We have had a conscious pride in the ability of the average man and in our great experiment of democracy, based on the principle of equality and responsibility. And now comes the statistics of the government gathered from our army during the war, when for the first time we had the opportunity of testing by modern scientific methods the intelligence of a substantial cross-section of our people. Of the white draft—that is, the white soldiers as opposed to negroes—thirty per cent. were found to be unable to read and understand newspapers or to write letters home. Forty-seven and three-tenths per cent. of the white draft fell below the mental age of thirteen years, only one year over the maximum mental age of what are generally known as morons. Forty-seven and three-tenths per cent.! Sixty-six and two-thirds per cent. of the white draft tested below a percentage that marked the minimum capacity necessary to carry on the so-called paper work of the army—that is, making reports and keeping the files. Out of all those millions of drafted men just a third had ability enough to carry on this by no means laborious type of mental work.

The appalling significance of these statistics it is impossible to escape. They cannot be explained away. We had the best blood of America in the army. Those men represented certainly our average intelligence and capacity. They reflected our citizenship with substantial accuracy. And yet thirty per cent. of them were unable to read and write, and nearly fifty per cent. fell below a mental age of thirteen years! These are the people upon whom our complex life is placing its gigantic responsibilities. These are the human tools through which we fondly hope that all this unintelligible machinery of civilization may somehow or other be intelligently controlled.

Will this intricate machinery which

man has built up and this vast body of knowledge which he has appropriated be the servant of the race, or will it be a Frankenstein monster that will slay its own maker? In brief, science has multiplied man's physical powers ten-thousandfold and in like ratio has increased his capacity both for construction and destruction. How is that capacity to be used in the future? How can we hold in check the increasing physical power of disruptive influences? Have we spiritual assets enough to counterbalance the new forces? How can we breed a greater average intelligence? Can education run fast enough, not only to overcome the lead which science has obtained, but to keep abreast in the race?

These are ugly questions and they carry with them a perilous significance. They are hurled as a challenge to our generation, and upon their answer depends the whole future of the race. And what are the answers? Let us be perfectly frank about the matter: No intelligent person in my generation—if for a moment I may associate myself with the elder statesmen—pretends to know. We are wandering in heart-breaking perplexity, swamped with the paraphernalia of living, weighed down by mountains of facts, trying to find some sure way out of this jungle of machinery and untamed powers. And the tragedy of it all is that there was a time when we thought we knew the answers to the riddles that this modern life of ours was propounding. Up until 1914 most of us were fairly confident of the result, fairly easy about the future. We talked glibly of the direction and goal of human evolution, and of the bright prospects of the race. But now we know that we did not know. We were misled by superficial hopes, blinded by false assumptions. Those four years of slaughter, and those added four years of chaos and misery that have followed since the Armistice, have given us a perspective we did not have before. We see now the abyss upon the edge of which the race is standing.

SOCIALISM IN THE LIGHT OF COMMON SENSE

By E. W. Howe

IN the publication of a Socialist magazine there is always a head man who, being a little more capable and forceful than any other in the organization, receives larger pay, and decides policies. He is a boss; he employs, discharges, promotes, as the usefulness and ability of those under him indicates. He is not always able to make decisions that meet with the unanimous approval of his subordinates, but he continues in his position until another appears who is more promising, when the same program is repeated, with the usual bickering and ill feeling common in human affairs.

In every labor union, the same rule prevails: the expert men occupy the better positions, and receive the larger salaries. In the railway service, the locomotive engineer receives three to five times as much pay as the track laborer, has lighter and more agreeable work, and is frequently occupied only half as many hours. The same rule holds in a Communistic organization: experience, age, ability, intelligence are recognized without question from anyone in grading and paying the members. There is no such thing as a lawless mob; even here the natural law is recognized: the more capable men are the leaders, who quarrel among themselves, are frequently unfair with their followers, and the leader who finally triumphs over all the others becomes mayor of the town they capture.

In the case of a pirate ship, the most fearsome of the scoundrels is captain, decides when to board, and divides the loot, always retaining the larger share

THE author of this article has for several years personally conducted *E. W. Howe's Monthly*, which he calls "an ugly little publication," at Atchison, Kansas. It is the unique product of a unique "sole contributor." It is an organ of candid opinions. In a recent issue we find the accompanying analysis of Socialism.

for himself. If women are captured, he is awarded the most engaging of the maidens, while the least capable rogues in the expedition must be content with the grandmothers, or

forego female society altogether. In that noblest of altruistic endeavor, the Church, we have the Pope, the Bishop, the Cardinal, the Priest, the Brother; all graded in emolument, responsibility and power from the Pope's palace down to the kitchen or field where the "Brothers labor. In all reform effort, one achieves the White House; another the gallows: it is all a question of ability, intelligence, vigor—natural equipment for the work in hand. And in all reform organizations, the tax is resorted to, clamored for and collected, to pay some high wages and some low, according to demonstrated ability. Since this is true, as everybody knows, why do the editors and Socialist publications, Communists, union men, reformers generally, howl so persistently and dismally because the same rule obtains in callings probably more necessary?

It is impossible for a farmer, manufacturer, banker, tradesman, to pay an incapable man as much as a capable one: and, the capable man having received more pay for better work, it is impossible to induce him to divide with his associate who had the same chance, and could not, or would not, take advantage of it. And if the more capable man saves his extra income and uses it to advantage, the fact is no more disgraceful, unfair or unusual than is Sam Gompers, Lenin, the Pope, the President, the foreman, the judge, or hangman—who is so expert he receives

fifty dollars for a moment's work in disposing of a fellow who has somewhere lacked in efficiency.

Yet the sum of all Socialist preaching is denunciation of a rule the Socialists themselves practice. Nothing is more universally denounced than Wall Street, yet it is only the final sieve through which all our financial operations pass; and money is the root of everything. As soon as a child is born, we begin looking for money with which to pay the doctor, the nurse, and buy it clothes and food. And until friends pay an unfair price for a coffin with which to finally close the transaction, it is money, money: for groceries, millinery, pantaloons, cigars, wine; all manufactured by men who demand and receive pay for extra ability.

Socialism is simply a howl from all men because justice *does* prevail to some extent, and not because it is nonexistent. Socialism is the sort of thing the waiter, who, having been a candidate for butler, and defeated, uses in talking about the winner to the cook and housemaid. The charges made by the waiter may be true in a measure: the butler may be an upstart, pig, false friend, ignorant, and the like; but the fact remains that an impartial jury, with knowledge of all related circumstances, has decided that the butler is a better man than the waiter.

Who is this Upton Sinclair, writer of Socialist books? I know little about him, except he has not been as suc-

cessful as many others as editor, writer and publisher, and is mad about it. Perhaps he has the making of a butler in him; H. G. Wells and George Brandes are quoted as saying he has, but we do not hire butlers on the testimony of men in England and Denmark.

Ever think of what a piece of impudence Socialism is! Ever think of this phase of the subject? Here are our best men in transportation, finance, manufacturing, farming, mechanics, engineering, merchandising, and in all the other legitimate activities of life. They have at least done so well that our country ranks first in all essential respects, but here come a lot of palpable second-raters, calling themselves Socialists, and declare that everything has been done wrong. Probably not one of the Big Critics who denounce our financial methods has ever been a banker. Probably not one who denounces conditions of employment has ever been an employer of any consequence; certainly the bulk of these tremendous fellows are much like barbers talking about the money markets of the world, or tennis players discussing the problems of transportation, employment, statecraft, credits, and the like. They have no credentials; they have won no spurs: they have simply erected press galleries everywhere, and set themselves up as critics of everything. Find, if you can, one of these fellows who is actually a first-class man in anything except in criticism.

PHYSICIAN OR SANITARIAN?

The report of George E. Vincent, President of the Rockefeller Foundation for 1921, is interesting reading.

This Foundation is devoting most of its resources and efforts to the prevention of disease and the promotion of scientific intelligence.

That is what every government ought to do and no government has sense enough to do.

Ed. Howe says that the best form of government we have is government through millionaires like Rockefeller and Carnegie, for there is probably no

population intelligent enough to do what Rockefeller's money is doing.

The fundamental delusion of the medical profession is that it makes a living from diseases. It studies diseases. The library of disease is enormous.

But the real scientific approach to the problem of human welfare is through the study of health and the prevention of diseases.

The sanitarian, after all, is a more important advance agent for the millennium than the physician.

A GREAT SPEECH IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE

By Senator William E. Borah

WE ARE greatly mistaken

if we think that the people are in a hurry to have us legislate along the lines on which we are proposing to legislate. The people are not at all dissatisfied with the slow progress which we are making with reference to adding increased taxes upon the people and increased obligations and burdens upon this Government. Mr. President, what are our friends proposing to do within a short time after they pass the pending tariff bill?

What is the next thing to be taken up? The next proposition is to impose an indebtedness or an obligation (the bonus) upon this country of from four to six billion dollars. That will be the first hasty step that we take after we have gotten through with the tariff bill. If Senators think that in view of the conditions in this country at this time with reference to taxes, with reference to indebtedness, with reference to national obligations that the people are desirous that we hasten to add additional burdens to the country at this particular time of from four billion to six billion dollars, they are mistaken.

If there were a different program confronting us, if there were a different outlook, there might be some cause for haste, but in view of what confronts us I doubt very much if there is any considerable excitement in the country to have us move along with our program. After we have disposed of the bonus proposition, which will add from four billion to six billion dollars to the

BECAUSE the recent speech delivered by Senator Borah on the floor of the Senate, in condemnation of the extravagant proposals for expenditures being fathered in Congress, ought to be read by every American we print it *in extenso*. In its courage, comprehensiveness and statesmanship it is in inspiring and refreshing contrast to much of the political oratory that of late has been perpetrated in Congress.

indebtedness of the country, what is our next point upon the program? The ship subsidy bill.

Then after we pass the ship subsidy bill and the bonus bill, which are both drains upon the Treasury and addi-

tions to the taxes, increasing all obligations, we propose to take up the bill for the creation of twenty-four Federal Judges, which will be another drain upon the Federal treasury. Perhaps we might justify the addition of ten or twelve of those Federal Judges; I think we might do so, but to create twenty-four additional Federal Judges at this time, in my humble opinion, after having examined the matter as best I may, is intolerable and inexcusable and is an additional burden upon the people of the country unnecessarily.

And after we have passed the Federal Judges' bill comes what is called the Liberia loan bill. We propose to go into the Treasury of the United States, despite its condition, and loan Liberia \$5,000,000 at a time when the people of the United States are bled white, are absolutely without money to meet their enterprises and at a time when the great reclamation projects of the West are standing as they have stood for the last seven or eight years; the Treasury unable to meet the demands of our own people, we propose to go into the Treasury and loan \$5,000,000 to Liberia.

Not a single one of these propositions upon the program which is now before us but draws upon the people for an additional sum and weighs upon them in the form of additional taxation an

increase of the obligation of the Government not only by millions but by billions of dollars.

Mr. President, while I have sat here and listened to this debate, while I have known that it was going on, I have not felt the impatience that I would if I felt that there was ahead of this proposition that which would be, in my judgment, a real relief to the country. I ask our friends who are meeting at the headquarters of our leaders if they have a single item in this program that does not increase the taxes of the people of the country? Is there a single part or parts of the program that does not increase the obligation of the country? It is the program which makes hesitancy and delay in this matter a virtue.

We know that there is already great discontent throughout this country and when discontent is widespread it is never without justification.

That condition applies to the United States and it exists throughout the world. In my opinion the source of this discontent is primarily in the intolerable expenditures of Government and the constant increasing of taxes. It is the one thing which causes the criticism, dissatisfaction and the loss of faith upon the part of the people, not only in this country, but elsewhere.

We have failed except in a most limited degree to relieve the burdens under which the people have been bending and which they are still seeking to carry, and are looking just ahead of us with a program which is to add to that burden not only, as I have said, by millions but by billions of dollars.

The time may come, and in my opinion it is very likely to come, when the United States will have to stand, as it were, as the Marne on this question of preserving financial civilization. The time may come when our reserve, economic and financial, will have to be called upon as our reserve of man power was called upon in 1917, and it behooves the American people and the American Congress to prepare for that as we would be prepared for the great conflict which confronted us in 1917.

The nation which will lead in the future, which will control and dominate, will not be the nation of armies, not the nation of navies, but the nation of economic power, of prosperity at home, of financial reserve, of means to take care of those things, and it behooves us therefore, not only by reason of the call which will be made upon us here in this country, but by reason of the condition which surrounds us throughout the world, to conserve and reserve all the economic and financial power that we have in order to meet that exigency when it comes.

MR. UNDERWOOD: Mr. President, if the Senator will allow me to interrupt him to make a suggestion, if we had owed \$22,000,000,000, as we do to-day, when the war broke out in 1917 it would have been financially impossible for us to have put 2,000,000 men in France.

MR. BORAH: Absolutely.

MR. UNDERWOOD: The weakness in arms is evidence as much in financial weakness as it is in loss of man power.

MR. BORAH: Quite so. I look upon it somewhat in the light as if we were preparing for actual war. I think to drain our resources, to burden our people, to increase our obligations at this time is short-sighted, to say the least. It may be disastrous. It is a time when every citizen should feel toward his Government and its expenditures just as he would feel toward his Government if he knew that an outside enemy were threatening. Every man and every citizen should be willing to make his sacrifice, to economize, to deny himself, the same as we did during the great war. There can be no possible doubt as to the task which confronts us, and there can be no doubt but that it will call for all we have under our control in order to meet it.

The Treasury may run dry, but if the pride and the energy and the manhood and the womanhood of the nation remain it will again be replenished. The burdens superimposed by heavy taxes may sterilize industry and press down upon labor, but if confidence in

the Government and faith in its policies remain, business will again revive and labor can again claim its rightful heritage.

Language cannot tell what a people will endure in the war of fiscal burden so long as they believe the policies obtaining are just and wise, but when they begin to doubt the wisdom of the present policies of a Government, as many expressions come to us in these days, it is time to look deeper than the significance of a passing measure.

This bonus measure is but a single expression of what we know to be a deep-rooted tendency. It is distinguished principally because of the amount involved. There are any number of measures of the same general nature pending before the Congress and before the State Legislatures. If you care to search the files of the Congress or survey the activities of the State Legislatures you will have no difficulty in discovering at once the peril which confronts us as a people. If all the measures which propose appropriations were passed, or if all the measures which would incur indebtedness were passed, it would place a mortgage upon the brain and the energy of this people which a thousand years could not lift.

Even now no one can advise us as to the amount of indebtedness of the world. No statistician with whom I am familiar can give us the figures. They can advise us with some degree of certainty as to the indebtedness of the general Government, but when you come to the subdivisions of Government and to the private indebtedness the human mind staggers and computation breaks down.

Even in our own country now, comparatively new, we have already reached the era of subsidies and embargoes and bonuses and gratuities and that other peculiar and sinister invention of American politics, fifty-fifty—that is to say, the State will exploit the people for 50 per cent., the national Government for 50 per cent., thus dividing responsibility and aggravating extravagance unmindful of the fact that while

the taxing powers are two the taxpayer is one and the same.

In a great economic crisis or in times of adversity such as now confront us and the whole world, peoples and nations, like individuals, must recur to first principles and the simple, homely virtues, the only sure basis of personal prestige or national power. There were only two courses open to the United States and to the whole world at the close of the war. One was that of extravagance, waste, taxes, debts; the other that of economies, frugalities, work and self-denial. The latter was the only salvation. The one led inevitably to greater misery, to utter, to ultimate ruin; the other to the regaining of our prestige and our power.

So far not only this country but the other leading countries of the world have taken the former course. They have undertaken to heal the wound, or have undertaken to remedy the situation, by appropriations, by increased taxes and by added obligations, and wherever we have found political discontent or dissatisfaction in this country we have graciously and readily tendered an appropriation, and when the taxpayers seemed about to protest we have bravely passed the loan on to posterity. So, like economic cannibals, we are preying upon one another and going the cannibal one better; we are now preying upon our children and our children's children.

Prosperity, we have assumed, is to come not through industry, not through frugality, not through economy, but through the open door of the public Treasury of the United States, an impossible avenue over which prosperity may travel. I grant you that if this policy is to continue there is no argument by which you can exclude the soldier from its temporary advantages, but it ought also to be said that there is no logic upon which you can possibly exempt them from its permanent disadvantages.

There is no one more interested in the future welfare of the country than those young men. There is no one who

has more at stake in the future prosperity of this country. The unwisdom of the course which we are pursuing will weigh more heavily upon those young men and their heirs than upon those who are putting it upon them.

It may be vain at this time, in this mad hour of political exigencies and reckless appropriations, to urge these views, but the inevitable hour will come when the soldier himself will deeply regret that he ever became a party to any such scheme.

It may be idle, it may even seem presumptuous to urge a different standard, but I doubt not at all that in future years the soldier himself, when he comes to meet these burdens later in life, he will regret that he exchanged his noble heritage for less than a mess of pottage. That which he gave and stood ready to give was without money and without price. That which he earned, the achievement which was his, far transcends the miserable values of the market. He does not rightfully belong in this scheme to rebuild and regenerate a world through taxes and debts and mortgages and bonuses and gratuities.

All will remember the uneasiness and the anxiety with which we followed the American soldier across the sea and to the battle lines in Europe. He had been hurriedly called from the workshop and the farm, from the school and the college, practically untrained, unseasoned and undisciplined and sent forward to meet the ordeal of war. His countrymen waited the result with mingled feelings of fear and confidence, and the whole world speculated upon how he would meet the test.

We were told that this was to be the real test of democracy. Could a Republic, devoted to peace, with its men, meet the onslaught of highly trained and highly militarized power? We now know the result. The pride and the exaltation over those first encounters of our troops no tongue can tell.

They had demonstrated the fact that stopped and assumed to turn back the great armies which brought four na-

tions to their knees. They had vindicated our theory of Government and justified our standards of civilization. They had demonstrated that there is something more masterful than sheer force, that behind the guns is character, that behind the weapon is, unbought and unpurchasable, love of country.

That is the only security a Republic ever knew, and that service in my humble opinion spurns the idea of compensation, challenges all estimates and defies the sordid rules of arithmetic. Let those who care to trifle with the future undertake to write across that record "Adjusted compensation."

But stern as was the task of the American soldier in war, and unstinted as the praise which he gathered, a yet greater obligation and a more inexorable one, and also a greater opportunity awaited his return to civil life. The course which we are now pursuing, in my judgment—the fiscal policies which we are pursuing—will prove more dangerous in the end than a foreign foe.

A proud, strong people may suffer reverses at arms, but time fights on their side for victory. An independent and self-reliant people may undergo the misfortune of war, but their character and purpose win ultimate triumphs. But a nation whose citizenship has been drugged and debauched by bonuses, gratuities and subsidies has entered upon a road over which no nation yet has ever beaten a successful retreat.

Before we can come back and enjoy the prosperity, the prestige and the power which once was ours we must change our standards and change our policies. Who will set up those standards if these young men do not? Who will advance these policies if these young men do not? If the coming generation, if those who are soon to take the burdens adopt the policy which is now sinking the old world into utter degradation, what shall become of our own country? If great tasks and great opportunities be the thing for which strong men yearn this is the most coveted hour in the history of this Republic.

CAN A LINE BE DRAWN BETWEEN "MORAL" AND "IMMORAL" BOOKS?

THERE are signs of increasing activity in book suppression. On June 21, a representative of the Western Society for the Suppression of Vice, with headquarters in Chicago, had John G. Kidd, head of the publishing firm of Stewart Kidd, in Cincinnati, fined \$1,000 for selling Boccaccio's "Decameron" and Rabelais. On July 11, John S. Sumner, of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, visited the publishing offices of Thomas Seltzer and confiscated 772 copies of the following books: "Women in Love," by D. H. Lawrence; "A Young Girl's Diary," an anonymous book by a young Austrian girl with a foreword by Sigmund Freud; and "Casanova's Homecoming," by Arthur Schnitzler. A few days later, Mr. Sumner prosecuted Boni and Liveright for selling the "Satyricon," written by Petronius in the days of Nero. In Boston the Watch and Ward Society has brought about the disappearance in all bookstores of Robert Keable's "Simon Called Peter."

This succession of raids, coupled with the fact that Raymond D. Halsey, a New York bookseller, was recently awarded \$2,500 damages for false arrest by the Vice Society in connection with a sale of Theophile Gautier's "Mademoiselle Maupin," has led to widespread discussion of the entire question of literary censorship. Can a line be drawn between the "moral" and the "immoral" in literature? If so, what is that line?

The New York *Nation* finds the raid on Thomas Seltzer's establishment "more than ordinarily irritating." Two of the books confiscated were "privately printed." The third it regards as quite innocuous. "A Young Girl's Diary," it says, "no more deserves suppression than 'Little Women' or 'Little Lord Fauntleroy.' Any American girl who can be hurt by the things this Austrian girl wrote in her journal has already been hurt by the dangerous innocence

in which her mother has kept her." As for the Schnitzler and Lawrence novels, "the first gives a more terrible picture of the Nemesis of lechery than we remember to have seen in any virtuous tract whatever, and the second so lifts sex into the region of metaphysics that to call it corrupting is absurd." The *Nation* continues:

"Here are our proposals: First, the 'privately printed' book should have some exacter status than it now has. If the law is to force into special channels those treatises or tales which deal with love more candidly than the respectable can stand, then they must really be issued for competent subscribers only, like Havelock Ellis's great 'Studies in the Psychology of Sex,' and not merely be disguised by the omission of the publisher's name from the title-page and the addition of a forbidding price. It may be hard to fix the limits of competency in this connection, and doubtless a copy or so will now and then stray from its proper owner, but the law should do what it can and run the risk that all statutes run. At present it is a joke.

"Second, the statute against the distribution of pornography should be made to fit the cases which it is meant to fit and not be allowed to include anything upon which some smut-hunting society or illiterate constable or cantankerous magistrate happens to light. The intent of certain obscene moving pictures which are rumored to have been exhibited at certain longshore dens is specifically to corrupt or at least to tempt; the intent of certain postcards and typewritten classics which can be picked up by any bright boy in any city street if he keeps his eyes open is specifically to corrupt or to tempt. Let such things as these be watched by the custodians of our morals. But there is no more intent to corrupt in D. H. Lawrence than there is in a painter whose nude wins a prize at the Academy and is exhibited to anyone who wants to look at it. There is no more intent to corrupt in 'A Young Girl's Diary' than in the short skirts and knickers which the most reputable women wear without any thought except that they are in the fashion. There is no more intent to corrupt in 'Casanova's

Homecoming' than in the spectacle of any elderly gentleman making a fool of himself over women. The law must either distinguish or else keep on being an ass."

The Manchester *Guardian*, in similar spirit, calls attention to the many contradictory verdicts of literary censors in different countries, and takes the view that "if some international censorship be not established, the whole thing may die of ridicule":

"Most artists demand unqualified freedom for their imaginations. If we do not like what they write, we need not read it; we have no business to keep them from publishing. As a theory this sounds plausible. But, to be honest, most of us have to admit that we do believe in drawing a line somewhere. It is not the artists so much as some of the dealers that matter, and some of the manufacturers of sham art. Gautier, when he hurled his philippic against the tyranny of the 'jeune fille,' and Mr. Shaw, when he commented on the banning of 'Blanco Posnet,' are, of course, most convincing. And yet we all know there are some sorts of printed muck which have nothing to do with art, and which are merely produced, like indecent photographs, to sell to moral *crétins*. But, by way of a line, none of us can be satisfied with the serpentine curve at present

traced. If right, we should have to believe that what is poison for the Englishman is meat for the American, that the converse of this law is true too, and that matters may be still further complicated by the inclusion of France, Germany and Hungary. An American novel, banned in its own country, has just run out of print in England. An English novel, dramatically suppressed at home, has been living prosperously ever after in America. A French novel, displayed on all the large French bookstalls for the last half-century, may not be offered for sale by an American. An American novel has just been stopped midway in its serial career by the French authorities. An Irish novel, suppressed in America and published in Paris, is daily percolating into this country by a route too devious for us to say anything about it, except that it is not illegal, although actual publication here would be illegal. From Hungary the news comes that Walt Whitman has been suppressed as an 'anarchist and communist writer,' while Casanova, on a full edition of whose memoirs scholars from several European countries have been at work, is to be expurgated in France and in Germany. Is not the moral plain? If some international censorship be not established, the whole thing may die of ridicule. And yet different nations do have very different notions of what constitutes an offense against public decency."

SEX SORCERY AND THE "FATAL" WOMAN

ONLY within recent years has it dawned upon students of the moral situation of our time that there exists a "fatal" woman, to use the term given her by the Paris *Journal des Débats*. The "fatal" woman may precipitate one moral catastrophe after another, yet she remains guiltless of the slightest intention to be wicked. Nevertheless she is the occasion if not the cause of wickedness in men. The explanation seems to be that the fatal woman evokes every evil passion in the bosoms of those human males with whom her own life is involved, usually to their undoing and her own.

It would be illogical to indict the fatal

woman as the moral portent of our time. She is its moral menace, but she is not that by design. To explain her we must have recourse to what the old-fashioned poets felt justified in calling "destiny." She is the victim of fate. Hence we must not be misled by those excoriations of her with which the philosophy of Schopenhauer is filled. The world in our day has learned to be more sensible on this point.

Our superior wisdom is traced by the French newspapers to the series of sensational trials on the continent of Europe in which a woman or two women form the central figures. Italy, France and Germany have yielded in-

stances in point lately. The public has been stunned, entranced, bewildered. These trials seem to the *Temps* to have become laboratories for the working out of tremendous ethical problems. In every instance the difficulty seems to be that the woman involved possessed not "beauty" in the accepted physical sense, but sexual sorcery. It transpires from these cases that women who most powerfully impress men, fascinate them, subdue them, have often no beauty at all. They have what we must call personality, or shall we say individuality?

That last word expresses everything to the Paris paper. The woman with personality, especially personality of the seductive kind, has to contend with all sorts of moral difficulties which to the average healthy, sensible domestic woman never occur at all. Here we have a clue to the tragic misadventures of the "fatal" woman. In grasping the fact that she is "fatal" let us remember that mere beauty in a woman is cold, statuesque, in time turning insipid. A woman whose influence is to be permanent may dispense with beauty, but she can never dispense with subtlety, originality, boldness of the right kind, sympathy and that swift intuition that makes men intelligible to her. Half the spell of a woman's "fatality" resides in her comprehension of men, for a man literally aches to be understood, just as a woman does. There is a charm in being understood, and men must be won or influenced through the medium of feminine charm. Feminine charm is a totally different thing from masculine power. When a plain woman or even an ugly woman evinces instant comprehension of men, she may turn out "fatal," whereas the most beautiful woman without intellect or soul ends by becoming tasteless.

It may be unfair, concedes the writer in the great French daily, to affirm that the fatal woman is so because she knows how to charm men. She seems often unconscious of her power or unable to read the secret of it. She finds herself surrounded by worshipping or

fascinated men, among whom there ensues a struggle for supremacy in the field of her consciousness. There is inevitably a scandal, a murder, a mystery, a spiritual catastrophe. The world agrees that it was all the woman's fault. The police have been called in. One more unsavory affair has to drag its tremendous length through the newspapers. The clergy point the moral of it all. The philosophers write their essays. Did not a recent crime of passion evoke a perplexing utterance from Anatole France himself? It begins more and more to look as if great masses of people are to derive their education in ethics from the study of sensations in which the "fatal" woman is the central figure. That makes her seem all the more demoralizing. We forget that while there is always a woman to be sought in every affair, there is likewise the man, the pair of men, sometimes a whole dozen.

The environment of the fatal woman is everything for the purpose of her sorcery. The moment she leaves her sphere, abandons her circle, she becomes like a fish out of water. That is why, whenever a woman is made notorious by a sensational trial, the people stand bewildered by the spectacle she presents. That trembling woman with the reddened eyes, the twitching lips and the lank cheek, confronting judge and jury with faltering accents, cannot surely be the sorceress whose eyes—now old with weeping—effected the tragedy that fills a world with echoes of it. She does not seem beautiful enough to be so wicked, for in spite of everything the people will cling to their delusion that a very wicked woman must be very beautiful into the bargain, that there is some curious connection between sin and loveliness.

There is the further difficulty that the fatal woman in the case does not seem wicked enough for the crimes she instigated or inspired. Vainly do we try to persuade ourselves that "men are such fools," that this creature was designing, for in the end we are driven to the conclusion that life itself works

out in this mysterious style, not any "fatal" woman. Catastrophe seems unavoidable on the spiritual plane because there can be no moral victor unless there be one who is defeated, lost, driven down deep, deep into a hell made for him. We console ourselves with the reflection that those who go to hell in this style deserved all they got, but the example of the "fatal" woman begins to render this way of disposing of an ethical problem altogether too facile. There arises nowadays a suspicion that the fatal woman is as much a victim of the logic of events as anyone else. She was a puppet from the beginning in the hand of destiny. If a woman was undoubtedly "fatal" to one man after another, perhaps she could not help it. Adam ate the fatal apple because Eve persuaded him, but we must remember that Eve was persuaded by the serpent. Our excuse for Adam, if we grant it, lets Eve out too.

Fatal women seem to fall naturally into two classes—those who slay and

those who cause slaughter. The fatal woman is often disappointingly plain. She does not at any rate seem sufficiently beautiful to be the center of a tragedy so appallingly dramatic. We have here an instance of the power of the human imagination. The heroine of a love romance appears to each of us just as fancy suggests, precisely as the idealization of the occasion presents her. Perhaps neither Beatrice nor Juliet could be called beautiful in any proper sense of the word, and we get our impression of them only through the transforming genius of the poets who immortalized their misadventures. In fact, Juliet and Beatrice owe their sanctity in the eyes of literary critics solely to the fact that they were celebrated by poets of genius instead of being handed on to history, like the "fatal" woman of to-day, by journalists of genius. Summing up the whole discussion, Anatole France affirms that the fatal woman will appear next in politics.

THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN BIOLOGY AND BOLSHEVISM

H. G. WELLS has lately declared his conviction that the outcome of civilization depends on the race between education and catastrophe. In different terms, but in similar spirit, Lothrop Stoddard, author of "The Rising Tide of Color" and of "The New World of Islam," asserts in his new book, "The Revolt Against Civilization" (Scribner's), that our modern world may perish if we do not learn to improve our stocks and to set higher standards for human life. We have come to the place, he says, where great multitudes of men and women are unable to carry the burdens of an increasingly complex society and in consequence either fall beneath these burdens or revolt against them. In Russian Bolshevism we get the supreme illustration of their revolt.

As Mr. Stoddard sees the issue, Bolshevism is the incarnation of the ata-

vistic past; biology, the hope of a progressive future. What he means is that Bolshevism is the last of a long series of revolts by the unadaptable, inferior and degenerate elements against civilizations which have irked them and which they have therefore wished to destroy. The only new thing about it, he says, is its "rationalizing" of rebellious emotions into an exceedingly insidious and persuasive philosophy of revolt which has not merely welded all the real social rebels, but has also deluded many misguided dupes, blind to what Bolshevism implies. In biology, on the other hand, he sees one of the finest fruits of the modern scientific spirit, ripened by the patient labors of earnest seekers after truth. Here, he exclaims, is something new, "eugenics," the science of race betterment, "the unveiling of the mysterious life process, the discovery of the true path of progress, the placing



© Bachrach

HE WANTS US TO "THINK RACIALLY"

In his new book, Lothrop Stoddard preaches "an ever-perfecting super race . . . cleansing itself throughout by the elimination of its defects and raising itself throughout by the cultivation of its qualities."

in man's hands of the possibility of his own perfection by methods at once safe and sure."

When Mr. Stoddard speaks of eugenics, he is thinking of both its positive and negative aspects, with special emphasis on the latter. There is truth, he admits, in the contention that the increase of superior types is an absolute prerequisite to the perfecting of the race. But the fact remains that "race perfecting is a much more difficult matter than race cleansing and involves measures for most of which public opinion is not yet prepared."

The first step in the campaign of "race cleansing" proposed is a much more thoroughgoing segregation of the insane and feeble-minded than now prevails. The second would be the prevention of all obvious degenerates from

having children. Mr. Stoddard is appalled when he thinks that one degenerate family, like the Jukes of New York, may, breeding freely for two hundred years, have cost their country over two million dollars. He sets over against this example the shining record of the Jonathan Edwards strain.

The great thing, he maintains, is to get people thinking racially. "With the development of a 'eugenic conscience' and the curbing of degeneracy," he says, "plans for race building will almost formulate themselves." It has been objected that eugenics visualizes a specific type of "superman" and wants to "breed for points." This is arrant nonsense, according to Mr. Stoddard. "No real eugenicist wants to do anything of the sort, for the very good reason that the eugenicist realizes better than anyone else that the fundamental quality of superior germ-plasm is its *generalized creative urge*—expressing itself in a multitude of specific activities."

The eugenic ideal is thus presented as "an ever-perfecting super race—not the 'superman' of Nietzsche—that brilliant yet baleful vision of a master *caste*, blooming like a gorgeous but parasitic orchid on a rotting trunk of servile degradation; but a super *race*, cleansing itself *throughout* by the elimination of its defects, and raising itself *throughout* by the cultivation of its qualities."

Such a race, Mr. Stoddard predicts, will imply a new civilization. "Of course," he says, "even under the most favorable circumstances, neither this race nor this civilization can come to-day or to-morrow—perhaps not for many generations; because, like all really enduring creations, they will be the products of a progressive, evolutionary process, not of flaming revolution or numbing reaction. Yet this evolutionary process, however gradual, must ultimately produce changes almost beyond our dreams. Every phase of human existence will be transformed: laws and customs, arts and sciences, ideas and ideals, even man's conception of the Infinite."

THE QUINTESSENCE OF AMERICANISM IN A HUNDRED WORDS

GEORGE WASHINGTON, Abraham Lincoln, Thomas Jefferson, Daniel Webster, James Madison, Chief Justice Marshall, John Hancock, Nathan Hale and Stephen Decatur are all represented, if not in actual words, at least in spirit, in the "American's Creed" reproduced below from a booklet sponsored by "National Patriotic Organizations." This Creed contains only a hundred words. It is surely worth a little of any one's time to discover how so much can be represented in so small a space.

The author of the Creed is William Tyler Page, of Friendship Heights, a suburb of Washington, D. C. He was awarded a prize of \$1,000 for writing it. This prize was proposed in 1917, in the name of Francis Scott Key and the birthplace of "The Star-Spangled Banner," by Mayor James H. Preston, of the City of Baltimore, and was won a year later in a competition in which thousands participated.

Two committees had been appointed to pass on the creeds submitted: 1. A Committee on Manuscripts, consisting of Porter Emerson Browne, Henry Sterling Chapin, Hermann Hagedorn, William Charles O'Donnell and a number of representatives from leading American magazines; 2. A Committee on Award, consisting of Matthew Page Andrews, Irvin S. Cobb, Hamlin Garland, Ellen Glasgow, Julian Street, Booth Tarkington and Charles Hanson Towne. In addition, a number of distinguished Americans in public life had

agreed to act as an Advisory Committee in consultation with the members of the Committee on Award. The President of the United States had informally approved of the contest, and many State Governors, United States Senators and Representatives were enrolled in this committee, of which the United States Commission of Education was, *ex officio*, chairman.

The judges in the contest had not been permitted to know the names of competitors, and the winning creed had at first been labeled simply "No. 384."

When the identity of the writer was disclosed, it was found that he was a lineal descendant of Carter Braxton, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and that he had been born in Frederick, Maryland, the birthplace of Francis Scott Key. While his Creed, on the surface, is a simple one, it is based

THE AMERICAN'S CREED

I BELIEVE in the United States of America as a government of the people, by the people, for the people; whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic; a sovereign Nation of many sovereign States; a perfect union, one and inseparable; established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice, and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes.

I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it; to support its Constitution; to obey its laws; to respect its flag; and to defend it against all enemies.

on the Declaration of Independence and on the utterances and State papers of the men whose names open this article.

"The American's Creed" was publicly announced in the Office Building of the House of Representatives, April 3, 1918; and it was first published from press dispatches throughout the nation on the following day. The entire proceedings, together with the official reprinting of the Creed, appeared in the *Congressional Record* of April 13.

The Creed has already been recited by something over 2,000,000 children in all parts of the United States, and bids fair to become a classic.

UNSUSPECTED INTELLECTUALITY OF THE GORILLA

THE true mental status of the gorilla was discovered as recently as a few years ago by Major Rupert Penny, of the Royal Air Service, and his young relative, Miss Alyse Cunningham. Prior to that time, explains the eminent authority on the wild animal mind, Doctor William T. Hornaday, no living gorilla had ever been placed and kept in an environment calculated to develop and display the mental caliber of the extraordinary creature. It seems that an exhibition

cage, in a zoological park or garden thronged with visitors, actually tends to the suppression or even the complete extinction of true gorilla character. The atmosphere of the footlights and the stage, in which the chimpanzee delights and thrives, is to the gorilla repulsive and unbearable.

Naturally, the mental status of the gorilla has in consequence been under a cloud. Until now it has been misunderstood and unappreciated. At last a chain of circumstances placed an in-

tellectual and sensible gorilla, two years of age, in the hands of a family specially fitted by education and home surroundings to develop its mind and its manners. The results of those efforts have given to the gorilla an entirely new mental status. Thanks to the enterprise and diligence of Major Rupert Penny and Miss Cunningham in purchasing and caring for a sick and miserable young male gorilla, a new chapter in wild animal natural history must be written.*

At his solicitation, Miss Cunningham wrote out for Doctor Hornaday a personal history of this wonderful animal—apparently the most remarkable gorilla ever observed in captivity. It is a clear and straightforward record and not one of its assertions can be doubted. While it is too long to reproduce in its entirety, Doctor Hornaday presents a condensation of it in Miss Cunningham's own words that will record the salient facts.



PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN

The characterization is not misapplied in the case of this gorilla, adopted by a London family and actually civilized as completely as if he were a white child.

* THE MINDS AND MANNERS OF WILD ANIMALS. By William T. Hornaday, Sc.D., A.M. New York: Scribners.

"Loneliness. 'We soon found it was impossible to leave him alone at night, because he shrieked every night, and nearly all night, from loneliness and fear. This we found he had done in the store where he lived before coming to us. He always began to cry directly he saw the assistants putting things away for the night. We found that this loneliness at night was trying on his health and appetite. As soon as possible my nephew had his bed made up every night in the room adjoining the cage, with the result that John was quite happy, and began to grow and put on fat.

"Treatment. 'I fed him, washed his hands, face and feet twice a day, and brushed and combed his hair—which he would try to do himself whenever he got hold of the brush or comb. He soon got to like all this.

"Training. 'My next idea was to teach him to be strictly clean in his habits. It was my ambition to be able to have him upstairs in our house as an ordinary member of the household. I taught him first as a child is taught and handled. This took some time. At first I could not make him understand what we expected of him, even tho I always petted him and gave him grapes (of which he was especially fond), but I think at first he imagined that this treatment was a punishment. At first, without other reasons, he would roll on the floor and shriek, but directly he understood what was expected of him he soon learned and began to behave excellently.

"This training occupied quite six weeks. About February, 1919, we took him out of his cage and allowed him the freedom of the house. Thereafter he would run upstairs to the bathroom of his own accord, turning the doorknob of whatever room he was in, and also opening the door of the bathroom. . . . He would get out of bed in the night by himself, go back to bed and pull the blankets over himself quite neatly."

This gorilla, John, to give him his name again, was very cautious. He would never run into a dark room without first turning on the light. John also seemed to realize danger for other people in high places, for if anyone looked out of a high window he always pushed that person away if he were at the window himself, but if he was away from it he would run and pull the in-

dividual back. His table manners were very good. He always sat at the table, and when a meal was ready would pull his own chair up to the place. He did not care to eat a great deal, but he especially liked to drink water out of a tumbler. He never would snatch anything and always ate very slowly. He always drank a lot of water which he would always get himself whenever he wanted it by turning on a tap. He always turned off the water when he had finished drinking.

The gorilla seemed to think that everyone was delighted to see him, and he would throw up the window whenever he was permitted. If he found the sash locked he would unfasten it, and when a big crowd had collected outside he would clap his chest and his hands. He loved to take everything out of a waste-paper basket and strew the contents all over the room, after which, when told to do so, he would pick up everything and put it all back, looking very bored the while. He would always put things back when told to do so, such as books from a shelf or things from a table. Here are two instances of original thought in this gorilla:

(1) "One day we were going out, for which I was sitting ready dressed, when John wished to sit in my lap. My sister, Mrs. Penny, said: 'Don't let him. He will spoil your dress.'

"As my dress happened to be a light one I pushed him away, and said, 'No!' He at once lay on the floor and cried just like a child for about a minute. Then he rose, looked round the room, found a newspaper, went and picked it up, spread it on my lap and climbed up. This was quite the cleverest thing I ever saw him do. *Even those who saw it said they would not have believed it had they not seen it themselves!* Both my nephews (Major Penny and Mr. E. C. Penny), his wife and my sister (Mrs. Penny) were in the room and can testify to the correctness of the above record.

(2) "Another clever thing John did, altho I suspect this was due more to instinct than to downright cleverness. A piece of filet beefsteak had just come from the butcher. Inasmuch as occa-

sionally I gave him a small mouthful of raw beef, a small piece of the coarser part of the steak was cut off, and I gave it to him. He tasted it, then gravely handed it back to me. Then he took my hand and put it on the finer part of the

meat. From that I cut off a tiny piece, gave it to him, and he ate it. When my nephew came home he wouldn't believe it, so I tried it again, with the same result, except that then he did not even attempt to eat the coarser meat."

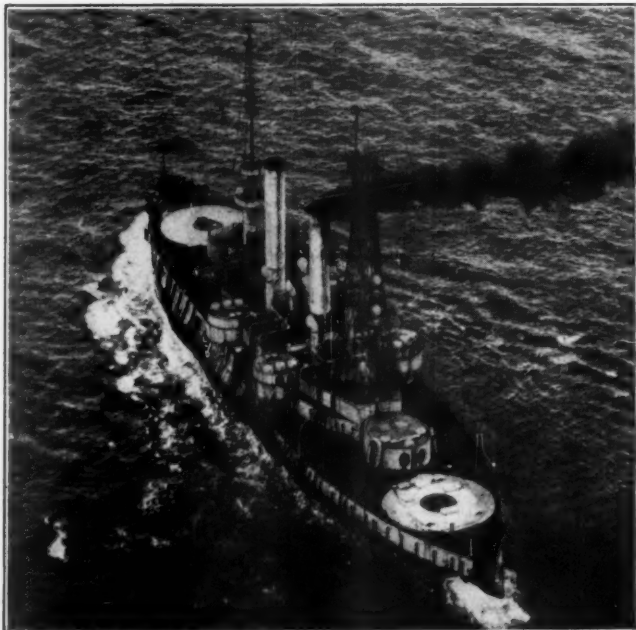
STEERING AND NAVIGATING A BATTLESHIP BY RADIO

LIEUT. CLIFFORD ALBION TINKER, of the United States Navy, predicts that before long the navigator who boards his ship carefully carrying a mahogany-encased sextant and with a "Bowditch" tucked under his arm will be as out of date and comical as the old straw-chewing rube of the vaudeville stage. No more tricky "sun-shooting," no more fog "worries," or trailing the log, or heaving the lead. For ships, even battleships, already are being steered and controlled by radio. A radio engineer has become the navigator, sitting in an office aboard ship equipped with neat pearl-topped buttons and letting radio do the rest.

One button, we read, tells the depth of water under the keel, another, the distance and direction to the nearest ship, and of all ships within a radius of twenty-five miles; a series of buttons reveals the nearest land, the distance to it, the course to reach it, and fixes the ship's position on the surface of old ocean. All these fancy navigational "stunts" are easily explained—the apparatus which does the business being

in daily use and functioning accurately.

To John Hays Hammond, Jr., with the Naval Bureau of Engineering in co-operation, is given credit for this far-reaching advance in maritime practice. In the *Outlook*, Lieut. Tinker reviews the various stages which led to the successful operation of the radio-equipped battleship *Iowa*, which, under the control of a distant ship and without a soul on board, has been maneuvered for hours out of sight below the horizon and then brought back to the starting-



Official U. S. Navy Photograph

A BATTLESHIP BEING NAVIGATED BY RADIO

It is the *Iowa* steaming along without a man on board, all her movements being directed from the battleship *Ohio*, twelve miles away.

point. She is the forerunner of huge fleets of radio-controlled naval vessels and, in all probability, commercial ships, which will be directed in battle or in peaceful pursuits to great military and economic advantage. This much has already been established.

In describing the apparatus and radio operation of the *Iowa* some details must be neglected for military reasons, but Lieut. Tinker is permitted to say that the apparatus for controlling the ship consists of a standard radio transmitter on board the controlling ship, a receiving aerial on the *Iowa* with special radio receivers, amplifiers, relays, and special apparatus for converting the radio signals into such form that they can operate the electrical devices controlling the steering gear and the throttles of the main engines. The officer in charge of sending the radio signals from the control ship has absolute control of the starting of the *Iowa*, steering her in any direction and stopping her when desired.

The various operations which take place are as follows: When everything is ready on board the *Iowa*, the main engine is started up and left running very slowly. The ship is then abandoned, and the officer aboard the controlling ship takes complete control of the *Iowa*. The radio signals are sent out from the controlling ship, intercepted by the aerial on the *Iowa*, and

received by the radio receiver located well below the decks. These signals are then amplified by means of special vacuum-tube amplifiers and are made to operate a very sensitive relay, or switch, which in turn operates a larger relay. This large relay closes the electrical circuit which operates an electrically controlled pneumatic valve, and when this valve opens it admits compressed air to the throttle control of the main engines, which causes the throttle to open and bring the ship up to the desired speed. This large relay also operates a device called a commutator, which is a special switch having control of the steering mechanism.

The steering gear consists of a standard steam-engine-driven rudder gear, the throttle valve of the engine being geared to a small electric motor. The commutator is connected to the control panel of this motor, and is thus able to operate a larger electric motor, which in turn causes the steam-engine to drive the rudder to either starboard or port as desired. Incidentally, the use of the radio compass, which is now general and which enables ships to continue under speed during fogs and storms and conducts them safely to port without delay, is saving millions of dollars in demurrage charges to shipping. The radio compass system along the American coasts is maintained and operated by the Navy free to all nations.

WILLING A PERSON TO PLAY A CERTAIN CARD

"PARTNER, I willed you to play that card! It was the only card to save the game," said one player to another during a rubber of auction bridge. The others laughed and the game continued.

The episode set up a chain of reflection in the mind of that famed British expert on auction bridge, A. E. Manning Foster, and he has written in the *London Mail* a striking essay on suggestion at the card table. If there be

anything, he remarks, in the theory of suggestion, of communicating thought without words, and most people will admit there is a great deal in it, is it permissible for one player to will another to lead a certain card?

There is, of course, nothing in the laws of etiquette of bridge to prevent it. But it certainly introduces an entirely new and unthought-of element into the game.

It is conceivable, if we grant the

premise that thought transference is possible, that a player with a dominating personality might be able to do wonderful things at cards. He could inspire his partner to do right and his opponents to play all wrong. We so often play that little game of "If" at bridge.

"If only you had done so-and-so. If only you had led a certain card" we should have got them down, or saved the rubber, as the case may be.

How often does one hear that!

But if, in addition to the actual snares of the game, the fear or premonition that one's partner will not do the one and only right thing at a critical moment, we have also to face the fact that the opponent may be deliberately casting a spell upon him, making him by sheer force of will-power play wrong, we who don't resort to these tactics are immensely handicapped.

The idea is not really so fantastic as may appear on the surface.

Close friends, or husbands and wives between whom there exists a sympathetic understanding, seem often to have an almost uncanny aptitude for reading each others' hands at a game of bridge.

They are never at cross-purposes, as are so many partners. Their calls and their play in some marvelous fashion "fit."

Apart from the fact that it may be possible to influence the other players at the table by willing, I am certain that there is a lot in auto-suggestion at cards.

The player who is down on his luck, who starts out with the idea that he is bound to lose, is handicapped at the outset.

Mr. Foster has not got to the point where he believes the power of thought can influence the distribution of the cards. He does not believe any amount of "willing" could bring a hundred aces or a good hand.

But there is no doubt at all that the confident player who believes that he *must* win and who communicates that feeling without words to his partner and opponents alike has the best of it.

Will against will. You might have, you *do* have, four players all out for it, determined to win. They can't alter the cards, and the cards will tell, but given equal cards is it not possible that the player with the strongest will-power will win?

LATEST DEVELOPMENT OF FLIGHT WITHOUT ENGINES

DURING a recent visit to Germany, that able British aeronautical expert, Major C. C. Turner, met some of the "soaring flight" experts, and he has returned to England much impressed by the development there of a theory of flight without engines. Great activity is promised and some of those who are well qualified to judge believe that before the end of this summer flights exceeding an hour will have been made on a motorless aeroplane.

There is as yet, explains Major Turner in the London *Telegraph*, no complete explanation of soaring, whether of birds or of mechanism; but during the past few years some advance has

been made in our knowledge of this fascinating subject, and the experiments in Germany and Dr. E. H. Hankin's researches in India and England (of which more will soon be heard), together with valuable observations by other scientific men, promise soon to clear up the mystery, and in so doing extend our conquest of the air. By soaring is meant the bird's power to maintain altitude, and even to climb, without visible effort and without dependence upon any vertical component in the wind. The earlier gliding experimenters were either those who began their study of mechanical flight with a view to gaining experience be-

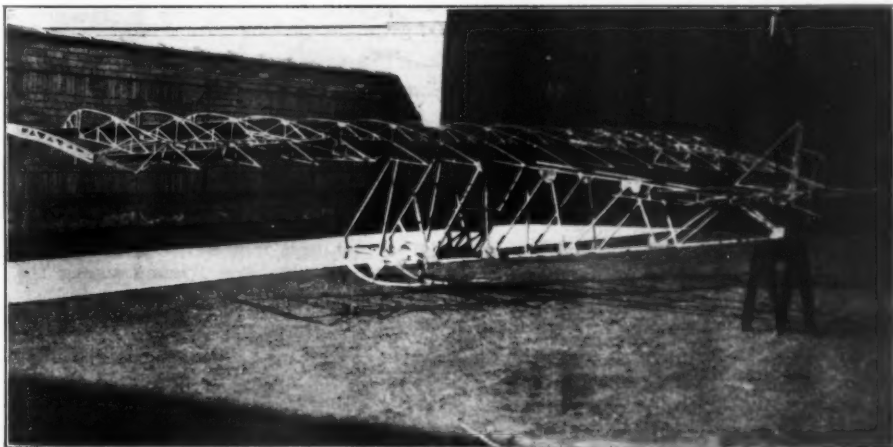
fore employing an engine or those who supposed engines would be unnecessary. These experiments depended upon an opposing wind, and on obtaining an initial impulse by starting down hill or by launching the apparatus from a catapult. There are on record of those days no longer flights than two or three minutes, the outstanding exception being Mr. Orville Wright's "glide" of about fifteen minutes.

It is remarkable that after centuries of discussion the real nature of "soaring" is only now beginning to be understood, and the reason for certain peculiarities of the natural wing explained. Here some of the results of Dr. Hankin's researches may be briefly summarized. They seem to suggest possible modifications in the design of aeroplane wings, even after allowing that birds and insects, by developed instinct, more delicate senses and continuous practice, are in a position to which men can hardly hope to attain. One of the very interesting facts noted by Dr. Hankin is that soaring birds and insects are, without exception, characterized by a peculiar wing feature; they have on the under surface of the wings definite transverse ridges which, one would have supposed, would interfere with rather than aid flight. This

established fact is supplemented by the observation that birds possessing beautifully streamlined wings, without such ridges or with ridges scarcely evident, never soar, but invariably flap their wings. What is the purpose of these ridges, which are seen both in the best soaring birds and in soaring dragon flies? It may be added that of late years many other careful observers have attached great importance to the rough undersurface of the wings of certain birds.

The idea that birds can only soar by aid of ascending currents, or eddies due to convection, appears to be definitely disproved. Dr. Hankin repeatedly observed soaring in air filled with tiny feathers or "winged" seeds, when the motion of these very light objects failed to reveal any turbulence or ascending current. Nevertheless, soaring does appear to be in some way dependent upon the presence of certain conditions in the atmosphere.

German experimenters are confident of being able to fly for long distances without engines. Already soarers have returned over the starting point at a higher level. It is hoped that important knowledge will be obtained applicable to the design of power-driven aeroplanes and to the art of flying.



AN AMBITIOUS IMITATION OF THE WINGS OF THE BIRD
The new motorless airplane or glider built at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology shows the cantilever type of wing.



VOICES OF LIVING POETS

THERE are poets, observes Joseph Auslander, in *Voices*, a magazine of verse, whose peculiarly radiant privilege it is that they brood over a thought until it shines. This thought in itself may present a barren and inhospitable front to the singer; or it may be nuggeted with rust of gold which merely awaits the fingering of Midas. The question of method, of material, is implied in the answer: the answer is the question. And, the critic goes on to observe acutely, it seems imperiously true of the sonnet as of no other shape in song that whether the irritation to beauty be bread of roses, stars or sirens, the shaper of the song may assume the liberty of a lord with it if only he can first learn to accept the bondage of the servant.

Nor must this be construed, we are cautioned, into a gospel of mere prostrate patience. The great sonnet is always finally the symbol, not of quiescence, not of acquiescence, but of victorious identification. We are casually reminded that such a sonneteer as Sir Philip Sidney is, in his sonnets, amorously perplexed; Drayton is amorously rebuffed; Shakespeare is bewildered with passionate experience; Milton is haunted by the cruel enigma of his blindness; Keats is splendidly stunned on reading Chapman's Homer.

It is tediously fashionable to deride the sonneteer. But the derision has a hollow and ancient accent. The fact is, insists Mr. Auslander, that if the poet sins more easily, more frequently in the sonnet he is merely succumbing to the dignified measles of the muse and vindicating the healthiness of his tradition. He may write abominably bad sonnets—but he is writing sonnets and much shall be forgiven him. We recog-

nize that few are endowed with the stature, the lung power, so to speak, for the perfect sonnet. We know how hard it is to chin up to the fourteenth line at all, chin up with sinewy grace and there maintain the gesture.

In a concurrent number of *Voices* itself, of which Harold Vinal is the editor, we find the three following sonnets, the authors of which appear to us to have succeeded in "chinning up" to the final line in each instance:

THINNING MIST

BY HENRY BELLAMAN

SHE had more friends among the dead
than we,
And so felt more secure about some things
Which lay beyond the casual reckonings
Of what we said there could or could not
be.

So many journeys through the mist decree
Some knowledge of the hidden trails,
whence springs

A certain sense that scorns all question-
ings

Of grim but rock-firm heights we may not
see.

She knew the hill-trees and the cloudy
steep

Disclose but leaf and stone, familiar
friends

Who sing and love the sun. She often said
The clearer sight that comes in dark, or
deep,

Reveal finalities and simple ends—

But then she had her friends among the
dead.

SONNET

BY ELINOR WYLIE

YOU are the faintest freckles on the
hide

Of fawns; the hoofprints stamped into the
slope

Of slithering glaciers by the antelope;
The silk upon the mushroom's under side

Constricts you, and your eyelashes are wide

In pools uptilted on the hills; you grope
For swings of water twisted to a rope
Over a ledge where amber pebbles glide.

Shelley perceived you on the Caucasus;
Blake prisoned you in glassy grains of sand

And Keats in goblin jars from Samar-cand;

Poor Coolridge found you in a poppy-seed;
But you escape the clutching most of us,
Shaped like a ghost, and imminent with speed.

DANDELIONS

BY VINCENT STARRETT

THINK you the little people war and play

Only in fable, or in foreign field?
But I have seen them everywhere, to-day,
Armed each with grass blade and a golden shield!

In open spaces, underneath the flame,
Their shining targes jostle; and their cries,

Lost in the tumult of our larger game,
Sound shrilly when a stricken warrior dies.

Theirs is the triumph of recurrent doom;
Vivid and brief their intermittent strife:
A field of yellow dandelion bloom—
And then that miracle of death-in-life.

Those phantom armies marching down the wind!

The serried, ghostly ranks they leave behind!

We agree with Mr. Untermeyer that Grenville Mellen deserves a sort of immortality for having uttered "one short cry," and we supplement the belief by applauding one and all concerned in publishing, in the *Literary Review*, the following elegy:

THE SINGLE SONG

(Grenville Mellen. 1799-1841)

BY LOUIS UNTERMAYER

THERE are no garlands on your grave;
the leaves

Of laurel cling to those who dared to die.

New battles called; the world went swaggering by;

But you, your bird-note quavering under eaves,

Forgot the flame that cleanses, song that cleaves.

And now you only live in one short cry,
Heard faintly over lustier throats: "And high

Above the fight the lonely bugle grieves."

Your lines are buried letters and your odes

Were yawned into oblivion; the years
Have taught us fresher tunes and livelier modes.

Even your name is nothing in our ears.
But what of that? You thrust one quivering rhyme

Like a long knife between the ribs of Time.

Mr. Carman, in his "Later Poems" (McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, Canada), has not added an inch to his six-foot standing as a poet. It is a volume of echoes—echoes of himself, in his great past singing moments. For instance:

DUST OF THE STREET

BY BLISS CARMAN

THIS cosmic dust beneath our feet
Rising to hurry down the street,

Borne by the wind and blown astray
In its erratic, senseless way.

Is the same stuff as you and I—
With knowledge and desire put by.

Thousands of times since time began
It has been used for making man,

Freighted like us with every sense
Of spirit and intelligence,

To walk the world and know the fine
Large consciousness of things divine.

These wandering atoms in their day
Perhaps have passed this very way,

With eager step and flowerlike face,
With lovely ardor, poise and grace.

On what delightful errands bent,
Passionate, generous and intent,—

An angel still, though veiled and gloved,
Made to love us and to be loved.

Friends, when the summons comes for me
To turn my back (reluctantly)

On this delightful play, I claim
Only one thing in friendship's name;

And you will not decline a task
So slight, when it is all I ask:

Scatter my ashes in the street
Where avenue and crossway meet.

I beg you of your charity,
No granite and cement for me,

To needlessly perpetuate
An unimportant name and date.

Others may wish to lay them down
On some fair hillside far from town,

Where slim white birches wave and gleam
Beside a shadowy woodland stream,

Or in luxurious beds of fern,
But I would have my dust return

To the one place it loved the best
In days when it was happiest.

IN ST. GERMAIN STREET

BY BLISS CARMAN

THROUGH the street of St. Germain
March the tattered hosts of rain,

While the wind with fragrant life
Whips their chilly ranks to life.

From the window I can see
Their ghostly banners blowing free,

As they pass to where the ships
Crowd about the wharves and slips.

There at day's end they embark
To invade the realms of dark,

And the sun comes out again
In the street of St. Germain.

In a recent issue of the *Double Dealer* (New Orleans) appears the following communication from an Indiana subscriber who has cancelled his subscription: "Please do not send any more copies—sample or otherwise—of the *Double Dealer*. I have tried to like it, but reading same leaves such a bad taste in one's mouth—so to speak—after long years of the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *North American Review*, *CURRENT*

OPINION and such. It is a pity you so use your fine talents." Yet in the same issue of the *Double Dealer* we find, among other good things, this lyric:

EFFORT

BY HORTENSE FLEXNER

THE wind will not cry out in marble,
Nor towers be told in music;
Yet am I sculptor
Forever laboring to carve
The mourning wind
In stone;
And a musician
Seeking vainly
For sounds
Out of which to build
My tower.

It is a curious phenomenon for a poet to write a book that is promptly accepted as a classic, and to remain thereafter silent. Yet it is not recorded that A. E. Housman has published any poetry of importance in the twenty-six years that have transpired since the publication of "A Shropshire Lad." We are told that Henry Holt and Company have this year brought out the first American edition of this notable little volume that the poet has authorized. Surely a perpetual audience awaits the author of such poems as follow and as are known to only too few lovers of authentic poetry:

BE STILL, MY SOUL

BY A. E. HOUSMAN

BE still, my soul, be still; the arms you
bear are brittle,
Earth and high heaven are fixt of old
and founded strong.
Think rather,—call to thought, if now you
grieve a little,
The days when we had rest, O soul, for
they were long.

Men loved unkindness then, but lightless
in the quarry
I slept and saw not; tears fell down, I
did not mourn;
Sweat ran and blood sprang out and I
was never sorry:
Then it was well with me, in days ere
I was born.

Now, and I muse for why and never find
the reason,
I pace the earth, and drink the air, and
feel the sun.
Be still, be still, my soul; it is but for a
season:
Let us endure an hour and see injustice
done.

Ay, look: high heaven and earth ail from
the prime foundation;
All thoughts to rive the heart are here,
and all are vain:
Horror and scorn and hate and fear and
indignation—
Oh, why did I awake? when shall I sleep
again?

WITH RUE MY HEART IS LADEN

BY A. E. HOUSMAN

WITH rue my heart is laden
For golden friends I had,
For many a rose-lipt maiden
And many a lightfoot lad.

By brooks too broad for leaping
The lightfoot boys are laid;
The rose-lipt girls are sleeping
In fields where roses fade.

An odd tensivity of emotion, considering their feminine authorship, seems to us to characterize the following realistic verses, which we find in the *New York Herald*:

THE WIRE STRINGER

BY MARY CARMACK MCDUGAL

WHEN I was stringing wires in No
Man's Land
(I'm driving a laundry wagon now),
Stringing wires from listening posts, from
batteries, from headquarters—
I used to get so much kick out of them
trying to pot me
With rifles and machine guns and shells.
It's right good fun being a rabbit in a
rabbit hunt
If you get by with it,
And can snicker at the stung hunters.
And I always did get by somehow,
By the edge of my eyebrows
And the skin of my teeth.

Great old days!
Them potting away at me,
And me skipping in and out of shell holes;

Why, I kept a card index of them shell
holes in my mind—
I knew every one for miles,
And watched for new ones all the time—
Against the day when I would need them.
Comes a barrage—and me—
Snug in a shell hole smoking a cigaret.
All done—and out I jump
Still with two arms and two legs and nose
and toes and everything,
And I wave my arms
And throw my head back laughing,
Laughing, laughing, laughing, laughing
At their durned old shells that couldn't
touch me!
(I'm driving a laundry wagon now.)

The *Rough Rhyme Padre* publishes some anonymous verses which impress us as being quite out of the ordinary. The following, for instance, tell of a soldier who dreamt that he died and was standing in the Presence:

NAMELESS

'T WERE all men's face, yet no man's
face,
And a face no man could see;
Yet it seemed to say in a silent speech,
"You did them all to me."

"The dirty things you did to them,
The filth you thought so fine:
You did them all to me," it said,
"For all their souls are mine."

And then at last, he said one word,
He just said one word, "Well?"
And I said in a trembling voice:
"Please, can I go to Hell?"

"You can't; that Hell is for the blind,
And not for those that see.
You know you have earned it, lad,
So you must follow me.

"Follow me on by the paths of pain,
Seeking what you have seen,
Until at last you can build the Is
With the bricks of Might Have Been."

Another elegiac note of distinction is struck by the "colyumist" of the *New York Tribune* in whose "colyum," *The Tower*, we find the ensuing verses, the concluding line of which might possibly be strengthened:

BEREAVEMENT

BY FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER

HIS spirit was a shining sword.
 Upon its hilt an angel laid
 A quiet hand and drew the blade
 To give it to his waiting Lord.
 We bore away the empty sheath,
 With all our pageantry of death.

We strove to utter words of cheer.
 We tried to voice his faith, and said:
 "The friend we loved so is not dead.
 We bury but the scabbard here."
 We kept our speech serene and brave
 Beside the still uncovered grave.

So, almost boastful was our trust—
 Yet I have found in closets dim
 The shabby coats beloved of him;
 His fishing rods encased in dust,
 And seen where on the mantel lay
 His half-smoked, ancient pipe of clay.

Dry-eyed I watched his soul go free;
 Through swimming tears I see them wait,
 His ancient friends inanimate,
 In pitiful expectancy,
 As though each moment he might come,
 His own dear self returning home.

More pathos than poetry may be
 found in and between the following
 lines, from the New York *Sun*, but they
 are lines that are apt to find a way into
 many a scrap-book:

HANSOM CAB

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

ALONG the crowded avenue it goes its
 lonely way,
 A faded, creaking ghost it is—a ghost of
 yesterday;
 And young folk, speed mad, laugh at it,
 but some old people sigh,
 Because, with it, their springtime dreams
 are slowly passing by.

Once perfumed ladies rode in it; and, when
 the dark swept down,
 And wrapped itself, a spangled cloak,
 about the laughing town;
 Young lovers, tasting now and then a
 new sweet mystery,
 Went in it through the fragrant park,
 where budding tree touched tree.

The hansom cab . . . I wonder if it some-
 times feels the thrill

Of the to-day that hurries by, that leaves
 it gaunt and still
 Upon the outskirts of the throng? I won-
 der if it feels
 The menace of the motor car that goes on
 flying wheels?

The old world order and romance,
 when life went slowly past,
 When all the city laughed at time—
an age that could not last!
 The hansom cab belongs to it, and goes
 a lonely way,
 In constant search of dear, dim roads that
 lead to yesterday.

The quaint extravagance of the two
 following specimens of *vers libre*, se-
 lected from *Contemporary Verse*, en-
 hances if, indeed, it does not lift them
 into the skies of poetry:

THE SONG

BY ELIZABETH J. COATSWORTH

WHEN the caged bird sings
 He sloughs off the cage and the
 room and the roof above him,
 They split apart at the sound of his song
 like a bulb burst by a flower,
 He himself is the sun and the wind,
 The sky and the long green earth—
 He is life that breaks from the dust,
 He is ecstasy mad with creation,
 He is God
 God while he sings
 And the universe rocks with his singing!

FLY LOW, VERMILION DRAGON

BY ELIZABETH J. COATSWORTH

FLY low, vermilion dragon,
 With the moon horns.
 Fly down to the top of the mountains
 That I may climb into your saddle
 And twist a bridle of mist about your
 great muzzle.

Fly low, vermilion dragon,
 With claws bright with stars.
 I will climb the dark pagoda of a pine tree
 That I may swing astride your brilliant
 scales
 And be carried into the heart of the West,
 Through a golden haze
 Over the great regions of the sea
 Into Cathay.

Fly low, vermilion dragon,
 With the moon horns!

STAR-LADEN SKIES AND GREAT ORANGE MOONS

A New Novel of Romantic Love

By EDITH WHARTON

THE first sentence of Edith Wharton's new story, "The Glimpses of the Moon" (Appleton), reads as follows: "It rose for them—their honeymoon—over the waters of a lake so famed as the scene of romantic raptures that they were rather proud of not having been afraid to choose it as the setting of their own."

On the second page we find this: "His hand still lay on hers, and, for a long interval, while they stood silent in the enveloping loveliness of the night, she was aware only of the warm current running from palm to palm, as the moonlight below them drew its line of magic from shore to shore."

Two pages farther on, we are told: "The spring night drew them into its deepening embrace. The ripples of the lake had gradually widened and faded into a silken smoothness, and high above the mountains the moon was turning from gold to white in a sky powdered with vanishing stars."

On page 97 we get the reflection: "Lansing and Susy [would] be left alone in the great sun-proof palace, alone under the star-laden skies, alone with the great orange moons—still theirs!—above the bell-tower of San Giorgio."

The last words of the book are these: "He caught her hand and drew her to the window. They leaned on the sill in the darkness, and through the clouds, from which a few drops were already falling, the moon, laboring upward, swam into a space of sky, cast her troubled glory on them, and was hidden again."

It is hardly too much to say that in the passages quoted we get the quintessence of Mrs. Wharton's new story. "Troubled glory" is its theme—the

troubled glory of romantic love. Its hero and heroine, Lansing and Susy, are at times beset by clouds which threaten to blot out their happiness, but, in the end, they win a kind of triumph.

Susy Branch, like the Lily Bart of Mrs. Wharton's more famous novel, "The House of Mirth," is an American girl cursed by a love of beauty which she cannot gratify because of her lack of money. She lives parasitically on her friends, and is constantly scheming to get, if not something for nothing, at least something for as little as possible. When she marries Lansing, a writer whose purse is as slender as her own, their union inevitably suffers from the shabby tricks to which, as she feels, she is forced to resort to maintain their position.

Their first crisis comes when Susy attempts to pack some boxes of cigars belonging to Strefford, a friend who has loaned them his villa on Lake Como. Lansing will not stand for it. His resentment rises when she contrives to save the railway fare from Como to Milan by using an automobile which does not belong to them, and it reaches its culmination in the ugliest incident in the story.

They have come to Venice, to a palace belonging to Susy's old friends, the Vanderlyns. Nelson, the husband, is busy in London; his wife Ellie has left in view a thick envelope which Susy is careful to appropriate and to read in secret. It contains stamped and sealed letters, addressed to Nelson. In the corner of each are faintly penciled a number and date: one, two, three, four—with a week's interval between the dates. Susy knows (only too well!) the character of Ellie, and is not surprised when she learns that, as the

price of her stay, she is expected to aid and abet her hostess in an adulterous intrigue.

She cannot summon the courage to tell her husband just what has happened, but he learns the secret from Ellie herself; and the passage in which he receives the revelation follows the reference to "star-laden skies" and "great orange moons":

"Two hands were clasped over his eyes, and the air was full of Mrs. Vanderlyn's last new scent.

"You dear thing—I'm just off, you know," she said. "Susy told me you were working, and I forbade her to call you down. She and Streffy are waiting to take me to the station, and I've run up to say good-by."

"Ellie, dear!" Full of compunction, Lansing pushed aside his writing and started up; but she pressed him back into his seat.

"No, no! I should never forgive myself if I'd interrupted you. I oughtn't to have come up; Susy didn't want me to. But I had to tell you, you dear. . . . I had to thank you. . . ."

"In her dark traveling dress and hat, so discreetly conspicuous, so negligent and so studied, with a veil masking her paint, and gloves hiding her rings, she looked younger, simpler, more natural than he had ever seen her. Poor Ellie—such a good fellow, after all!

"To thank me? For what? For being so happy here?" he laughed, taking her hands.

"She looked at him, laughed back, and flung her arms about his neck.

"For helping me to be so happy elsewhere—you and Susy, you two blessed darlings!" she cried, with a kiss on his cheek.

"Their eyes met for a second; then her arms slipped slowly downward, dropping to her sides. Lansing sat before her like a stone.

"Oh," she gasped, "why do you stare so? Didn't you know . . .?"

"They heard Strefford's shrill voice on the stairs. 'Ellie, where the deuce are you? Susy's in the gondola. You'll miss the train!'

"Lansing stood up and caught Mrs. Vanderlyn by the wrist. 'What do you mean? What are you talking about?'

"Oh, nothing. . . . But you were both such bricks about the letters. . . . And when Nelson was here, too. . . . Nick, don't hurt my wrist so! I must run!"

"He dropped her hand and stood motionless, staring after her and listening to the click of her high heels as she fled across the room and along the echoing corridor."

The dream of the lovers is shattered by Ellie's disclosure, and Lansing leaves for Milan in search of solace and distraction. They had always agreed, he and Susy, that, if any serious disagreement arose, they would leave each other free, and even help one another, to marry again; and



A GREAT LITERARY ARTIST, BUT—

Mrs. Wharton achieves a literary *tour de force* in her new novel, "The Glimpses of the Moon," but excites disapproval by reason of her preoccupation with sexual themes and with parasitic lives.

each is soon on the brink of a new experience. Yet gnawing at their hearts is a realization of the fact that happiness has left them. Life has become empty and meaningless. They long for one another even while they repulse each other.

Lansing goes off on a voyage with rich Americans who find their pleasure in cruising through the beauty spots of the Mediterranean with an eligible daughter. Susy turns to Strefford, who, by the death of relatives, has succeeded to a title and to an ancestral estate in England. The former lovers even talk with a lawyer about a divorce, and their first meeting, in Paris, after their quarrel, tends to widen the breach between them.

But luck favors them at last, and, in one of the strangest reconciliations in fiction—a reconciliation in which the five children of an artist whom Susy has befriended play their part—Mrs. Wharton ends her story. The reasons given for reunion are purely human ones. When Lansing exclaims, "We're married— isn't that all that matters?" he is thinking of marriage as a convenience and as a means to happiness. The impression is left that

Susy is chastened and wants to be useful, but the book, as a whole, is a chronicle of pleasure-seeking and is curiously lacking in social conscience or religious feeling. It might take as its motto the words, "Love is enough," and it finds its perfect symbolic expression in that image of the moon, laboring upward, which "swam into a space of sky, cast her troubled glory on them, and was again hidden."

A review of "The Glimpses of the Moon" by Katherine Fullerton Gerould is given the leading place in a recent issue of the *New York Times Book Review and Magazine*. Mrs. Gerould calls Edith Wharton the best of living American novelists, and speaks of the publication of one of her full-length novels as "probably the most important thing that can happen in any current year of American fiction." She goes on to say that she can imagine critics whose personal disgust with most of the characters portrayed in "The Glimpses of the Moon" would take the form of depreciating the novel. All the same, she asserts, it is a bigger book than the author's "Age of Innocence," which won the Pulitzer prize as the best novel of 1921.

WHY FRANCE CANNOT RECOGNIZE HER SUPREME POET

NO person whose native tongue is English would hesitate a moment were he asked the name of the greatest poet who uses the English tongue. An Italian would say at once that Dante is the supreme poet of Italy. The Portuguese has his Camoens and the German has Goethe. It would be easy to run through the leading world literatures and ascertain the name of the poet who stands at the head of each—but the rule has its exception in the case of France. Yet there is no doubt in the mind of the average Frenchman regarding the name of the supreme poet in French literature.

The causes of this anomaly have recently been set forth by the *Paris Temps* as a result of the efforts of the *Information Universitaire*, a Paris organ of liberal culture, to secure the foundation of a Victor Hugo chair at the Sorbonne. Only a few dissidents and eccentrics among French critics, affirms the *Temps*, would deny that Victor Hugo stands supreme among the poets of his native land. He is the supreme French poet, although not the supreme French novelist. He cannot receive the recognition that is his due because French poetry enters more completely into political strife than is the case in other lands. Like the French



WHAT THE SUPREME FRENCH SCULPTOR ACHIEVED
FOR THE SUPREME FRENCH POET

The Rodin monument to Victor Hugo was a medium through which the feud over the poet found expression, many asserting that Hugo was not worthy of this great tribute from one whose genius in stone seemed the equivalent of the genius of the other as the master of compelling words.

stage, French poetry reflects the passions, the factions, the feuds of the French so completely that a great poet is the victim of the tremendous prejudices created by clericalism and anticlericalism, legitimism and republicanism, imperialism and democracy. The greater the poet among the French the greater the hatreds he inspires as well as the more tremendous the homages. This aspect of French literature is not unique, but among the French it is more pronounced than elsewhere.

The agitation for a Victor Hugo chair at the Sorbonne thus raises a purely factitious fury. No doubt there are here and there fantastic persons, says the *Temps*, who would prefer a Baudelaire chair at the Sorbonne and there are perhaps some dadaists who would rather have a Tristan Tzara chair. Nothing need prevent such peculiar literary groups from setting up what they like in this fashion at some appropriate center—say in some artistic cabaret at Montmartre or Montparnasse. All France, apart from such freaks of temperament, would hail the tribute to Victor Hugo. Hence the prime utility of a Victor Hugo chair

at the Sorbonne would be to afford not only the French but the foreign world a striking bit of proof of what the supreme poet's position really is. The alien and non-Gallic world has yet to realize that Victor Hugo is the supreme French poet.

There are campaigns of disparagement directed against Hugo, concedes the great organ of French opinion. There is the force of political reaction, which Hugo fought all his life with all the blaze and power of his mighty genius. There are the decadents. Such elements enter into a kind of tacit combination against any due recognition of Hugo. The French understand all this perfectly, but the foreigner is misled by it.

A tendency in the rising generation in France to pass Hugo by is explained by the *Temps* as one consequence of the ostentatious contempt for him expressed in circles that are reactionary, degenerate and partisan. The considerations that would exclude Hugo from the summit of his country's literature have no connection with literature. These displays of petty partisanship may obscure the name of Hugo in certain circles, but they cannot dim the blaze of his genius. Now and then one finds a youth trained by the reactionary in some school out of the main current of thought and criticism who actually confesses that he has never read the "Contemplations." In a propaganda speech in America M. André Chevrillon, complains the French daily, immolated the literature of his own country upon that of English poetry, declaring that French is not musical, that in it there are no tremendous organ notes.

Certainly, the English have great poets—Shakespeare, Shelley, Keats, Browning, Swinburne, the list is dazzling. Nevertheless, France can sustain the comparison even with these, provided always the name of Victor Hugo

is entered in the competition. If the name of Hugo be left out, a damper is undoubtedly set upon the big organ. France is placed in a position of inferiority. There reigns thus in France what the great organ of French opinion styles a "Hugophobia." This phobia intimidates some prudent orators and it permits certain reactionary snobs to

ignore the greatest name in French literature with perfect impunity. Thus the injection of political passion is dimming the glories of the national literature in France. M. Maurice Barrès has grasped the peril here, and in his recent discourse at a great university he went the length of referring with respect to the genius of Hugo.

FRANCE'S WAR PANORAMA TO BE BROUGHT TO AMERICA

THE celebrated "Panthéon de la Guerre," or War Pantheon, shown under government auspices in Paris for four and a half years, is soon to be exhibited in New York City by A. H. Woods, the theatrical producer. It consists of a panoramic representation of scenes from the Great War; is 360 feet long and 45 feet high; and is the work of Pierre Carrier-Belleuse, Auguste-François Gorguet and fifty other artists who spent four years in its composition and execution. Mr. Woods predicts that the painting, when shown here, will create a sensation, and S. Jay Kaufman, who has lately visited Paris, agrees with him. "Let us, at the outset," Mr. Kaufman writes in the *New York Globe*, "congratulate America on having acquired this painting. And let us hope that it will be treated with the dignity so extraordinary a work deserves." Mr. Kaufman continues:

"Just why its enormous size did not impress itself upon us in the photographs we do not know. It is enormous. The building in which it is now placed in Paris and which was built for it is a city block square. The picture is a complete circle against the wall, which may convey some

notion as to its size. That size is not its only value, but it is an important value because the picture itself is interesting and the larger the picture the more interest. Hundreds of full-length portraits. Hundreds. Representing every phase of war. Many of these figures stand out like sculpture. As a permanent war memorial its value is the greatest. As a record. We



THE MONUMENT TO THE DEAD

One of the most impressive features of the vast War Pantheon which for four and a half years has been making a Parisian sensation.

are curious to see what will be done with it. Whether it will be treated as a work of art—and thus ignored by being sent to where no one will see it. To keep it in New York a building should be erected for it. In a location convenient to the millions who will want to see it. A place as convenient as the Public Library."

Something of the power and glory of this huge panorama is conveyed in a tribute paid by René Bazin, of the French Academy, and printed in Paris. He speaks, first of all, of the painted Statue of Victory confronting the entrance to the Panthéon and surmounting thousands of pictured heroes—officers of all ranks, soldiers, gunners, horsemen, footmen, sailors, aviators. Many of these are portraits of men who made the supreme sacrifice. At the foot of the white marble pedestal can be easily distinguished Joffre, Foch, Pétain, Nivelle. Still nearer, we see Clemenceau and Poincaré, and, in front of all, a massive cannon. The troops are going to file off; the first are already grouped. Others come to join in this

great review. Aeroplanes circle in the sky. "The harmony of this composition," M. Bazin remarks, "could only have been achieved by real artists. There is no vacant place in this crowd, and yet there is air. The colors, all so different, melt in the dominating blue tone."

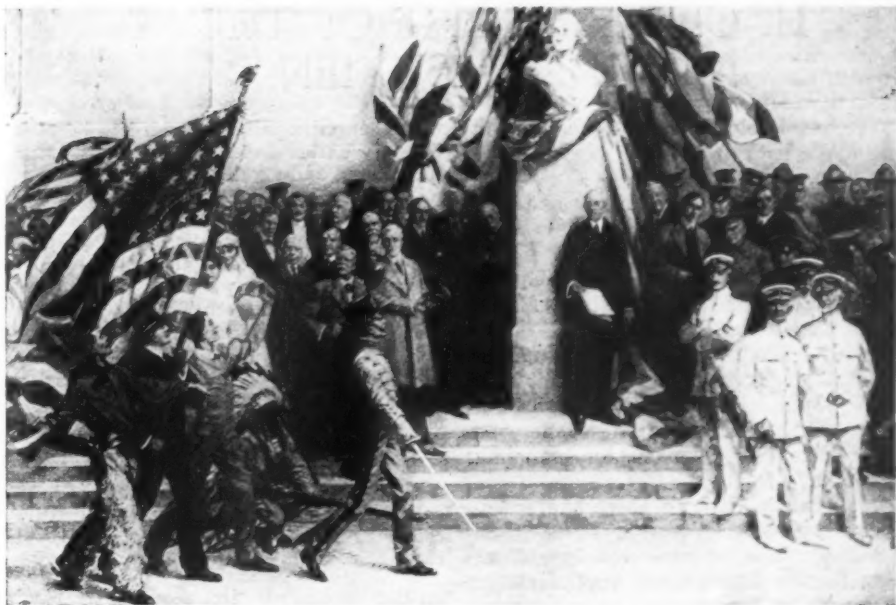
At the opposite end of the panorama rises another composition very different in tone and meaning. It is the Monument to the Dead, and only one living creature is kneeling there. "See," M. Bazin exclaims, "the perfect order of this architecture, these walls forming a half circle; this grove of cypresses with all the shades it brings; this quadrangular pyramid with its six brazen figures, six soldiers, carrying a flag-covered coffin at arms' length. Admire the beauty of these stones, of the garlands of roses discreetly decking the pilasters. Bathe your eyes in the purple lights . . . for the hour was chosen and the portrait is like!"

Between the pageants of Victory and of Death are Tableaux of the Nations.



EDITH CAVELL IN THE WAR PANTHEON

The English nurse who was executed by the German invaders of Belgium finds a new immortality in this glowing canvas, soon to be shown in New York.



PRESIDENT WILSON GLORIFIED BY FRENCH ARTISTS

We see here part of the American Tableau in the series of national pictures made by French artists in celebration of the Allied Victory in the War. Former President Wilson occupies the center. Grouped about him are members of his cabinet and naval, military and industrial leaders. To his right can be seen Theodore Roosevelt.

You see England represented in one picture by the King, the Prince of Wales, Earl Haig, Lloyd George, and in another picture by the martyred figure of Edith Cavell, alone, luminous, leaning against a white marble pylon with eyes uplifted. Here is Belgium, with King, Queen, Princes and the venerable Cardinal Mercier. Here is Italy, with Gabriele D'Annunzio calling his people to arms. Russia has dropped the torch of war, but America and President Wilson are lending new dignity to the struggle. Portugal, China, South America, Greece, Montenegro, Serbia, Japan and Roumania are all represented.

The end of this marvel is not yet, for over and above the teeming figures the artists have set a wide expanse of country—not any country, but France itself and the prodigious battlefield from Calais to Belfort. M. Bazin concludes:

"When the visitor comes up the sloping ground of the War Pantheon, where we

see this landscape, he feels the wonder and emotion of a traveler setting his foot on the top of a mountain and discovering, to infinity, the lowered relief and the color of the earth. All is wonderfully pictured: the fields, the roads with their slopes and winding rivers, the hills or mountains separating the waters, the towns and villages set, as they really are, on a height or in a hollow. Remarkable paintings of the ground, long studies, first-rate documents and, still more, a superior gift were necessary in the making of such a wide and accurate panorama. I may say that no other part of this work proved more difficult, and yet the success of this attempt is complete.

"The sky above is equally fine, not quite clear, but divided by long clouds whose shape and luster have been finely observed.

"Those who have conceived the idea of the Pantheon of the War, who have gathered in this corner of Paris so many personalities and scenes of our new history, should be thanked for having so nobly used, for the service and glory of France, their clear comprehension of things and their talent in painting them."

H. G. WELLS' LIST OF THE SIX GREATEST MEN

IT has lately become a fashion to make lists of "great" men and women. The *New York Times* has featured several such lists, and the *American Magazine* has run as a leading article an interview with H. G. Wells by Bruce Barton in which the famous author of "The Outline of History" was asked to name half a dozen men who seemed to him permanently great. Mr. Barton had said that millions would be interested in Wells' reply. "What characteristics," he had written to Wells, "make for enduring influence? In our modest way we'd like to cultivate a little of those characteristics in ourselves."

When Wells granted the interview, Mr. Barton framed his first question thus: "Now that you've taken a good look at all the folks who have played this game of life, which is the greatest of all? Which one, in character and influence, has left the most permanent impression on the world?"

There was no hesitation in Wells' reply:

"You probably expect me to answer, Jesus of Nazareth. There can be no other answer; his is easily the dominant figure in history. I am speaking of him, of course, as a man, for I conceive that the historian must treat him as a man, just as the painter must paint him as a man. We do not know as much about him as we would like to know. The accounts of his life and work as set down in the four Gospels are sometimes obscure and contradictory; but all four of them agree in giving us a picture of a very definite personality; they carry a conviction of reality. To assume that he never lived, that the accounts of his life are inventions, is more difficult and raises more problems in the path of the historian than to accept the essential elements of the Gospel stories as fact.

"Of course, you and I live in countries where, to millions of men and women, Jesus is more than a man. But the historian must disregard that fact; he must adhere to the evidence which would pass

unchallenged if his book were to be read in every nation under the sun. Now, it is interesting and significant—isn't it?—that a historian, setting forth in that spirit, without any theological bias whatever, should find that he simply cannot portray the progress of humanity honestly without giving a foremost place to a penniless teacher from Nazareth. The old Roman historians ignored Jesus entirely; they ignored the growth and spread of his teaching, regarding it as something apart from life, something, as it were, that happened only on Sundays. He left no impress on the historical records of his time. Yet, more than nineteen hundred years later, a historian like myself, who does not even call himself a Christian, finds the picture centering irresistibly around the life and character of this simple, lovable man."

The second of the great historical figures named by Wells is Buddha:

"He, too, brought a message universal in its character. It knows no limitations of time or of place; many of our best and most modern ideas are in closest harmony with it. All the miseries and discontents of life are due to insatiable selfishness, he taught. Selfishness takes three principal forms, and all are fraught with sorrow: The first is the desire to satisfy the senses, sensuousness; the second is the craving for personal immortality; and the third is the desire for prosperity, worldliness. All these must be overcome—that is to say, a man must be no longer living for himself before he can be serene. And his reward is Nirvana; which is not oblivion, as we have wrongly assumed, but the extinction of futile personal aims, whose going lets serenity into the soul."

The third name is that of the "wise old Greek, Aristotle":

"He began a great new thing in the world. Before his time, men had asked questions about themselves and their world; but he set them to classifying and analyzing the information which their questions brought forth. . . . Plato and other philosophers had said: 'Let us take hold of life and remodel it.' Aristotle said: 'First of all, let's get the facts.'

That insistence on facts and the rigid analysis of facts, that determination to look the truth in the face, to deal with the world as it is rather than as we might wish it to be, was a big new step in human progress. As a younger man I was a Platonist; the poetry and fine imaginative power of his philosophy captivated me. But as I began to dig into the causes of things in preparation for 'The Outline,' I became convinced that Aristotle's scientific beginnings were a far more significant thing in the processes of history. He was the founder of the scientific method; and when we stop to consider what humanity owes to the development and achievements of the scientific spirit, I think we must agree that the name of Aristotle belongs on our honor roll."

The next man named is one that Mr. Barton had to confess he had never heard of:

"He lived before Charlemagne or even Caesar. He ruled a vast empire which stretched from Afghanistan to Madras; and he is the only military monarch on record who abandoned warfare after victory. After a successful war—his one and only war—he announced that he would henceforth turn from battle and devote himself to the happiness of his people. He organized the digging of wells and the planting of trees for shade. He appointed officers to supervise charitable works. He planted gardens for growing medicinal herbs and provided for the education of women. He sought to develop in his own people an understanding of the teachings of Buddha as a guide to successful living. For twenty-eight years he worked sanely and unselfishly for the real needs of men. Among all the thousands of kings, emperors and majesties, great and little, Asoka shines almost alone, a star. More living men cherish his memory to-day than have ever heard the name of Charlemagne."

Fifth on the list is an Englishman who, in Wells' opinion, lacked many of the elements of greatness, yet was cardinal in human progress:

"His name was Roger Bacon. We know very little about his life, but his books, hotly phrased and sometimes quite abusive, voiced a passionate insistence upon the need for experiment and of collecting

knowledge. 'Experiment, experiment,' he cried again and again; and as a promise of the progress which experiment would make possible, once when men had thrown off the chains of ignorance and authority, he wrote this famous paragraph which has been often quoted. Remember that it was written more than six hundred years ago, somewhere between 1210 and 1293:

"Machines for navigating are possible without rowers, so that great ships suited to river or ocean, guided by one man, may be borne with greater speed than if they were full of men. Likewise, cars may be made so that without a draught animal they may be moved *cum impetu inestimabili*, as we deem the scythed chariots to have been from which antiquity fought. And flying machines are possible, so that a man may sit in the middle, turning some device by which artificial wings may beat the air in the manner of the flying bird."

When he came to the sixth and final name, Wells hesitated between Washington and Lincoln. "America," as he put it, "ought surely to have the right to nominate at least one member to our list. Shall it be Washington or Lincoln?" Without Washington there would hardly have been a United States; and yet "Washington is not the typical American. He was essentially an English gentleman." America might have imported her Washington; she had to grow her own Lincoln.

"Lincoln, better than any other, seems to embody the essential characteristics of America. He stands for your equality of opportunity, for the right and the chance of the child of the humblest home to reach the highest place. His simplicity, his humor, his patience, his deep-abiding optimism, based on the conviction that right will prevail and that things *must* work themselves out—all these seem to typify the best that you have to give. And they are very rich gifts indeed.

"It is interesting and significant to the historian that the Lincoln legend has already grown to such proportions. He has been dead only half a century, yet already he has a secure and permanent place in the affections of men, not only over here, but everywhere. I think we are safe in including Abraham Lincoln in our list of permanently great figures; not merely because of his own greatness, but because of the greatness of the spirit of America."

A NEW BOOK BY ENGLAND'S MOST BRILLIANT ESSAYIST

IN the writings of Lytton Strachey may be traced the development of a gifted mind from a more or less destructive cynicism toward a positive humanism. His cynicism was illustrated in the biographical studies of "Eminent Victorians" which made such a sensation a few years ago. His humanism appeared in his "Queen Victoria" of more recent date. Both cynicism and humanism may be found in his new "Books and Characters" (Harcourt).

This volume consists of essays written from 1905 to 1919. It is dedicated to John Maynard Keynes and carries as its frontispiece a portrait of Voltaire.

It treats, among other subjects, "The Poetry of Blake," "Racine," "Shakespeare's Final Period," "Voltaire and Frederick the Great," "Henri Beyle" and "Sir Thomas Browne."

The essay on Sir Thomas Browne is one of the best in the book, if only because it expresses so much of the author's enthusiasm. "It is pleasant," Mr. Strachey says, "to start out for a long walk with such a splendid phrase upon one's lips as, 'According to the ordainer of order and mystical mathematics of the City of Heaven,' to go for miles with the marvelous syllables still rich upon the inward ear and to return home with them in triumph."

Voltaire, we are told, was "a revolutionary in intellect" and "a high Tory in taste."

Blake was "an intellectual drunkard," whose words "come down to us in a rapture of broken fluency from impossible intoxicated heights."

It was Blake's contention that "everything is good in God's eyes"—that "Satan's empire is the empire of nothing."

And yet every page he wrote contains a moral exhortation. "The contradiction," Mr. Strachey observes, "is glaring."

'There is no such thing as wickedness,' Blake says in effect, 'and you are wicked if you think there is.'

On Blake's mysticism we get the comment that the serious objection to his mysticism—and indeed to all mysticism—is its lack of humanity.

"The sacrifices which it demands are too vast, in spite of the divinity which it has to offer. What shall it profit a man, one is tempted to exclaim, if he gain his own soul and lose the whole world?"



LYTTON STRACHEY AS A VICTORIAN SURVIVAL

This clever painting by Henry Lamb shows the biographer of Queen Victoria seated in his home, with red slippers, an umbrella and a shovel hat.

UNDER GERMAN FIRE THE CHEMICAL FOUNDATION LOOMS IN IMPORTANCE

A PROPOS of the charge made by Representative Woodruff, of Michigan, that a quarter of a billion dollars has evaporated in the Alien Property Custodian's office under both the Wilson and Harding administrations, what is known as the Chemical Foundation is at this writing an object of close Government scrutiny. What it is, why it is being investigated and what its importance is to American industry is made plain by T. A. Huntley, in the *New York Globe*. It is a corporation, we are told, organized under the Delaware laws, with a capital stock of \$500,000, not all of which has been issued. The Foundation purchased from the Government and now holds title to some 4,700 patents, chiefly covering chemical processes and formulæ used by the German Cartel, or chemical trust, in the manufacture of organic chemicals in the United States prior to the entry of this country into the World War. When the war came, these patents, together with other property owned by enemy aliens, was seized by the Alien Property Custodian under the authority of the Trading-with-the-Enemy act as passed by Congress, and held by him in temporary trusteeship.

Following the conclusion of hostilities and the signing of the armistice, the Foundation was organized and incorporated under the direction of Attorney General (and former Alien Property Custodian) A. Mitchell Palmer and Alien Property Custodian Francis P. Garvan. It thereupon purchased from the government, for a consideration of \$250,000, some 4,700 patents, under terms set forth in the deed.

The Foundation thus became the owner of the patents, its proponents claim, by due process of law. They contend the sale was made under the provisions of the Trading-with-the-Enemy act authorizing the alien property custodian to dispose of enemy property, and deposit the proceeds in a general

fund to be held subject to disposition by Congress. The \$250,000 so received from the Chemical Foundation was so deposited, and the Foundation obtained possession of the patents.

Its industrial importance is apparent in the statement that its trustees and stockholders hold within their hands absolute control over the chemical industry in the United States. Through their control of these patents German capital has been virtually eliminated from this field, and American capital licensed to operate under them. Critics of the enterprise declare its organizers set out deliberately to obtain for themselves and their friends a monopoly of the chemical industry; that it is possible for powerful capitalistic interests to so control and manipulate the affairs of the Foundation as to squeeze out competitors and obtain exclusive rights in this field.

When these charges were made in Congress and elsewhere the present national administration investigated. Subsequently it ordered Garvan, now president of the Foundation, and the trustees, to turn back the patents to the government under threat of civil and criminal action to compel them to do so. They refused. Garvan appeared before a Federal grand jury in Washington the other day, producing the books and records of the Foundation as required by a subpoena served in New York. The grand jury examined them. Garvan thereupon took the records back to New York, refusing to turn them over to the Department of Justice.

Why?

Attorney General Daugherty and Alien Property Custodian Miller charge the patents were sold to the Chemical Foundation fraudulently and illegally.

Garvan, defending the sale, declares it was regular and legal and that the trusteeship has functioned in the interest of the public and the industry itself; and charged further that "Germanic

influences" were at the bottom of the present action by the administration. This is denied.

We read that the dividends on the preferred stock are limited to 6 per cent. and that earnings over that maximum are required to be put back into chemical research for the benefit of the industry. The preferred stock has no voting power. The common stock, of which some \$38,000 is outstanding among chemical manufacturers, is trusted for a period of seventeen years. In other words, the stockholders themselves cannot vote. The trustees, named for life, with the power to fill vacancies caused by death, are in sole and absolute control of the Foundation. They are Otto T. Bannard, Judge George L. Ingraham and Cleveland H. Dodge, of New York; Benjamin Griswold, of Baltimore, and Bradley W. Palmer, of Boston.

Refuting the monopolistic charge, it

is declared that any one may obtain a license to manufacture any product under any patent the Foundation controls, by the payment of a \$100 fee. Even German concerns are said to be operating on a parity with Americans under licenses granted by the Foundation.

As to the alleged "immorality and viciousness" of the institution, Senator Sterling, of South Dakota—a member of the Senate committee which has been probing into its affairs—is quoted in the *Globe* as being of the opinion that the Foundation is not monopolistic in its tendencies; that it is a quasi-public institution; that it grants non-exclusive rights to manufacture chemicals and other products under the patents it controls; and that as such, and so long as it continues to be so operated, the charges laid at its door are unfounded. They are said to be mainly of German inspiration, though the charge is vehemently denied.

THOMAS A. EDISON PROPOSES A NEW KIND OF MONEY

WHY can't we have a non-fluctuating money unit? Why shouldn't the purchasing power of the dollar be constant? Thomas A. Edison believes that these questions can be answered in the affirmative and in answering them, in the *New York Times*, he advances an idea for a new kind of money based upon warehouse receipts for necessities of life which shall be as good as currency based on gold. Reporting what may be called the Edison plan, Garet Garrett, the financial analyst, observes that "most professional money experts know so much that they cannot answer the simplest question in an offhand way. They have to write a book about it"—and "nobody understands the book, least of all the experts, who immediately begin to dispute about it and write more books."

This Edison plan, which primarily concerns the farmer, proposes to do nothing radical, nothing wholesale,

nothing absolute. It proposes an experiment in finance on a scale that will tend, in the inventor's opinion, to

(a) Create a non-fluctuating kind of money.

(b) Divorce agriculture from business in the banking system.

(c) Enable the farmer to finance his own seasonal wants by means of the wealth in his hands, which is the beginning of all other wealth.

We are assured that it does not propose to overturn the existing monetary system, nor to punish banking or bankers, nor to create cheap money. It does not propose inflation, nor to demonetize gold, but to experiment with a kind of money which in the inventor's opinion will be stronger than gold money, a flexible, self-canceling kind of money of constant purchasing power which, as it proves itself to possess these merits, will tend in time to displace gold as a single arbitrary standard of value and

cause gold to be treated like any other commodity, so that those who prefer it, foreign countries, for example, may take it in lieu of wheat or bacon or cotton, if and as and when they want it.

The following statement of the plan, derived from Mr. Edison's technical memorandum and from conversations at length thereon, is authorized by him:

The frontispiece is a warehouse.

The money to build the warehouse shall be raised by taxation, and the universal fees for storage shall be only sufficient to meet insurance, depreciation, a sinking fund charge to reimburse the Government for its original outlay and the actual cost of handling, manipulating and grading the commodities.

Of this type of warehouse it is proposed that there shall be constructed at first only twelve—six in the wheat States and six in the cotton States—and then the monetary experiment shall begin. If it fails, no great bones are broken, because there are the warehouses still worth what they cost merely as an addition to the country's barn capacity.

Now to this warehouse comes the farmer with such basic commodities as have been nominated for storage—grain, cotton, wool, rice, legumes, fats, flax, tobacco and whatever else by experience may prove acceptable.

These commodities the warehouseman will receive on four conditions, namely:

(1) That they have originated on American soil.

(2) That the owner wishes not merely to store them, but to pledge them for money.

(3) That they shall be removed within a year, and

(4) That if he, the owner, does not remove them within a year the Government shall be free to sell them in the highest market or at auction.

The limit of one year for storage is absolute. That is to prevent accumulation, as you see at once. There is another reason. It is also to make sure that the money issued upon the commodities stored shall be self-canceling. The plan intends that the commodities shall be liquidated steadily through the year. As they are sold they are redeemed from the warehouse and thus the money that has been issued upon them is returned to the Government and canceled.

Suppose that the commodity is wheat. What happens? The warehouseman weighs and grades the wheat. Then he gives the farmer two pieces of paper, certifying in identical terms the facts of storage, quantity and grade. One piece of paper is a mortgage certificate. The other is named an equity certificate.

We are first concerned with the mortgage certificate. This the farmer takes to the nearest national bank and exchanges it there for Federal Reserve currency, which is to say, money, up to 50 per cent. of the average value of wheat for a period of twenty-five years. The figures shall be statistically determined each year. Thus, immediately upon storing it the farmer gets one-half the value of his wheat in actual money. This is the money of current use. It is like all other money in circulation. He can do with it what he likes. He can pay his bills with it.

The farmer is still the owner of the wheat. He has merely pawned it with the Government. Evidence of his ownership is in that other piece of paper, namely the equity certificate.

What does he do with that?

One of three things. He may hold it, he may borrow on it at the bank or he may sell it. It represents title to the wheat, just as a \$10 gold certificate represents title to so many ounces of gold. Any one who holds it—that is, the farmer himself or the person to whom he may have sold it—may at any time within a year take it to the warehouse together with the exact amount of money that was issued on the mortgage certificate and demand the wheat, precisely as you redeem a thing from the pawnbroker by presenting the ticket along with the money that was loaned on the article.

Suppose it is 1,000 bushels of wheat, and that the average price of wheat for twenty-five years had been \$1 a bushel. On storing the wheat with the Federal warehouseman the farmer takes the mortgage certificate to a national bank and gets \$500 in currency. So much for that. But he needs more money immediately. In that case he may sell the equity certificate for cash to a Produce Exchange dealer. Now the farmer is out. The Produce Exchange dealer owns title to the wheat. When he wants it he can get it by presenting the equity certificate and \$500 in currency at the Federal warehouse. The warehouseman receives the money, cancels it and delivers the wheat.

PREVAILING STRIKES ARE COSTING WORKERS \$5,000,000 DAILY

A STATISTICIAN of the National Industrial Conference Board has computed that American workmen on strike at this writing are losing something like 5 million dollars a day in wages. The loss to other workers, not strikers, who have been rendered idle because of the strike, is probably just as large, but no accurate data are available.

About 1,250,000 men were on strike last month in this country. Roughly, 80,000 of them were textile workers who have been out for several months; 155,000 are anthracite coal miners who went out on April first; 573,000 were bituminous coal miners who have also been on strike since April 1; 400,000 are railway shop workers who have been out since July 1; and the balance were an assorted lot of building trade workers, clothing workers, etc. One is safe in assuming at any time, year in and year out, that about 20,000 workers in the clothing and garment trades are on strike.

Assuming an eight-hour day, these million and a quarter strikers represent a loss of labor amounting to ten million man-hours every day. As the *Industrial Digest* ingeniously calculates, it would take one hundred men, working continuously three hundred days a year, five years to offset a single day's loss at this rate.

This is only one side of the picture. On the other side are the loss in production to industry, and the loss in profits to employers. These cannot be computed. Figures on the loss of production due to the coal strikes and the textile strike, for instance, cannot accurately be found, for there is no way of telling how much would have been lost in these industries regardless of the strike, because of seasonal shutdowns and lack of business. In the absence of reliable figures all we can say is that the losses are tremendous, as they undoubtedly are.

Some idea of the economic effect of the present textile strike may be gathered from the story of a smaller textile strike in the spring of 1920. A certain group of cotton mills in the Fall River district were closed for eighteen weeks by a strike. In addition to the loss of production and wages, the manufacturers lost a body of skilled workmen which they had been building up for years. But the greatest loss was further removed from the mills. The commission house in New York that handles the production of this group of cotton mills employs a large group of salesmen. Each of these salesmen has a string of customers who regularly depend upon the company to supply them with a certain class of material. To keep the sales organization together and the customers contented the company had to go into the open market to buy the goods that their own mills usually produce. Because of the 'shortage,' which was due largely to this very strike, they had to pay just two million dollars more for the goods than it would have cost them to produce the same material. Another two million wasted!

The *Industrial Digest* estimates that more than 1,500,000 workers suffered serious losses of wages for three months in the winter of 1919-20, because 2,000 New York printers all went on a vacation at the same time. The strike came in the fall, when the print shops of the city were preparing great quantities of mail-order catalogs and other sales literature. The great New York mail-order houses sell to eight or ten million customers scattered throughout the country, and their sales depend entirely upon their catalogs. In addition to the regular mail-order concerns, great numbers of jobbers and manufacturers in the metropolis, especially those handling dry goods lines, depend on printed matter for their sales.

The Colyumists' Colyums

ABOUT the cleverest critic these days is Heywood Broun. He writes with a sure touch. His wit is not slap-stick. Beneath his sober lines the smiles are always coming up. A good example of his work is a review of Mayor Hylan's "Autobiography," running in three recent issues of the *New York World*.

Mr. Broun notes, at the outset, a report that some of the bookstores have refused to handle the autobiography. "To us," he says, "it seems one of the jolliest books of the year." He continues:

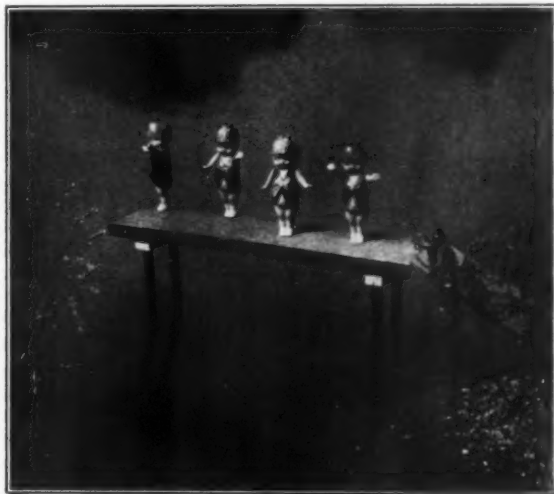
"There has been nothing like it since Horatio Alger, Jr., died. 'During a parade,' writes the Mayor, 'not long ago, a poorly dressed woman in the crowd yelled a greeting at me and I turned around and waved back at her. With me at the time there was a man who said: 'You should not do that, Mr. Mayor. You shouldn't pay any attention to a common person like that. It isn't dignified.' I replied: 'How do you know she is common? Because she is poorly clad does not mean that she is common?'"

"As the Mayor adds: 'A little more of this spirit

of charity and a little less of the mad, ignoble scramble for wealth and power will do more to repair our injured social fabric than the most learned discourses on social justice or political economy.'

"Many a ruler upset by the anger of the hungry mob might have avoided catastrophe if he had only possessed the wisdom of Mayor Hylan. Poor Marie Antoinette was forced at length to bow her head to the guillotine because she lacked the foresight to shake a day-day to the commoners whenever they murmured for bread. And John, the King of England, need not have granted Magna Charta. He could quite easily have propitiated the rebellious barons with a pleasant 'Cheerio!' Down went Charles the First all because he failed to say 'Ah, there!' whenever he met a Roundhead. Moreover, it may not be generally known that Julius Caesar staved off assassination for several years merely by adopting the practice of never

failing to remark, 'Is it hot enough for you?' whenever he met a plebeian."



Photograph by Van der Weyde
LADIES OF RANK—THE ORDER OF THE BATH

In a second instalment of the review, Mr. Broun suggests that the real tragedy of Mayor Hylan's career has been his inability to be the plain man of the people that he evidently wants to be:

"It is curious that the legend has prevailed that John F. Hylan is one of the plain people. To be sure, he has fostered it and yet he gives the lie to the notion in practically every speech and proclamation which comes from his pen.

"Only yesterday we had occasion to quote from the autobiography a remark of the Mayor's in which he referred to a woman as 'poorly clad.' We plain people do not talk like that. Can you imagine any one of us saying: 'How are you going to be clad at the dinner?' Likewise, Mr. Hylan speaks of 'the screen,' referring to what we know as 'the movies,' and instead of going to a play or a show he 'attends a drama.' The Commissioner of Accounts, according to Mr. Hylan, keeps his finger on 'what is transpiring in the various offices.'

"Is it a fight or a fire, or what is transpiring over there on the corner?" If a passer-by on the street spoke to you in that way would you hail him as a brother and an equal?

"Hylan has his sheepskin and his honors and yet we are not disposed to envy him. To us he seems a lonely man upon his eminence. 'I have never been a smoker or a drinker,' he writes. And again, 'My reading has been more of a legal and historical turn than any other.' 'Youth did not afford me much chance for sports and games.' 'Once in a great while I would

manage to play baseball with the other boys, but that was on rare occasions.'

"Occasionally John F. Hylan manages to escape from his overwhelming civic duties and go to the Polo Grounds, but he attends as a functionary rather than a rooter. Even here he is not free from duty. He comes to throw out the first ball, and he is surrounded by officials and trombone players and policemen. More than that stands between him and the men on the diamond, clad in the uniforms of the opposing clubs. After all, training and a well-spent youth are required for an appreciation of baseball. A man must make his choice between Blackstone and Spalding's Guide.

"As Mr. Hylan sits there trying to seem interested and enthusiastic we feel sorry for him. We know blame well that he cannot distinguish between a fielder's choice and a sacrifice hit. We doubt very much if he knows which is Babe Ruth and which is Whitey Witt. Bambino and Albino, we fear, are much alike to him. His experience has been along other paths. He could identify in an instant the Prince of Wales or King Albert of Belgium. Of course, he has a right to choose his own friends from any circle he pleases."

Mr. Broun concludes with the following ironical comment on what Mayor Hylan regards as the attempt of the "interests" to make a social lion of him:

"The details of this scheme are described as follows:

"If by chance a man is elected whom the 'interests' cannot handle,' begins the Mayor, and we should think Mr. Hearst might justifiably be annoyed. 'By chance,' indeed!

"A man,' continues the Mayor, 'who is independent of them, then they start after him. First they resort to patting on the back and praising him. They offer to make him a social lion. They invite him to dinners. If he listens to their song he begins to stay up late, gets little rest and sleep and the next day he has a bad stomach. He has had rich food when he should have had a plain, substantial fare. The result is that he gets to work later than he should, is irritable and cross and in an ugly humor.'

"The most appealing thing about the defense which John F. Hylan has set up



"Look, mother! That soldier has his horse's tail on his hat."

—Holmgren in *Judge*.



"What may I have the pleasure of showing you, madam?"
 "A grand piano—the grandest you've got."

—London Punch.

against this insidious attack is that he cannot be accused of running away. He has ventured into the very den of all, or most, the social lions and has moved through a Palm Beach season as safely as if his name were Daniel. To us he seems a greater one than Daniel. As we remember the story, Daniel did not select the den for a vacation. He was thrown in. Hylan went of his own volition, and while weaker men were engulfed in the gayeties round about, Mr. Hylan remained on the beach with Mr. Hearst and the jellyfish.

"Speaking of plain fare, as the Mayor has done, it is evident that he has found the 5-cent one nourishing as well as substantial."

LIGHTS AND SHADES OF PROHIBITION

Here are four jests inspired by prohibition. The first two are clipped from the "Sun Dial" of the *New York Sun*; the third is taken from "More Truth Than Poetry" in the *New York Tribune*; the fourth from the "Conning Tower" of the *New York World*:

IZZY?

Some bootlegger with just enough knowledge of French to be dangerous writes to ask us if it would be fair to call Izzy Einstein a jeu d'esprit.

According to latest reports, an Englishman's home is still his castle and an American's home is also his—still.

NOT SURPRISING

A still was lately discovered in Sing Sing, which is one of the inevitable consequences of admitting criminals to the place.

A careful poll of this Nation reveals that 84,094,837 persons think the Eighteenth Amendment should have been postponed on account of wet grounds.

MOULTON SUPPORTS HENRY FORD FOR PRESIDENT

Roy K. Moulton, self-styled "political prognosticator," has been lately writing in the *New York Evening Mail* in support of Henry Ford as a presidential candidate. He realizes, he says, that Ford is not likely to poll all the Jewish votes in New York, but he thinks that "the Ford owners will stand by him probably; it depends a good deal on how their Fords are running." He proceeds:

"Of course, every campaign must have a slogan, something short and snappy like 'No Metal Touches the Flesh,' or 'Old



"FLIVVERBOOB!"

The next time one of those carefree, crazy chauffeurs, who break their necks looking one way while they drive another, nearly runs you down, turn around and yell after him: "Flivverboob!" That's the name that won a \$25 prize offered by the American Automobile Association. The drawing is reproduced from the *New York Globe*.

Dutch Cleanser Chase Dirt,' or 'See That Hump,' 'Happiness in Every Box,' or 'No Hill Too Steep, No Sand Too Deep.'

"Ours is 'Honk for Hank,' a snappy little motto which will appeal to every flivver owner and will startle every pedestrian. . . .

"Our nominee for vice-president will be Rev. Wilbur Crafts, of the Lord's Day Alliance, or William H. Anderson, of Yonkers (I don't know which Yonker). Our campaign committee is slightly at sea regarding this nomination, but I assure you we are not beyond the three-mile limit. . . .

"We expect to have a stiff fight in one respect when picking our cabinet. Mr. Izzy Einstein, of New York City, is the logical man for secretary of war, but we have reason to believe that Izzy will not accept if we tell him who is going to be the candidate for President. I do not believe Izzy could express his honest opinion of our candidate for President even if he disguised himself as a first mate of a tramp steamer. So we must not let him know about Henry until we get him

to accept the cabinet post. Every campaign is full of little difficulties like that, and we will blindfold Izzy, if necessary, and back him into the cabinet.

"The complete cabinet list is made up of persons who stand for Uncle Henry's ideas and for some of their own which are equally surd. I was going to say absurd, but, of course, that means just the opposite of what I wish to say, so I will use the word surd, which I have invented for occasion.

Secretary of State, William Jennie Bryan.

Secretary of the Treasury, Billy Sunday.

Secretary of War, Izzy Einstein.

Secretary of the Navy, Mme. Rozika Schwimmer.

Attorney-General, Wayne B. Wheeler.

Secretary of Labor, Edsel Ford.

Secretary of the Interior, Volstead (first name unknown).

Secretary of Commerce, William H. Anderson.

Postmaster-General, Charlie Chaplin.

"Putting Charlie in our cabinet is largely an experiment. We may have to leave him out if our President develops any of the characteristics of Woodrow, who didn't want men around him who excelled him in his own line. Charlie is one of the country's leading comics at present and probably the only real competitor our candidate for President has in that field. . . .

"Personally I am in favor of Henry Ford for the presidency and shall use every effort at my command to support him for the presidency—for the presidency of the Ford Motor Company.

"All those in favor please honk.

"The honks have it."

THE MORNING HATE

Every man who has to get up early in the morning will appreciate this, by Edward E. Kidder, in the "Sun Dial":

I lie in my bed and I look in your face,
But there is no tenderness there—not a trace.

I hate you! I hate you! You trouble my dreams.

Through you, life a feverish lunacy seems;
As heartless as Fate and as hard as a rock—

Ye gods! There you go, striking seven o'clock!



2400 telephone wires in a cable little larger than a man's wrist

Science keeps down costs

When the Bell System installed its first successful telephone cable, fifty wires was the largest number that could be operated in a single cable without "cross-talk" and other interference. Today it would require 48 cables of the original type to accommodate the number of wires often operated in one cable.

Without this improvement in cable, the construction of new underground and aerial lines would have cost the Bell System upwards of a hundred million dollars more than has actually been spent. In addition, the cost of maintenance would have been greater by eighteen million dollars a year. These economies in the Bell System mean a saving in telephone rates to each individual subscriber.

In all branches of telephone

practice science has similarly contributed to economy. Even in such a comparatively small item as switchboard cords, improvements have reduced the cost of renewal by four million dollars a year.

Every new telephone added to the Bell System increases the usefulness of all telephones, but this multiplication tends likewise to increase the complications and the expense of service. The scientists of the Bell System, to offset this tendency, are constantly called upon to develop new devices which simplify complications and keep down costs.

By virtue of a united system the benefits of these improvements are shared by all subscribers—and the nation is provided with the best and cheapest telephone service in the world.

"BELL SYSTEM"

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy, One System, Universal Service, and all directed toward Better Service



That Curious Device for Making Fire

IT was only seventy-five years ago that a woman of the Middle West wrote to her cousin in New York:

"Last winter I was told of a curious new device for making fire. It consisted of small splinters of wood with tips of some substance that bursts into flame when rubbed on a rough surface. If you can procure some of them for me I shall be grateful."

Matches were in general use in Europe for years before they were seen in this country. There was no means for spreading such news rapidly. Today, the new invention that contributes to comfort or convenience is quickly known the country over. Advertising conveys the information. The farmer's wife in Texas or Idaho is as well posted on these things as the city woman of the East.

Don't overlook the advertisements. They are heralds of progress, with real news for you and your family. They save your time, lighten your work and enable you to obtain the utmost in value for the money you spend.



*Time given to reading the advertisements
is well spent.*



Back to Business!

The commercial, social and educational activities of men, women and children can all be helped materially by the use of a fountain pen.

The business man wants a regular or self-filling type in a larger size because of great ink capacity.

Mother's social correspondence or housekeeping notes suggest the selection of a safety type that may be carried in the purse or handbag or on a ribbon around the neck.

The children returning to school and college want to duplicate the pen that father or mother has, but in a smaller size.

The dealer will help you to select the

Waterman's Fountain Pen

that suits you best.

\$2.50
and up

Selection and Service at Best Dealers the World Over

L. E. Waterman Company

191 Broadway, New York

Chicago Boston San Francisco





Write to the Travel Information Department for information on Hotels and Resorts, Railroads and Steamship Lines. **CURRENT OPINION** through this Department will give you accurate travel information free of charge.

If you are going to Europe, to the Orient, to the Pacific Coast or to the Atlantic Coast, or anywhere, let **CURRENT OPINION** help you choose the best routes, the best places to stop, and tell you what to see en route.

In writing, please be as specific as possible so that we can be of real service in helping you plan your trips. Address all inquiries to the Travel Information Department, **CURRENT OPINION**, 50 W. 47th St., N. Y. City.

FOR WINTER VACATIONS

Voyages De Luxe

To the sunny, romantic lands that edge the Mediterranean or the brilliant isles beneath the Southern Cross (West Indies)—the winter playgrounds of the world. The White Star Line announces the following sailings for discriminating winter travelers:

MEDITERRANEAN

ADRIATIC

24,541-tons

Jan. 6 and
Feb. 24, 1923

LAPLAND

18,565-tons

Jan. 18 and
Mar. 10, 1923



Egypt with its pyramids, its caravans, its crowded bazaars; the Holy Land, easy of access; Athens, of classic history; the southern coast of Europe—famous ports lying at the edge of a magic blue sea, flower- and vine-clad hills, mediaeval fortresses; changing scenes and sounds at Monte Carlo—color, action, sentiment, warm and pulsing life!

Itinerary: Madeira, Gibraltar, Algiers, Monaco (or Nice), Naples, Alexandria (for Egypt and the Nile), Haifa and Athens (Phaleron Bay). Optional shore excursions. Stop-overs arranged.

WEST INDIES

Including Havana and Panama Canal
Healthful Romantic
Utmost Comfort

The famous White Star Liner
MEGANTIC (20,470 tons disp.)

The Premier steamer to the tropics—of admirable construction for tropical voyages. Every detail—shore excursions, auto trips—planned by a Cruise Department of 25 years' experience.



Rates \$250 upwards

Duration of each cruise 28 days

Sailings:

Jan. 15, Feb. 17, Mar. 22, 1923

Itinerary: From New York to Havana, Haiti, Santiago, Kingston (Port Antonio), Panama Canal (Panama City), La Guaira (Caracas), Trinidad (La Brea), Barbados, Martinique (St. Pierre), St. Thomas, San Juan, Nassau, Bermuda.

Write for attractive color booklet. Address Cruise Department for West Indies; Mediterranean Department for Mediterranean.

WHITE STAR LINE
AMERICAN LINE **RED STAR LINE**
INTERNATIONAL MERCHANT MARINE COMPANY

No. 1 Broadway, New York

Clark's 3rd Cruise, January 23, 1923
ROUND THE WORLD
 Superb SS "EMPRESS of FRANCE"
 18481 Gross Tons, Specially Chartered
4 MONTHS CRUISE, \$1000 and up
 Including Hotels, Fees, Drives, Guides, etc.
 Clark Originated Round the World Cruises

Clark's 19th Cruise, February 3, 1923
TO THE MEDITERRANEAN
 Sumptuous SS "EMPRESS of SCOTLAND"
 25000 Gross Tons, Specially Chartered
65 DAYS CRUISE, \$600 and up
 Including Hotels, Fees, Drives, Guides, etc.
 19 days Egypt, Palestine, Spain, Italy, Greece, etc.
 Europe stop-overs allowed on both cruises.
 Frank C. Clark, 406 Times Building, New York

Have CURRENT OPINION Delivered to You Every Month

IF you are not receiving Current Opinion regularly at your home, subscribe now, so that you will not miss any future issues. ¶ Current Opinion covers such a broad field in such a brief, comprehensive way, gives so much information on subjects about which you cannot afford to be ignorant, that the missing of one number may easily cost you much more than a whole year's subscription. ¶ To be sure of seeing every number write NOW to CURRENT OPINION, 50 West Forty-Seventh Street, New York City

Founded 1869



Krakauer

PRIDE of possession, in a piano, is measured by distinctive tone, delightful touch, faultless appearance and durability. The Krakauer is designed and built to embody in the highest degree every one of these qualities.

Catalog of upright, grand, player and reproducing pianos on request

KRAKAUER BROS.
 215 Cypress Ave., New York

A Half-Century of Quality Production



Around the World

by Specially Chartered
 New, Oil-burning Cunard Liner

SAMARIA
20,000 TONS

January 24 to May 31, 1923

Sailing Eastward from New York

CRUISE LIMITED TO 400 GUESTS

One long Springtime around the world—127 joyous, crowded days of fascinating visits to the nations of the world and the wonders of ancient history—to picturesque Mediterranean cities, alluring Egypt—four weeks in India, Dutch East Indies, and Straits Settlements—to Saigon in Indo-China, to the Philippines and China—two weeks in Spring-crowned Japan—to Hawaii and homeward by San Francisco and Panama Canal.

The beautiful, well and adequately appointed and exceptionally suitable steamer plus the definitely limited membership will assure to each guest the greatest comfort, privacy and personal attention. This is a *Golden Jubilee Cruise*, celebrating the 50th year since the first world-tour was conducted by Thomas Cook, the founder of our organization.

Full Information and Literature on Request

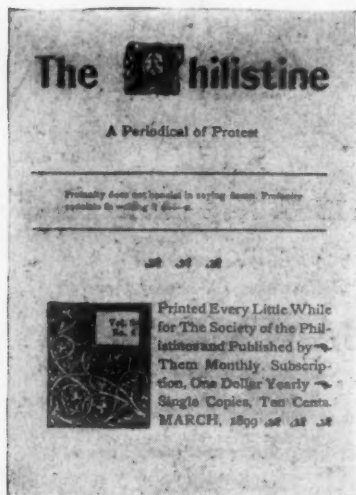
THOS. COOK & SON

245 Broadway NEW YORK 561 Fifth Avenue

Boston Chicago Los Angeles Toronto
 Philadelphia San Francisco Montreal Vancouver

IT CAME TO ME LIKE A FLASH!

THE HERO IS THE MAN WHO DOES HIS WORK—*Elbert Hubbard*



"A Message to Garcia," Hubbard's tribute to Major Rowan, first appeared in the Philistine of March, 1899, less than three months after signing the treaty of peace at the conclusion of the Spanish-American War. Elbert Hubbard appreciated immediately the splendid achievement of Major Rowan, and saw in it a message for every American.

The "Message" met with immediate success and during Hubbard's lifetime had reached a circulation of over 40,000,000 copies. During the World War three of the Allied Governments distributed it to soldiers in the trenches.

A copy of this dynamic preachment is yours for the asking. Just clip the coupon and mail it to us to-day.

The flash of genius which gave Elbert Hubbard instant understanding of Rowan's heroism (and which it has taken the statesmen who direct the destinies of America twenty-three years to recognize) is the same genius which enabled him to grasp the dominating force of the great characters of history, and to analyze their achievements.

Believing that "the proper study of mankind is MAN" he studied the lives of the Great Philosophers and Teachers, the Great Orators and Statesmen, the Great Artists and Musicians, the Great Writers and Businessmen. He sounded their teachings, tested their logic, followed their precepts. From them he drew the inspiration for his own success as a writer, a public speaker, a businessman.

That others might have a direct and easy road to the same source of power he created a new style of biography—a Human View of Human Beings. Once a month for fourteen years without a break he gave to the world one of his

LITTLE JOURNEYS TO THE HOMES OF THE GREAT

He made those, long dead, live again and introduced them to multitudes who had not even heard their names. From his pen inspiration flashed as sparks from beaten iron upon an anvil. It was a torpid mind that could read his glowing sentences and not be fired with new resolves and new aspirations. His Journeys were a challenge that made men think and that could not be forgotten. They were the tools with which he stimulated thought and inspired achievement.

It is not strange that after Hubbard went down with the Lusitania, the Roycrofters in selecting a permanent memorial to their founder should choose the "Journeys" which made sure his place in the halls of fame. There are 182 Little Journeys altogether, and to be on familiar terms with 182 of the World's Great Minds is to be an educated person. These little gems have been gathered into fourteen beautiful volumes printed on specially made paper containing the Roycroft watermark, bound in semi-flexible binding, each volume handsomely embossed and modeled in colors.

We will gladly mail you a booklet telling you fully about Little Journeys and giving a full description of the Roycrofters memorial to their founder. There is no obligation in making this request. Just clip the coupon and mail to-day.

The Roycroft Shops, East Aurora, N. Y.:

I shall be pleased to receive, without obligation on my part, a copy of Elbert Hubbard's "Message to Garcia" and further information about The Roycrofters' Memorial Edition of "Little Journeys to the Homes of the Great."

Name

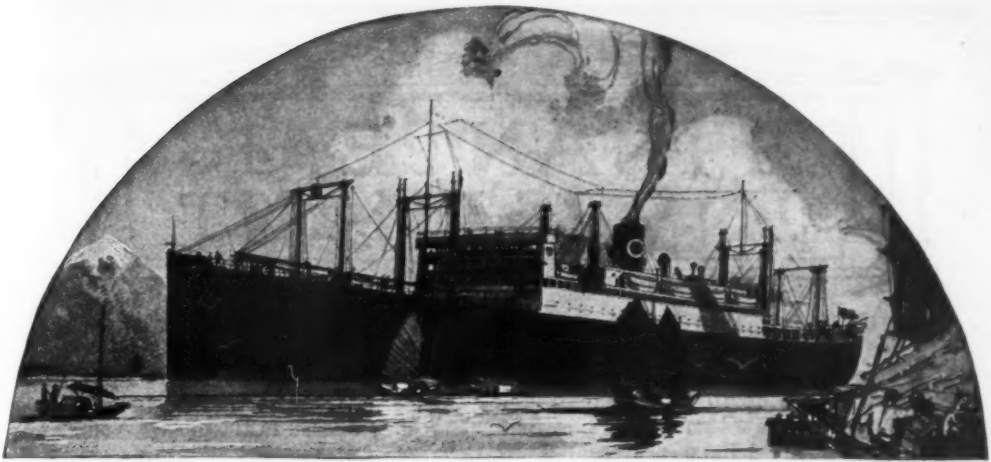
Address

City and State

C. O. 9-22

Mail Coupon for Very Special Quotation and Free Little Journey Booklet

A limited number of the Memorial sets will be distributed at a very special price, so low, in fact, that we cannot publish the price broadcast. To do so might possibly interfere with the future sale of the edition. Therefore we will name this introductory price only by letter to those sending in the coupon.



The Short Way to the Orient

*Find out what American Ships
have made possible for You*

ARE YOU planning to travel in The Orient? Then send the information blank below. Find out what American ships have made possible for you. A month's vacation—a trip to The Orient across the short speed route! Languorous moonlit nights on wind-swept decks. Relaxation, exhilarating activity. Then days in The Orient—blazing with color. A new land, Oriental civilization, majestic temples of storied fame.

If you are dreaming of this trip, send the information blank. Find out how—now as never before, this is accessible for you on the magnificent 21,000 ton displacement oil-burners. Seattle is the terminus of four great railroads whose fares have recently been reduced 20%! These great ships are operated for the Government by the Admiral Line, famous for service that is unsurpassed on the seas. *Your ships make the fastest time over the short "Speed Route" from Seattle to Yokohama—12 days!*

Send the information blank for details today.

For accommodations and sailings address local agent or

The Admiral Line

17 State Street New York City
112 W. Adams Street Chicago, Ill.
L. C. Smith Bldg. Seattle, Wash.

Managing Operators for

U. S. SHIPPING BOARD

Information Office 1236

Washington, D. C.

Write for Booklet

Your Government wishes the name of every prospective traveler. If you are considering an ocean voyage anywhere, send the information blank now for the Government's valuable booklet of authentic travel information and description of the U. S. Government ships.

INFORMATION BLANK To U. S. Shipping Board Information Office 1236 Washington, D. C. A

Please send without obligation the U. S. Government Booklet giving travel facts. I am considering a trip to The Orient ☐ to Europe ☐ to South America ☐ I would travel 1st class ☐ 2d ☐ 3d ☐ Going alone ☐ with family ☐ with others ☐ I have definitely decided to go ☐ I am merely considering the trip ☐.

If I go date will be about _____

Name _____

Occupation _____

Address _____



FINANCE & INVESTMENT

SINCE July, 1914, the people of the United States have financed the rest of the world to the approximate amount of 16 and a half billion dollars. This does not include an item of 4 billion dollars represented by moneys previously loaned in this country by other nationals in the purchase of the securities of our industries and which we have repaid since that date. Ten billions of this sum was a direct war loan by our government to other governments; three and a half billions is accounted for by open commercial credits extended abroad (more or less "frozen" at the present time), and by miscellaneous credits, including deposits on foreign bonds. The balance, about 3 billion dollars, represents direct purchases by the people of the United States of the bonds and other securities of the governments of foreign countries: their municipalities, utilities and industrials.

New issues of foreign bonds are constantly being placed on the American market, and the older issues are actively traded in on the various exchanges and through the banks and investment banking houses. Some of them are sound and some are not, just as some of our domestic bonds are sound and some are not.

Investment in foreign securities is not necessarily speculative just because of the high yield afforded. Our people, being unaccustomed to such investments, demand a high return for their money, and, outside of Great Britain, no other country is rich enough to lend. We consider that America's strong financial position as a result of the war, and the correspondingly weak position of other nations, due to the same cause,

places a sort of moral obligation on our investors of large means—on the Men of Millions, so to speak, and to a limited extent, on the Millions of Men, which is best expressed in the phrase *Noblesse Oblige*. In the exercise of this obligation by the purchase of carefully selected foreign bonds the investor should suffer none of the ill or disagreeable consequences which sometimes accompany the performance of a "duty." On the contrary, the operation should be doubly profitable in the high yield obtained, and in the fact that every American dollar, so invested, tends to enhance the value of his security; to place the country whose bonds he has purchased on a firmer basis, and to improve the value of its currency and rate of exchange in dollars.

We do not recommend that our investing readers "plunge" even into the soundest and best of foreign bonds just because the yield is high. A judicious diversification, however, which should include the best of our domestic bonds with their comparatively low yield, and some of the best foreign securities, will materially advance one's average rate of return.

Foreign bonds are divided into two classes: those whose principal and interest is payable in United States dollars and those payable in the money of some foreign country, as British pounds sterling, French francs, Italian lire and so on. It is customary to speak of the former as "Dollar Bonds" and of the latter as "Foreign Currency Bonds." Before the war foreign bonds of any description were practically unknown in this market. Up to a short time ago Americans were familiar with Dollar Bonds only because these were the only

A Guide to Investment Selection

OUR monthly booklet, *Investment Recommendations*, serves many investors as a guide to the purchase of securities.

It contains a diversified list of securities, including government, municipal, and corporate issues, of attractive yield.

Concise descriptions are given of many of the securities together with current financial data on the issuing companies. This information will be found valuable in the selection of suitable investments.

Upon request, at any of our offices, we shall be pleased to send you the current issue of *Investment Recommendations*.

MAIN OFFICE: GUARANTY TRUST COMPANY BUILDING, 140 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

OTHER OFFICES:

NEW YORK

Fifth Ave. & 44th St.
Madison Ave. & 60th St.

ALBANY, N. Y.

ATLANTA, GA.

BALTIMORE, MD.

BETHLEHEM, PA.

BOSTON, MASS.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

CHICAGO, ILL.

CINCINNATI, O.

CLEVELAND, O.

ERIE, PA.

HARRISBURG, PA.

HARTFORD, CONN.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

PORTLAND, MAINE

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

READING, PA.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

SCRANTON, PA.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WILKES-BARRE, PA.

Guaranty Company of New York

kind offered here—issues prepared especially for our market. Practically a half of the 3 billion dollars' worth of foreign securities that have been sold in this country since the tide set in have been Dollar Bonds. They are distinguishable by the legend they carry on their face to the effect that "principal and interest is payable in New York in United States gold of the present standard of weight and fineness." This fact, however, adds nothing to the intrinsic worth of the bond. It merely eliminates the speculative element of exchange. Many of these bonds are listed on the New York Stock Exchange and command an active market.

The list of Dollar Bonds includes the issues of many widely scattered nations. South American listed loans embrace as many as 30 different government, municipal, state and railroad issues; to Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Bolivia and Uruguay, these comprising the most stable South American Republics, with Argentina, probably, leading. The European governments, municipalities and industries of Belgium, Norway, Switzerland, Great Britain, Sweden, Italy, Greece and Holland have been financed, in part, through the sale of Dollar Bonds, and the more remote countries of Japan, Australia, the Dutch East Indies and China have also participated in our dollar loans as also have Canada and Mexico. Nearly all of the countries to which dollar loans have been extended are stable, strong and, in the past, have carefully guarded their credit standing. It is a noticeable fact that, included in the list, are found none of the Central American Republics (with the exception of Mexico, the interest on whose many loans has long been in default), and none of the new and weak Central European nations with the exception of Czechoslovakia.

Although not coming technically in the Dollar Bond class, some of the above issues, though payable in the currency of the country of issue, have the rate of exchange fixed, which is so stated in the bond, and is usually the part of exchange. This eliminates all the element of speculation through fluctuating exchange.

What's Coming This Fall?

Will the Bull Market continue this Fall?
Will bonds sell higher?
How about money rates?

Babson's REPORTS

Babson's recent Barometer Letter "*The Fall Outlook*", just off the press, gives you the plain, unbiased facts on the present situation, and forecasts coming conditions with remarkable accuracy. It contains information of vital importance to every investor.

Report on Request

This Barometer Letter and Booklet—"*Getting the Most from Your Money*"—is available for distribution to interested investors, gratis.

Tear out the Memo—now—and hand it to your secretary when you dictate the morning's mail.

MEMO

For Your Secretary

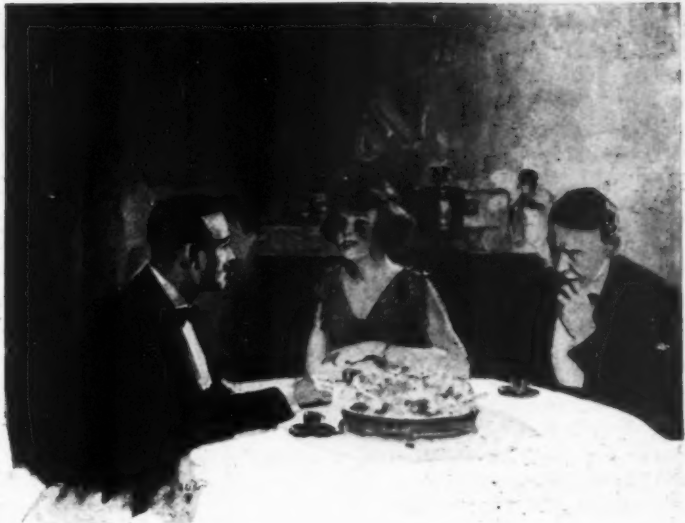
Write Roger W. Babson, president of Babson's Statistical Organization, Wellesley Hills, 82, Mass., as follows: **Please send me Bulletin J96 and booklet "*Getting the Most from Your Money*"—gratis.**



Write to the Financial Editor CURRENT OPINION

50 West 47th St., New York City
for information regarding your
holdings and investments

Which of these two men has learned the secret of 15 minutes a day?



The secret is contained in the free book offered below. Until you have read it you have no idea how much 15 minutes a day can mean in growth and success. Send for your copy now

HERE are two men, equally good-looking; equally well-dressed. You see such men at every social gathering. One of them can talk of nothing beyond the mere day's news. The other brings to every subject a wealth of side light and illustration that makes him listened to eagerly.

He talks like a man who has traveled widely, though his only travels are a business man's trips. He knows something of history and biography, of the work of great scientists, and the writings of philosophers, poets, and dramatists.

Yet he is busy, as all men are, in the affairs of every day. How has he found time to acquire so rich a mental background? When there is such a multitude of books to read, how can any man be well-read?

The answer to this man's success—and to the success of thousands of men and women like him—is contained in a free book that you may have for the asking. In it is told the story of Dr. Eliot's great discovery, which, as one man expressed it, "does for reading what the invention of the telegraph did for communication." From his lifetime of reading, study, and teaching, forty years of it as President of Harvard University, Dr. Eliot tells just what few books he chose for the most famous library in the world; why he chose them, and how he has arranged them with notes and read-

ing courses so that any man can get from them the essentials of a liberal education in even fifteen minutes a day.

The booklet gives the plan, scope, and purpose of

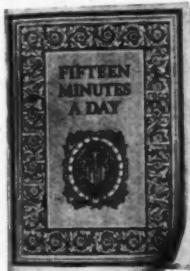
Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books *The Fascinating Path to a Liberal Education*

Every well-informed man and woman should at least know something about this famous library.

The free book tells about it—how Dr. Eliot has put into his Five-Foot Shelf "the essentials of a liberal education," how he has so arranged it that even "fifteen minutes a day" are enough, how in pleasant moments of spare time, by using the reading courses Dr. Eliot has provided for you, you can get the knowledge of literature and life, the culture, the broad viewpoint that every university strives to give.

"For me," wrote one man who had sent in the coupon, "your little free book meant a big step forward, and it showed me besides the way to a vast new world of pleasure."

Every reader of this page is invited to have a copy of this handsome and entertaining little book: It is free, will be sent by mail, and involves no obligation of any sort. Merely clip the coupon and mail it to-day.



**Send for this
FREE Booklet that gives
Dr. Eliot's own plan
of reading**

P. F. COLLIER & SON CO., Pub. of Good Books Since 1875

P. F. COLLIER & SON COMPANY
416 West Thirteenth Street, New York

By mail, free, send me the little guidebook to the most famous books in the world, describing Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books, and containing the plan of reading recommended by Dr. Eliot of Harvard.

Name Write plainly, please.

Address 412-HCA

The Foreign Currency Bond list includes nearly every variety of bond from nearly every nation—approximately 200 different issues in all. Although few of these are listed on any of the regular exchanges, a lively market is being created largely through the efforts of the international banking houses which buy them and wholesale them out to other banks for retail distribution.

Many of the Foreign Currency Bonds rest on as sound a basis as that supporting the Dollar Bonds, and compare favorably for safety with the average domestic issues. There enters in, however, a feature which must be well understood before venturing an investment, for both principal and interest are payable in the currency of the issuing nation and the currency of nearly every country in the world is at a discount in terms of dollars. With the exception of Germany, Russia, Austria and some of the newly created Central European republics and kingdoms the trend of exchange is upward; in other words, the money of other countries is increasing in value in terms of our money. As the world proceeds on its way towards normalcy, exchange is more likely to improve than to decline, and in the purchase of Foreign Currency Bonds this is an important factor.

There is profit and good business for the discriminating investor in foreign bonds. The return is large because it must be so in order to attract our capital, and the added profit which will accrue as foreign currencies advance in value will be large, while the risk of a decline is small and does not affect the yield.

Close observers are convinced that the nightmare of anarchy and revolution in Europe has been effectually dispelled; that tales of impending ruin and repudiation are exaggerations of propaganda put out for political purposes, to excite sympathy and to draw attention away from the main fact that Europe has weathered most of the storm, has taken its losses and is again at work.

American investors contemplating foreign bond purchases should first submit them to the most rigid scrutiny from all angles, including: political, financial and economic.



**High interest bearing
Foreign Government
and Municipal Bonds**

are especially inviting to investors under present market conditions.

To those interested we will mail weekly price lists.

- ☐ Foreign Investment Securities
(in Dollars).
- ☐ Foreign Currencies Bonds.
- ☐ Scandinavian Securities.
- ☐ Norwegian Securities.

CHECK WHAT YOU WANT
AND SEND TO DEPT. C.O.

HUTH & CO.

30 Pine Street New York
Telephone John 4320

**Dr. Frank Crane's
Little Talks on How To Live**

A SERIES of fifty-two straightforward messages, full of sound advice on vital subjects. These talks constitute a moral platform which will aid every reader in clear thinking.

Attractively printed in colors on separate cards and mounted in a sixteen-page portfolio. \$3 each. Payable after examination if you prefer.

CURRENT OPINION
48-50 WEST 47th STREET, NEW YORK CITY

To Stop Strikes and Lockouts

The enormous losses in wages and production caused by industrial strikes and lockouts, and the highly approved remedy suggested for ending the antagonism of Capital and Labor are clearly detailed in that remarkable new book—

The Industrial Code

By **W. JETT LAUCK** and **CLAUDE S. WATTS**

The authors, both of whom served with distinction on the National War Labor Board, ably point the way to the first real constructive step in settling labor troubles by the establishment of an industrial code. *The idea has been advocated by President Harding in a message to Congress* and the industrial readjustment in the near future will unquestionably revolve around the matters that are so sensibly and thoroughly discussed in this book. You will find it intensely interesting, as well as enlightening.

COMMENDATIONS

"An important, powerful, and comprehensive review of the labor situation. At no time in recent American history could the book's appearance be said to be more timely."—*Journal*, Detroit, Michigan.

"Without question, the whole work of industrial reconstruction during the next few years will revolve about the questions so thoroughly and so interestingly handled in 'The Industrial Code.'"—*Bulletin*, San Francisco, Cal.

"The progressive executive, even though he may take ex-

ception now and then to assertions made in some of the chapters, will do well to add this volume not only to his personal but also to his plant library."—*Journal of Commerce*, New York City.

"All who are interested in the labor situation and the solution of its many problems should not fail to read this book."—*American*, Waterbury, Conn.

"A book certain to cause much discussion in labor circles."—*Post*, Houston, Texas.

Crown 8vo, Cloth, 576 pages, \$4.00, net; \$4.12, post-paid

DIGESTING THE FOREIGNER

America's big problem. Congress has wrestled with it for generations. The United States Immigration Commission spent four years studying the effect of immigration on American civilization, and Jeremiah W. Jenks, Ph.D., LL.D., Research Professor of Government and Public Administration, New York University, and W. Jett Lauck, Director of the Bureau of Applied Economics, Washington, who were officially associated with the Commission, have given the gist of its 42-volume report in their wonderfully comprehensive and interesting book—

The Immigration Problem

(New and Revised Edition)

By **JEREMIAH W. JENKS** and **W. JETT LAUCK**

(5th Edition, Revised by Rufus D. Smith)

After passing through four editions, the book is now off the press in a fifth edition, revised, enlarged, and strictly up to date, by Rufus D. Smith, M.A., Associate Professor of Public Economy, New York University. The book now contains immigration laws and regulations up to May, 1921, and all available new data and statistics, based on the 1920 census. Prof. Smith has added three important chapters—Immigration Problems of Other Countries, The Race Problem in the Pacific, and Present and Future Restrictions. The book is a most admirable survey of the immigration situation, and the recommendations of its authors will go far toward solving the problem.

Cloth, 8vo, 682 pages, \$3, net; \$3.12, post-paid

COMMENDATIONS

"For a non-partisan, clear-cut, authoritative work on the newcomers to our shores there is probably nothing better.

This work is not only the best reference book in its field that we know of, but it is so entertainingly written that any intelligent citizen will find pleasure and profit in its pages."—*Herald*, Boston, Mass.

"A notable contribution to a great national study."—*Times*, Washington, D. C.

"The most valuable as well as complete publication on the subject of immigration now available."—*Herald*, Rochester, New York.

"A non-partisan, clear-cut, authoritative presentation of a problem of pressing importance and of vital interest to all classes of citizens of the United States."—*Tribune*, Salt Lake City, Utah.

"Although this is the fifth, it is such a thoroughly revised edition of the best scientific standard work on the subject, that it is quite safe to call it one of the most important books of the year, or the decade, for people who are taking an intelligent serious interest in one of the really most vital and compelling subjects and questions before the nation."—*Examiner*, Los Angeles, California.

On Sale at Booksellers or by Mail from

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Pubs., Dept. 600, 354-360 Fourth Ave., New York



Are YOU Old at 40?

What You Should Know About the Glands of Your Body

You have observed that some men of 60 appear to be younger in activity than other men of 40 or 50. There is a vigor, an alertness, a commanding appearance much admired and coveted by the man who knows he is much younger in years. Perhaps the most common cause of ebbing strength is a disturbed condition of an important gland. Even men of iron constitution are not exempt from this serious and common irregularity.


Our plainly written, interesting,
educational

Free Book

Why Many Men Are Old at Forty

may bring a priceless message to you. It will tell you much you wish to know about the prostate gland and its functions—and how a disorder here may cause sciatica, back-ache, aches in toes and heels, mental depression, interrupted slumber, frequent micturition and other disturbing conditions. It will tell you of Thermalaid, a simple means by which the essential of an old hygienic principle, done into new and convenient form corrects this prostate gland condition and its attendant health faults—a method that is being endorsed by prominent Physicians, Physical Culturists, and other leading health authorities. The book will be sent free, without obligation upon receipt of request. (Physician's inquiries desired.) Address

The Electro Thermal Company
2013 Main St., Steubenville, Ohio



Short - Story Writing
A Course of Forty Lessons,
taught by Dr. J. Berg Ewenwein,
Editor of *The Writer's Monthly*.
One pupil has received over
\$5,000 for stories and articles
written mostly in spare time.
Hundreds are selling right along
to the leading magazines and the
best producing companies.
Also courses in Play Writing,
Photoplay Writing, Verifica-
tion, Journalism, etc.
150-Page illustrated catalogue free. Please Address
The Home Correspondence School
Dept. 267 Springfield, Mass.
ESTABLISHED 1887 INCORPORATED 1904

EAT AND BE WELL

A condensed-set of health rules—many of which may be easily followed right in your own home, or while traveling. You will find in this little book a wealth of information about food elements and their relation to physical welfare; also effective weight control diets, acid and bland diets, laxative and blood-building diets, and diets used in the correction of various chronic maladies.



The book is for FREE circulation.
Not a mail-order advertisement.
Name and address on card will bring it without cost of obligation.
HEALTH EXTENSION BUREAU
234 Good Health Building,
Battle Creek, Mich.

"36 Accounting problems solved by C.P.A."
Cloth bound, loose leaf, new, original,
up to date, valuable. Prepaid, \$1.00.
WALHAMORE COMPANY, LAFAYETTE BLDG., PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

PATENTS, TRADE MARKS, COPYRIGHTS
Difficult and rejected cases specially solicited. Over 30 years active practice. Experienced, personal, conscientious service. Write for terms—Book free. Address,
E. G. SIGGERS Patent Lawyer, Suite 20, N. U.
Building, Washington, D. C.

"Any One Can Do As I Did"



Elizabeth Towne
Editor of Nautilus

"I am now secretary,
getting a very good salary,
and all through the help
received from Elizabeth
Towne and NAUTILUS
MAGAZINE."

E. B. R., Cleveland, Ohio.

This girl is only one in many thousands who are using New Thought to get what they want. This is your opportunity to investigate New Thought as they did and learn how to use it for health, happiness and prosperity.

FOR 10 CENTS we will send you a month's trial of NAUTILUS MAGAZINE of New Thought, Elizabeth Towne and William E. Towne, editors. In NAUTILUS you will read the wonderful personal experiences of others and learn the methods whereby you in turn may attain your desires. Send 10 cents today, and we will include a copy of "Eight Psychological Principles for Success." The Elizabeth Towne Co., Inc., Dept. V-74, Holyoke, Mass.

The Newest Dictionary Made! A Supreme Value!

THE FUNK & WAGNALLS

Practical Standard Dictionary

Defines 140,000 Terms, Includes 2,500 Illustrations, Contains 1,325 Pages, Making It the Largest Abridged Dictionary in Existence! Actual Size, 10³/₈ Inches High, 6³/₄ Inches Wide, 3 Inches Thick

THIS newest member of the Funk & Wagnalls Dictionary Family is an unequaled achievement in abridged dictionary making—a truly marvelous book of information and knowledge, the largest and latest abridgment of the colossal Funk & Wagnalls Unabridged New Standard Dictionary, which cost over \$1,500,000.00 to produce!

For its size, it is the most thoroughly practical, up-to-date, authoritative, and encyclopedic dictionary of the English language ever produced. It is a comprehensive, condensed, and indispensable guide for the student of the language, whether in College or the Home, in Public or Commercial life.

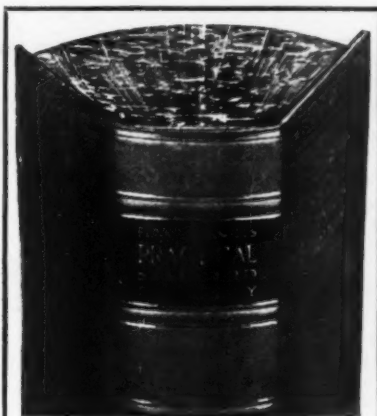
New from Cover to Cover

The Funk & Wagnalls Practical Standard Dictionary defines the very newest words and phrases in our language, such as *audiometer*, *book value*, *Dail Eireann*, *mil-line*, *radio broadcasting*, *radiophone*, *synura*, *vacutophone*, *varicoupler*, *vitamin*, etc. It brings to you the very newest meanings of old terms, and gives you down-to-the-minute information on all the changes taking place in our language. Rare indeed would be the word which you could not find defined in this remarkable dictionary—and defined better, more clearly, more comprehensively, and more modernly than in any other work of similar proportions. There is no dictionary on the market to-day that is as new as this!

Contains 2,500 Illustrations

And these illustrations *really* illustrate—they mean something. Accurate to the finest detail and passed upon by experts in various sciences and arts, they bear the stamp

of authority. And in addition they are the work of carefully trained artists who are thoroughly conversant with the latest developments in the art of illustrating.



(Illustration shows Law Buckram Binding, \$6.00)

Yours for Only \$5.00

Think of it! This big, handsome volume—the newest and the largest abridged dictionary published—for a total of only \$5.00 (plus 32 cents carriage charges) bound in attractive cloth,* printed on splendid paper from new clear type, with thumb-notch index! Don't delay! Get your copy at once. Sign and mail the coupon NOW!

Think of Ten of the Newest Reputable Words You Know, Then—

turn to *your* copy of Funk & Wagnalls Practical Standard Dictionary and *see for yourself* how fully and completely this volume informs you. It is completeness personified!

No matter who or where you are, this superb volume will daily—hourly—prove your most complete, practical-size guide to the English language. In schools, in business offices, in homes—for physicians, doctors, lawyers, writers—for public speakers, students, men of affairs—for club women, business women, society women, and “old-fashioned” (?) women directing home affairs—for parents who are training their children in that priceless accomplishment, the correct use

of our language—for all who speak, read, or write English, or who desire to do so, this volume will prove a never-failing guide of sterling worth.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY C.O. 9-22

354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

I enclose \$5.00, plus 32 cents postage, total \$5.32, for your 1,325-page, indexed, cloth-bound* Practical Standard Dictionary, the largest, most complete, most authoritative abridged dictionary published.

Name..... Date.....

Street and Number.....

City..... State.....

* Bound in Law Buckram, marbled edges, indexed; \$6.00,

plus 32 cents postage, total \$6.32.

* Bound in Full Flexible Leather, gilt edges, indexed, Bible Paper, boxed; \$7.50, plus 24 cents postage, total \$7.74.

Will the Dinosaur Lead to "The Oldest Man in the World?"



American Carnivorous Dinosaurs Discovered in Mongolia. To the left of the picture—the Tyrant Dinosaur. To the right of the picture—a group of Ostrich Dinosaur. Drawn especially for ASIA by Elizabeth N. Fulda, after Charles R. Knight and Erwin Christman.

**The Half-Million-Year-Old
Java Man**
Restoration by J. H. MacGregor



They've done it. A band of gifted scientists have crossed the earth and put their finger "on the spot." The "spot" is the great centre of all terrestrial life, in the heart of Asia. From here, science has long held, animal life started its great migration towards America and Europe. Man himself, science believes, began his evolution upward in this same "spot," hundreds of thousands of years ago.

Roy Chapman Andrews and his expedition, sent by the American Museum of Natural History, ASIA, and the American Asiatic Association, to find the origins of primitive man—with their caravan of seventy-five camels crossing the great Desert of Gobi—have just made a discovery that turns theory into reality. They have found in the heart of Mongolia dinosaur fossils almost identical with those in our own Rockies. President Henry Fairfield Osborn of the American Museum of Natural History, declares it establishes once for all that our animal life migrated from Asia; that Asia is the great "mother of continents."

Thus at the very start of the Expedition's five years' work, one of its chief objectives is achieved. But the quest is still on for the biggest game—for man himself—for fossil remains older than the 500,000 year-old Java man, the "oldest man in the world."

Read Professor Osborn's interpretation of the world-wide significance of the discovery in the September ASIA.

ASIA

The American MAGAZINE on the Orient

50 Illustrations. Special inserts of remarkable photographs

ASIA is a richly illustrated cross-section picture of the life and humanity of the Great Continent from which our civilization sprang and which to-day is at the threshold of profound influence upon the United States and the western world for war or peace, culture and wealth.

IN A PIT WITH A WILD LEOPARD

Frank Buck, one of the ablest collectors of wild animals, snakes and birds for zoos and circuses, starts this installment of his adventures mildly enough with a tea-party. He winds up in a pit with a black leopard, the fiercest of its kind. More thrilling than fiction. As valuable as a book on natural history.

ARMS AND THE MEN IN CHINA

China to-day lies in the hands of one man, Wu Pei-fu, General of the Third Division, a man whose hands and feet are as small as a woman's, whose modesty and bashfulness are astounding. An article on world affairs, by Rodney Gilbert—important because it gets at the heart of power in China to-day—important because peace or war in China affects America's international future more than we can measure.

Seven other absorbing features
in the September ASIA.

Special Offer Five Months For \$1.00

Open to New Readers Only

ASIA is on sale at all newsstands at 35 cents per copy. This offer saves you nearly one-half. It is made in order that you may become acquainted and is open for a short time only. It's a big dollar's worth.

Send the
Coupon
NOW

ASIA PUBLISHING CO., 657 Lexington Ave., New York City
For the enclosed \$1.00, enter my subscription to ASIA.
Name: _____ Address: _____
Business or Profession: _____
Canada, \$1.20; Foreign, \$1.40.
C. O. 9-23

The Whole Field of Science
Reduced To Its Simplest Terms

THE OUTLINE of SCIENCE

EDITED BY J. ARTHUR THOMSON, M. A., LL. D.

The Outline of Science tells you, in one flowing, nontechnical story, of all scientific achievement since the world began—a story more startling, more tensely absorbing than any romance.

Discloses the Mysteries of the Universe

What could be more fascinating than to trace the growth of man's scientific knowledge from the dawn of mind to the miracles of the 20th century. *The Outline of Science* tells how mankind has solved the riddles of the Universe—how science reads the secret of the distant star, translates the history of life from the record of the rocks, watches the delicate organs working in the human body and the processes of the brain, formulates the laws of the wind and the sea, and a thousand other things equally as marvelous.

Nearly 1,000 Magnificent Illustrations

Photographs, drawings, diagrams—nearly 1,000 in all—picture for you the wonders described in this work. Forty of these are superb color plates. Every subject is illustrated profusely and accurately. These illustrations form, in themselves, a most valuable and interesting collection of scientific material.

Greeted Everywhere With Enthusiasm

"Should Be Read by Every Human Being"

"Thomson is without doubt the most capable compiler of scientific literature in the world. In this work we have the cream of his genius focused on the elaboration of the details and the elucidation of the entire field of science, carefully planned and masterfully executed. Should be read by every human being."—*William Beebe, in The N. Y. Times.*

"An Epoch-Making Performance"

"It is a colossal undertaking, a true public service. Indeed, one may say of it that it may well prove to be even an epoch-making performance of incalculable value as a step toward wider and better education, and thus in itself a step of importance in the forward evolution of humanity."—*H. L. Pangborn, in The N. Y. Herald.*

Don't Fail to See This Work at Your Bookseller's

Four Royal 8vo volumes. Each volume 7½ in. wide, 10¾ in. deep, 1¼ in. thick. Volumes I, II and III now ready. Volume IV ready in October. \$4.50 per volume. Examine this great work in any bookstore and order your complete set now.

Descriptive Circular on Request from the Publishers

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
2 West 45th Street, New York

"Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness"



I BELIEVE that every American is entitled to "Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness"—as much so to-day as when these "inalienable rights" were first set forth in our Declaration of Independence.

By "life" I mean not life imprisonment in a penitentiary of prohibitions, but life in its civilized fullness, as free from the robbery and starvation of the spirit as from that of the body. And that was our forefathers' meaning.

"Liberty" goes a step further. In the famous phrase that I have made my slogan it means that in those activities which distinguish us from the animals, we shall, within reasonable limits and with full regard for the rights of others, do as we're a-mind to. It means, for example, that we shall enjoy religious freedom, that we shall enjoy freedom of speech, of the drama and of the press, that we shall give or withhold our labor as we see fit and that we shall regulate our own private conduct according to our own individual consciences. And that is my meaning.

Now for the "pursuit of Happiness," the positive thing, for which "Life" and "Liberty" prepare the way. I won't try to define it because to everyone it means a different thing. But whatever its wholesome aspect or disguise, I believe in it. I am a hound on its trail; I am a happiness fan.

I believe in the antiseptic and tonic quality of laughter. I dip my pen in it, and whether for the moment I am using my pen as a tickler, a surgical instrument or a weapon, as a bone or nut pick or a toasting fork, I aim always to leave laughter behind as an anodyne and a stimulant to heal the sores and lift the spirits of mankind.

I keep my friends informed of the best things in the Theater, on the Screen, in Sports and new Books; I help them in the fields of the Motor, Radio and wise Investment—all agencies of happiness.

I am an optimist, but without blinders. I am a Republican, but there are some things Republican I don't like, and I can see some good things Democratic. My editorials and cartoons express my carefully considered opinions on the big problems of the day, sincerely but never solemnly.

Humor is my medium. Humanity is my passion. Fanaticism is my pet aversion.

JUDGE

SPECIAL "MONEY-SAVING" COUPON

JUDGE, 627 West 43rd Street, New York City.

Enclosed find \$1.00 for which you are to send JUDGE for 10 weeks to

NAME:

STREET AND CITY:



10 LEARN PUBLIC SPEAKING LESSONS FREE

Write—quick—for particulars of this extraordinary offer; an opportunity you will never forget if you take advantage of it. Ten lessons in effective public speaking absolutely FREE to those who act promptly, to introduce our course in localities where it is not already known.

WHAT THE COURSE TEACHES YOU

How to talk before your club or lodge.
How to address board meetings.
How to propose and respond to motions.
How to make a political speech.
How to tell entertaining stories.
How to make after-dinner speeches.
How to converse interestingly.
How to write better letters.
How to sell more goods.
How to train your memory.
How to enlarge your vocabulary.
How to develop self-confidence.
How to acquire a winning personality.
How to strengthen your will-power and ambition.
How to become a clear, accurate thinker.
How to develop your power of concentration.
How to be the master of any situation.

We Teach You By Mail

We teach you by mail to become a powerful and convincing speaker—to influence and dominate the decisions of one man or an audience of a thousand. We have trained hundreds and helped them increase their earnings and their popularity. Learn in your spare time at home how to overcome "stage fright" and conquer fear of others; how to enlarge your vocabulary; how to develop self-confidence and the qualities of leadership; how to RULE others by the power of your speech alone; how to train your memory. Our

NEW, EASY METHOD

perfected and taught only by Prof. R. E. Pattison Kline, former dean of the Public Speaking Department of the Columbia College of Expression, can be learned in 15 minutes a day. Prof. Kline is one of the foremost authorities in the country on public speaking and mental development. Do not let this chance escape you.

Mail This Free Coupon

Offer Limited! Send no Money

This Special Offer of TEN LESSONS FREE is made strictly for advertising purposes and will be withdrawn without notice. Write now, before it expires, and receive full particulars with enrollment blank by return mail. No obligations of any kind. Just tear off and mail this free coupon—or a postal will do.

NORTH AMERICAN INSTITUTE

Dept. 1266 3601 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

FREE LESSONS COUPON

North American Institute
Dept. 1266, 3601 Michigan
Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I am interested in your course in Effective Public Speaking and your offer of 10 lessons free. Please send full particulars. This request places me under no obligation of any kind.

Name

Street

City

W. Somerset Maugham

The famous author of "THE MOON AND SIXPENCE" gives in story form a startling picture of the influence of the Orient on the white man:

ON A CHINESE SCREEN

pictures dramatic moments in the lives of an expatriated group with a vividness that is unforgettable.

IN

THE JOURNAL OF TIMOTHY TUBBY

you will meet America's famous critics, writers and dramatists as they appeared to one whose intimate association with them has necessitated an anonymity. For humorous episode and accurate satire the "Journal" is unsurpassed.

What's What Among the Fall Books

will leave you in no doubt as to the possibilities among the publishers' forthcoming lists. If you would plan your reading wisely and with a minimum of wasted hours, this guide will give you invaluable assistance.

THE BOOKMAN

for September—Edited by John Farrar

is full of features. With a definite service to render its readers THE BOOKMAN has gathered together the best in essays and short stories, in poetry and criticism, in news and comment. It is indispensable to a well-rounded understanding of the best tendencies in American literature.

40c Monthly

\$4.00 a Year

GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY, Publishers, New York

THE BOOKMAN,

244 Madison Avenue, New York.

Enclosed is \$4.00 for which I wish you to enter my subscription for one year, beginning with

the.....issue

The Mystic Clue



"He's dead!" repeated the voice of the medium. "A bullet just above the ear. Yes, she has the revolver. She needn't cry so. He was cruel to her—a beast!"

And then—

"He's so heavy to lift. Get the Lither off his face—the Lither—the Lither!"



Just the harmless patter of an amateur medium. Or so they thought. But that night Arthur Wells was murdered—shot—and in the shooting was bound up the reputation of his beautiful wife—the life of another man!

How they solved it—how with only that spirit clue to guide them they uncovered the murderer, make a story so weird, so thrilling, that once started you'll never be able to lay it down until you have reached the strange solution.

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

Do you enjoy detective stories? No one alive—and few who are dead—ever wrote such thrilling, such baffling, such exasperating mysteries as Mary Roberts Rinehart.

Do you like love stories? All the lure, all the absurdities, all the charm of love are in her books.

Infinite is her variety.

Send the coupon. Try to solve the mysteries; laugh with

Yet it is just one of the thrilling, fascinating, keep-you-up-until-morning tales that have already delighted ten million readers. For the first time, you can now get them in one uniform set, beautifully bound and illustrated, at just about half the book-store prices.

Bab; laugh at Tish; get all in this one set—these tales for which magazines paid as high as \$30,000, at which movie audiences sit entranced all over the world, which have made great fortunes on the stage in New York.

Truly has it been said that she has dipped her pen in magic—truly has it been said that she is the most popular woman in America!

Half-Price Introductory Offer!

This is the first collected edition of Mary Roberts Rinehart's best stories ever published, and naturally she wants it to be a success. In order to enable us to make you a real "before-the-war" price on these fascinating volumes—in order to make this first edition go like wild-fire—she has agreed to accept exactly one-tenth of her usual rate of royalty on one edition of 10,000 sets.

Paper prices have come down, labor costs are lower, and now, with this generous concession of Mrs. Rinehart's, we can make you a price on this edition *actually lower than the pre-war price*—just about half what these same volumes would cost in a book-store, and in addition, if your order comes in at once, we will send you the three latest and best volumes of

CONAN DOYLE—FREE!

The latest Sherlock Holmes stories—his greatest, best mystery tales are in these three volumes. Think of it—the best works of two of the highest paid writers that ever lived—12 volumes of Mary Roberts Rinehart, for just one of which a great magazine paid \$30,000—and 3 volumes of Conan Doyle—all yours for just about

half what they would cost you in any book-store. And you can pay for them, if you like, at the rate of only 25¢ a week.

This is your chance. Send the coupon, without money. Get these 15 volumes for a week's FREE examination. If they are not the best stories you ever read—if you don't read them and reread them—send them back at our expense.

But mail the coupon today. The offer of Conan Doyle's best Sherlock Holmes stories FREE holds good only as long as the special first edition of Rinehart lasts, and orders are coming in at the rate of 300 to 400 a day. Send your coupon NOW—today! Tomorrow may be too late.

Review of Reviews Co., 30 Irving Place

New York



C.O. 9-22
Review of Reviews Company, 30 Irving Place, New York
Send me on approval, charges paid by you, the 12 volumes of Mary Roberts Rinehart's best stories. Also the 3-volume set of Conan Doyle's latest stories. If I keep the books I will send you \$1.50 in 5 days, and then \$1.00 a month for 15 months for the Rinehart set only and keep the 3 volumes of Doyle FREE. Otherwise I will, within 60 days, return both sets at your expense.

NAME

ADDRESS

OCCUPATION

For the beautiful new Artcraft Binding, just change the terms to \$1.00 in 5 days and \$2.00 a month for 10 months.



The First Killing

"Pedro vanished from the face of the earth. We gave up the chase for him. One day Chicken, a kid of eighteen, came back from the hills.

"Get your horse," he said. 'I know where Pedro is—Presidio County on the Rio Grande.'

"We left that night with four horses and fifty dollars. We rode six hundred miles. . . . Pedro came galloping up and into the corrals from the opposite side. He didn't see me. Like a flash I spurred in between the horses. They went wild and broke from the corral. Pedro turned, recognized me and shouted to the men. . . ."

"Through the Shadows with O. Henry" FREE

By Al Jennings

Here, in Al Jennings' own words, is one of the thrilling incidents in that true, unbelievably fascinating story.

As *Life* so well expresses it—"This book is a corker. It reeks with train robbery, horrible prison cruelty, pathos, sentiment—about everything there is in human nature, and then some. It is true. Naturally Al Jennings has made the most of his theme. Thomas Osborne, who ought to know, says that his account of

prison horrors is even more gentle than the reality.

"And there is O. Henry—guiltless of crime, and locked up in jail, as if by a stern taskmaster who said, 'Now, will you write?' And some of us wonder, if after all, it matters how much an individual—a finely sensitive soul—is made to suffer, if the final outcome is to be stories such as O. Henry wrote. It makes us feel more than ever that individuals, in the long run, do not count."

274
Complete
Stories

O. HENRY

One
Long
Novel

Out of the trials and struggles of his own life, O. Henry wrote these stories of the people. He was one of the disinherited—and he knew their problems.

He picked out with deft, yet gentle hand, the little hidden things we all strive to conceal, held them up to the light of day, let the sun shine on them, and then tucked them back again—warmed and heartened, or cleansed and sterilized.

You love his stories because you see yourself in them—your real hidden self which no one else ever sees. Other men write so that you read and sagely nod your head and say—"That is so. This man writes of people such as I know." But O. Henry writes, and you read, and with sudden laughter cry—"This is me!"

44% Discount—If You Hurry!

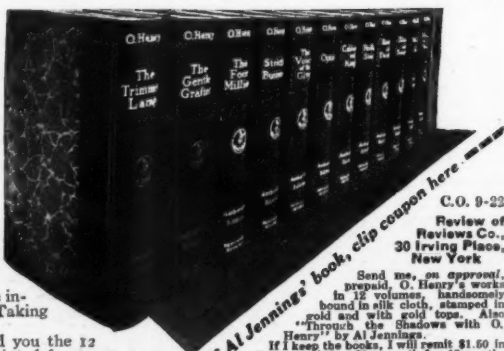
The Review of Reviews was the last of the great book publishers to raise its prices in the big post-war boom. It is the first to get back to the pre-war figures.

44% discount from last year's prices—that is what the increased war costs of paper, binding and labor amounted to. Taking it off brings our price back again to exactly the pre-war figure.

Mail the attached coupon, without money, and we will send you the 12 complete volumes of O. Henry, handsomely bound, freshly printed from new plates, for a week's free examination. And in addition, if your order comes at once, we will send you Al Jennings' wonderful story of O. Henry's shadowed years—FREE!

But we were able to arrange for only a few copies of this famous book, and those few won't last long. So send your coupon now—TODAY! Tomorrow may be too late!

Review of Reviews Co., 30 Irving Place, N. Y.



C.O. 9-23

Review of
Reviews Co.,
30 Irving Place,
New York

Send me, on approval, prepaid, O. Henry's works in 12 volumes, handsomely bound in silk cloth, stamped in gold and with gold tops. Also "Through the Shadows with O. Henry" by Al Jennings.

If I keep the books, I will remit \$1.50 in 5 days, and then \$1 a month for 16 months for the O. Henry set only, and keep the Jennings' volume FREE. Otherwise, I will, within 10 days, return both at your expense.

Name _____

Address _____

Occupation _____

The sumptuous 3-4 leather binding of O. Henry costs only a few cents more a volume, and has proved a favorite. For this luxurious binding, change the above to \$2 in 5 days and \$2 a month for 11 months.

For FREE copy of Al Jennings' book, clip coupon here

The House That Carelessness Built

Which at first glance may look substantial and ~~easy~~—is a never-ending source of discomfort, dissatisfaction, danger, and expense. From cellar to roof there are continually cropping out "little" structural defects—"little" things that require fixing more often than they should—"little" items of up-keep that not only cause inconvenience but that gnaw into your funds and make house-owning more of a discouragement than the joy that it can and should be. You can forestall and remedy these "objectionables" by having a copy of this new work,

The House-Owner's Book

By A. L. CHURCHILL and LEONARD WICKENDEN

Here at last is an enlightening, unbiased, non-technical, and dependable guide for the present or future house-owner—a practical, common-sense book setting forth the accumulated experience of house-owners fortified by the opinions of the best authorities on the building, care, and conduct of the home. It gives in *one volume* a host of vital facts for insuring economy, comfort, and safety in every essential feature of home owning and up-keep.

Gets Down to Bed-Rock Facts

The House-Owner's Book is written by house-owners for house-owners, in the simplest possible terms, and is based on the assumption that the purchaser has no technical knowledge, and does not want to be bothered with technical arguments and theories. In a word, he is not interested in "why?" but in "how to do," and he wants *complete, practical, easy-to-follow* information. And the House-Owner's Book aims to cover *everything* that a house-owner would be likely to want to know.

Do You Know—

How to finance a home?
What materials to use for the various parts of the house?
The relative values of wood, brick, stucco, hollow tile?
About roofing—asbestos, asphalt, wood, copper?
How the house should be heated—hot-air, steam, hot-water, vapor, vapor-vacuum, gas-steam?
About ventilation, water-supply, drainage?
What paints to use—and the best color scheme for your house?
What wood is best for floors—southern pine, beech, oak?
What precautions can be taken against fires?
The *House-Owner's Book* is written to answer these, and hundreds of other questions.

Shows How to Make and Repair Things

The House-Owner's Book shows plainly how to handle tools; how to do jobs in plumbing, carpentry, and painting; how to run your heating equipment in the most efficient and economical way.
It explains in the plainest words, how to build a concrete path or a garage.
Tells you a thousand things that will make your work as a house-owner easier.
Will save money that you would otherwise pay to experts.
Shows you how to avoid fires, and how to save lives if fires occur.
Advises what to do in case of accidents from gas and electricity.

States the principles of sanitation, cleanliness, and health in the household, and informs you on a multitude of matters on which you cannot afford to be without the best sympathetic advice.

Points Out Definite Ways to Save Money

No high-sounding theories. No guesswork. This is a practical book from cover to cover, so packed with real money-saving facts that you'll never want to part with it. It will prove an investment that will pay you hundreds of times over for the small sum it costs.

Gives Specific Recipes

Handy, successful, and verified methods for exterminating vermin; making rubber cements, mucilage or liquid glue, adhesives, pastes, etc. Shows how to treat putty, and how to remove stains from fabrics, etc.

Contains Useful Tables

Gives tables of weight, measurement, and temperature, including legal weights in pounds, in all states, of the bushel, of various commodities such as onions, potatoes, tomatoes, etc.

Illustrations Galore!

Has forty-eight illustrations, specially selected for their practical value in driving home some specific points or statement, that cover a wide range of subjects—a most valuable series of helps!

A USEFUL BOOK BOUND TO HELP YOU. MONEY BACK IF YOU ARE NOT SATISFIED

Sign and send this coupon to-day with \$2.12, and this splendid house-owner's aid of 388 pages will be shipped to you postpaid by return mail. If it does not please you, return it and your money will be refunded without a murmur.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY

354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York

Gentlemen:—Please send me "The House-Owner's Book," for which I enclose \$2.12. If not satisfied, I may return it within ~~the~~ days and you will refund the amount I have paid.

CO. 9-22

Name

Address

City..... State.....

He Revealed the Sins Of a Shameless World!

He Made the World Blush for Shame!

Society stood aghast! Never before had any pen written such startling, breath-taking things! Never before had the shame of society, the hypocrisy of the world, the sin-blackened souls of men and women been so mercilessly exposed. With a boldness that brought a nation-wide gasp of amazement, he battered down the gilded doors of society and revealed such a scene of wickedness, decadence and brute passion within that convention was rocked to its foundations!

Society Gasped!

No one was too high, too rich, too powerful to escape the fury of his attack. He snatched away the false cloak of respectability and openly branded the guilty with their shame. Reputations were blasted; men and women were dragged down from their artificial pedestals; their souls were stripped of their tinselled trappings and their shame laid bare to all the world.

NOW—Save \$9.50 While This Special Offer Lasts

And now here is a wonderful opportunity to get at an unbelievable saving the complete writings from the burning pen of this fiery genius—Brann the Iconoclast! By publishing a tremendous edition we have brought down the cost of the complete 12-volume set from \$27.50 to \$17.50—or, in other words, at a full saving to you of

more than one-third the cost.

It is obvious that these sets will go quickly. Therefore if you have ever thought of getting the wonderful works of Brann the Iconoclast. *NOW is the time*—while the edition lasts. Moreover, you may examine the set free, without a penny in advance.

A FEW OF BRANN'S MASTERPIECES

A Pilgrimage to Perdition
Mankind's Mock-Modesty
Is Civilization a Sham?
A Sacred Leg Show
The Wickedness of Woman
The Woman Thou Gavest Me
Driven to the Devil
Adam and Eve
A Sister's Shame
The Social Swim
"The Perfumes of Passion"
The Law of Love
Glory of the New Garter
The Footlight Favorites
Hunting for a Husband
Thou Shalt Not
The Old Maid's Auction
Potiphar's Wife

Send No Money

Just mail the coupon, without any money. The 12-volume set of Brann, the Iconoclast, will be sent to you at once. Examine the books for 5 days, free. If you keep the set, as you doubtless will, pay for it on the amazingly easy terms as shown on the coupon. You do not risk a penny on this 5-day examination of ~~the~~ ^{the} set, so mail the coupon now, before the limited edition at this low price is exhausted.

The Brann Publishers
Inc.

130 East 25th Street
Dept. 99, New York City



Who Was To Blame Joseph or Potiphar's Wife?

For centuries the world has accepted the biblical version of Joseph and Potiphar's wife. But now, with a sharpness that cuts through the mists of the ages, and a logic which smashes unreason, Brann, the Iconoclast, revises the story completely, defends the beautiful Mrs. Potiphar—and says it wasn't Joseph's fault either. Those who maintain that Brann's fame rests upon his wizardry of words point to this story as proof. And those who say Brann was greatest as a seeker for truth and righteousness, likewise point to the moral of this famous story.

**The
Brann
Publishers,
Inc.**

Dept. 99,
130 East 25th St.
New York City

Send me the 12-volume handsomely bound set of Brann, the Iconoclast (complete), prepaid, for 5 days' examination. I will either return the books in 5 days after I receive them or will send \$1.50 after 5 days and \$2.00 a month for 3 months. 10% discount if cash in full is sent with coupon.

Name

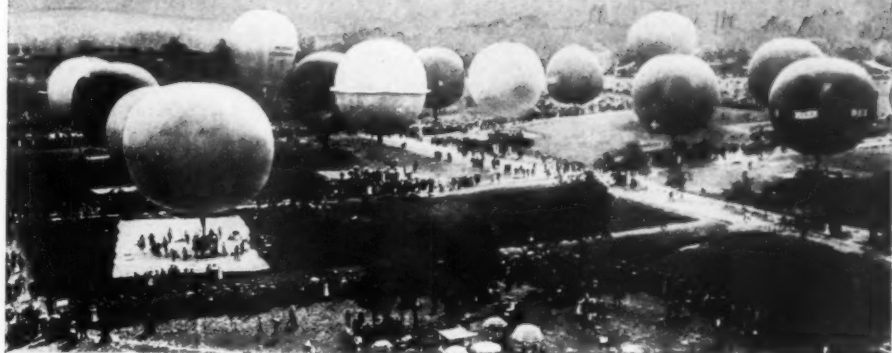
Address

City

Occupation

Reference

CURRENT OPINION



© International

BALLOONS OF SIXTEEN NATIONS READY TO "HOP" OVER THE ALPS

In the recent Geneva race for the Gordon Bennett Cup, Lt. de Muyter, of Belgium, won, sailing 1,400 kilometers to Rumania. Capt. Honeywell, U. S. Navy, sailed 1,060 kilometers to Budapest, Hungary. The American balloon is in the left foreground.



© Harris & Ewing

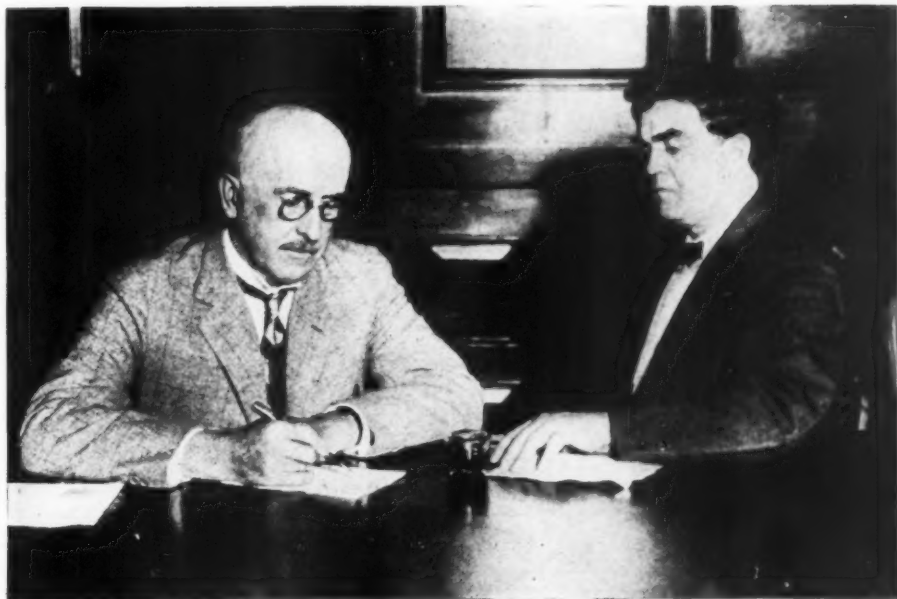
EUROPE'S GREAT AIRPLANE BUILDER THREATENS TO "FLY" TO AMERICA

Anthony Fokker, the daring Dutch inventor, who plans to start a factory and live permanently in the United States, is shown with Admiral W. A. Moffett, chief of the U. S. N. Bureau of Aeronautics.



© Keystone View Co.

THE IRISH FREE STATE LOOKS TO HIM TO SUCCEED ARTHUR GRIFFITH AS ITS PRESIDENT
William T. Cosgrave, acting head of the Provisional Government, says: "We hold ourselves bound on
the treaty basis and will reciprocate good faith to the end."



© Underwood & Underwood

SIGNING THE AGREEMENT WHICH ENDED THE BITUMINOUS COAL STRIKE
They are (left to right) T. K. Maher, of Cleveland, chairman of the Interstate Scale Conference, and John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers of America.



© Harris & Ewing

SPOKESMAN OF THE RAILWAY EXECUTIVES IN DEALING WITH THE STRIKING SHOPMEN
Thomas De Witt Cuyler has leapt into prominence as a recurrent caller at the White House in the rôle of moderator.



© Wide World Photos

THE NEW CHIEF OF THE THEATRICAL PRODUCERS SMOKES A PIPE OF PEACE
Augustus Thomas has undertaken, at a handsome salary, to do for the theaters what Will Hays does for the movies and Judge Landis for baseball.



© Harris & Ewing
A PRIME MINISTER OF BROAD AMERICAN VISION
W. L. McKendrick-King, of Canada, has been conferring with Secretary Hughes about a new treaty with our pacific but alert northern neighbor.



© Wide World Photos
LAFAYETTE'S GREAT-GRANDSON ON A MISSION TO AMERICA
Count Charles de Chamburin is acting as Chargé d'Affaires of the French Embassy at Washington in the absence of Ambassador Jusserand.



© P & A Photos

AT 73 HE STILL WORKS WONDERS WITH PLANTS, FRUITS AND FLOWERS
Luther Burbank proving that his spineless cactus is absolutely as represented, by rubbing it against his face.



© Bachrach
SHE DEMANDS A SEAT IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS
Lady Rhonda, the "British Coal Queen," whose father was war-time Food Controller, is resting in America between her battles for political recognition.



© Harris & Ewing
A STRIKE LEADER WHO "HOP-NOIS WITH PRESIDENT HARDING"
Incidentally Bert M. Jewell draws a \$15,000 salary as president of the Railway Department of the American Federation of Labor.



© Wide World Photos

LIKEWISE ITALY HONORS HER SOLDIER-POET Gabriele d'Annunzio, after having many hair-breadth escapes as an aviator during and after the war, falls in a dizzy moment from a window of his villa on the Riviera.



© Wide World Photos

A GERMAN POET HONORED IN HIS OWN COUNTRY Gerhardt Hauptmann, at 60, is to be accorded a special theater week by his native city of Breslau, and his plays produced on a scale to rival Oberammergau

THE CURRENT OF OPINION

One of the best sentences we have read lately is: "Gambling is a sport; speculation an art; investment a science."

□ □

What Is Current Opinion?—CURRENT OPINION is the magazine that skims the cream of *all* the magazines—that gives you the Current of Opinion. It is exactly what its name implies.

It is the magazine for the busy man who wants to keep abreast of the world's best thought, but has not time to wade through the sea of newspapers and magazines.

It is the magazine for the busy woman who wants to be intelligently up to date.

We are living in the most wonderful age of history. Many people despair of keeping step with the world's progress because it is so varied, so changing and so widespread. CURRENT OPINION is the magazine that gives to those people the whole story in a readable and attractive form.

It is a magazine designed for the average American. The average American wants to be intelligent and up to date. He is shrewd and keen and does not want to be fed upon hokum or bunkum. He wants facts and feeling. He wants sincere, honest and unaffected opinions. He does not want to be dictated to, but he is eager for suggestions.

The first business of writing is that it shall be plain. This does not mean that it should be childish or platitudinous. But it does mean that when a writer understands a thing sufficiently well he ought to be able to make it clear to the person of ordinary intelligence. CURRENT OPINION aims to use good, terse, vigorous English and to use this only for the purpose of getting across ideas that are worth while.

One of the principles of CURRENT

OPINION is that it shall be wholly constructive. It does not knock anything or anybody. It has no time or disposition for attacks, exposures, muck-raking, denunciations. There will be some exceptions to this, but when they are made they will be worth while.

If you will glance through a copy of CURRENT OPINION you will find that it can be roughly divided into nine sections, as follows:

1. Editorial.
2. Persons.
3. Modern Business.
4. Books.
5. The Play.
6. The Story.
7. Education, Religion and Science.
8. Poetry.
9. Fun.

First: Editorial. The purpose of the editorials is to inform the reader in regard to the general questions which are in the front of to-day. It does not do this by merely quoting a lot of other people's opinions and amassing a lot of data and leaving it to the reader to form his own judgment. It digests and clarifies the subject and presents a definite conclusion in each case for the reader's consideration. That is, it not only furnishes the material from which you can form an opinion, but it assists you to form your opinion.

It is not a mere scrap-book. It is interpretive. Naturally the views of CURRENT OPINION are personal, because every opinion is personal. But the effort is to make them sane and judicial. It approaches no question as an advocate, but takes up all questions as a judge and with a judicial mind.

2. Persons: Each month CURRENT OPINION presents a characterization of several of the persons in the foreground of contemporary activities. Carlyle said that all history is biog-



THREE OF A KIND

—McKay in *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*.

raphy, and perhaps the best idea of the trend of modern times can be gathered by the knowledge of its most conspicuous personalities.

3. Modern Business: The United States is first of all a business nation. *CURRENT OPINION* scans the field each month and reports the significant achievements and the most prominent personalities in the business world.

4. Books: *CURRENT OPINION*'s book reviews are not for the purpose of showing how fine a review we can write. The object is not to have you admire our review; it is to tell you something about the book in question. Hence we aim to give you some idea of the nature of the book, some samples of its contents, and generally to make you acquainted with it.

It is the rule of *CURRENT OPINION* to review no book which we cannot recommend that the reader should buy and own. We do not review books we do not like. People read

book reviews to find out what sort of books to buy and not what sort of books not to buy.

In each number some one outstanding book is reviewed which we particularly recommend. The reader, therefore, by following the advice of *CURRENT OPINION*, can accumulate a library which is worth while and up to date.

5. The Play: Each month that play which in our opinion is the most noteworthy is quite fully reprinted, illustrated and commented upon. The reader can there-

fore depend upon getting some idea of the best productions of the modern drama.

6. The Story: Each month a short story is reprinted. This story is supplied to us by the O. Henry Memorial Committee and is one of the best pieces of modern fiction.

7. A considerable part of the pages of *CURRENT OPINION* each month is devoted to the most important news, discoveries and significant ideas in the fields of science, of religion and of education. These themes are selected after a careful perusal of the field of current literature.

8. Poetry: The department of poetry of *CURRENT OPINION* stands well in the opinion of the literary world. We aim to make it one of the best anthologies of contemporary poesy.

9. Fun: Humor is a considerable American product. By the processes of competition and elimination there are certain outstanding humorists.

It is the purpose of CURRENT OPINION to cull for its readers the best efforts of these wits in our "colyumists' colyums."

Those who prepare this magazine wish it to be such a one as the high-school boy or girl can keep at hand and read through, such a one as the college student can find time to read in the midst of his studies, such a one as the business man can have upon his desk and dip into in his hour of leisure, such a one as can lie upon the library table and be read and discussed by the entire family.

These are our aims. We shall make every effort to produce a magazine that shall actually be useful to the average American, shall be attractive and as near as possible indispensable.

□ □

The Gist of the Complaint Against the Tariff Law—The issue in this country is not between protection and free trade. While there are many theoretical free-traders, there is not a handful of them who would vote for the passing of a free-trade law at once. Practically nobody wants to do such a thing. Even those who believe in free trade as a principle are in favor of reaching the desired goal gradually and not violently.

Almost the entire country, including a very considerable portion of the Republican Party press, condemns the new tariff law, but this is not because it condemns protection. It is because of the way in which the law was passed. To have the sugar schedule made by the sugar interests, the wool rate fixed by a wool lobby, and altogether the whole patchwork of rates constructed

by interested parties is utterly vicious upon the face of it.

The Senate has been four months arguing this iniquitously constructed bill. It cost a lot to pay the board and keep of those Senators for that time, to mention the least of the expense. And the whole thing ought to have been done by a commission of disinterested experts.

The entire farcical tragedy is another proof of the fact that democracy is never going to be saved until its business is managed by engineers, by qualified experts, and not by hell-roaring politicians.

□ □

Reparation—Hard as it may be, we ought to exercise a little common sense, judgment and foresight in seeking reparation from Germany.

It is industriously reiterated that, after all, Germany came out of the war better off than France or her other adversaries. If we will reflect a bit we will see that such a statement is absurd.



THE TRIUMPH OF THE UNITED MINE WORKERS
—Kirby in New York World.

Germany has been deeply, if not mortally, injured by her defeat.

No other nation in modern history, says one newspaper, has been so heavily penalized in consequence of a military defeat. She has lost Alsace-Lorraine, with its valuable deposits of iron ore; she has lost her colonies, including the Shantung concession; she has lost Danzig and a large part of West Prussia; she has lost the northern zone of Schleswig; she has lost control of the Saar Valley for fifteen years; she has lost her merchant marine; she has lost her army and her navy; and has lost, for the time being at least, her economic supremacy on the Continent.

In addition to this she has lost what perhaps hurts her more than any of these losses, her good name among the nations.

The question of how much she should pay in damages is one that depends upon factors that are wholly economic, and should be settled by business men and experts.

And the trouble is that it is being made a question of partisan politics, particularly in France.

There is a considerable element in that country that will be satisfied with nothing less than the economic wreck of Germany. That is short-sighted and foolish, even for France; for a quiet, settled and prosperous neighbor would be better than one that is desperate and torn by rebellions.

Germany started the war simply because she was "prepared," and preparedness is the greatest of war-breeders.

Take away the tools of war, the huge supplies of cannon and the factories producing them, and all the other implements of use only for war, take away a nation's standing army and great navy, and she will not go to war.

There is not the slightest danger of Germany's attacking again, at least for several generations.

The only issue now is, how much should her deluded population, her merchants, manufacturers and farmers, who were compelled by "patriotism" to follow the Junkers and the bombastic Kaiser—how much they should be made to pay for the system under which they lived and into which they, and in some measure all of us, were born.

And this should be settled not in heat and hate, but in sober justice; not in vengeance, but in equity.

The question of reparation should not be made a football for contending parties, but should be decided by some representative committee of the Allies in a spirit of justice and with a vision of the future.

As for America, we do not hate the German people. We did not go into the war to ruin them. We hated their rulers and their policy. We hated the idea of autocracy and the swollen egoism of world-dominance that obsessed them.

We fought to free them, to save them, as well as the rest of the world, for democracy.

In the hate cult we have no part or lot.

There are thousands of honest and upright Germans in our country, and they are among our best citizens. Many of them hated the autocrats of Germany as heartily as we and gladly volunteered to fight against them.

Our whole attitude in the war was one of high disinterestedness. We were fighting for an ideal.

We won. Let us not spoil this ideal by an unreasoning hate.

Hate never pays, never has paid since the world began.

It is poor policy on our part, it is not even in accord with self-interest, to drill into the minds of the German people that we hate them. It never pays to make enemies uselessly.

The German people might be our friends if we went at the matter right. There is a considerable part

of the German population that hate the militarists and ruthless exploiters who brought on the war, and who carried on the conflict with such brutality, quite as much as we detest them.

Why not win them for our friends? It would be very easy to raise up a strong party in Germany who are on our side.

A very remarkable scene took place in the Reichstag on April 27 which illustrates this. Dr. Rudolph Breitscheid, an Independent Socialist, attacked the party which opposed Foreign Minister Simons, and particularly Herr Stinnes, the industrial magnate. Dr. Breitscheid said:

"As a member of the Foreign Relations Committee I know what the Kaiser would have demanded from his enemies if he had won the war, and have the documents to prove that he would have required of America \$30,000,000,000, of France \$40,000,000,000, and of England \$60,000,000,000."

This threw the Right into extreme agitation. Dr. Breitscheid, however, continued:

"The German people must pay for what you Kaiser-loving Nationalists did. I speak not of the war damage, but of the unnecessary industrial destruction you war profiteers caused that Herr Stinnes may rise to power."

Herr Stinnes arose to raise a warning hand, but merely caused the speaker's words to be turned upon him again as he resumed: "There is nothing personal in this, Herr Stinnes, but it still remains that your group destroyed Belgian and French industries for what you could gain from their destruction."

The time is surely past when any argument in fa-

vor of treating the German people fairly, and particularly any argument pointing out the difference between the great mass of the German people and their guilty rulers, should subject one to the charge of being "pro-German."

We are not pro-German. We hate what Germany did in the war. We detest the rulers that drove the German mass to war. We loathe their methods and their principles. We were in favor of fighting them to the last ditch.

But we have never had anything but pity and sympathy for the mass of the German workmen who had to be slaughtered in order to bring their rulers to their senses.

Anybody who cannot see this distinction is intellectually hopeless.

□ □

Out of a Job—If Hiram Johnson, of California, and James A. Reed, of Missouri, who have recently received the party nomination for the Senate, are elected, they will be out of a job.



DUE FOR ANOTHER
—Kirby in New York World.

Their job is being elected, and at this they are a great success.

After they are elected they will be United States Senators. And for this job they are not suited.

These two Senators belong to that group of men who assassinated the League of Nations. For their participation in this unparalleled crime, which has caused the world untold loss and suffering, the least penalty they should receive would be that they be retired to private life.

The one great weakness of democracy is that the qualifications that enable a man to get office are not the qualifications that enable him to discharge the duties of his office.

Getting elected is hard work and requires great skill, genius and ability. These two men and all others who secure the votes of their fellow citizens for public office deserve their meed of praise. In the rough field of competition they proved themselves the best men and should be rewarded.

But there ought to be some other way of rewarding them than inflicting them upon the United States.

Once Hiram Johnson was a liberal and lined himself up with the Progressives. But of late years he has done nothing to retain his title.

As the New York *Globe* expresses it:

"He joined with Lodge in the fight against the League of Nations, he broke with Lodge in order to oppose the four-power treaty, he lent himself to the anti-Japanese hysteria which regularly disgraces his native state, and he supported the monstrous McCumber tariff bill because it gave protection to California products. He dodged the vote on the Newberry case, although if ever there was an issue which summoned every liberal Senator to stand by his colors, that was it. In California Johnson has had the backing of newspaper editors and corporations that he denounced so fiercely during his first campaigns.

It is almost a compliment to call such a man an opportunist."

The record of Jim Reed is similar and just as black.

These two men are perfect samples of the kind of work that partisanship and party politics bring forth.

CURRENT OPINION has no part nor lot in party politics. Johnson is a Republican and Reed is a Democrat. One is as bad as the other.

□ □

Prohibition in Sweden—A referendum was recently held in Sweden upon the subject of prohibition, resulting in 942,129 votes against and 897,584 for prohibition, the anti-prohibition majority 44,545.

This has been heralded as an indication of the turn of the tide against prohibition. It is not. It shows a great increase over the last test of prohibition strength. A few years ago the anti-liquor forces were too meager to be counted. The present vote shows a remarkable increase in the sentiment against alcohol.

Both Sweden and Norway have succeeded in enacting laws severely regulating the sale of alcoholic drinks, and the present Parliament is in favor of a still stronger prohibition law.

□ □

Mad Nationalism—Nationalism is a good thing in so far as it is an advance over feudalism.

Patriotism is a good thing in so far as it is better than clannishness.

But both of these things easily become dangerous. It is far easier to kindle the spirit of national vanity than it is to regulate it.

Reckless nationalism is what is the matter with Ireland and with France. As Bernard Shaw said:

"Ireland is suffering from an epidemic of homicidal mania and is calling it patriotism. If the shooting of Collins doesn't turn every

sensible Irishman into a resolute constable the country must perish, because if it cannot govern itself no power on earth can govern it. Self-government will become self-extermination."

Still drunk with the reverberations of national glory, France puts the welfare of herself above that of the human race.

And the same trouble can be found right here in the United States. A large and influential part of the newspapers and the politicians emphasize "America first," not with a sense of the immense responsibility implied to help the rest of the world, but with a sense of exalting this country above all others, refusing to assist the wounded world back to health, and glorying in the selfishness of isolation.

When shall patriotism be interpreted in terms of service, of duty and of high privilege, instead of in terms of wholly unbeautiful self-glorification?



The Flat Earthers—How runs the law of physics?—"Action and reaction are equal and opposite."

The action of the human mind, ridding itself of childish notions, is opposed and equalized by the reaction of the human mind in reverting to those notions.

Exploded theories and ancient superstitions are a long while dying. They linger on, like the ghosts of themselves, in the dark corners of our brains.

There are still people who believe the Earth is flat. Wilbur Voliva, Overseer of Zion City, demands that all his faithful followers shall so believe. To them the sky is a dome, like a glass bell-jar.

Voliva is not alone in this absurd contention. An Association of Flat-Earth Men was formed years ago to combat "advanced" ideas about our "round ball of earth," and that so-

ciety is still flourishing and making converts.

There are people who refuse to accept Evolution. William Jennings Bryan is one of millions who cling to the ancient fairy story of Man's sudden manufacture in completed form. It hurts the vanity of such people to concede that Man may have been *grown* to his present stature from small beginnings. They are like the new-rich who cannot bear the mention of their social origins.

The thing that people must adjust their minds to is this: life is not a state, but a process of growth. It is an on-going. We must accept the new and cast off the old, as a snake casts his skin, or we shall be unable to grow. Life is a struggle upward into the light.

Each of us can help in this struggle, and each of us is subject to black moments of backsliding. For the tendency to drift back into outworn, primitive thinking pulls equally and oppositely to the eager, onward tendency.



Judge Gary On the Sales Tax—Elbert H. Gary, Chairman of the United States Steel Corporation, gave a very succinct statement of the arguments in favor of the sales tax. In his address at the annual meeting of the American Iron and Steel Institute, he said:

"The fairest method of taxation is found in the sales tax, so called. It is the most easily, cheaply and certainly collected. It has been found in other countries to be practicable, satisfactory and successful. The tendency is to make persons more economical and saving. The sales tax is just because it leaves to everyone the opportunity to decide what the amount shall be over and above actual necessity. It is less difficult to collect large amounts and works less hardship to honest people because it is so widely distributed. A cent each to twenty



HARDING IS VERY REASSURING
—Walker in New York Call.

men is twice as much as ten cents to one man. Under the present income-tax laws the cost of collection is unreasonably large, and many who are able to pay escape. For the good of all the people as a net result a sales tax is desirable."

□ □

A College Dictionary—Funk and Wagnalls have issued a college standard dictionary to meet the needs of the college student. It is small enough to handle with comfort and comprehensive enough to answer almost any question that may arise. It is an abridgment of the larger dictionary, but the condensation has been admirably managed. It has the advantage of costing only \$5.00,

□ □

Is Japan Becoming Liberal?—Obviously, a great change is coming over Japan. Her Crown Prince, hitherto a sacred person, plays golf. Women are demanding social justice

and even the vote. And Admiral Kato, her delegate at the Washington Conference, is Prime Minister. What has he achieved?

First, there is an actual and definite reduction, first in the Japanese Army and, secondly, in the Japanese Navy. On the Army, expenditure has been reduced from 126 million dollars to 108 million dollars, a saving of 18 million dollars, while on the Navy the reduction is from 198 million dollars to 159 million dollars, a saving of 39 million dollars. A total cut on armaments of 57 million dollars in one year is at least a beginning, and Japanese taxpayers are demanding larger economies in the near future.

Secondly, Japan is evacuating Siberia and entering into commercial relations with Russia. While this is all to the good, it has also to be mentioned that Japan has seized the rest of the island of Sakhalin as her price.

□ □

South America and Ourselves—The United States is now so rich



AND NOW THE FUN BEGINS
—Donahay in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

that she can afford to invest her surplus in Latin-American countries. There is arising, therefore, the fundamental question whether our banks, when they lend money, say, to Nicaragua or to Peru, do this at their own risk or are entitled, at a later date, to call in our Government to protect their interests if the speculation goes wrong.

It is a matter on which our neighbors are exceedingly sensitive, for several of them are more accustomed to borrowing than they are to repaying the debt when it has been incurred. We are their good neighbors when we lend, but are "imperialistic"—to quote the word used by Dr. Victor Andres, of the University of Lima, in his speech at Williamstown—when we ask for a return of the loan.

The matter is urgent because at Geneva the Latin-American Republics are proposing a League of Nations of their own, to deal with American problems. Shall we be in that League, if it be formed, or shall we be out of it?

Not that we have ever objected to good relations between our Latin-



THE CRIPPLED GIANT

—Harding in Brooklyn Eagle.

American neighbors. On the contrary, it has been Secretary Hughes who fostered a peaceful settlement between Chili and Peru of the dispute over the provinces of Tacna and Arica, while it is on our cruiser, the *Tacoma*, that Nicaragua, Honduras and Salvador have met to arrive at a common understanding in Central America. Also, we are restoring San Domingo to independence, and Secretary Hughes has visited Brazil to congratulate that country on one hundred years of national freedom.

□ □

The Great Tragedy—Arthur Mee says that "mankind is confronted with the greatest tragedy since the crucifixion." He refers to the present condition of the world.

But the existing situation is not a tragedy, simply because it will not end in a collapse. Somehow we shall get through with it. But it is a great crisis.

This crisis will be solved by the push of the common sense of the business world and the great masses



A DOCILE GIANT

—Harding in Brooklyn Eagle.



IF WE COULD ONLY GET THIS GUY TO
DEMOMILITARIZE
—Reid for Newspaper Syndicate.

of democracy. It will not be solved by government.

In the history of the world governments have never been responsible for any step in human progress. All they do is to meddle, interfere and confuse.

At the present time the world needs certain constructive acts. These are of the greatest importance, but it is difficult to get governments to undertake them.

These acts are, first, unification of the world in either the League of Nations or some substitute or equivalent for it. It remains just as true now as it ever was that this is the only way out of war which any human being has ever been able to imagine.

Secondly, it needs the abatement of national hates, fears and suspicions.

Thirdly, it needs the removal, as far as is practical, of all interferences with traffic and travel. Passports should be absolutely abolished and the principle that should guide us in the formation of tariffs should be that of Garfield, which was to reduce tariffs continually.

Fourth, the war which was sup-

posed to stop with the cessation of fighting in France is still going on in the ranks of industry. This should be stopped by asserting and upholding the supremacy of government. The fear of God and of Uncle Sam ought to be put into the souls of both the labor agitators and those in control of capital so that the rights of the public should be supreme.

While all these constructive acts are loudly called for, Congress is busy at worse than fooling away its time, with the task of imposing extra burdens upon the people.

□ □

The Gospel of Business—John Wanamaker, ex-Postmaster-General of the United States and merchant prince of many years' rule, celebrated his eighty-fourth birthday recently. He is a good example of the twentieth-century man, the best type perhaps the century has produced, that is to say, the sort of man that realizes business is not a mere stepping-stone to riches, idleness and vulgar display, but as a worthwhile career into which a man can throw himself soul forward, knowing that here he is best serving his day and age.

Business is business. It is more. Business may be the highest type of service to humanity. The man who gives employment to many of his fellow beings and furnishes them a field in which they can work happily and constructively, is doing more fundamental good than the man who distributes charity.

Mr. Wanamaker expresses himself in terms that ought to encourage the self-respect of every business man:

"I have great sympathy with the merchants that I have known. They are all simply looked upon as money-makers, as if money were the only pay in business, whereas many of us are bringing together the work of the world, not only in our own

country, but the whole world, giving employment, hope, courage and life to homes. There are a great many business men I have known that have had larger visions than simply counting up the profits of the year."

□ □

An Interesting Budget—The following budget furnished by a college president gives us something to think about:

We Squander Every year:

\$2,100,000,000.00 for smokes (cigars, cigarettes, snuff, etc.).

\$1,000,000,000.00 for movies.

\$2,230,000,000.00 for candy.

\$1,950,000,000.00 for cosmetics, perfume, scented toilet soap.

\$500,000,000.00 for jewelry.

\$350,000,000.00 for furs.

\$300,000,000.00 for soft drinks.

\$50,000,000.00 for chewing gum.

\$3,000,000,000.00 for races, joy rides, and pleasure resorts.

For Luxuries of All Kinds, We Spend Yearly:

\$22,700,000,000.00.

Against This We Spend Yearly:

\$1,000,000,000.00 for all education.

\$650,000,000.00 for grade schools.

\$150,000,000.00 for colleges and professional schools.

\$100,000,000.00 for public high schools.

\$20,500,000.00 for normal schools.

\$25,000,000.00 for all church schools and colleges.

□ □

Censoring the Censors

A GREAT deal will be heard during the next few months about censorship. Those who believe in it, and those who don't, have for some time been lining themselves up into opposing camps. Fearing there is danger of a general movement to subject books, plays, motion pictures, paintings and sculpture to legally appointed guardians of morality, the artists and writers of the country are tak-

ing vigorous steps to prevent what they regard as an impending calamity.

To those who laugh at such a possibility in America, they point out the censorship of motion pictures which exists in a number of States. They stress the activities of New York's semi-official Society for the Suppression of Vice, which not only does excellent work in suppressing frankly obscene material, but has also been instrumental in preventing the circulation of books which, according to their authors and publishers and many critics, are not in any way obscene and can do no one any harm. The example of the British censor of plays is quoted to show how difficult it is to get rid of the censorship idea, once it has gained a foothold.

The persons who are sponsoring this movement to combat censorship profess to see a growing tendency in the United States to "protect" the morals of the people, a tendency which they regard as unnecessary and therefore deplorable.

Those who do not believe in prohibition cite it as the most noteworthy illustration of a lack of faith in the strength of character of the people. It must be said, however, that there are plenty of persons who endorse prohibition and are yet perturbed at the drift toward censorship, which would so easily slip over into the field of general ideas and become an interference with freedom of speech.

Among the dramatists and novelists, plans have been instituted to set a backfire by creating voluntary committees, recruited from their own ranks, to pass upon the merits of any piece of work regarding which there is some doubt, prior to its production or publication. The discussion of this matter brought out the interesting point that some book publishers had formed a habit of submitting manuscripts to John S. Sumner, who succeeded Anthony

Comstock as the head of the Vice Society, and deleting passages or rejecting the manuscript, at his suggestion.

An affair of this kind always creates more smoke than is justified by the amount of fire; yet it is a healthy instinct which causes the writers and their friends to fight the tendency on the part of the authorities to set up official arbiters of moral matters. Any government, left to itself, will become too paternalistic.

Our minds, like our bodies, grow by exercise; if they are sheltered too carefully, they will some day not be worth sheltering at all.

□ □

A Way to End the Jungle Fight Between Labor and Capital

CIVILIZATION must find a solution for the strike problem. It is intolerable that the whole past experience of the human race should have failed to develop an industrial system which can function without constantly breaking down as a result of quarrels between capital and labor.

In the long run mankind cannot endure the waste of war; and the struggles between employer and employee, of which America has seen such painful examples this summer, are just as wasteful, futile and needless as are those on the battlefield.

Sooner or later, they must be stopped. They must be stopped not only for the sake of the public which, in its perennial rôle of innocent bystander, has its safety jeopardized, but for the sake of capital and labor as well. Whatever may seem to be the temporary advantage gained by one side or the other by winning a minor engagement in this endless war, in the larger view both suffer. For strikes interfere with the production of

goods, and whatever does that is an injury and an irreparable injury to the whole community.

Years ago it was thought that the solution must be found by crushing labor, breaking up its organizations, compelling the individual to make the best bargain for himself that he can in selling his services to any employer who will buy them.

To-day we have learned that no matter how completely this would suit the purposes of the employer, nor how great the apparent prosperity he would achieve, it is not the right answer. "The greatest happiness to the greatest number" has become a social aim of real importance; and whenever this other system has been allowed to operate without check, it has produced appalling misery.

The socialist says that the only answer is to do away with private ownership of capital either by making the State the proprietor of the factory or by vesting title in the workers themselves. But regardless of its soundness or unsoundness, there is no likelihood whatever that such a theory will be tried in the United States. Moreover, in so far as the Russian experiment may be taken as a guide, socialism would not do away with strikes.

The single-taxer alleges that private ownership of land is the cause of all industrial ills. Abolish this, he says, and enterprise will be so greatly stimulated that there will be plenty of work for all, at wages so high as to make strikes altogether unlikely. But the single tax, again, is an experiment in which America is not likely to indulge, and it has small relation to the practical problem of preventing industrial warfare.

A few years ago, all sorts of plans were being discussed for putting an end to strikes by profit-sharing, by selling stock to the workers, by letting them elect representatives on the board of directors. As time

passed, we have perceived that the faint air of unreality which hung over these projects came from their essentially impractical character.

For one thing, their success depends upon intelligence and humanitarian spirit among employers. Plenty of them possess these qualities; but what are you to do with the plenty more who do not? Moreover, most workingmen cannot or do not save enough money to buy any large amount of stock. If it is given to them, an unhealthy basis of charity is introduced.

It is significant that in the last year or two all sorts of grandiose plans of this sort, installed in factories during or just after the war, have been quietly dropped. A plan which works when labor is scarce and is abandoned when workers outnumber the jobs, has little practical importance.

It should be said in fairness that labor unions haven't any solution for the strike problem any more than the rest of us. Neither have they any definite objective in view in their perennial fight with capital.

If labor leaders are honest they will tell you, in the words of a high official of the A. F. of L.: "Our motto is 'more.' We intend to keep on demanding better conditions, shorter hours and larger wages, just as long as we can."

What is needed is a new formula which will enable employer and employee to settle their fights without causing so much inconvenience and suffering to the innocent bystander. To write this formula is a difficult task, though we cannot believe that it will remain an impossible one. The job is big enough to engage the best brains in the world for the next half century. Instead, it gets practically no attention at all except when a strike is in progress, when neither side is in a mood to listen to constructive ideas.

While the question is far too complicated for offhand discussion, it is

possible to suggest some of the steps by which the solution will probably be reached:

1. The worker must receive a minimum wage large enough to maintain his family in decency. It must fluctuate up and down with the rise and fall in the cost of living, so that its purchasing power is constant.

2. He must be protected against summary discharge.

3. He must not suffer an interruption in his income because of illness or accident.

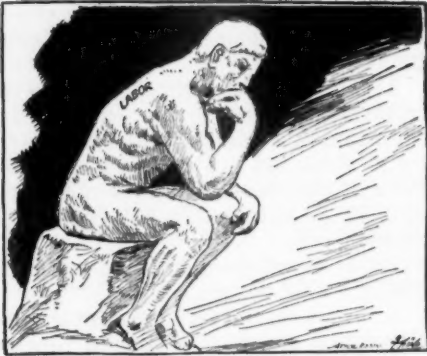
4. He must be given the right to organize and bargain collectively if he chooses.

5. He must have security against want in his old age.

6. He must have reasonable hours, reasonable working conditions and a reasonable vacation not less often than once a year.

If the United States government were to guarantee the foregoing to the workers in half a dozen of the leading essential industries—transportation, telephones and telegraphs, and the supplying of water, light and heat—it would also have a right to demand that the individual enjoying these conditions should sign a personal contract not to go on strike for a definite period of time—one, two or three years. A sentiment would soon be built up which would make a strike as unlikely as it is to-day, for instance, among the employees of the post-office department. More unlikely, in fact, for the workers would receive better treatment than do the postal clerks.

There are probably flaws in the foregoing suggestion. There are flaws in every human theory until it has been put into practice, and sometimes even after that. The important fact is that here is one of the most fundamental questions with which our whole civilization has to deal—and for the most part it is ignored or taken for granted



NOT ENJOINED FROM THINKING!

—Thiele in Sioux City Tribune.

as an inevitable and perennial evil. We have no right to accept a philosophy of despair until we have at least made an attempt to find a way out.

□ □

The Kind of President the People Want

IN America we are fond of expressing the sentiment, "Let the will of the people prevail." But we don't mean it.

In spite of all our talk about our democratic government, we are about to give a stinging rebuke at the polls to an administration whose chief fault has been that it hasn't had enough of the "man on horseback" about it.

Political prophets are agreed that the Republican party is in for a drubbing this fall. All through the summer the primary elections showed state after state where the administration's man was defeated in the primaries by an unendorsed, usually more radical, opponent.

The handling of the coal and railroad strikes by the administration during July and August hurt Mr. Harding's prestige. The Republican legislative program was also disliked. No bill has been more unpopular with the people in general

than the tariff. The bonus was strongly opposed by at least half the population, and it is probable that this half contained much more than fifty per cent. of the taxpayers. The ship subsidy proved so unpopular that after telling Congress to go out and explain the measure to the people, the President was forced to confess that it must be shelved.

In short, the first two years of the Republican administration have been anything but a success. The Democrats are already licking their chops at the thought of what will happen in 1924.

This is interesting and important because Mr. Harding was elected to be just the kind of President he has turned out to be. We had all had enough, he said, of the single-track mind in the White House. Mr. Wilson was a member of the party of Jefferson, but at heart he was a benevolent autocrat, and everybody knew it. He tried to give the people not what they wanted, but what he knew was good for them.

They didn't like it; they wanted a President who would be more of a common divisor and not so much a least common denominator.

Mr. Harding was nominated and elected on the theory of a sort of soviet system of operation. He promised, and he has tried, to take the advice of all who would give him advice. He has sought to please everybody, and has merely succeeded in proving that the second half of the old adage is still in good working order.

If he had been lucky this wouldn't have happened until some time later—perhaps not until his second term. The strikes, the bonus, the tariff and the ship subsidy all happened to fall on him simultaneously. But the decline in his popularity was certain to come along soon or late.

For the Harding administration was not brought into office on its merits, but on a preceding administration's faults. The ballots cast in

1920 were not votes *for* something. They were votes *against* something else. When you come into office under such auspices, it is only a question of time until the same dissatisfaction will be turned against you, and this is true almost irrespective of the way in which you conduct the public business.

But behind this lies the deeper dissatisfaction based on the fact that President Harding listens to counsellors. In spite of the enmity created by Mr. Wilson, who went his own way and did what he thought was wise, the plain people of the country yearn to be ruled by a Hero. They are disappointed with Mr. Harding, as they were with Mr. Taft, because he steps down from the pedestal. Mr. Roosevelt's great popularity while in office was due to his knack for seeming a romantic, mysterious superman. The people liked him, not because he reminded them of themselves, but because he didn't.

This may seem a discouraging fact, one to cause us to lose faith in the processes of our democracy. But it is not. While the people wish to be ruled by a man on horseback, they show a healthy tendency to get tired of each leader in turn. We are in no danger so long as we continue to place an eight-year limit on the tenure in office of even our most beloved heroes.

The general dissatisfaction with the first two years of the present administration is also based in some degree on promises unfulfilled. Mr. Harding's campaign manager got him elected on a guarantee of prosperity and progress. Instead, we have had hard times and irresolution.

The hard times are largely an accident of post-war economic conditions.

The irresolution is a necessary attribute of the sort of administration Mr. Harding promised us, the sort we voted for.

If we don't like it, we should blame ourselves for wanting the wrong kind of president, not the man who has honestly and fairly tried to give us what we seem to want.

□ □

Painless Education

THE next great step in human progress will be in the field of education. Probably it has been made already, though most people are not yet aware of the fact.

A great many educators believe that revolutionary new principles introduced into a few schools in the past ten years are destined to upset our whole system and theory of training for the young. It is always wise to discount the enthusiasm of pioneers a little. One should take off ten per cent. for justifiable fanaticism. Even making this allowance, the remarkable school developments of late are worth knowing something about.

They are founded, in the first place, on an idea that will seem profoundly radical to many old-fashioned folk. It is that the more easily we learn anything the better we remember it and the more useful it is



SH-H-H!
—Smith in Jacksonville Journal.

to us subsequently as a part of the working "reference library" each of us has stored away in his mind.

It used to be said that you had to study hard and disagreeable things in order to exercise the mind, just as you might chew away on a bone to strengthen the muscles of the jaw. Latin and Greek and higher mathematics have been taught for centuries, not because the student expected to talk Greek or use the principles of trigonometry in business life, but because if he learned things that were difficult and tedious it was supposed to give him a power of concentration that would last him the rest of his life.

The new psychologists have decided this old notion is all wrong. They claim there is no such thing as exercising the brain to make it work better. Instead of going after the child with a birch-rod to make him concentrate on his lesson, the modern teacher goes after the lesson, determined to make it so interesting in and of itself that the child can't keep his mind off it whether he wants to or not.

How is this done? By hooking it up somehow to the real problems of the child's real life.

Most people probably have not realized that when six-year-old Johnnie plays he almost always imitates the activities of adults. All good toys are miniature replicas of things the grown-ups use. Little Susie, caring for her dolls, is rehearsing for the time when she will grow up and have real babies of her own. Though it seems so casual and unimportant, this business of play has a profoundly serious part in the child's life.

In the few schools which are experimenting with the revolutionary new plan, the play impulse is made useful in teaching the things all of us have to know before we can be members of grown-up society.

The children learn without knowing it, under the impression that

they are indulging in a particularly interesting sort of game. They acquire facts because they need them in order to play better. The theory of the educators is that the things the child absorbs in that way make an infinitely deeper impression, and stay with him far longer than the things acquired out of a book by rote under compulsion.

A visit to a school where this new method is being tried, such as the Horace Mann School or the City and Country School in New York City, is quite a shock to one brought up under the old system. In the kindergarten and primary grades, where it has been worked out most carefully, you would not know you were in a schoolroom at all unless you were forewarned.

Gone are the dismal rows of desks. Gone is the artificial silence. "The school is supposed to prepare you for grown-up life," the teachers say. "No grown-up is asked to sit still without talking. Why should we inflict such a foolish convention on those who are least able to discipline themselves?"

In this type of modern school, one group of children may be building a playhouse, and incidentally discovering that one finds the number of square feet in a floor by multiplying length by breadth.

Another youngster may be experimenting with the typewriter and unconsciously learning to spell.

Here is a group, perhaps preparing to produce a pageant with scenes from American history. They are writing the story, designing and making costumes, planning and building properties, with the deft but unobtrusive aid of a teacher who, so far as possible, never supplies information until the children have asked for it.

No doubt this sounds very hectic and confused. Most people will feel at first that while such a plan may teach a few things extremely well, there must be great gaps in the

education of the child which can only be filled in by reverting to the old method. This is more or less true as concerns the intermediate grades and high school; but the proponents of the idea insist that eventually all teaching will be done this way. They predict that those who grow up under the new scheme will know more and know it better than is the case with almost all of us to-day.

Should they be right, the world will owe a huge debt of gratitude to the men and women who first had the courage and enterprise to try the new way.

If humankind is to be rescued from the follies and miseries which now afflict it, salvation must come by education; and education is not good enough to-day, despite the enormous sums we spend on it.

□ □

Why All This "Shooting" About the Mark?

THE plain man is asking what is meant by the fall of the mark.

Is Germany about to collapse and, if so, will she bring down the rest of Europe to share her ruin? Before the war, an American dollar was equal in value to 5 German marks. To-day a dollar is worth, not 5 marks but 2,000 marks, which means that the mark has fallen to one four-hundredth of the normal value, and may fall still further. Even Mexico has seldom shown such depreciation of currency.

Consider this practical illustration. A German wanted a copy of a New York daily paper to be mailed him. He sent the publisher 23 marks, equal before the war to about 5.50 dollars. Newspaper and postage came to 5 cents, but the 23 marks, as depreciated, only equalled one cent and a fraction over. It did not pay for the paper, let alone the wrapper and stamps.

In Russia, the same thing has happened, only it is worse. The standard coin there is the ruble and, before the war, an American dollar would buy two of these rubles. To-day, a dollar will buy at least 50,000 rubles, and in the case of Russia we know the reason why. The Russians are Bolsheviks. They wanted to smash what they called the capitalist system. Part of that system is money, and the value of money had therefore to be destroyed. Money had to be made ridiculous. Money had to be sabotaged. So the Bolsheviks did two things—first they announced that there would be no more taxes, which sounded very nice; and, secondly, they paid the expenses of the army and the government by printing paper rubles. This was clever, because it made the ignorant people think that they were getting something—namely, their government—for nothing—that is, no taxes! But it was not long before the Russians discovered the fraud. True, they had plenty of rubles. But the ruble became of so little value that it would not buy anything, which was exactly the situation that the Bolsheviks wanted. Their hope was thus to destroy private property and force the public to depend entirely on labor coupons.

The case of Germany is not so simple. The Germans have had a revolution, but they are not Bolsheviks. They still believe in private property. Some of them, like Herr Stinnes, are exceedingly rich. Why, then, have they flooded the world with billions of marks a week, so seeming to play the same game as Russia? The Germans are far too clever not to know what they are doing. Are they depreciating the mark on purpose or are they depreciating it because they cannot help themselves?

The way to solve the riddle is to regard Germany not as a country, but as a business—what in com-

merce they call a going concern. Before the war, this business, including mines, forests, railways, factories, farms, etc., was worth 80 billion dollars in gold. While some of Germany was annexed through the war, none of Germany was destroyed, and as a business she is now worth about 65 billions of dollars gold.

Like every other business, Germany has liabilities as well as assets. And roughly these liabilities are:

	Dollars
Her National Debt..	60,000,000,000
Reparations	33,000,000,000

Total liabilities.... 93,000,000,000

Thus Germany has assets worth 65 billion dollars and liabilities worth 93 billion dollars, which statement means that she is bankrupt. She cannot hope ever to pay what she owes.

Faced by such a calamity, an ordinary business would declare itself insolvent, call its creditors together and tell them that they can only

hope to receive, say, 50 cents for every dollar they have lent. *By depreciating the mark, this is exactly what Germany has done.* She has shaken herself free of her creditors, whether at home or abroad, reparations alone excepted.

See how it works out. Her national debt of 60 billion dollars (240 billion marks) consists of paper like Liberty Bonds. When the mark fell to one-four-hundredth of its nominal value, this debt fell with it; with the astonishing result that the whole of Germany's internal liabilities can now be repaid by 150 million dollars in gold! The debt of the United States is 24 billion dollars, and its gold value is thus 160 times that of Germany's debt as reduced. Strange though it may seem, Germany has made herself once more solvent. Her creditors—especially her foreign creditors—who hold marks or securities expressed in marks—get next to nothing. The sum of 10,000 dollars invested in a gilt-edged German security, either before or during the war, is now worth no more than 25 dollars.

But the factories, mines and farms are still there, as valuable as ever. And the fall of the mark has actually had the effect of keeping Germany hard at work. Take any average factory. It sells its output, first to the home market, and secondly to the foreign market. Now, within Germany herself, the falling mark means rising prices, and as long as prices rise trade is usually brisk because people know that it is cheaper to buy goods to-day than it will be to buy them to-morrow. The home market has thus been artificially stimulated, which stimulant is doubtless as unhealthy as a drug, but like a drug it has been used to save a desperate situation.

Secondly, look at Germany's foreign market. For everything she buys abroad she pays gold, and for everything she sells abroad she receives gold. Her entire profit on foreign trade is thus a gold profit,



THE WASTE OF WAR

—Harding in Brooklyn Eagle.

and the moment that profit is turned into marks—presto!—it is multiplied fourhundredfold! No wonder that Herr Stinnes is complacent and that the head of Krupp's seems so satisfied. While their gold dealings abroad have gone up fourhundredfold, they still pay wages to the German workers in paper, and at a recent date these wages had only risen eightyfold. It means that, tariff or no tariff, Germany can undersell any other trader in any other solvent market. What does it matter if she crumples up her paper mark when she is conducting with other countries a solid and expanding trade on a gold basis? At the moment, she is known to be arranging to finance the reconstruction of Russia.

The artifice to which the Germans have resorted has, however, very real dangers. As the mark is depressed so—as we have seen—are prices inflated. Unless wages also rise the workers cannot purchase the necessities of life, and there is discontent, developing even to revolution. Germany is to-day a bourgeois republic. She has been successful in avoiding a plunge forward into communism and also a plunge backward into monarchy. But her stability is due entirely to regular employment at wages which have kept almost if not quite level with prices. The crash would come if prices went still higher while wages failed to keep pace.

Hence the belief in Germany that depreciation has been carried quite far enough. Multitudes of unnecessary officials are drawing salaries which increase automatically with the fall of the mark, and there should be drastic economy in the public services. On the other hand, the Germans themselves say that it is useless for them to attempt to hold the mark, even at its present low quotation, if large payments are demanded for reparations, payments to be made in gold or the equivalent of gold. These demands mean that



"I COULD NOT LOVE THEE, DEAR, SO MUCH,
LOVED I NOT HONORS MORE"

—London *Punch*.

Germans of wealth are transferring their resources into other countries, so deliberately forcing a bankruptcy which will compel the Allies to write off the reparations. When this end has been thus achieved, the foreign investments can be changed back into German securities, bought at a knock-out price, and business will start afresh, relieved of its burdens. It appears to be a deep and carefully planned game, the cleverness of which explains the stiff attitude of France, where it is held that if Germany will not find reparations in some form or another, her forests and coal mines or other natural wealth should be seized. A less drastic solution is, perhaps, more generally favored. It is to reduce reparations to a figure which Germany could pay at once by raising an international loan.

The question whether Germany will remain stable thus depends on whether and to what extent the demand for reparations is pressed. Apart from reparations, Germany is steadily gaining ground.

Broadcasts

"There are no slums in Nature."—*Prof. J. Arthur Thomson.*

"No one need fear that the supply of mystery will ever give out. We have only to scrape the surface of our experiences to find fundamental mystery."—*James Harvey Robinson.*

"I should hate the man who could help loving him—or the woman either."—*Mrs. James T. Fields, writing of Bret Harte.*

"There is no life outside us except in works of art; that is why art is so immensely the most important of human products."—*W. J. Turner.*

"America has got the gold of the world, but *we* have saved our souls! Do you think that any one of us who have fought the war—who have lost children in the war—would change with one of them, for all their happiness and prosperity?"—*Rudyard Kipling.*

"There are only two ways in this world of getting things done: politics and war. Politics means trying to get the majority to agree with you; war means achieving your end by brute force. In the incessant struggle between capital and labor, I have seen both sides use both methods; and I prefer politics."—*Bruce Bliven, Managing Editor, New York Globe.*

"I find that a great many people are afraid to try to do a big job of any kind, simply because it is big. In the great achievements of the world size has not been the outstanding obstacle. Nothing is ever as hard as it seems to be."—*Major-General George W. Goethals, builder of the Panama Canal.*

"While it is very true that to become great as a violinist one must start at the earliest possible age, there are many unusual players in the country to-day who started to study the violin after the age of thirty."—*Eugen Ysaie, famous violinist.*

"No one wants to make social blunders. I believe that every one is secretly humiliated by them, even the people who pretend that they care nothing about etiquette."—*Mrs. Lydig Hoyt.*

"Texas has its Ku Klux Klan, but New York has the Society for the Suppression of Vice."—*Heywood Brown.*

"Society, I think, is altogether insipid—altogether valueless. It represents time wasted, and nothing more. My heart has always been in the country. Couldn't be contented to live much in the city."—*Booth Tarkington.*

"When girls come to me crying because they have lost a job, I tell them to look in a mirror."—*Miss Anne Elizabeth Trotter.*

"I believe that no money is better spent than that devoted to scientific research; no money gives a greater spiritual return; no money is going to give a greater pecuniary return."—*Arthur J. Balfour.*

"It is a common practice in England to speak lightly of American newspapers. But I want to tell you that they are rendering an astonishing service to the people; they are printing much more enlightening news from Europe than our papers publish from the United States."—*Sir Auckland Geddes, British Ambassador to the United States in a speech at the Pilgrims' banquet in London.*

"A nation whose citizenship has been drugged and debauched by bonuses, gratuities and subsidies has entered upon a road over which no nation yet has ever beaten a successful retreat."—*Senator Borah.*

"Sixty years ago America was the fourth nation in the world in terms of education. Then it slipped to fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, and finally ninth place. Prussia has one man in a thousand who cannot read or write. Denmark, Switzerland and Holland have one man out of four thousand who cannot read or write. We have seven men in every hundred who have acknowledged that they can do neither, and in the industrial centers among the foreign-born twenty out of every hundred are illiterate. We are still riding in an ox cart as far as rural education is concerned, while physically we are riding in a palace car."—*Newell Dwight Hillis, Pastor of the Plymouth Church in Brooklyn.*

WOODCRAFT EXTOLLED AS THE SCIENCE THAT MAKES MEN

A Gospel for Out-of-Doors

By ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

EVERY American family that contains growing boys should invest in some of the books of Ernest Thompson Seton. There are thirty of them now and they are the best of their kind in the world. As a starter we would recommend the purchase of the six following, just published in a new edition by Doubleday, Page & Company:

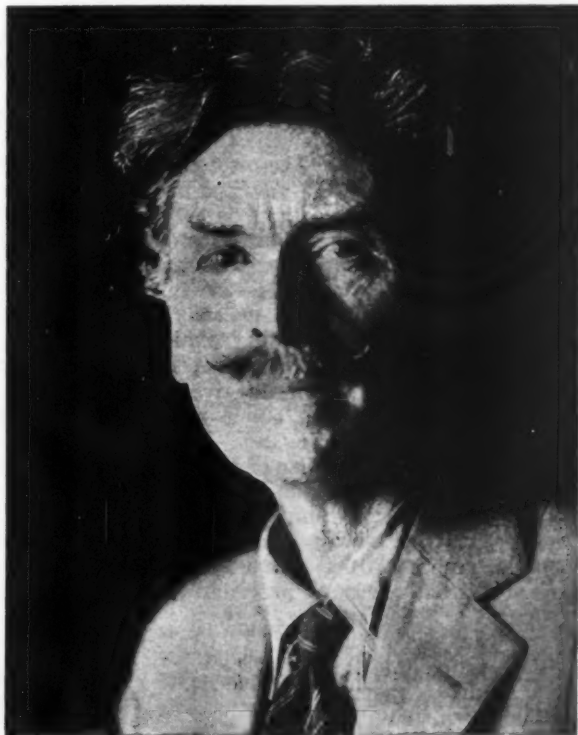
TWO LITTLE SAVAGES
WILD ANIMAL WAYS
ROLF IN THE WOODS
WILD ANIMALS AT HOME
THE BOOK OF WOODCRAFT
WOODLAND TALES

The first thing that strikes one in glancing through these books is their living quality. They deal with the out-of-doors and they are saturated with the outdoor spirit. Mr. Seton has the unusual gift of doing two things at once. He entertains and he instructs. And in addition he is an artist. Some of the books carry hundreds of illustrations made by himself.

There are sketches and articles in the new set that go back as far as 1903. Everything here seems to have been written before the World War, and much of it has the flavor of the era which produced Elbert Hubbard and led to "nature-faking" controversies in which Theodore Roosevelt and John Burroughs participated.

Mr. Seton speaks of woodcraft as "the oldest of all the sciences," the one that, above all, makes for manhood, and says that he would like to lead this whole nation into the way of living outdoors for at least a month each year, reviving and expanding a custom that as far back as Moses was deemed essential to the national well-being.

"Half our diseases," he tells us, "are in our minds and half in our houses. We can safely leave the rest to the phy-



THE NATURE-MAN

Mr. Seton would like to lead this whole nation into the way of living outdoors for at least a month each year, reviving a custom that as far back as Moses was deemed essential to the national well-being.



THIS INDIAN SEAT COMBINES UTILITY
AND BEAUTY

And serves as an illustration of what Ernest Thompson Seton means when he speaks of the value of the picturesque.

sicians for treatment. Sport is the great incentive to Outdoor Life; Nature Study is the intellectual side of sport."

It is not enough, he continues, to take men out of doors. We must also teach them to enjoy it. In this connection he recalls the action of a benevolent rich man who, impressed with the importance of "getting back to nature," chartered a steamer and took some hundreds of slum boys up to the Catskills for a day in the woods. They were duly landed and told to "go in now and have a glorious time," but, an hour later, on being looked up, were found in groups under bushes, smoking cigarets, shooting "craps" and playing cards—the only things they knew.

With a view to preventing similar disasters, Mr. Seton has been at pains to make the information he gives as specific as possible. He summons all the literary forms to his aid. If the thing that he has to say can be best said in poetry, he says it that way. If a story or an allegory seem to convey the idea better, then a story or an allegory is what he sets down. Sometimes he writes with a teacher's precision and authority. When diagrams or plans are needed to explain the text, he draws them.

The story, "Two Little Savages," for instance, is not a story of savages at all, but of two American boys

who go into the woods and have the time of their lives. A lizard and a frog jump from the pages as we turn them; a lynx's face stares at us; a bird sings; and scattered about, in margins, are leaves and flowers. One chapter tells how to make bows and arrows. Another is a treatise on the making of "teepees."

"Wild Animal Ways" has the same kind of charm. It is natural history in story form. We read here of "Coaly-Bay," an outlaw horse who casts the dust of civilization from his hoofs and goes to live with wild horses on the plains. We learn also of "Way-Atcha, the Coon-Raccoon of Kilder Creek," and of Billy, a dog who saves his master's life by jumping on to the snout of a grizzly bear.

"Woodland Tales" was written for children of all ages who have not outgrown the delight of a fairy tale. It tells of things to see in the woods in Spring, in Summer, in Autumn, in Winter. It tells of things for "the thinking hand" to do and for "the winged soul" to remember.

The most substantial of all the new set is "The Book of Woodcraft and Indian Lore." Mr. Seton tells us in this book that he "hungred beyond expression," when he was a boy, for just such information as he has tried herein to impart. "It would be a great joy to me," he continues, "if I could reach and help a considerable number of such heart-hungry boys tormented with an insatiate instinct for the woods, and if I fail of this, I shall at least have the lasting pleasures of having lived through these things myself and of having written about them."

"The Book of Woodcraft" is a veritable encyclopedia in its field. It treats



THE CUTE COYOTE AS MR. SETON DRAWS HIM

of camping as an art, and goes into every detail of the outdoor life. Riding, hunting, camper-craft, scouting, mountaineering, Indian-craft, first-aid, starcraft, signaling, boating, athletics, motoring and wild animal photography, all receive attention, and are all, in a sense, represented by the camp-fire which Mr. Seton celebrates in a memorable passage:

"What is a camp without a camp-fire?—no camp at all, but a chilly place in a landscape, where some people happen to have some things.

"When first the brutal anthropoid stood up and walked erect—was man, the great event was symbolized and marked by the lighting of the first camp-fire.

"For millions of years our race has seen in this blessed fire the means and emblem of light, warmth, protection, friendly gathering, council. All the hallow of the ancient thoughts, hearth, fireside, home is centered in its glow, and the home-tie itself is weakened with the waning of the home-fire. Not in the steam radiator can we find the spell; not in the water coil; not even in the gas log; they do not reach the heart. Only the ancient sacred fire of wood has power to touch and thrill the chords of primitive remembrance. When men sit together at the camp-fire they seem to shed all modern form and poise, and hark back to the primitive—to meet as man and man—to show the naked soul. Your camp-fire partner wins your love, or hate, mostly your love; and having camped in peace together, is a lasting bond of union—however wide your worlds may be apart."

For any considerable number of campers Mr. Seton recommends the Tribal or Indian form of organization. "The Book of Woodcraft" is in large part a tribute to the Indian.

We have had two pictures offered us of the Indian: one, the ideal savage of Longfellow, the primitive man, so noble in nature that he was incapable of anything small or mean or wicked; the other, presented by those who fought against him and who sketched him as a demon of cruelty and cowardice. Which is the true picture? Mr. Seton answers:



A FIRESIDE TRICK, OF INDIAN ORIGIN
Explained by Mr. Seton as follows: If you hold your hands in the manner indicated you can separate your thumbs easily: they are you and your brother. You can separate the first fingers not quite so easily: they are you and your father. You can separate the little fingers, but that comes a little harder: they are you and your sister. You can barely separate the middle fingers at all: they are you and your mother. The ring fingers you cannot separate without everything going to pieces: they are you and your sweetheart.

"Let us calmly examine the pages of history, taking the words and records of Redmen and white, friends and foes of the Indian, and be prepared to render a verdict, in absolute accordance with that evidence, no matter where it leads us.

"Let us begin by admitting that it is fair to take the best examples of the red race, to represent Indian philosophy and goodness; even as we ourselves would prefer being represented by Emerson, Tolstoi, Lincoln, Spencer, Peabody, General Booth or Whitman, rather than by the border ruffians and cutthroat outlaws who were the principal exemplars of our ways among the Indians.

"It is freely admitted that in all tribes, at all times, there were reprobates and scoundrels, a reproach to the people; just as amongst ourselves we have outcasts, tramps, drunkards and criminals. But these were despised by their own people and barely tolerated.

"We must in fairness judge the Indian and his way of life and thought by the exemplifications of his best types: Hia-

watha, Wabasha I, Tshut-che-nau, Ma-to-to-pa, Tecumseh, Kanakuk, Chief Joseph, Dull Knife, Washakie, and many that loved their own people and were in no wise touched by the doctrines of the whites. If from these men we gather their beliefs, their teachings, and the common thoughts that guided their lives, we may fairly assume that we have outlined the creed of the best Indians."

Mr. Seton goes on to define the message of the Indian under six heads:

"1st. *He was the great prophet of outdoor life.* He was strong when he lived in the sun; and when, under pressure, he took to a house, he was like Samson shorn of his hair. By the physical perfection of his body he showed the truth of his way. He was a living protest against house-life. He, above all others, can show us how to get the joys, and escape the dangers, of life in the open air.

"2nd. *He was a master of woodcraft—* woodcraft, the oldest of all the sciences; the one that, above all, makes for manhood. Strength, speed, skill, courage, knowledge of the woods and its creatures, star-wisdom, water-wisdom, plant lore, and everything that makes for the well-built man in masterful touch with a large environment of blue air, is part of woodcraft. And in this above all other men, the Indian can be our guide.

"3rd. *He taught the sacred duty of rev-*

erencing, beautifying and perfecting the body.

"4th. *He sought for the beautiful in everything.* He teaches us that, if we have the spirit of beauty within, we may beautify everything in every office and walk of our lives. Every weapon, tool, utensil, garment and house; yes, every gesture—he has taught us how to make beautiful. His songs, stories, dances, ceremonies, his system of etiquet and courtesy, were expressions in his daily life that proved his mind; and in the making of beautiful tents, blankets, baskets and canoes, he has easily led the world. These things were mere expressions of his broad creed that the Great Spirit is in everything, everywhere, all the time.

"5th. *He solved one great economic problem that vexes us to-day.* By his life and tribal constitution, he has shown us that the nationalization of all natural resources and national interests puts a stop at once equally to abject poverty and to monstrous wealth.

"6th. *He was the world's great historic protest against avarice.* Under various euphonious names we encourage greed as a safeguard against destitution. He showed that it has no bearing on the case and that it unavoidably ends in measureless crime."

Mr. Seton shares the point of view expressed in Helen Hunt Jackson's "Century of Dishonor." He points out that the whites were much crueler to the Indians than the Indians were to the whites. He goes so far as to argue that American triumph over the British in 1776 was won very largely because of American training in woodcraft learned from the Indians. "America," as he puts it, "owes much to the Redman. But the Redman can do a greater service now and in the future. He can teach us the ways of outdoor life, the nobility of courage, the joy of beauty, the blessedness of enough, the glory of service, the power of kindness, the super-excellence of peace of mind and the scorn of death. For these were the things that the Redman stood for; these were the sum of his faith."



SHAKING HANDS WITH A GRIZZLY
One of hundreds of illustrations made by Ernest Thompson Seton for his nature-books.

HIGHWAYS TO MASTERY AS OBSERVED BY A MASTER BUILDER

The Philosophical Record of a Notable Business Career

By HENRY FORD

IT was life on the farm that drove me into devising ways and means to better transportation. I was born on July 30, 1863, on a farm at Dearborn, Michigan, and my earliest recollection is that there was too much work on the place for results. That is the way I still feel about farming. There is a legend that my parents were very poor and that the early days were hard ones. Certainly they were not rich, but neither were they poor. As Michigan farmers went, we were prosperous. The house in which I was born is still standing, and it and the farm are part of my present holding.

There was too much hard, hand labor on our own and all other farms of the time. Even when very young I suspected that much might somehow be done in a better way. That is what took me into mechanics—although my mother always said that I was a born mechanic. I had a kind of workshop with odds and ends of metal for tools before I had anything else. In those days we did not have the toys of today; what we had were home made. My toys were all tools—they still are. And every fragment of machinery was a treasure.

The biggest event of those early years was meeting with a road engine about eight miles out of Detroit one day when we were driving to town. I was then twelve years old. The second biggest event was getting a watch—which happened in the same year. I remember that engine as though I had

IN collaboration with Samuel Crowther, the creator of the motor car which bears his name has told the story of "My Life and Work" in a book to be published this Fall by Doubleday, Page & Co. Mr. Ford has both his tractors and detractors. That he is of Presidential caliber is both affirmed and denied. His successes so far outnumber his failures, however, that his biography compels interest and attention.

seen it only yesterday, for it was the first vehicle other than horse-drawn that I had ever seen. It was that engine that took me into automotive transportation. I tried to make models of it, and some years later I did make

one that ran very well, but from the time I saw that road engine as a boy of twelve right forward to to-day my great interest has been in making a machine that would travel the roads.

My "gasoline buggy" was the first, and for a long time the only, automobile in Detroit. It was considered to be something of a nuisance, for it made a racket and it scared horses. Also I blocked traffic. For if I stopped my machine anywhere in town a crowd was around it before I could start it up again. If I left it alone even for a minute some inquisitive person always tried to run it. Finally I had to carry a chain, and chain it to a lamp post whenever I went in anywhere. And then there was trouble with the police. I do not know quite why, for my impression is that there were no speed-limit laws in those days. Anyway, I had to get a special permit from the mayor, and thus for a time enjoyed the distinction of being the only licensed chauffeur in America. I ran that machine about one thousand miles through 1895 and 1896, and then sold it to Charles Ainsley of Detroit for two hundred dollars. That was my first sale. . . . In 1903, with Tom Cooper, I built two cars solely for speed. They were quite alike. One we named the "999" and the other the



Courtesy McClure's Magazine

OUT FOR A "SPIN" IN FORD CAR No. 1

John Burroughs is acting as steersman, and his companion and host is Henry Ford in this pioneer machine.

"Arrow." If an automobile were going to be known for speed, then I was going to make an automobile that would be known wherever speed was known. These were. I put in four great big cylinders giving 80 H. P., which up to that time had been unheard of. The roar of those cylinders alone was enough to half kill a man. There was only one seat. *One life* to a car was enough. I tried out the cars. Cooper tried out the cars. We let them run at full speed. I can not quite describe the sensation. Going over Niagara Falls would have been but a pastime after a ride in one of them. I did not want to take the responsibility of racing the "999," which we put up first, neither did Cooper. Cooper said he knew a man who lived on speed, that nothing could go too fast for him. He wired to Salt Lake City and on came a profes-

sional bicycle rider named Barney Oldfield. He had never driven a motor car, but he liked the idea of trying it. He said he would try anything once. . . .

The "999" did what it was intended to do. It advertised the fact that I could build a fast motor car. A week after the race I formed the Ford Motor Company. I was vice-president, designer, master mechanic, superintendent and general manager. The capitalization of the company was one hundred thousand dollars and of this I owned 25½ per cent. The total amount subscribed in cash was about twenty-eight thousand dollars, which is the only money that the company ever received

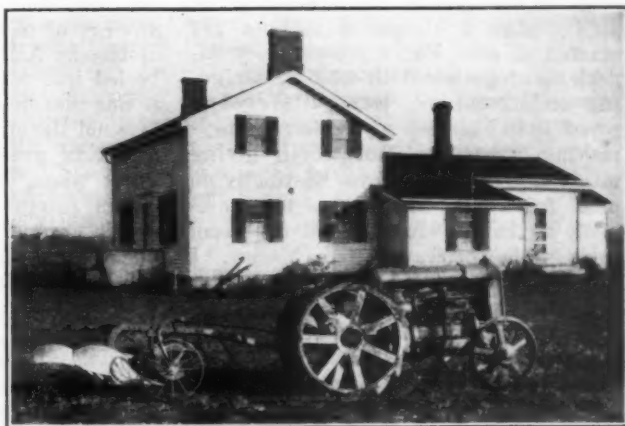
for the capital fund from other than operations. In the beginning I thought that it was possible, notwithstanding my former experience, to go forward with a company in which I owned less than the controlling share. I very shortly found that I had to have control and therefore in 1906, with funds that I had earned in the company, I bought enough stock to bring my holdings up to 51 per cent. and a little later bought enough more to give me 58½ per cent. The new equipment and the whole progress of the company has always been financed out of earnings. In 1919 my son Edsel purchased the remaining 41½ per cent. of the stock because certain of the minority stockholders disagreed with my policies. For these shares he paid at the rate of \$12,500 for each \$100 par and in all paid about seventy-five millions. . . .

Some of the stockholders were seriously alarmed when our production reached one hundred cars a day. They wanted to do something to stop me from ruining the company and when I replied to the effect that one hundred cars a day was only a trifle and that I hoped before long to make a thousand a day, they were inexpressibly shocked and I understand seriously contemplated court action. If I had followed the general opinion of my associates I would have kept the business about as it was, put our funds into a fine administration building, tried to make bargains with such competitors as seemed too active, made new designs from time to time to catch the fancy of the public, and generally have passed on into the position of a quiet, respectable citizen with a quiet, respectable business.

Now a business, in my way of thinking, is not a machine. It is a collection of people who are brought together to do work and not to write letters to one another. It is not necessary for any one department to know what any other department is doing. If a man is doing his work he will not have time to take up any other work. It is the business of those who plan the entire work, to see that all of the departments are working properly toward the same end. It is not necessary to have meetings to establish good feeling between individuals or departments. It is not necessary for people to love each other in order to work together. Too much good fellowship may indeed be a very bad thing, for it may lead to one man trying to cover up the faults of another. . . . And so the Ford factories and enterprises have no organization, no

specific duties attaching to any position, no line of succession or of authority, very few titles, and no conferences. . . .

If it at any time became a question between lowering wages or abolishing dividends, I would abolish dividends. That time is not apt to come, for there is no economy in low wages. If it is right for the manager of a business to try to make it pay larger dividends, it is quite as right that he should try to make it pay higher wages. But it is not the manager of the business who pays the high wages. Of course, if he can and will not, then the blame is on him. But he alone can never make high wages possible. High wages cannot be paid unless the workmen earn them. Their labor is the productive factor. It is not the only productive factor—poor management can waste labor and material and nullify the efforts of labor. Labor can nullify the results of good management. But in a partnership of skilled management and honest labor, it is the workman who makes high wages possible. . . . It is possible to increase the well-being of the workingman—not by having him do less work, but by aiding him to do more. If the world will give its attention and



Courtesy McClure's Magazine

HENRY FORD POINTS TO HIS BIRTHPLACE AS EVIDENCE THAT HIS PARENTS WERE NOT POOR

In front of the house where he was born in Michigan is shown a Fordson tractor and plow.

interest and energy to the making of plans that will profit the other fellow as he is, then such plans can be established on a practical working basis. Such plans will endure—and they will be profitable both in human and financial values. What this generation needs is a deep faith, a profound conviction in the practicability of righteousness, justice and humanity in industry. If we cannot have these qualities, then we were better off without industry. . . .

I am not a reformer. I think there is entirely too much attempt at reforming in the world and that we pay too much attention to reformers. The man who calls himself a reformer wants to smash things. He is the sort of man who could tear up a whole shirt because the collar button did not fit the button hole. It would never occur to him to enlarge the hole. This sort of reformer never under any circumstances knows what he is doing. Experience and reform do not go together. A reformer cannot keep his zeal at white heat in the presence of a fact. . . .

I early determined never to join a company in which finance came before the work or in which bankers or financiers had a part. And, further, that if there was no way of getting started in the kind of business that I thought could be managed in the interest of the public, then I simply would not get started at all. For my own short experience, together with what I saw going on around me, was quite enough proof that business as a mere money-making game was not worth giving much thought to, and was distinctly no place for a man who wanted to accomplish anything. Also it did not seem to me to be the way to make money. I have yet to have it demonstrated that it is the way. For the only foundation of real business is service. . . .

The time for a business man to borrow money, if ever, is when he does not need it. That is, when he does not need it as a substitute for the things he ought himself to do. If a man's business is in excellent condition and in need of expansion, it is comparatively

safe to borrow. But if a business is in need of money through mismanagement, then the thing to do is to get into the business and correct the trouble from the inside—not poultice it with loans for the outside. . . .

The fallacy of having bankers in business is that they think solely in terms of money. They think of a factory as making money, not goods. They want to watch the money, not the efficiency of production. They cannot comprehend that a business never stands still, it must go forward or back. They regard a reduction in prices as a throwing away of profit instead of as a building of business. . . .

No man with true patriotism could make money out of war—out of the sacrifice of other men's lives. Until the soldier makes money by fighting, until mothers make money by giving their sons to death—not until then should any citizen make money out of providing his country with the means to preserve its life. Yet there were men in every country who were glad to see the World War begin and sorry to see it stop. Hundreds of American fortunes date from the Civil War; tens of thousands of new fortunes date from the World War. Nobody can deny that war is a profitable business for those who like that kind of money. War is an orgy of money, just as it is an orgy of blood. And we should not so easily be led into war if we considered what it was that makes a nation really great. It is not the amount of trade that makes a nation great. A country becomes great when, by the wise development of its resources and the skill of its people, property is widely and fairly distributed. Foreign trade is full of delusions. France has something to give the world of which no competition can cheat her. So has Italy. So has Russia. So have the countries of South America. So has Japan. So has Britain. So has the United States. The sooner we get back to a basis of natural specialties and drop this free-for-all system of grab, the sooner we shall be sure of international self-respect—and peace.

WHAT MUSSOLINI AND THE FASCISTI MEAN TO ITALY

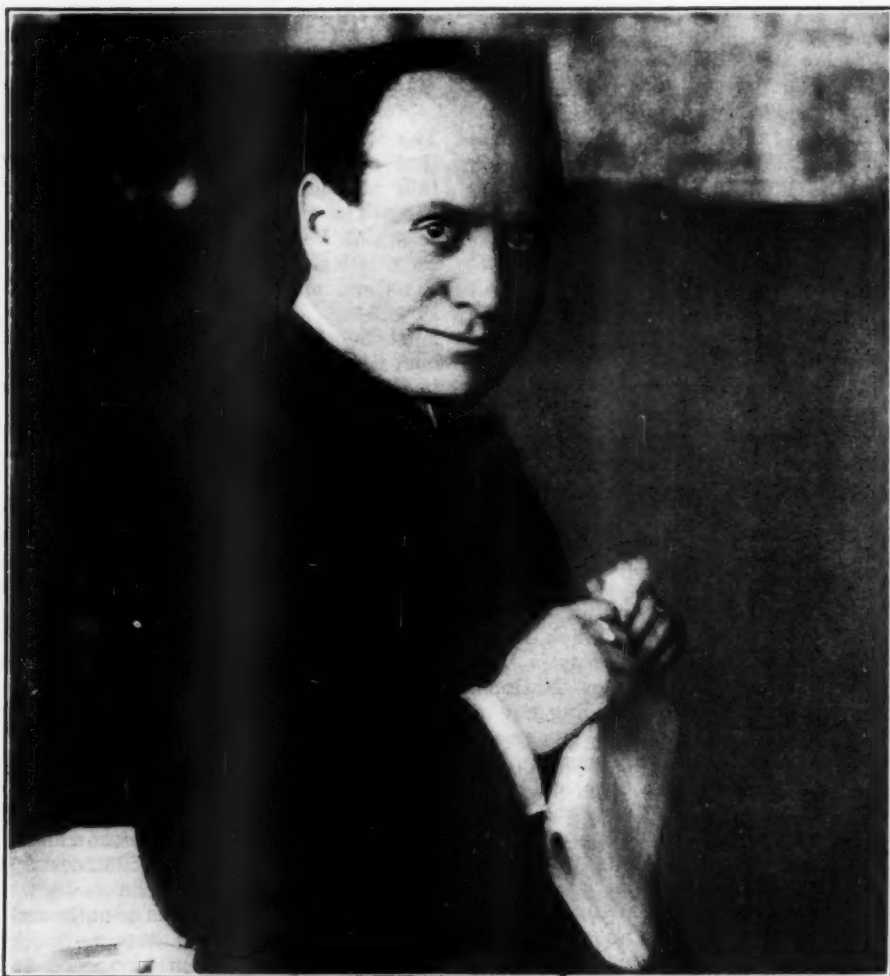
ITALY, rent in twain by the strife of Fascisti and Communists, is undergoing a social upheaval which has astounded and mystified Italians themselves. What exactly does it mean? The leader of the Fascisti—their “dux” or “duke”—is one Benito Mussolini, whose name, until recently, was unknown outside his native land. Before the war he was a Socialist and director of *Avanti*, a Socialist journal, but he fought bravely against Austria, displaying that kind of labor patriotism with which Americans are familiar in Samuel Gompers, French in Aristide Briand, Russians in Alexander Kerensky and British in Arthur Henderson. Returning after the Armistice to journalism, Mussolini, who is even now only 38 years old, became editor of the *Popolo d'Italia*, through which newspaper he organized the *Fascio Nazionale dei Combattenti*, or National League of Fighters, resembling not so much the Ku Klux Klan, with its curious secret mummary, as the American Legion. The Fascisti are open and spectacular in their operations, and while D'Annunzio, until recently, held back from their enterprise, they were none the less mobilizing the patriotic fervor aroused by his battle for Fiume.

From the first, the Fascisti movement suggested challenge. In the Italian mind, there ever lies subconscious a latent memory of old Rome. Six hundred years ago it was a memory evoked by the trumpet of Rienzi, tribune of the people, whose exploits are celebrated in the writings of Bulwer Lytton and in the music of Wagner. It is to old Rome that the Fascisti appeal. They have nineteen “legions,” with “cohorts,” “centurions” and all the symbolism of the Roman armies. The very word “fascisti” means men of the “fasces,” or bundle of rods, bound around the axe, which is the ever familiar ensign of Roman justice. In a sense, then, these men are not royalists.

The Rome they revere was the Rome that was still a republic. They entertain no particular affection for the King Victor and the House of Savoy to which he belongs. What interests them is Italy, not as a monarchy but as a nation, and for many of them the Pope, elected by Cardinals, all of whom must be technically clergy of the Roman diocese, yet elected for the world, is the most ancient and glorious survival of what Rome was.

The fact that the Fascisti are national and even republican rather than monarchical should be the more clearly appreciated, because it is apt to be obscured by use which royalists outside Italy are making of the movement. In Greece, King Constantine is enrolling “fascisti” against his enemies, the Venezelists. In Bavaria, too, the Wittelsbach dynasty is considering whether an application of Mussolini's methods might not promote counter revolution. Even in France, Poincaré is said to be observant and with him the royalists. But despite all this, we shall misread the Italian “fascismo” if we suppose it to be aristocratic in character. It is popular and includes an immense number of farmers.

In Italy, demonstrations usually end in making history. It was so with Rienzi, who rose from eloquence to power. It was so with Savonarola who, as a monk in Florence, ruled that city for a time from his pulpit. Garibaldi paraded his way to immortal fame. D'Annunzio, the poet, almost upset the Paris Conference. And now it is not too much to say that Mussolini, with a million men at his back, though a mere editor and deputy, has more influence than the King. He has not ordered his legions to march on Rome. But, in October, they meet at Naples, where Garibaldi became so formidable, and, in the meantime, one of their newspapers has declared that “the cycle of monarchy in Italy is ended.”



© Underwood & Underwood

HE IS COMPARED TO GARIBALDI IN ITALY

Benito Mussolini, the Fascisti leader, launched a counter attack against the enemies of Government in that country and set an example for Russia.

Two circumstances have lent influence to the Fascisti. The first is the weakness of traditional politics in Italy. Finance is deplorable. The post office and the railways have turned profits into losses. There is waste and there is pilferage. The second circumstance is Communism. Italian Labor has declared affiliation with the Third International of Russia and had seized cities and industries, with a disastrous effect upon production and commerce. The

revolution in the northern provinces thus caused a contrary and not less violent reaction. At Genoa, at Milan, at Bologna and a score of other towns, the Fascisti crushed even the duly elected communist authorities and burned the headquarters of organized labor with the offices of labor newspapers. Nor, where necessary, did they spare the Church. Socialist clergy and the Catholic press, where Socialist, were roughly disciplined.

It must not be supposed that, in thus taking the law into his own hands, Mussolini is without opponents. The very ease of his success encourages rivals. Indeed, throughout the middle ages and until recent times, the unity impact of individual genius in that of Italy has been menaced by the very country. Ricciotti Garibaldi, whose father led "the red shirts," is telling the people to get behind the King against "the black shirts" of the Fascisti. D'Annunzio, too, who with considerable shrewdness had stood aside while the Fascisti cleaned up the Communists, showed himself quite ready to reap the benefits of that operation, and would have proved a serious thorn in the side of Mussolini, had not the poet argued somewhat too fiercely with a lady who was his guest and tumbled backwards over a parapet, thereby suffering a severe concussion of a brain already sufficiently excited. A third influence on the Fascisti is the Church. Pope Pius is no longer the prisoner of

the Vatican. He is reconciled to the Throne of Italy. He is intervening in the politics of Italy. The Catholic Party in the Italian Parliament is led by a priest, Don Sturzo, whose industry has more than once modified Italian governments. With religion Mussolini must reckon.

Also he realizes that he cannot turn the workers "from Bolshevism to Bourgeoisie" unless he retains trade unionism or its equivalent. His program thus includes items like the eight-hour day, old-age pensions, industrial insurance, a peasant proprietorship and representation of the workers in the management of business. It thus reminds one not a little of the British Liberalism, associated before the war with the names of Asquith and Lloyd George—always including a certain imperialism expressed in phrases like "the evolution of the Italian state into a true republican government" and "Italian expansion in the Mediterranean and the world."

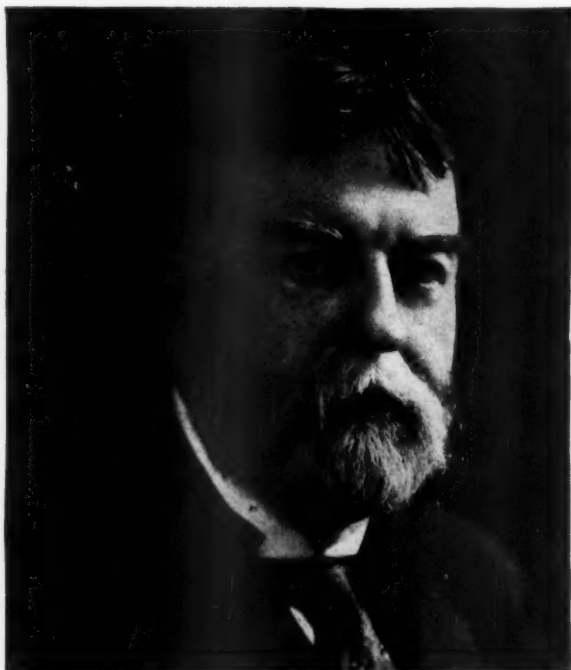
A DOCTOR OF SICK RAILROADS WHOSE POSITION IS UNIQUE

A PARADOX of the railway strike situation has been the dominant voice of L. F. Loree, president of the Delaware & Hudson, a comparatively small road, in the councils of the railway executives. A glance at his record explains his predominance, however, in revealing that he has put more railroads on their feet than any other man now living. In transportation circles it is generally consented that he has a clear title to the mantle of Harriman and Hill—a tribute to the force and character of the man himself rather than to the size of the properties he directs. Neither the Delaware & Hudson, of which he has been president since 1907, nor the Kansas City Southern, of which he has been executive head since 1906, are comparable in mileage to any of our half-dozen far-flung transcontinental systems. Yet, at their

helms, Loree has merely added to the extraordinary achievements of his earlier career.

The Kansas City Southern, just out of the receiver's hands, was known in the railway world as "a right of way and two streaks of rust," when Loree was called from retirement to save it from total loss. He made it the banner road of the Southwest. The Delaware & Hudson was tottering from the panic of 1907 when E. H. Harriman turned the tremendous task of its rehabilitation over to Loree. He set it on its feet with rather amazing speed.

Long before this, records Merle Crowell, in the *American Magazine*, Leonor Fresnel Loree had qualified as an expert physician for sick railroads. In 1901, when only forty-three years old, he was called to the presidency of the Baltimore & Ohio, also just out of the hands



© Underwood & Underwood

ON HIM HAS FALLEN THE MANTLE OF HARRIMAN
AND HILL

L. F. Loree's is a dominant voice in the councils of American
railway executives.

of a receiver and in a pitiful state of disorganization. His resuscitation of the B. & O. system was one of the great accomplishments of American rail annals.

Meanwhile, a powerful Wall Street coterie had obtained control of the Rock Island lines, the St. Louis & San Francisco Railway and several lesser roads, and had mapped out an ambitious program. In furthering it, it was decided that Loree's services must be obtained at all costs.

Three times he turned down an offer of the presidency. Finally, the financiers came back with a salary offer so large that Loree was forced to consider it. His three years with the B. & O. had brought it to a state of prosperity. He knew that the remaining details of his plans could be carried out by other hands. So he accepted the Rock Island offer.

Within nine months he had mapped out complete plans for the rehabilitation of the system and had started to put them into effect. But questions arose, over which the reconciliation of opposing views became impossible, and Loree resigned. He has a choleric tendency. Shortly afterward he withdrew from active railroad management, a step made necessary by ill health and overwork.

There seems to be no question but that Loree is a man of pronounced ideas, and these he does not hesitate to put into execution. Several times in the course of his career the execution of these pronounced—or, as he would say, "advanced"—views have brought him into serious conflict with those above him. In each case he stepped down and out, resigned forthwith what-

ever berth he happened to be filling at the time, but in each instance he bobbed up serenely and was next heard of in a better and a much more lucrative position. Harriman once said in discussing Loree: "He is a man no one can down. When he thinks he is right the world can't convince him to the contrary, and that is the type of man I like."

After a retirement of two years, he came back into harness as the head of the two systems he now directs. He found time, however, to assist in the Rock Island reorganization. This was followed by other notable achievements—including the reorganization of the Wheeling & Lake Erie, the Péré Marquette and other lines.

Loree sits behind a simple flat-top desk in his New York office, a man of massive build, with firm, quiet voice, and lucent gray eyes that look from

(Concluded on page 481)



© Harris & Ewing

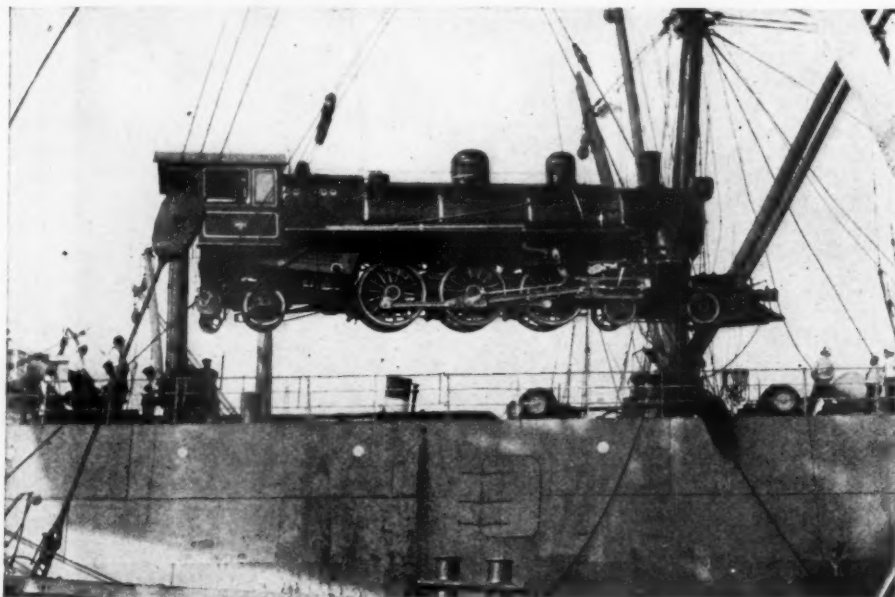
WHY SCRAP OUR BATTLE CRUISERS WHEN THEY CAN BE CONVERTED INTO AIRPLANE CARRIERS? It can be done without violating the terms of the Washington Conference treaty. The lower model is of the airplane carrier, the upper is of the cruiser before its conversion.



© P & A Photos

THEY MEANT WELL IN STARTING FOR BRAZIL, BUT FAILED

Lieut. Hinton and his companions leaving New York in the *Sampaio Correia*, which plunged into West Indian waters, thus terminating the flight, without fatalities.



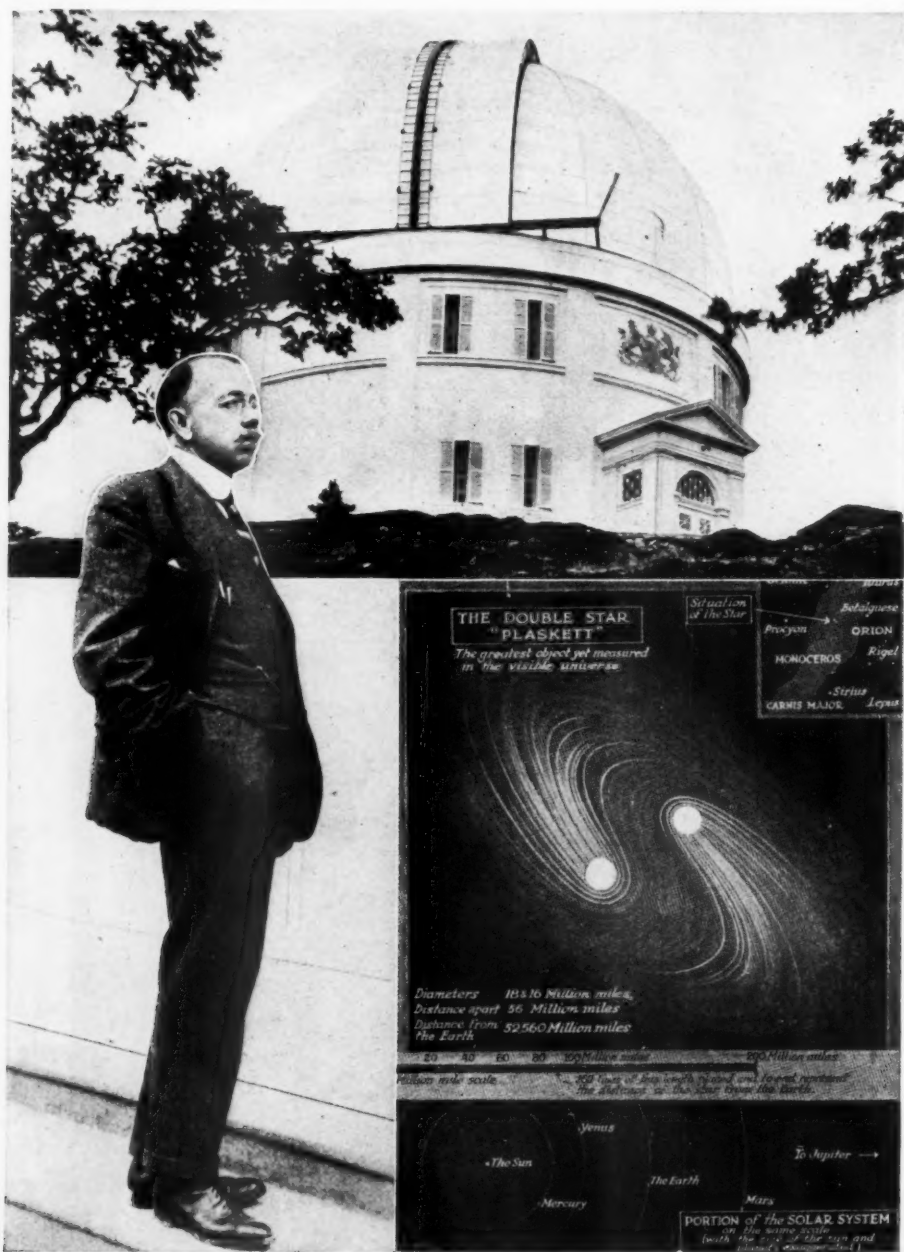
© P & A Photos

A LOCOMOTIVE SHIPPED COMPLETE FOR THE FIRST TIME ON RECORD

The loading of this 75-ton engine destined for the Argentine Republic occurred at the Eddystone, Penn., plant of the Baldwin Works. The custom has been to "knock down" and reassemble locomotives.



© Italian Establishment of Aeronautics
A REMARKABLE AIR PHOTOGRAPH OF THE CRATER OF VESUVIUS IN ACTION
Since February, when an eruption caused the collapse of the main cone, and lava spread over an area of 100,000 square feet, a new cone has formed
and is to be seen tossing masses of smoke and hot stones skyward.



© Keystone View Co.

A NEW DOUBLE STAR IS DISCOVERED 52 BILLION MILES FROM THE EARTH
It is named Plaskett in honor of Prof. J. S. Plaskett of the British Columbia Observatory (shown above) who made the discovery. One star is 18 and the other 16 million miles in diameter.



© Wide World Photos
BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF STONE MOUNTAIN, NEAR ATLANTA, GEORGIA, ON WHICH A COLOSSAL CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL WILL BE CARVED. It will cost \$2,000,000.
Gutzon Borglum, the sculptor, is reported to be about to begin work on a scale never before attempted in sculpture.

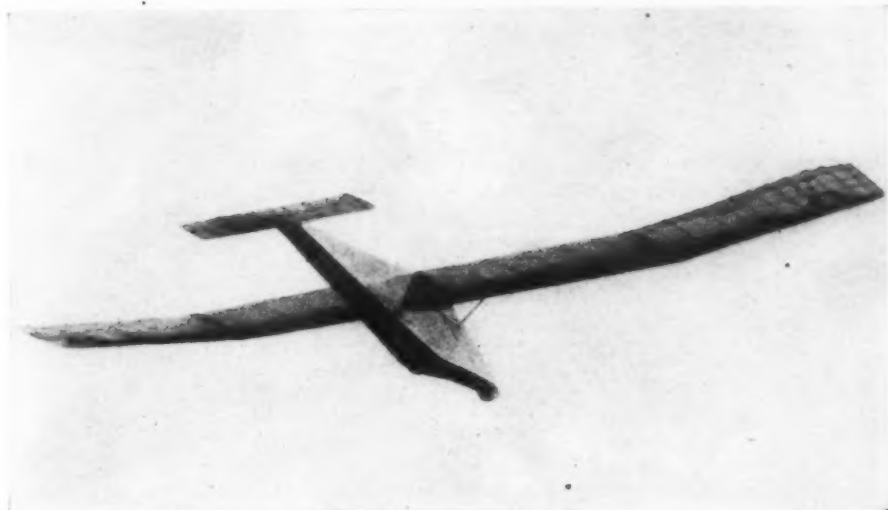


THE AUTHOR OF "THIS FREEDOM" AND THE BEST SELLER "IF WINTER COMES"

A. S. M. Hutchinson was unknown as a novelist even in his native England two years ago. He makes his debut as a dramatist this fall.



A POLISH SEA-CAPTAIN WHO BECAME A GREAT ENGLISH NOVELIST
Joseph Conrad (born Tendorf Josef Konrad Korzeniowski) was 38 when his first book was published and nearly 30 when he mastered English.



© P & A Photos

A MOTORLESS AIRPLANE THAT REMAINED ALOFT 3 HOURS AND 6 MINUTES
The machine, photographed in flight, landed on a mountain near Gersfeld, Germany, 1160 feet above the starting point.



© Wide World Photos

SHOWING THE GLIDER AND PILOT STARTING ON A RECORD-MAKING FLIGHT
Herr Hentzen, the pilot, is a student flyer of the Hanover (Germany) Technical School and the gliding competition was held in August in the Rhoen Mountains.



© International

AT 21 HE IS THE CHAMPION BILLIARD PLAYER OF THE WORLD

Jacob Schaefer, Jr., has fulfilled the dream of his father, once the champion, by winning and holding the coveted title.



© International

SOVEREIGN OF THE ROYAL GAME OF CHESS
José R. Capablanca again demonstrated his supremacy at the recent London Chess Congress.



© International

AMERICA HAS A NEW BICYCLING CHAMPION
Willie Spencer, Canadian born but now an American citizen, won the professional title recently.

(Continued from page 472)

what physiognomists call the "concave" type of face—characteristic of men who "get things done." In contour his face reminds one somewhat of General Grant.

Like Grant also Loree is a product of the Middle West, having been born in Fulton City, Illinois, sixty-four years ago. His father, who was a millwright, moved presently to Rahway, New Jersey, and it was from nearby Rutgers College that young Loree was graduated in 1877, having specialized in science and mathematics.

The nineteen-year-old youth's eyes were turned to the railroad field, then in the heyday of its national development. He slung a surveyor's tripod over his shoulder and became a thirty-five-dollar-a-month engineering assistant on construction work around New York for the Pennsylvania road. After several months of varied experience, he found himself out of a job through a reduction in forces.

He spent the next two years in the U. S. Army engineering corps, working with tides and currents, and making soundings and triangulations up and down the Atlantic coast. During these two years he was accumulating a great fund of engineering and general knowledge. Most of his spare hours were spent in study, a habit he followed from the time he left college. Indeed, he had found time to learn law so well that he had passed the bar admission examinations.

In 1881 Loree went to Mexico as head of a construction gang on the Mexican National Railway. But after two years the road got into financial difficulties and the young engineer returned to the States, where he was made assistant engineer of the Indianapolis and Vincennes Division of the Pennsylvania lines.

Realizing that the best-informed man is the best equipped for progress and promotion, Loree determined to study railroading from every possible angle. He found that American railways had been developing so rapidly that scant attention had been paid to many im-

portant factors. One of these was the question of grades. He saw that money spent for reducing grades would be more than repaid in increased revenue from the hauling of greater loads. His investigations revealed the fact that no railroads with grades as low as one-half of one per cent. had ever gone into the hands of a receiver. He mapped out comprehensive plans for grade reductions, but his superiors were unwilling to authorize the necessarily heavy expenditures. So Loree decided to stage an object lesson for the benefit of the president and executive officers, who were coming West on their annual inspection tour. At Cleveland Loree assembled the oldest and the newest of the locomotives under his jurisdiction. Between them he set up a sign reading as follows:

The little engine is the standard of 1869, and the big engine is the standard of 1897. The little engine can bring from Pittsburgh to Wellsville a larger train than the big engine can bring from Wellsville to Cleveland.

There were many wry faces in the president's party at the sight of the exhibit, we are told. Some of the visitors considered it an audacious jest. The president did not reprimand his young superintendent, however. Although the grades were not reduced immediately, they were later on in conformity with his dream.

L. F. Loree is not a good mixer, we read, but even those who consider him a stern disciplinarian have been among the first to recognize his sense of fairness. He has a lively sentiment for the men in his organization and an unusual capacity for putting himself in the place of the other fellow.

In one of his early executive positions on the Pennsylvania lines it became necessary for him to administer a reprimand to a bearded veteran in the service. The incident troubled him greatly. "I can imagine how humiliating it must have been to that man to accept reproof from a beardless youth like me," he said to a friend, and thereupon he grew the beard he has worn ever since.

THE ANGLO-SAXON

A Narrative of Dark Deeds on the Barbary Coast

By WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

WE had been trying to wear out the Newfoundland fog in a corner of the smoking saloon, the Doctor, the Tinsmith, the Yankee Consul and I; and the talk had got to grips somehow with the old argument of heredity versus environment in the shaping of a human career. The Doctor (to my surprise) held for environment; the Tinsmith (as unexpectedly) for the blood. Before I had had a chance to air my convictions the Yankee Consul took the word.

"There's a certain fellow I'm thinking of, and I've no doubt you've all known him more or less, here and there. This fellow is a Britisher—above-decks an Englishman, below-decks a Scot. You know him: worships the God and the marmalade of the street where he was born and maybe never sees it after he's fourteen—the kind that takes to the sea, and always has, and gobbled up the globe in the process—gray-sandy-red-headed, thin-beaked, moderate-spoken, thoroughly proper to his death-bed about his nails and his tea and his king. That's the man! Well, gentlemen, if there's one man in the world you'd bank on to hang to the habits and morals his father gave him—hang like grim disaster, Equator or Pole—if there's one, gentlemen, I think you'll agree I've described him."

The doctor nodded and so did I; I know the breed. The Consul knocked out his pipe and told this tale.

WHEN I first went out in the service (and that was a good many years ago) it was to take the broom-and-wastebasket job in our consulate at Tunis on the Barbary coast. At Liverpool, where I'd expected to catch a steamer for Marseille, I was offered a quicker and cheaper chance on a cargo boat leaving direct for Tunis on the following tide.

MYSTERY and a suggestion of horror alternate in punctuating this curious yarn which the O. Henry Memorial Committee of the Society of Arts and Sciences has selected from the August Harper's as one of the outstanding short stories of recent magazine publication. The suspense seems to us to be admirably sustained, and the reader is left to form his own conclusion as to the part played by Heredity in a sinister situation.

It was my first trip on a British merchantman, but it wasn't my last; I'll take the opportunity to-day when it's offered me. My stateroom off the cabin was larger than I should have found on a P. & O. at my price; the food was plain but plenty and good; the table talk (I

messed with the ship's five officers) was as full of meat as I've ever found it at the captain's table in a Cunarder—and a good sight fuller, let me say.

In each of those five men, from the second-engineer up to the captain, I found something to take my interest or my liking. It's the captain, though, that I'm going to talk about. He is the "hero" of the tale.

He was young; I'd hate to say how young, for they're deceiving. Young enough, anyhow; even though it was his first voyage with master's papers (as it was also his first trip east in any capacity in any ship). Young enough, at any rate, to make an American college graduate wonder.

HIS name was Abel Diplo. I've already described him. He didn't conform to the type; he *was* it. I'll ask you to mark that well.

I said "interest or liking." It was my interest Diplo took, partly because the breed was new to me, and partly because, at first, he didn't appeal to the other thing. In the breed there are sub-breeds; there are, naturally enough, Covenanters and Cavaliers. Diplo was the Conventanter. Character! there you had him. He was not a "gentleman." Eating once a day, going to night-class, keeping his collars clean and shaving close—that was what had brought him to where he was, and at an age that would have made a "gentleman's" son turn green. Rock-ribbed, cold-blooded, Anglo-Saxon do-it-or-die! You'll

begin to see why I say that at first he didn't much appeal to the other thing.

"You must have come down pretty straight from the Ironsides," I took him up one night. It was a moonlight night off the coast of Spain and we were lounging after dinner on the bridge.

"I?" said he. He gave me a queer look.

"Well, I was just thinking—you don't seem to have any of the vices. Now this very business of turning down your glass at table—"

"Do you know why I do that, Mr. Gore? Will you have a look down there on the forecandle head? That's why! *That* sort of thing!"

I looked and saw what he was pointing at, the ship's two "characters," Old Perce and Happy Days, both of them deep in the bottle again. I knew them well by this time. They infested the decks; "infested" is the only word. I had wondered more than once how any self-respecting commander could have held his hand from dumping them both overboard the first day out.

THEY were as alike as they were inseparable, equally dirty, equally insolent, equally drunk. The only way you could tell them apart was that Happy Days had rings in his ears—funny old copper rings with jade beads. Happy Days was what a hard life had left of an old black bob-tailed monkey. Old Perce was what the same had left of a sailor-man. I can still see them there, huddled in the moonlight on the forecandle head, digesting their tipples in private, dreaming their dreams, scheming their schemes—two wrinkled, rum-soaked castaways.

"*That* sort of thing!" repeated Diplo. He sounded angry. "I am young, sir; I have only myself to depend upon; I can see the work of drink. That man down there, sir, once commanded a brig. Not much of a craft, perhaps—matter of a hundred tons or so, in the Mediterranean trade, but his own. And now look at him! Old Perce! The lowest, the wickedest man in the world. Imagine! He has a son, a friend of mine back there in Liverpool (else he wouldn't be in this vessel, make sure of that). That son, by his own will and work, is beginning to do well. Now, sir, can you fancy a man being jealous of the success of his own son? Meanly jealous, drunkenly, cursingly jealous? . . . No, Mr. Gore, if you talk to me of table

beer, all I can say to you is—'Old Perce!'"

Now, gentlemen, you can admire St. George to almost any extent, and even pay well for a seat at the dragon fight—as a spectacle. But when it comes to an after-dinner cigar or a story to swap, you'd probably do as I did after that and pick on the second officer or one of the engineers. And so I suppose I should have gone on to this day remembering Diplo (if at all) as a kind of unbudgeable, undintable, all-self-sufficient brand of Cromwell in a suit of armor, if I hadn't happened by the sheerest accident one night to discover that the armor wasn't Diplo at all.

This was how it was. I'd been noticing, anyway, for perhaps the last third of the voyage, that Diplo wasn't looking quite up to snuff. Nothing much; a little jerky, little tight around the gills, little pale. Nothing to wonder at, seeing it was his first command, and, still more, his first trip to African waters at all. I put it down to that, I suppose, and still should do so if it hadn't been for that sheerest chance.

IT was the evening of the night when we were looking to make our landfall off the Tunis Gulf, just turning dark, I remember, and I was taking a prow around the deck for my digestion, when I happened to come on Diplo, tucked out of the way behind a lifeboat amidships, and being actively and violently sick as a dog over the side. Seasick, I give you my oath! And the water as smooth as a pond of oil. And the captain of the ship!

Well, I stopped. Who wouldn't? I suppose I looked like an idiot, poking my head around the boat's stern. He saw me, and I couldn't tell from his suffering eyes whether he wanted to lay his head on my shoulder or wring my neck.

"Is there anything," I hemmed and hawed, "anything I can do?"

He didn't answer. He got himself up and out from behind the boat, and grabbing hold of my wrist (to my dumfounding), he dragged me, literally dragged me, to his cabin under the bridge. He shut the door tight, pulled the hanging over the port, sat down on his bunk in the dark, and shook. Shook!

"Good Land of Liberty!" said I. "What's up?"

NEVER a word. In another wink he was on his feet, grabbing the door open again, rushing out. I went out, too,

to go on with my constitutional; but it wouldn't do. He had me going. After one round I turned up the ladder to the bridge. I found him standing out in the starboard wing, taut as a wire, his hands grabbed behind him, his eyes on the horizon beyond the bows. Scared! Scared, I thought to myself, to his shame, of making his first port in command. But still I had to give him a chance.

"You didn't tell me, Mr. Diplo—"

"Ah?" You know the tone. The fool was trying to cover up.

"What was wrong?" I finished it out.

"*That!*" he exploded. He stuck out an arm as long as a bean pole at the shadow line between the sky and the sea. "*That! That—Africa!*"

"Yes," I said, after a minute. "Yes, I think I know, now, what you mean. I've had it myself, a little. It's—it's just the kind of feeling of its not being real—the old romantic pictures coming back from your geography days—and your Arabian Nights, eh?—sheiks and pampered mares, remember, and the Sahara and the domes under the palms and the veiled women—those old dreams—"

The fellow was on me in a flash.

"Did you ever *dream*?"

"Not," said I, taking another look at those pupils of his, "*like that.*"

"I'd forgot," I heard him saying to himself. "I'd quite forgot, until the other day at the Straits I saw the coast, and knew that it was *it.*"

"What?"

HE gave me a funny, shivery look, and then he put his elbows down on the rail and turned his eyes the other way. It isn't often you'll catch a Puritan peeling off the crust of his immortal soul to anyone below the angels; he didn't want to, but he had to, all the same.

"When I was a lad," he said, "a curious thing happened. I don't know a great deal about it. I only know that I must have been taken to the theater, by some person who ought to have known better, at an age when taking me was a wicked crime. Or perhaps I may have been ill without knowing it—some little hidden baby fever that made things dazzle a bit too bright. I don't know. I don't even know what the play was about. All I can remember is one scene, and I can remember that as plainly to-night as—as if it were to-night. On one side there was a moonlit city wall with half a vast gate

filled with shadow. Before the gate was a square, all white dust in the moonlight. Across it, parallel with my sight, a row of palm trees filed away along a road running as straight as a ruler to the end of the world across a dry, pale plain with little wrinkled hills against the sky. . . . Glue and cardboard and painted canvas? Yes, but how was I to know? How was I to know?

"And the camels—I suppose there were three or four moth-eaten chaps that came out of the wings—but always after I remembered them, in those nights I lay awake or dreamed, coming by hundreds out of that distance down that painted road, grunting and bubbling and stinking and tinkling their little bells, and groaning down on their knees in the dust. And the hooded men that came with them, the veiled women, the blackamoor thumping a drum under the arch, the ragged old beggar that ran with incense through the crowd. Adelphi supers in muslin, yes, yes—but *how was I to know?*"

He was silent a moment, his chin nested in his hand.

"Yes, I must have been ill when I saw the thing; for always afterward when that nightmare came sneaking to take me I remember the same sensation of discomfort, the same itching, gnawing, wailing wretchedness. It weighed me down with a terror I can't name—the same terror, I suppose, that any English lad would feel for a thing heathenish, diseased and unclean. And the worst of that loathing was that I *wanted* the thing. I *wanted* to go—go and creep into that silly scene and lie in the dust under one of those cardboard palms and crinkle my toes and hear the camels grunting, the boom of the black man's drums, the rustling of those outlandish moonlit robes, the gasps of veiled women as I reached out to touch their naked ankles, and all—all! I wanted it, craved it, craved the sweet stink of that incense in my nostrils again—lusted for it! I was so terrified I cried out loud—and all the while I *lusted!*"

HE had hold of the rail, trying to twist it off the ship.

"I'd forgot! Till to-night! Till now!" His voice had gone to a whisper. There was sweat on his forehead, and somehow I knew he was nauseated again. "I lusted! I grew. I changed. As I changed the dream changed. I didn't reach up to touch the ankles of those veiled

women any longer; they gave me secret signs, and I got up out of the dust to follow them—every night—in through that vast gate—through that city—into their red-lit rooms—red-lit and secret and heavy with perfumes. I—I—I say, sir, do you make out a flash on the skyline there, almost dead ahead?"

"No," said I, looking where he had pointed.

"Mr. Gore," he went back, "my whole boyhood was a fight against that sickening thing. But I did fight it—till I bled, till I almost died. I fought it and I beat it and it was gone, and I had forgot—I say, that is a light . . . Mr. Andrews!"

The first officer was behind us.

"Coming, sir," he said. "Cani Isles Light a half-point on the port bow, sir, and five bells struck. We should be in the Gulf by one."

I looked away at the tiny flash (I could see it now that I knew it was there) and then back again at Diplo. He had his fingers over his eyes, his temples pinched between his thumbs.

"I'd forgot!" I heard him saying to himself. "Forgot!"

IT particularly wanted diversion, that moment did. Something light. It got it, too, and from a quarter where no one looked—under our very noses, that is to say. It was Perce and the ape, on the fore-castle head. The funny old fool had got his carcass balanced on the capstan-drum (and not balanced too well, at that) with the monk on his shoulder aloft, and there he swayed in a kind of beery majesty with an oratorical arm ahead.

"*Hafrica!*" we heard him solemnly pronouncing, "*Hold Hafrica—'Ome of Shplendor and Delight—Hi shlute thee!*"

It was ridiculous enough; I didn't know, though, whether to laugh or not. I didn't have to wait long to find out.

"*Get below!*" I heard Diplo roaring. He had his body three feet over the bridge rail and his arm and fist another yard on that, and I wish you could have seen his face. "Get below, you rotten drunkard!" he yelled. "Get out of my sight, you blasphemous vile drunkard, you! *Go below!*"

It was the finest thing in the world for Diplo; it set him on his feet, clear-headed again, captain of his ship and his soul.

But Old Perce didn't go below. He got himself and Happy Days off the fore-castle head all right, and fast enough, but it was only to hide out under the bridge. I know,

because I was the first that happened to go down, and I was the one to catch it in the neck. He fell on me, literally, and literally, for a moment, I couldn't get away. I batted at his hands, but they'd been batted at before. His gin-pickled dignity had been tampered with; his boozy pride was hurt; he had words to say; he clung; he puffed; he bubbled in my face.

"Called me a drunkard, did 'e! Called me a rotten drunkard, did 'e! Christ blind me if I don't pay 'im out for that! God le' me live till the day Hi see 'im get 'isself so bloody drunk 'e can't stand on 'is bleedin' feet! God le' me live! The pretty toff! The lily-white virgin! The blinkin', bleedin' curate! Wyte! Just you wyte! Wyte till 'is gracious 'ighness gets a taste o' *bokha* into 'is coffee-cup! Wyte till 'is Prunes-an'-Prisms 'as a whiff o' the incense in the striped *souk*! Wyte till 'e see the girls in Bou Kader's shop up there! . . . Called the hold man a drunkard, did 'e! . . . Wyte! . . . Wyte!"

YOU'D think then that I should have known. But I didn't. I was too blown and rum-steamed and generally contaminated getting clear of him to think of putting as plain a two and as plain a two as that together—not for another twenty hours, at any rate. And in another twenty hours we were all ashore and up to our necks in Islam.

Up to our necks? Over our heads! At least I was. I've lived twenty-odd years, in Barbary ports, first and last, eleven of them in that same screeching, scratching, jostling, jumbling dress rehearsal of a three-colored moving picture of a highly perfumed circus of a White Tunis, but I've never forgotten that day when I saw it new.

We drifted. There were three of us: Diplo (I picked him up at the old sea gate), a fellow named Maynard, from Melrose, Mass., my immediate superior at the consulate, and myself. Maynard was doing the honors of the sights, but Lord love you, I saw no "sights." All I saw was a daze and a maze of an endless rabbit warren of a bazaar crammed with outlandish creations on two legs or four legs, all colors of the rainbow, all stench from filth to hyacinth, all muck and silk and copper and clatter and hullabaloo. I simply followed where I was led, looking like an idiot (I've no doubt) with my eyes bugged out and my mouth open for marvel of it—of it, and of Diplo.

After his panic of the night before he had me guessing to-day. *His* mouth wasn't open, not a bit of it. His stalk was the stalk of the British tourist seasoned by five continents. He said "deucedly amusing!" and "not half!" He said "filthy beggars" of the men, and as for those mysterious "veiled women" he had talked so much about—"jolly curious, eh?" was all he could say for the slipper-slappers to-day. He carried it off to perfection.

EVEN when we came into that old arched-over vault of the perfume sellers' *souk*. I guess I must have loafed away a good many more than a hundred afternoons in that place since, and if there's any Christian honesty left in me, it's by luck and the grace of God. For if there's a spot for a man to sit on his spine and dream his soul sweetly down the rosy road to hell, it's that spot there. It's always in a sort of twilight, like a cathedral, and along the striped walls the merchants sit cross-legged in their niches like idols in ivory with their tapers and crystals of attars and essences hung around. And the air is soaked and drugged musk and amber, chypre and hyacinth for the *harem*—incense and myrrh and wax tapers for the mosque. I tell you it's like music—one full, rich, drowsy, voluptuous tone—one chord of piety and lust.

God and Flesh in a perfume. Pretty thought, eh? Well, I had it. I got it through my nose. And standing there, I gave Diplo a studying look out of the corner of an eye. His face was a mask: that is to say, it looked as natural as life; he had his hands in his pockets and his cap raked back.

"What do you make of it, Captain?"

"Jolly picturesque!" He slid his tongue along his lip. "Jolly!"

"That's all the jolt I got out of that. Another was on the way, though. I know now that Old Perce had been following us all along, but none of us knew it then, and when he came bursting out of the bed-auction crowd at the upper end of the *souk*, rolling like a tub in a seaway, gorgeous, eyes cocked, arms akimbo, monk aloft, it was jolt enough, I say.

None of us noticed him, of course; we all stood perfectly still, all praying to luck and liquor to carry him by. It was a close thing. One close-hauled tack was bringing him dead on top of us, when another lurch and gybe brought him clear and sent him caroming against the legs of a couple of Arab gentlemen across the way.

They were really fine gentlemen, you know, fine old silk-and-ivory aristocrats of the True Faith, standing there innocently, hand in hand.

There was nothing violent. They merely withdrew their skirts a little from the contamination, and one of them said three words.

Maynard grinned. "Pig, he called him. 'Pig and father of a pig!'"

I wish you could have seen Diplo's face. "What?" he gasped. "What?" he choked.

"That's right: '*Hallouf-bou-hallouf*'—Pig-father-pig! Serves him right, too; darn well right. By the way, Captain, if he's one of yours—"

He never finished. The old Arab had just put the only logical period at the end of his epithet; laying aside his cheek-cloth he spit calmly and truly in the sailor's face.

Maynard saw Diplo before I did and got hold of his arm, and he told me afterward it was lucky he did. I turned just in time to see the man's eyes. And it was in that wink that the lightning struck me.

"Lord! Lord!" was all I could think. "Lord, how awful! Father and son!"

It was only a wink. Diplo did get control of those give-away eyes; he did succeed, that time, in crawling to cover again. Turning on Old Perce, "Get back to the ship!" said he in a tone like a knife, and giving us all his back, he walked away.

Naturally we followed him, Maynard and I, leaving the old sinner to "get back to the ship"—which you may be sure he didn't do. He was behind us again before we'd gone a hundred yards: I couldn't see him but I could see Happy Days all right, riding over the heads of the crowd.

Well, as I say, we followed Diplo. We caught up with him. Maynard started in conscientiously to point out more "sights," but he didn't get on very far with that. Very soon I saw him rubbing his chin.

"Gore," said he, holding me back a little, "what's the matter with this man, Diplo? Anything?"

WE walked on behind him, and we had to walk, too; that tourist stalk of his was gone now and he was eating up the ground in straight lines and mathematical corners like a somnambulist in a hurry to reach the edge of the roof. Chin up, cap down, eyes dead ahead—going

nowhere. It's no wonder that Maynard, who was supposed to be running the party, began to feel a little bit up in the air. After a little more of it he suddenly doubled around and got in front of us.

"Look here," said he, "I guess that's about a day as far as sights go. It's getting dark, anyway, and they're beginning to shut up the *souk*! In another quarter of an hour it'll be dead as doornails here inside the wall. Eh, Captain?"

"Quite right," said Diplo. He stood there as tall as a steeple.

"Well, let's get on out to Frenchtown, then." Maynard took my arm and started cheerily. Then he stopped. "Coming, Captain?"

There was Diplo, stock where we'd left him, covering a yawn.

"Carry along, you two," he called. "I think I'll have just a bit of another turn about, if you don't mind."

"But Captain," Maynard argued, "take my word there's nothing to see from now on. And besides, you'd get lost at the first turn."

"If you don't mind!"

It was the voice of the mule. Diplo touched his cap with a deadly politeness, wheeled, struck out stiff-legged as a crane, doubled around the nearest alley turning and disappeared.

Maynard was mystified. He was also good and mad.

"That makes me tired, Gore. Do you know," said he, "what I've a damned good mind to do? . . . But no. I don't want the responsibility. It's not too safe in here after dark, and he'd be lost after two twists. Come on; we've got to find him."

WE went on all right, but we didn't find him. We went at a trot after a minute or so, and we kept trotting, in and out and round about through that kennel of a labyrinth. It was dark now and as dead as Maynard has said—as dead as the tomb.

"Look here!" he protested at last, pulling me up. "You brought this fellow along. Tell me what's the matter with him, so I'll know what to do. Is he crazy or is he drunk?"

"He never drinks," said I.

"Doesn't, eh? Hmmm!" He turned his head sharply. "Well, there's somebody that *does*." He pulled me a step out of the way of an elephant shadow that came rocking down one cross-run and rolling away up another, Old Perce with the ape

up and a gorgeous slant on (and not a quarter as drunk, I began to suspect, as he made out to be).

"Follow him!" said I, making a guess, "and I bet we find our man."

My guess was a bright one. We hadn't turned three corners when we were almost in collision with Diplo himself, standing as straight and as still as a fence post before the wall of a house that had a lantern lighted over the door. Old Perce had passed him and brought up nearer the door, and he was standing with his head cocked too, listening.

I had to ask Maynard under my breath what it was all about.

"Fête of some kind—wedding or circumcision or what not. Hear the music in there? Hear the women yodelling, back there? Wedding, probably."

Old Perce thought so, too. He turned his head and wagged it at the wooden man before us.

"Hit's a weddin', hold son. Blighted Harab weddin'. Nothin' 'olier than a weddin', his there, my 'oly lad? Come along hin!" And, with that, he crooked the arm of invitation, for all the world like an old stager "taking in" the latest "bud."

Diplo didn't hit him. But he surprised me even more than that. He stuck out one wooden hand, put it on the old man's arm, marched along with him to that open door and marched inside.

MAYNARD got to that door in about three jumps, and I wasn't far behind him, scared good and witless by the way he stretched his neck out to see into the hole over the heads that it was full of.

"Well, I guess it's all right, Gore. I know this man—he's a courier at the Dutch consulate—and he knows me. In we go!"

We picked our way through a dense odor in a kind of entry-way and came out into a square court roofed with a striped awning, and so full of light that it dazzled after the dark. A dazzle and a daze. All I knew for the first while was that an Arab man with round whiskers (that was Si Mahmud, our host: he shifted to our shop later on and I came to know him well) cleared out a place for Maynard and me on one of the foremost benches and put a cup of coffee in my hand.

Have any of you ever looked in on an Arab's wedding carouse? If you have you'll know. They're all pretty much the

same; same sardine pack of males in coats of many colors and red *chechias* tipping farther and farther over their ears as the evening grows; same bridegroom, painted like a harlot; seated by the same mysterious door; same plank rostrum in the court; same gang of hashish-lighted musicians, funny fiddles, *taboukas*, melodians, flutes; same fat white dancing girls, twisting and clanking and sweating through the same unvarying dance; same drugged air full of staling perfumes, cigarette smoke, sickly syrups, syrupy coffee—such as I still held grabbed in my hand.

"You've got to taste it, anyhow," Maynard warned in my ear.

It was burnt and sticky, but down it went.

"I thought," he went on, "that you said your friend didn't drink."

"He doesn't. Where is he?"

Maynard pointed him out, plain enough, sitting chums with Old Perce in the forepart of the benches opposite. He had a little tumbler in his fist.

"But that looks like water," I protested.

"So does gin. But gin's a baby to that stuff, *bokha*, there. That's the Captain's second round of that fig juice, and if he's not used to liquor, Lord help him before long."

"Lord help him already!" was what came to me. It showed in his eyes. They were taking on a stare, a kind of a ground-glass stare that picked out one thing and glued on to it and couldn't seem to let go.

I LOOKED to see what it had hold of now—and then I began to understand. It was an Arab on the bench in front of him, a place or so to the left, a youngish fellow in Egyptian fez and London-tailored tweed (they were both coming in then with a certain set of the Moslem dandies) and altogether the air of the man-about-town in New Tunis. But what got me about this fellow, and knocked all my ideas gally-west (and Diplo's, too, I gather) was that this Mohammedan boulevardier was as blond as Abel Diplo himself—just as straw-headed—just as gray-eyed.

I've seen plenty of them since; it's natural enough when you come to think that the Goths and Vandals wiped up this coast along with the rest of the Roman Empire; but the point was I hadn't then, and Diplo hadn't either.

WELL, I know as well as anything what was going through his poor head, already sick enough with that "itching, gnawing, wailing wretchedness," and still farther twisted with that poison of figs—the despair, the fright, the magicking-away of the one last barrier to his old dream: "Here's one of *them*, and God help me! he isn't a blackamoor or a demon or hippogriff at all. He's *as* like me—he's *so* like me that if I were to change caps with him, there he'd sit an Englishman, and here I'd sit—"

I know. I saw him lean over, all of a sudden, right across the monkey in the old man's lap, pick the fez from that startled dandy's pate and cram it squarely and tightly on his own.

Maynard sat up straight. I felt him.

"That may make trouble." He was watching under his eyelids. "Or again it may not. All according—Wait! Steady! If they'll only be amused—"

It was nip and tuck for the minute around the cheeky "Christian dog"; even I could see that. But it was hilarity that won—hilarity of fig and feast. One tittered. Another shook the finger of glee at the *roumi* in a Mohammedan hat. Still another, to pile it on, stripped off his own brown *burnous* and threw it over the shoulders of the infidel. It went even farther than that. A youngster hardly over fifteen had Diplo up on his two feet like a window image and towing away through the crowd and into a cave-looking place across the court.

"Nothing to worry about there," Maynard told me. "That's one of the sons of the house. Going to rig your friend out right, probably; that's all."

It was so. Diplo reappeared, prodded and shunted out between the benches by the delighted son; another Diplo, a gorgeous, silk, soft-slipped Diplo, hypnotized with queerness and petrified with drink. Joy broke loose. Hands grabbed at him from all sides. The dancer on the rostrum (a huge white Algerian Jewess she was) caught the spirit of the meeting, turned her batteries on the *roumi*, and danced her dance "at" him alone.

Can you imagine Diplo—chapel and night-class Diplo—Diplo of the old dragon-fight with a red-lit dream—Diplo, fetched up there, head full of *bokha* and that screeching, boom-thumped, split-tone heathen tune, silk on his body, hyacinths behind his ears, and his two eyes bulging out to that mocking invitation? Can you imagine?

Well, all of a sudden he started for her. He went slowly, head down between his shoulders, chin out, never a word or sound. . . . It was Old Perce that furnished the music, Old Perce, come to glory at last.

"Carry on, my 'oly hoffspring! Carry on, my virgin lad! Carry on!"

In my other ear I got it from Maynard. "This," said he, "has gone about far enough."

HE got out quietly but quickly. He caught the back of Diplo's purple burnous just as the crazy fool had got a knee up on the rostrum. I don't know what he said, but I saw the jerk he gave, and saw the look that Diplo gave him back. . . . Old Perce was throwing the monk in the air: "Yow! Yow! Yow!" . . . There was nothing violent. Not in the least. Diplo made up his lips and spit calmly and truly in Maynard's face, that was all.

Then there was a riot. . . . Maynard got to me. He was as white as a dead one, to his lips. "The man's drunk now. I can't touch him now. When he's sobered off he'll fight. You will see to that, Gore."

"All right," said I, solemn enough. "But where's he gone now?"

Maynard jumped on a bench at that. He'd got an interest in Diplo now—a personal interest to see that he came through to the day of vengeance alive and whole.

"There!" he yelled. "Out of the door there! Come fast!"

I got behind him. It was football work. Si Mahmud helped us finally, and a worried man he looked. He told me afterward he was happy enough to see us out of there. He couldn't have been any gladder than I was, I know that. I took one good drink of the outside air and started after Maynard down the street.

"Gone this way?" I called.

"Yes, running like an elephant in a tent! Saw him just now!"

Well, we footed along, raising racket enough to wake the dead in that graveyard maze. Maze it was, too. I couldn't count the corners we banged against nor the blind walls that doubled us back on our trail. Then there was a grunt and a scuffle, and we'd caught a man.

A man and a monkey, too. It was Old Perce, the tightness (or the pretense of it) gone out of his carcass for good. He actually wailed.

"Where's 'e gone? Gord forgi' me!" he chattered and he wailed.

"That's the question," said Maynard, "where *has* he gone?"

We stood there in the dark. By and by we began to walk. There was no use running (no use even moving, for the matter of that). Figure for yourselves: there couldn't have been less than two hundred passages in that sepulcher of an old town, all criss-crossed, all blank, all alike, and all as dark as the pit itself. Hunting a needle in a haystack is one thing; hunting a man who doesn't want to be found in an Arab town—a man drunk on a fixed idea—is another.

I can't say how long it was. I only know we walked miles, and that, finally, I resigned.

"That's enough!" said I, pulling up. "Let him go hang!"

"No!" said Maynard. "Not for a million dollars I won't."

The old man had been keeping up his "Gord forgi' me!" every minute of the time. Now he put a hand to his head and changed his tune.

"Ark, sir! 'Ark to me now. What course from 'ere would fetch us quickest to the *Bab Kebir*?"

"*Bab Kebir*? Now what in the name of the silly devil—" Maynard stopped and started to scowl at him. Then he turned his head and cocked his ear the other way. "No," said he, "but hark to *that*!"

There was a row somewhere; something had come to life at last in the town of the dead. A thump and a groan it sounded, far off. . . . Maynard was already on his way. I caught up with him, trailing Perce behind.

WE went down this alley and up that one and came to the corner of a lane where there was the beginning of a light. The light came toward us; the thump and groan grew louder, coming, too. Maynard took one look, and then he put out his arms and herded us back into our alley again.

"No," said he. "It's just as well to keep on the safest side there is. Get into this doorway here."

"What's it about?" I had to ask him.

"The *Aissaoui*—the Mohammedan Society of Jesus. Bound home for their mosque, I guess. They've been out to a torture party somewhere. Get back."

They were already on us. A line of torches swung past the alley mouth, ducking to the roll of those narrow drums of theirs and that damned chant mixed

up of a cough and a curse and a groan. I had to peek. I saw them ranked the width of the street, shoulders locked, faces jerked back in the glare and thrown down to their knees again with a perfect surf of their greasy scalp locks whipping the air. Stripped to the waist they were, and their hides looked green. I saw the steel skewers stuck between their ribs and through their necks. Ugh! I don't like them.

Well, on they rolled, three wild and woolly ranks, and behind them a ruck of rooters and hangers-on, going through the same motions of that hellion rite, coughing and moaning and throwing their silly heads.

It was the old tanker that saw. He was out of that door on the jump.

"There! There's my lad! Hi sawr 'im! S'welp me, sawr 'im Hi did!"

At the fag-end of the parade, grunting with the best of them, cracking his knee joints in tune, mouth open, eyes shut, loony as a living loon, was Captain Abel Diplo of the *Gravesend Bars*.

"Nail him!" That was Maynard. Even Maynard—the one of us all who shouldn't have—even Maynard forgot to think.

We nailed him, never doubt. I got him the finest of tackles from the rear, *bour-nous* and all. Old Perce had an ankle, somewhere below. Enough! That was where the bomb went off. I wish you could have heard the Mohammedan Society of Jesus go up then. And I wish you could have felt it come down. The last I felt was a foot on my neck. The last I saw was stars.

THE longer I lived in Barbary the less I could understand why we weren't all *three* laid away. I thought I was at the time, but I woke up. Maynard was over me. Four Zouaves of the patrol were over Old Perce across the way. I got up. I felt me over. Nothing was gone.

Maynard said: "Thank God! That leaves only one."

"Who? What?"

"I'm afraid the old man's got it."

I went over and looked down between the soldiers. One of them had a bull's-eye, throwing the light on the sailor. One look was enough. He'd got a knife in the wrong place and come to the end of his cruise.

Not quite, though. His eyes opened. I got on a knee and put my ear down. He wasn't talking too loud.

"That's *my* Tom. My *boy*. My name's Diplo, too. Hi'm goin' to 'Ell, but 'e'll make a name o' that. Honly you got to find 'im. Pass me a hoath, mate. Find 'im and get 'im clear o' 'ere. A hoath, mate—"

Perce's eyes closed again. The soldiers took him up, but he was dead.

I tell you, gentlemen, it was queer. Marching out of that dead city in the dead of night, carrying the dead. It was too sudden and tragic and pathetic and plain queer. I couldn't think why; not for a long time.

Then it came to me. It was that old fellow's sudden loneliness.

"Maynard," said I, catching up, "where's the monkey gone?"

"How should I know? Scared cross-eyed over the house-tops, probably. That's not the question, Gore. The question is: where's the *man*?"

"How about the police—or—have you told these soldiers? About him?"

"I have not. What good would it do, now he's in with that gang? And besides—it would mean facts—Gore, I hate that fellow like poison; if I'm in luck I'll beat him to death one day; but, Gore, I hate to undertake to lose a man his job, with the facts and the hullabaloo. Look here, Gore, I want you to understand this is all bad!"

Yes, it was. If you'd gone through that night and the next day and another night and another day, even you wouldn't forget it was bad.

EVERY minute of that time was an hour, and an hour's a long time for men with their hands tied and gags in their mouths. All we could do was roam, Maynard and I; roam and stare at walls and chew our hearts to think of our medicine piling up with every one of those minutes, at the *Kasba*, the Residence, the British consulate, our own shop, everywhere we hadn't dared to go and raise the proper hue the first day, even, finally, the second day.

"There's something; if I could only think!" I remember Maynard saying over and over. "My God, if I could only think!"

"This Diplo is dead," he announced suddenly. "And *we* are in a mess."

That was the second evening. We gave up then. We decided to go to the British consul general bright in the morning, make a clean thing of it, swallow that medicine, and say good-by to our two careers.

That night I slept. The trouble was that Maynard didn't. He was still trying to think. He had me out at four, in the dark of my hotel.

"Listen, Gore; what was it the old man said? Was it '*Bab Kebir*'?"

"Who? When?" I was sleepy and I was sore. "Look here, it's black early yet. That consulate won't be open for hours."

"It was *Bab Kebir*," he went on with his "thinking." "It's worth a chance. Get into your things."

He took me out in the dark and the cold. There were no hacks at that hour and we had to foot it. He walked me miles around that wall, and he walked me fast. It was almost dawn when we came to the *Bab Kebir*, and that was the first I knew that *Bab* was Gate.

Maynard stopped. I stopped. "Well," said he, "here we are."

"Yes," said I, "here we are. Now what?"

There was a *kahwaji* there outside the wall; we sat down on a bench in front, called for coffee and put our heads in our hands to wait.

Well, I suppose this story would never have been told if I'd kept my head there; that is, if I hadn't peeked. Idly, you know, between my fingers. Then I sat up. I think my hair actually did stand on end.

ON my right stood the city wall and the gate, the "vast gate," filled with shadow. Before me, before the gate, spread a square all powdered with white dust. Across the square a row of palm trees ran to pick up a road that lay away straight as a ruler to the world's end—a "painted road across a painted plain" that broke into naked, wrinkled hills against the farthest sky. . . . There it stood between my fingers, colored to the life in three dimensions, the stage-scene of Abel Diplo's dream. Even to the camels. . . . There wasn't any moon, to be sure, but that tricky cold gray before the dawn did well enough for that. There was no black-amoor pounding a drum under the arch, but there were Soudan porters asleep there, and a nomad beggar man that might well enough have run with incense while the moon still shone, and at least one veiled female (an awful skinny old one) early at the fountain under the wall.

Yes, it was all there, gentlemen; even to a *burnous*-bundled Arab snoring in the dust under that tree where Diplo had "lusted" (remember?) to creep and

lie and "crinkle his toes." It wasn't Diplo's "show"; it was the cold gray dawn of the morning after, and the "supers from Adelphi" were beginning to stretch and rub their eyes. Some of them kicked the "property camels," and the camels yawned, too, and got their hulks out of the dust, groaning and tinkling their little bells, and began to stretch out along that "painted road"—some little market caravan, I've no doubt, bound for home again behind the Zaghuan hills.

I TOOK my hands down. I suppose I must have been puffing like a pig. "What's wrong?" Maynard jogged my elbow. "Here's the coffee come. Here! . . . What are you staring at?"

I was staring at that *burnous* under the tree. The *burnous*, upended on its inside haunches, was staring at the caravan, staring and scratching its inside head and staring again. And before I knew it, there it was on its legs, shaking out its folds and starting off at a clock-work, sleep-walk jog along that desert road, "painted" for certain now in the red of dawn. And what its folds had shaken out was following at a hop and skip in the dust—a little monkey as black as sin.

Well, I followed, too; it wasn't sleep-walking either, it was a sprint. Happy Days was the first to know. I must have put a foot on his tail; Maynard told me afterward that the little demon let out a yell, looped four loops and went up a tree. I didn't know. I'd got my hand in that purple *burnous* by that and wrapped three times around for luck.

"Diplo!" said I. Just like that.

He turned and he gave me a look. For one wild wink I'd thought I'd been fooled. The fellow had a knife-slash down one temple and cheek, a festering, fly-blown gouge; there was a three-days' growth on him and the muck of all Tunis gone to powder on the hair.

If I'd looked for trouble I was mistaken. He stared at me a minute, clapped his eyes shut, opened them up again, gave a shiver, and "Gore!" he said, and that was all. Great big round tears squeezed out under his lids. Next thing I knew his face was down on my shoulder, and there he was, crying like the infant babe.

"Maynard," said I, "get a hack."

THAT'S the story, gentlemen. The thing was done and it was finished. Chopped off! I saw him three days later on board his ship, the same straight, Brit-

ish merchant captain that had brought her out of the Mersey and would take her back again, not a mark for remembrance on him but that one knife-cut, and on his sleeve a ribbon of crepe.

Yes, he'd done that. The ingrained Covenanting conscience of "the street where he was born" had carried him even to that length of honoring publicly in death the filthy old, tipsy old reprobate he hadn't been willing to confess his father, alive.

He took pains to thank me, in two words, without mentioning "for what. Then the thing was finished. Finished, done, rooted out, to stay rooted out (so far as I've ever been able to learn) till the end of his days. That's the story, gentlemen, and if it gives any of you an answer to your question, you're welcome; that's all I can say.

"**E**NVIRONMENT!" That was the Doctor. "Given Environment A, tried and true! Given Environment B, bang! Algebra!"

The Tinsmith sat as firmly.

"Heredity! If you can't see how it's Heredity, given the facts, I can't bother to explain."

"Given the facts." The Consul studied us around with a quizzical air. "Well, the point is, I suppose, that I haven't given you the facts. . . . No, wait! The facts I've given are facts—all except the fellow's name, and I wouldn't tell you that for the mint—he's left a family behind. What I should have said was, *all* the facts."

And knocking out his pipe for the second time he told us the sequel to the tale.

It happened about a week after Diplo left for home. I was out for a stroll with Bird, my chief (I was glad afterward it wasn't Maynard that day), and we were just coming out of the old town through the *Bab Kebir* (and I was feeling kind of funny to see the place again in the light of day) when Bird called my attention to a wrinkled old henna-haired witch of a woman squatted under the nearest palm.

"Want to buy a monkey, Gore?" he asked me.

The dame had us in eye, straight off. She fingered us to come, grinning and jabbering and kicking her merchandise out into its best light at the end of its *halfa*-line tether. The merchandise was

Happy Days. I stopped. Who wouldn't? Bird took my arm.

"Good Lord, man, you don't want that thing. I was only joking."

"I know," said I. I told him I didn't want the ape, but that I did have a curiosity to know how the woman had come by it. Bird put it to her in dialect. It was like opening up a dam in spring. It seemed to me, waiting patiently, as if she were trying to tell the story of her life against the clock, waving her old bird claws, jerking the beast about, thumbing the jade-bead rings in its ears, scowling and grinning and making a devil of a fuss all told. When she'd begun to run down a little, Bird shifted to me with a grin of his own.

"You wanted to know about that monk. Well, that monk is a romantic and historic monk—a sort of a bread-cast-on-the-waters monk, you must understand. It seems that a good many years back—well, let's see; she calls it the 'starving-year,' and that *was* a while ago—in the 'starving-year,' it seems, this same woman, sitting under this same tree here, disposed of this same creature for five gold *duros* to a rolling *roumi* sailor-man. She sold it, I gather, in a job lot, along with one painted flute, one stalk of Gafsa dates and one male offspring of her sister Aisha-bint-Bkhar—a three-year-old kid called Abdallah, with "yellow" hair. Now, it seems, very recently, the monk's come back to find her. And now she's waiting patiently for Abdallah to show up, too, eating the Gafsa dates, no doubt, and blowing resurrection on the painted flute. . . . How's that for a romance, off-hand? You wanted it, Gore. I should think you'd owe the old lady about one *sou*. Eh?"

I GAVE her the *sou* and we went along; and that's the sequel to the tale.

It seemed as though the Tinsmith had the word.

"After all, I didn't realize," said he, just how right I *was*. How about Heredity now, Doctor?"

The Doctor didn't answer. After a moment the Consul did.

"Heredity?" he mused. "Yes—yes—" He put up a finger and a thumb and opened them apart, like a man releasing a feather of thistle-down in the wind. "Yes, Heredity, about so much. About so long—out of a life. . . . This man I've called Diplo was torpedoed off the Galway coast on New Year, Seventeen, and went down praying God to save his king."

ECTOPLASM, AN ESTABLISHED MARVEL OR A FLIMSY MYTH?

IN the early days of Spiritualism as at present conceived, the phenomena which attracted most attention were mysterious "rappings," table-tipping, automatic writing, "spirit messages," telepathy, and the like. But in recent years the emphasis has shifted in a new direction. The latest word in this branch of investigation is "ectoplasm," and it has to do with a luminous stuff which is seen rising from the body of a medium. This stuff is supposed to be a variety of plasm, like the protoplasm of our bodies, but of outside origin.

An age which has witnessed the invention of the aeroplane and which has made radio-broadcasting a commonplace can hardly dismiss anything on its face value as preposterous. We shall need, however, most of us, a greater and better amount of evidence than that we now possess to be able to accept, with any degree of mental comfort, the ectoplasmic manifestations of which we are getting so voluminous a record.

The medium who is described as having achieved the most amazing results in the ectoplasmic line is Eva Cariere, of Paris. Her exploits are recorded in "The Materialization of Phenomena," written by Baron Von Schrenck-Notzing, a practising physician in Munich, and published in America by E. P. Dutton & Company. This book contains 225 illustrations—most of them photographs made by Madame Bisson, widow of a French playwright, at séances in which Eva participated.

Another medium who is almost as famous is Kathleen Goligher, of Belfast, Ireland, whose "psychic structures" are exploited by the late Doctor

W. J. Crawford in an illustrated book that is also published by Messrs. Dutton.

An Austrian and a Polish medium are prominently mentioned in this connection. The first is Frau Silbert, who appeared before the British College of Psychic Science in July and is vouched for by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. The second is Franek Kluski, a highly educated man whose achievements were described by Stanley De Brath at a recent International Congress of Spirit-



RAISING A GHOST—NEW FASHION

This picture is one of a series made for Schrenck-Notzing's monumental work, "The Materialization of Phenomena." Eva is summoning a ghost; her features express a strong, painful effort of will.

ualists held in London. We also hear of an American medium, Ada Bessinet, of Toledo, Ohio, who produces practically every phenomenon known to psychic science—spirit faces, voices, levitations and so forth.

All of these mediums claim to be able to exude a mysterious substance and to mould it at will. Hands, faces, heads and parts or organs of the human body have been (it is said) made of the stuff; have been handled, and have even been chemically analyzed. In the case of Franek Kluski, we are told, ectoplasmic growths were coated with paraffin wax, and preserved. Nine moulds are said to have been obtained by Dr. Gustave Geley, director of the International Metapsychic Institute in Paris, by Professor Charles Richet and by other scientific men.

Manifestations take place, for the most part, in cabinets behind curtains and in a dim light. Fraud is supposed to be carefully guarded against. When Eva Carriere exhibits her prowess in Paris, or Munich, or London, there is prescribed, for every sitting (1) complete undressing of the medium; (2) strict examination of the cabinet; and (3) the use of photography.

In the case of Eva, so much genuine interest has been aroused that the University of Paris recently consented to a test of her powers, under strict conditions. Three professors of the Sorbonne—Dr. G. Dumas, Professor of Experimental Psychology, Dr. Henri Pieron, Director of the Laboratory of Physiological Psychology, and Dr. Langier, Director of the Physiological Laboratory of the Faculty of Science—were de-

tailed to the test, and fifteen séances were held. The results were "absolutely negative," so far as the existence of ectoplasm was concerned. These savants observed "nothing beyond a simple act of regurgitation" by the medium. There may, or may not, be something significant in their further statement, in a published report:

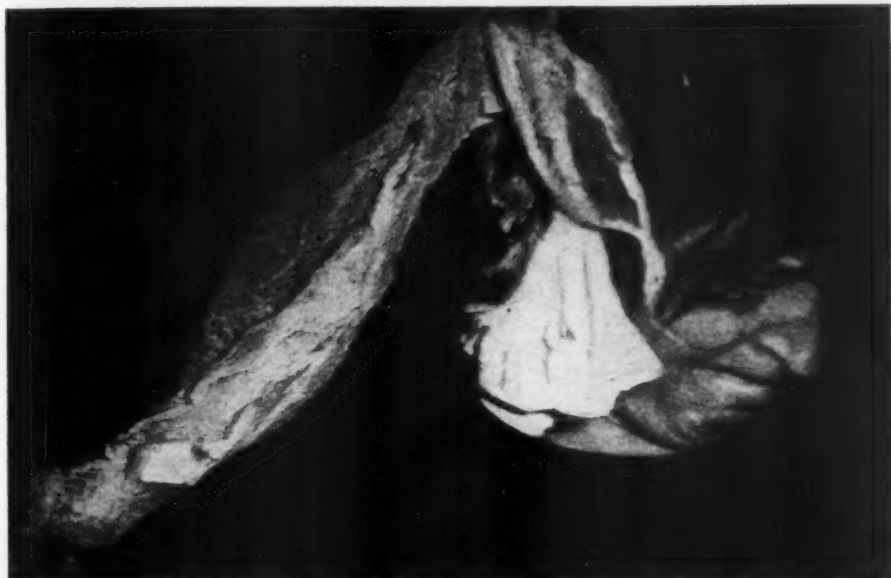
"The medium during hypnotic sleep underwent the characteristic convulsive movement of an effort to vomit. This lasted for some time, and at last, after much difficulty, there appeared a thin disk of an apparently hard, resisting substance covered by gray matter and mucus. The length was about six centimeters.

"Mme. Bisson suggested that the substance was assuming the form of a human face, but none of the three professors was able to see anything of the kind. On the contrary, the substance was pronounced by them to be absolutely inert, only moving so far as movement was given to it by the medium's mouth. The substance having been reabsorbed,



CAN THIS BE EXPLAINED AS A "SIMPLE ACT OF REGURGITATION"?

We see here a photograph made of Eva Carriere, a Parisian medium, by Madame Bisson, widow of a French playwright. The medium's mouth is wide open, and out of it exudes the mysterious "ectoplasm."



A TYPICAL ECTOPLASMIC MANIFESTATION

In this photograph, made at one of the Paris séances arranged by Baron Von Schrenck-Notzing, of Munich, a face draped, like that of a nun, in a white veil is seen emerging from the right side of the medium's head.

the medium appeared to be chewing for some seconds, and then apparently swallowed it."

So much for the facts, or alleged facts, in regard to ectoplasm. Now what of the explanations? We may say, with Crawford, that "invisible operators" have produced the phenomena, or, with Schrenck-Notzing, that a new human force has been discovered. We may say, with the Paris savants, that there is nothing in the whole matter beyond an act of regurgitation.

One thing is certain—that we cannot as yet regard the existence of ectoplasm as an established fact. "Too much happens behind the curtain," as James Black puts it, in an article in the *Scientific American*. "There is too much of the 'hole and corner' method in the psychist's investigations," Mr. Black continues; "too much darkness and a disregard for investigation that places the whole business in a ridiculous position when viewed by men who are accustomed to weigh evidence."

In similar spirit, Joseph Jastrow, Professor of Psychology in the University of Wisconsin, declares that "the crumpled appearance of some of the ectoplasmic faces suggests that they have been drawn upon a sort of tissue—whether inflated is not clear—and concealed and brought to light." Professor Jastrow goes on to say (in the *New York Times*):

"Those who know the temper of German science will readily conceive the amazement of physicians and physiologists when Dr. Schrenck-Notzing published his book. A sharp controversy took place. Two physicians, one a woman, who examined Eva C. published a critical pamphlet, concluding that regurgitation, of which they give other instances, satisfies the actually witnessed phenomena.

"But the general indignation reached its climax when it was shown that the author knew that Eva C. was the same person as one Marthe Beraud, who had been detected in vulgar fraud some years previously in Algiers, and that he had suppressed the fact, making no mention of it in his book, though admitting that morally

she was no better than she should be. Reluctantly, the doctor was compelled to admit that he knew the Algiers record. Any one might have known it, for an attorney of Algiers had publicly warned Professor Richet of Paris—perhaps the most distinguished man of science among the medium's sponsors—that the young woman had been guilty, in collusion with a coachman, of impersonating a ghost to impress influential patrons of her séances. Advocates of the genuineness of spirit

agency tell us that morals have nothing to do with the gift of mediumship, any more than with that of poetry, but they bear most intimately upon the hypothesis of fraud."

It is as impossible, Professor Jastrow concludes, to summarize the many possibilities of "ectoplasming" as it has been to anticipate the varieties of evasion practised by Paladino and by other predecessors of Eva Cariere.

USURPING THE POWERS OF GOVERNMENT

JUSTICE BREWER in the Debs case in 1895 declared that we are confronted with a situation in which "individuals are seeking to exercise powers which belong only to government."

Judge William L. Huggins, the author of the Kansas Industrial Act and presiding judge of the Kansas Court of Industrial Relations, has recently issued a book called "Labor and Democracy" (Macmillan).

The main point of his book is that industrial disputes should be settled the same way that all other disputes are settled—by reference to the proper courts. He gives an account of the first eighteen months' experience of the working out of this plan in Kansas.

The book is fair, forceful and well written.

For instance, concerning government by law, he says:

"The government, registering the will of the majority, has by law provided for the peaceful and orderly adjudication of almost every possible human controversy except the industrial controversy. The life, the liberty, the property and the domestic relations of every citizen are subject to adjudication by the orderly processes of the law. The industrial controversy, affecting as it does the most vital interests of labor and capital and of the general public, has been left to be settled by the sword and torch of industrial battle. If democracy, or any other form of orderly government, is to survive, some remedy must be found for these industrial

wrongs. Socialism, Communism, Bolshevism, Anarchy—the arch foes of all present forms of organized government—find their sustenance in the poisoned fruits from the fertile fields of industrial controversy."

He presents in the following plain language the working out of the vicious principle under which groups seek to usurp the power of the government:

"In recent times private organizations sometimes demand of the individual that he shall join a class, that he shall pay dues, that he shall submit to discipline, that he shall work when the organization permits it, quit when the order comes, and failing whereof he shall be denied the privilege of working at his chosen vocation. So his home may be ruined and his family may suffer. This latter instance is a striking example of 'individuals seeking to exercise powers which belong only to government.' It is said that private organizations, carrying out the decrees arrived at in secret, frequently exert physical force as against the individual who refuses to be governed and disciplined by the secret tribunal. They exercise the boycott, they ostracize the individual and his family, they brand him 'scab,' they drive him from the community in disgrace. This is the worst form of tyranny that was ever known within the boundaries of the United States of America. Such powers exercised by private individuals or private organizations are plainly contrary to every principle of democracy, and no self-respecting democratic people should tolerate them. Such powers properly belong 'only to government.'"

SHORE LEAVE

A Sea-Go'in' Comedy of Belascon Tang

By HUBERT OSBORNE

THIS latest, if not freshest, Belasco offering at the Lyceum Theater, in New York, has been greeted by the critics with varying degrees of emotion. One and all are agreed that the play, which is described as a sea-go'in' comedy, owes its success to David Belasco and his personally-conducted company of actors, headed by Frances Starr, rather than to its author, Hubert Osborne. We are assured that Hubert Osborne is not a *nom de guerre*, but we are certain that the play as produced bears only a surface resemblance to the play that the author turned over to the producer. As the *New York Times* critic observes, it is adorned, tricked out, dressed up with a hundred minute graces and deft touches that go to make a Belasco production. The *New York Evening Globe* critic places it in the category of "the mild but very stagy kind of comedy in whose company David Belasco rolls off the water-wagon every two years or so." The *Evening Post* applauds "Shore Leave" as containing "a brand-new idea, well developed and seasoned with bright, crisp dialogue, which makes it deserve success." The *Mail*, on the other hand, sees it as "a highly artificial little play and as old-fashioned as a what-not. Only the laughs are real and fortunately there are a lot of them." It is "decidedly entertaining" to Heywood Brown, of the *World*; and to the *Tribune* reviewer it is "an admirable study of the American 'gob' and an efficient utensil for Miss Starr's hard-working art." The *Evening Sun* suspects that "theatergoers who will see 'Shore Leave' will be divided into two classes. Some will say: 'It's just too sweet for anything.' Others: 'It's too sweet to be anything as a play.' Count us in the second class."

The play starts well; in fact, it has an excellent first act, in which Connie



SHE CARRIES ON THE BELASCO TRADITION
Frances Starr's acting is the best thing about
"Shore Leave."

Martin (Frances Starr) is revealed as a dressmaker in a New England sea-board town. It is a late afternoon in June, the scene being the living-room in Connie's cottage. Her parents are dead, the father having been a sea captain and the mother an elephant trainer in Barnum's circus. In addition to the cottage, in which she lives and sews, her father has left Connie a freight vessel, which is aground somewhere in the Orient, and her mother has left her an ornate diamond necklace—the wedding gift of P. T. Barnum. Next door to Connie's cottage lives a relative, Cap'n Martin (Reginald Barlow), who keeps a kindly eye on the comely little dressmaker. She is doing some sewing for a Mrs. Schuyler-Payne (Evelyn Carter Carrington) and some guests on the Schuyler-Payne yacht, which is riding in the harbor. Mrs. Schuyler-Payne is shown the Barnum necklace and tries to buy it—for a purpose. Connie declines to part with the heirloom. Later Cap'n Martin and Aunt Hepsy (Mrs. Jacques Martin) "drop in" on Connie and anxiously question her about being seen in the public square the night before—with a man!

CONNIE. Yes, I was—and I'm glad I was! I had a good time.

HEPSY. Connie Martin! (*Turning to the Cap'n.*) That's the circus coming out of her. (*To Connie.*) I heard all about your doin's.

CONNIE. Oh! Some skupper-bred—blubber-boiling windjammer's told on me!

(*The situation taking this turn, the Cap'n feels that it is time he took a hand in it, and as Hepsy is about to speak he waves her back.*)

CAP'N. Belay there! (*To Connie.*) Skipper, how'd you come to be on the Common?

CONNIE. Well, I was tired. I'd been sewing all day, and I wanted to get near the sea—and ships—and think of the days when I sailed with my father!

we know?

CONNIE. No—he was no one you know—nor anyone else around here knows.

HEPSY. You let a strange man talk to you?

CONNIE. Yes, I did. I set down on a bench to rest. He was setting near me. Pretty soon he came over and said, "Do you mind if I set alongside of you?" and I said, "I'll be real pleased to have you set." So he set.

HEPSY. Did you set there long?

CONNIE. I suppose so—it was most ten when we got home.

HEPSY. "We"? You let a strange man walk home with you?

CONNIE. Yes. He's too much of a gentleman to let a lady walk home alone.

HEPSY. Connie Martin—all your life I've been waitin' for this day—and now it's come. Well—I'm through! I wash my hands of the whole business! (*Exit, shutting the door behind her.*)

CAP'N. Skipper—is last night the first time you seen this feller?

CONNIE. Yes. . . . (*Crosses to front of table, gets fancy tablecloth off table, putting it in right drawer of table, and bowl of flowers from table right center to small stand down right below fireplace.*)

CAP'N. (*Pauses, looks at her, not knowing just what is the best move.*) Skipper, I've knowed you ever since you was knee-high to a ship's cat; and I know you'd never do nothin' foolish; but when you're sailin' strange waters it's well to look out for shoals.

CONNIE. Don't worry. . . . I know enough to heave lead. . . . I'll keep my bearin's.

CAP'N. Are you going to see this feller again?

CONNIE. Look. . . . (*She comes to right of him, center, holding up her apron to show her new red dress beneath, holding out the skirt with her hand, so that the Cap'n may admire it, then she goes to the sideboard.*) I've made it all since last night.

CAP'N. For him?

CONNIE. Yes. . . .

The Cap'n is routed, and following his departure Connie's "pick-up" of the night before appears at the door and is greeted hospitably.

It is Bilge Smith (James Rennie), man-o'-war's man, and he looks the part, plus a clean, wholesome young manliness and a beguiling Irish smile.

CONNIE. Oh-h—good—good evening, Mr. Smith.

SMITH. Howdy, sister.

(*Bilge Smith is a tall, athletic, one-hundred-per-cent. male man. In a bar-room brawl he would probably be the leader of the gang, yet he can be as tender as a woman, and has genuineness and wholesomeness. He has that peculiar charm which one often finds in those of Irish extraction, and a smile which any woman would find hard to resist. He wears a blue sailor suit and white cap stuck on the back of his head.*)

CONNIE. Oh, Mr. Smith—I thought you m-might ha-happen by. Won't you step in?

SMITH. (*He throws away the cigaret he has been smoking.*) Don't mind if I do. . . . (*Entering and taking off his cap.*) I ain't got anything else on to-night.

CONNIE. I'm awful glad you could get here.

SMITH. Thought you might be sore if I didn't, after I promised.

CONNIE. I—I'd have been disappointed.

SMITH. (*Looking about the room.*) You ain't bad fixed up here.

CONNIE. I'm glad you like it.

SMITH. I could feel at home here myself.

CONNIE. I hope you will.

SMITH. (*Near fireplace, turns, sees the model of the clipper over the door up left center, points to it.*) What's that?

CONNIE. Oh, that's a model of the Rover, my father's ship.

SMITH. Your father was a sailor, too?

CONNIE. Yes—I made a cruise with him once.

SMITH. You did?



CONNIE MARTIN (FRANCES STARR) HAS FALLEN IN LOVE WITH "BILGE" SMITH, U. S. N. (JAMES RENNIE)

The fact that he is a "gob" only serves to deepen her infatuation and heighten her hospitality.

CONNIE. Aye, aye, matie. *(She salutes, sailor fashion.)*

SMITH. You're sea-goin'!

CONNIE. Sure, I'm sea-goin'!

SMITH. *(Holding out his hand.)* Put it there, sister. *(She puts her hand in his.)* I knew there was something different about you, that's it, the sea. You've got it in you.

CONNIE. Yes, I love the sea. I'm—I'm salty. *(She takes a few steps back to center, hitching her skirt sailor fashion.)*

SMITH. I'm strong for it, too. I guess that's why we fell for each other.

CONNIE. I guess so. Won't you set down?

SMITH. Don't mind if I do.

CONNIE. I hope you can stay for supper.

SMITH. Don't think there's time. Have to report back to the ship at eight.

But he succumbs and remains to share what is a feast for him and a flow of soul for the girl. It is a quaint situation, full of humor bordering on pathos. The girl has fallen in love. Smith "allows" finally that he must be going.

CONNIE. So soon? Why, you only just come. I hope you'll come back real soon.

SMITH. No chance. We shove off tomorrow.

CONNIE. *(Realizing her little romance is coming to an end.)* Shove off—to-morrow. Oh, where do you shove off to?

SMITH. We're joining the Atlantic Fleet and sailing south with them.

CONNIE. *(Eagerly.)* But you'll be sailing up here again next summer?

SMITH. Can't tell. I may get transferred to the Pacific Fleet.

(In the distance two men are heard whistling "Hello, 'Frisco.")

CONNIE. Would that keep you away for long?

SMITH. Can't tell—a couple of years, perhaps.

CONNIE. A couple of—

(The sailors whistle the signal for Smith to come on.)

SMITH. There's them gobs coming back for me! Where's my cap?

CONNIE. Must you be going so soon—must you?

SMITH. *(Turning and looking at her.)* Do you want me to stay— *(She nods.)* You do? *(She nods.)* Really? *(She nods her head again. He looks at her with a queer look in his eyes, smiling.)* All right, sister. . . . *(During an interval he kisses her.)* Never had a fellow before?

CONNIE. No.

SMITH. You ain't—sure?
 CONNIE. No.
 SMITH. G'wan . . . that's what they all say.
 CONNIE. I've never said it before.
 SMITH. Why'd you let me kiss you?
 CONNIE. I don't know.
 SMITH. How's that?
 CONNIE. I don't know—perhaps it's because you—you—you smell of the sea—
 SMITH. (*Angrily, his sailor's pride in cleanliness is hurt.*) Say, there ain't no bilge-water smell about me—get that! It's tar soap. I washed my head with it this morning.
 CONNIE. Oh, I like the smell of the sea. I love the smell of the sea.
 SMITH. (*Still angry.*) Well, let it go at that, savvy!
 CONNIE. I didn't mean to make you angry.
 SMITH. I ain't sore.
 CONNIE. Sure you ain't? Oh, please don't be. I apologize. I don't want you to go thinking hard thoughts about me.
 SMITH. (*She looks so unhappy that he forgets the insult and smiles.*) Aw—why worry, sister?
 CONNIE. Because if you was angry you might not come to see me when—when you come back.

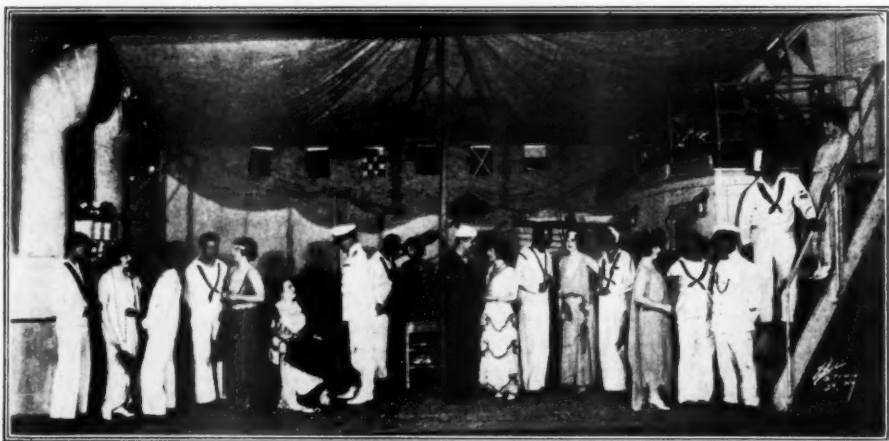
So he goes, treating the situation as though it had been an incident. The time of the second act is two years later. Connie has received no word from Bilge

Smith, but she has sold the Barnum necklace at a price that has enabled Cap'n Martin to restore her father's ship *Zonoma* to sea duty and Connie has become a comparatively wealthy woman. She is living on the ship, anchored in the New England town harbor, and is giving a "party" to which only seafaring men named Smith are invited in the hope that her "Bilge" may be among them. Among those present are Mrs. Schuyler-Payne and the society girls from her yacht, whom she is casually chaperoning. There is much dancing and feasting, attended by a number of amusing situations. In an interval of gayety Connie confesses her hope to Cap'n Martin, saying:

CONNIE. Cap'n, there's seven seas, ain't they?

CAP'N. Yes, I heard so.

CONNIE. Well, they ain't a sailor like Bilge on one of them seven seas. He ain't a sailor to kiss a girl and go—he's not *that* kind o' man. He was a great boy for his mother, Bilge was; he told me so. He's got character, Bilge has. Why, he took to drink and cured himself of it; he told me that, too—told me everything. He kept nothing back. I know him, and I tell you, Cap'n, right now—here on my own freighter—that— (*Changing.*) Well, anyway, there ain't a sailor like Bilge on one of them seven seas.



AS GUESTS OF CONNIE MARTIN (FRANCES STARR) ON HER BOAT ARE SOME DOZEN "ODD CRAFT" ALL NAMED SMITH

She gives a "Smith party" in hope of regaining sight of "Bilge" who had gone out of her life two years previously.

Eventually, during the dance on the freighter, Bilge Smith "turns up," having "jumped ship" in the harbor on hearing about the "Smith party" being given on the freighter. He meets Connie but doesn't recognize her.

CONNIE. You mean to say you—don't know—who—I—am?

SMITH. Naw. . . . Your face is familiar, sister—but . . . (*Connie stands her back against the table, supporting herself by her hands—but for the table she would drop.*) Well—do you dance—or don't you? Come on, I ain't got no time to lose. . . . (*Connie shakes her head no.*) All right! . . . You seem to be in trouble, sister. What is it? Say, you ain't a bad-looking girl!

CONNIE. Have you been drinkin'? Say you've been drinkin'!

SMITH. Booze? No such luck! I ain't even had a decent cup of Java for two years.

CONNIE. Java . . . (*Trying to steady her voice.*) And you don't know a girl in this port that would give you a cup of Java—Java and . . . jelly and . . . home-made biscuits . . . do you?

SMITH. (*Crossing back to table right.*) Java and biscuits . . . in this port? Hold on there—sure I do! I was making a lot a ports then and— Say— (*Studying her face—crosses to her.*) Why—er—ain't you—why, of course— You're the little seagoin' dressmaker or milliner—or something—the girl that set and talked to me on a bench and then asked me up for chow. . . . Here—let me get a look at you.

He follows this up by thinking quickly and persuading the love-blind girl that he was just "stringing" her. He then, not knowing her circumstances, proposes that they "get spliced," but when he learns that she *owns* the vessel on which they are standing he renounces her as being too rich for an ordinary but upstanding seaman like himself. They are not in the same class, to his way of thinking.

The third act takes us back to Connie's cottage, another two years having



CONNIE MARTIN LEARNS THAT "BILGE" IS STILL ALIVE

Seated on Cap'n Martin's (Reginald Barlow's) knee, she can hardly credit the joyous tidings in "Shore Leave."

passed. She is again the village dressmaker, hoping against hope that Bilge Smith will hear about it and return. She has placed her property in trust for any child that she may bear. Bilge "turns up." He has heard the news of her being "poor" and, being "broke" himself, has shipped as a stoker from a South American port, to get to her quickly. He so looks the part of a stoker that he has to introduce and explain himself. While doing this he makes himself more presentable at a convenient washstand and asks if she "has lost everything."

CONNIE. Ain't got a cent—except what I earn. . . . Still, I got my health, and that's more than I thought I would have.

SMITH. How'd it all happen? (*Throws the towel into the kitchen.*)

CONNIE. Oh, well—everything's gone—now I'm back just where I was the first



"BILGE" IS "DOWN-AND-OUT" WHEN RECOGNIZED BY CONNIE

His fall, at the hands of "Bat" Smith (Thomas Jackson), furnishes a dramatic moment in "Shore Leave."

night you met me—the village dress-maker. . . . Heighho!

SMITH. Well, then so far as I can see now— (*Crossing to a table right center, combing his hair with a comb from his pocket, then lighting a cigaret.*) they's nothing that would stand between you and a poor gob, is they?

He quizzes her further about the ownership of the vessel which she hopes to make him command and she is forced to admit that "she ain't mine, but . . . but I have the say about her."

SMITH. Oh—you have the say about her. I thought you said you was broke.

CONNIE. Oh—I am—I am broke. I haven't a cent but what I make sewing . . .

SMITH. Aw, lay off that. All this sewing here's a fake.

CONNIE. It ain't. I'm working just as hard as I ever did . . . I must.

SMITH. The hell you must! You still got your ship and that money. Why, everything's the same with you as it was—and I'm off. (*Rises, crosses over and gets his hat and coat from the machine and up to the door.*) I don't live off'n a rich wife.

CONNIE. Oh, Bilge, I ain't got a cent now—I gave it all away. I'm as poor as poor can be and I can prove it. My lawyer said—

SMITH. You got a lawyer, eh? You *must* be poor. (*Starts to go again; she stops him.*)

CONNIE. I had to get one to get rid of . . . It's like this— (*She comes to left of the table.*) You said my money stood between us—didn't you?

SMITH. I did!

CONNIE. So I had to get rid of the money—didn't I?

SMITH. So you threw it a way all on my account? Hell!

CONNIE. No—I didn't throw it away. For a long time I couldn't think what to do with it and then I got an idea. I took everything I owned and— (*She pauses, looks at him, sees that she got to tell.*) turned it over to a—to—a trust company—

—and they have it in trust—in the trust company. (*With a sigh of relief.*) So now you know what I did. Now you know.

SMITH. Then it's all yours with a string to it?

CONNIE. No, it's not. It's held in trust for—er—for someone.

SMITH. Who's it in trust for?

CONNIE. Well—er—you'll know—some day.

SMITH. I'm going to know *now*.

CONNIE. Oh, Bilge; if you won't make me tell now I'll marry you and go on a coal barge.

SMITH. No, we won't. Tell me, and tell me quick!

CONNIE. I can't till after we're married.

SMITH. Why not?

CONNIE. 'Cause it's something that—that—I couldn't tell—any man—who—who wasn't my—my husband.

SMITH. What! . . . You couldn't tell a man you wasn't married to?

CONNIE. No, I couldn't.

SMITH. You won't have me for a husband till you do tell me. It must be something rotten.

CONNIE. Why, no, it ain't—but if you didn't marry me it would be.

Gradually they drift into the harbor of mutual understanding with matrimony in sight, and the curtain falls on a happy, not to say Eugene O'Neill, ending.

HOW OPERA IS BROADCASTED

RADIO BROADCAST records that the actual broadcasting of a complete opera was not undertaken until last March when Mozart's "The Impresario" was presented at the WJZ station at Newark, New Jersey. C. E. Le Massena, who was associated with the enterprise, says, in describing the event, that when the date had been fixed William Wade Hinshaw, manager of the opera company and president of the Society of American Singers, assembled his forces and with a dummy microphone practised broadcasting in his New York studio.

This opera, having to deal with principals only and a pianist, presented no difficulties as to chorus or orchestra; therefore, as soon as the singers understood how and when to move, the hard work was done. As a preliminary measure, however, Mr. Hinshaw journeyed to Newark several days in advance of the performance and delivered a lecture by radio on "Opera Comique," thereby preparing his invisible audience for the novelty in store for them. He explained the meaning of this kind of entertainment, recited the plot, told about the artists who would sing the various rôles, and made a strong plea for better music and a deeper appreciation of good music such as Mozart composed. He decried jazz and the modern dance music as unhealthy and immoral, and asserted that pure, wholesome opera comique would do much to turn the world of music back to normalcy.

At Newark, we read, the recording took place in a small room, about 10 x 40 feet, on the second floor of the Westinghouse plant. At one end is a grand piano. On one side is the electrical apparatus which conveys the message to the amplifying station on the roof. On the opposite side is the switch and a set of head phones, also a phonograph and an orchestrelle. In the center is the portable microphone into which the sound waves are directed.

The company arrives and is shown into the *sanctum sanctorum*. They take

their places. The announcer explains that they are subject to certain radio traffic regulations, as other broadcasting stations are also operating and it would be discourteous to begin until the exact hour announced, when the air lines are free. Now the usual running time for "The Impresario" is an hour and forty minutes, but in the tabloid version for broadcasting twenty-five minutes have been eliminated. Even an hour and a quarter in this musical straitjacket is enough to tire any artist. Movement is prohibited, whispering is little short of criminal, and even too deep breathing is forbidden. The announcer cautions all regarding these details and asks if they are ready. With a final admonition of "Sh-h," he closes the switch and then speaks into the microphone, while the members of the company stand silently by, with eyes dilated, enwrapped in a new experience. "This is the WJZ station at Newark, N. J.," he begins, "broadcasting Mozart's opera comique 'The Impresario,' under the direction of William Wade Hinshaw. Announcer ACN. I take pleasure in introducing Mr. Hinshaw." Mr. Hinshaw silently slides into the position promptly vacated by ACN and addresses his audience. Anxiety! Suspense! Yes, 100 per cent! The nervous strain is intense, and all are glad when he concludes and they can do something. This tension acts as a stimulant. In most cases, radio singing and playing inspires the artists to do even better than their best. That is why the radio concerts are of such uniform excellence.

Mr. Hinshaw proceeds to introduce the several artists by name, requesting them to speak and tell who they are and what characters they impersonate. This done, the signal is given to the pianist to proceed, and the opera is on.

As each character appears, the singer steps forward, delivers his lines or sings, as the case may be, then retires to make way for the next, who takes up the thread immediately. When two or more are engaged in dialog or en-

semble musical numbers, the heads come together so that everything may be recorded and no one be more prominent than another. At the end of the hour and a quarter, the company is ready to draw a long breath and a handkerchief and relax. It is fun, but, we are assured, it is hard work too.

Having no chorus or orchestra to

handle, "The Impresario" was an admirable composition with which to initiate the broadcasting of opera. Mr. Hinshaw received numerous letters from many sections of the country, some from far distant points, expressing the pleasure and satisfaction of the hearers. It is declared to be an unqualified success.

ASTONISHING FEATS OF MEMORY PERFORMED BY ACTORS

FEW playgoers in enjoying a dramatic impersonation realize what a terrific physical and mental effort it may have cost the actor. Take, for example, the important detail of memorizing the lines. How many of the author's exact words would the average person be able to remember amid the confusion of stage business, entrances and exits? Sometimes an actor stumbles in his lines and has to be prompted. But it happens so rarely as to be accounted remarkable.

Some rôles, of course, require only brief study. But occasionally, as in Shaw's "Back to Methuselah," the actor is plunged into a sea of words in a rôle "nearly as long as Hamlet," which holds the record for verbiage. In the Shaw play mentioned Albert Bruning, who plays the Elderly Gentleman, talks for hours almost without interruption. Asked how long it required to study the rôle and what his system was for accomplishing the memorization feat, Mr. Bruning says, in the *Theatre Magazine*, that he had the part in hand four weeks, studying directly from the book.

"I absorbed the entire play first. Then I studied the characters, and their personalities, and intonations and variety of speech. The actor's greatest difficulty, particularly in exceptionally long rôles, is to give life to his lines. He must strive for spontaneity, so that when he launches forth into a long and involved speech it will sound as though it were impregnated with his thoughts, his philosophy, and as though he were using his own medium of expression. He must not appear to be

merely a mouthpiece for the author, mechanically uttering his written words. Everything he says must sound spontaneous, and as though it comes from—well—as though it comes from the 'inside' instead of merely from the outside. That may not be particularly lucid, but it expresses what I mean.

"Though Shaw's lines for the Elderly Gentleman are brilliant and beautifully chosen, his individualism of expression makes things a bit difficult sometimes. The lines of Hamlet are more like verse, and they fall easily on the ear, and are as easy to speak, but with Mr. Shaw's lines this is not the case."

Another noted "long, fat" part, in which an actor accomplished the seemingly impossible in the art of memorization, was that of "Deburau," when Lionel Atwill had verbosity thrust upon him. Though Mr. Atwill could not recall the exact number of his lines, he, too, declared that he believed the part longer than that of Hamlet. His description of the way he learned the rôle—the system he pursued to become letter-perfect, is interesting.

"I do not use what is termed the 'photographic' method of studying a part. By this method an actor stamps the lines upon his brain. He reads them over and over again until they are transferred from the paper to his mind, and until he has memorized them exactly. This course is much the same as that pursued by the child at school who studies a piece for a school entertainment. Stock actors study this way, stars rarely ever. It undoubtedly is the most effective one that can be used when a rôle must be learned in a very

short time, or when an actor must step into a rôle unexpectedly, because of the sudden illness of the actor who originally studied the part. Stock actors change rôles so frequently that they have no other alternative. They must study their lines by the quickest method possible.

"In the case of a star, however, he usually knows what his new rôle will be four or five months in advance. He is provided with a manuscript of the entire play, and can go over it thoroughly at his leisure, take his time studying his own particular part, and by any method he prefers. I rarely ever study from copy which carries only my own lines. I study from the manuscript of the entire play. My method is first to assimilate the play in its entirety. I want to know all about the play, why certain characters do and say certain things, what the motives are that prompt certain reactions on their part. I study

all of the characters just as I would study men and women with whom I was to be associated with intimately for a certain period of time."

It is of interest to read that after becoming thoroughly familiarized with the lines Lionel Atwill hands the manuscript to his valet, who prompts him when necessary. Should he halt or hesitate in his delivery, the valet is instructed to shout them at him in no uncertain tones. "I like to be 'bullied' in cases like that. In fact, I insist upon it. I realize those lines are the sticklers, the ones with which I have been least impressed, and so, if I do not learn them for the mere love of learning them, they must simply be yelled into my memory."

REVIVAL OF CLASSIC PLAYS IS NEEDED IN THE THEATER

A NUMBER of events have called attention of late to the anomalous position of the classics in the English-American theater. In England we see the glad reception awarded to "The Beggar's Opera," the praise given the Shakespearean revivals at the Court Theater, the interest aroused by the Phoenix Society's performance of Ben Jonson's "Volpone" and the production at Cambridge University of the whole trilogy of Æschylus on the House of Atreus. In America "The Beggar's Opera" wins no response, the revival at colleges of rare old plays like "The Beaux' Stratagem" and "Tom Thumb the Great" fetch hardly a statement (let alone an appraisal) in the public press, and the attempt of our foremost artist of the theater to re-interpret "Macbeth," at least to the eye, is smothered in ridicule. "Macbeth," it is interesting to remember, was acted by James K. Hackett in the tercentenary period of adulation for Shakespeare, with small success; but in 1920 the same actor played it in London to general and warm approval. The Shakespearean experiments of

Granville Barker attracted continuous attention in England from 1912 until the German War, but his hesitant exportation of only one, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," to New York in 1915 was almost as despised as the "Macbeth" of last February. William Poel's reconstruction of Elizabethan staging has long found followers and admirers in Britain, and his production of "Troilus and Cressida," for example, revealed the meaning of a comedy that no amount of reading and literary discussion had made intelligible.

Samuel A. Eliot goes on to lament, in the Boston *Transcript*, that "the classic drama has no significance, no values, for our life to-day. The old gems must be re-cut and re-set before we can see their glow. The transfiguration of Shakespeare must precede, or at least accompany his resurrection."

To find force and meaning in desiccated mummies, to resuscitate passions long smothered in dusty books, to distil refreshment, even exhilaration from forgotten drama is, this actor-critic believes, one of the most imperative tasks of the theater.

THE PREVENTION AND FUNDAMENTAL CAUSES OF WAR

By Philip Kerr

IT was what is known diplomatically as the military timetable that in 1914 swept Europe headlong into war. No sooner did Austria-Hungary begin to mobilize in support of her ultimatum to Serbia, than the Russian general staff felt bound to do the same in order not to be caught at a disadvantage if the struggle spread. And no sooner did Russia begin to mobilize than Germany felt bound to do the same, for the plans of the German general staff in the event of a European war were based upon the capacity of the German army to mobilize a few days faster than the French and to crush the French army before the Russians could take the field. Hence the frantic telegrams of the Kaiser to the Czar, imploring him and commending him to countermand the mobilization, for he realized when it was too late whither the ultimatum was hurrying with break-neck speed.

Whether the Kaiser or any other responsible man ever deliberately pressed the button to start a general European war, I don't know. Personally I doubt it. It was the terrible military timetable, the inevitable outcome of Prussian militarism and the division of Europe into a number of rival and separate national States which made it impossible to stop the war, once the first fatal step of mobilization had been taken. The Czar could not countermand mobilization unless Austria-Hungary countermanded. Vienna would not countermand after her ultimatum to

THE author of this paper, which was read before the Institute of Politics in session at Williamstown, Mass., was private secretary to the British Prime Minister, David Lloyd George, for five years and is a recognized student of international affairs. During those years he attended all the international conferences and is stated to have "known every secret of the British Government" and to have "seen every important state paper." Speaking with consequent authority, though representing no official body, he reflects the views of an influential group in Great Britain.

Serbia, because to do so meant an abject humiliation for the Central Powers, far worse than that of Agadir.

And so, while telegrams flashed and Sir Edward Grey's proposal for conference was on the wires, the fateful minutes passed. One after another the nations mobilized

and the situation drifted steadily out of control until finally the German general staff insisted on marching through Belgium as the straightest road to victory and the only alternative to eventual defeats. And Europe stumbled into a war for which Germany had prepared, but which no individual may have deliberately ignited.

Have we, as the result of the terrible experience of the late war and of the victory of the Allies, any real security against a repetition of a world war? To this question I have to answer no. At the same time I do not believe that the peoples who have fought in the last war would with alacrity submit to be driven to such a wholesale slaughter again. They are, I believe, substantially immune from the kind of militarism which drove them to death by the million in 1914. The menace to-day is anarchy and economic chaos, involving, perhaps, local fighting, with Europe retreating toward barbarism, as the habits of order and the machinery of probation and exchange break down.

A companion question is this: Is war really necessary to human progress? Must we continue to submit to a regular recurrence of these appalling evils every

few decades as the price of winning more freedom for humanity? I would answer unhesitatingly that war is barbarism that is never inevitable and that if it takes place between civilized powers it is simply because they have failed to create an alternative system whereby their disputes or great issues involved in human progress can be settled by other and more sensible means.

It is to be feared that wars will not be abolished by passing pious resolutions, or having processions against war, or even, in the long run, by international conferences at Washington or The Hague. All these things are good, provided they are recognized as a process of getting up steam for the real thing. Lord Balfour once said to me that he was almost more disturbed by peace movements than by talk of war. "For," he said, "these demonstrations do not deal with the real causes of war. They just put up a paper screen painted to delude the people of good-will all over the world that something is really being done to prevent war, while in reality, behind the paper screen, the forces of militarism are sharpening their knives all the time."

To-day the civilized world is standing in relation to this problem of war exactly where England and America stood in regard to the Great War before 1914. It is talking about it, but it is not thinking about it. It made a feeble effort in the covenant of the League of Nations. It has run away even from this slender hope. It has now come back to passing resolutions against the use of poison gas, resolutions which will be just as effective as the resolutions of the Congress of Paris in 1896, which disappeared like snow in the face of the fierce heats of the World War. It is again at its old amusement of building paper screens.

Inexorably all the time the forces are piling up which years hence will drag new armadas and fresh armies across the waters of the world in order to save by human slaughter what could be secured by other and better means. The only question is: Is it going to take an-

other and a worse world war to wake the nations up to the necessity of taking action, or are they going to allow wisdom to lead them in time to take the steps necessary to prevent it? To my mind, these alternatives are inexorable. The issue is squarely up to us, and if we or our children do drift once more into a world war we shall have only ourselves to blame.

What is the fundamental cause of war? I do not say the only cause of war, but the most active and constant cause. It is not race, or religion, or color, or nationality, or despotism, or progress, or any of the causes usually cited. It is the division of humanity into separate states. That humanity should be so divided seems natural, almost a law of nature. That it can ever be otherwise seems almost impossible. Yet it is by all odds the greatest cause of war, and until it is overcome, wars as frequent and as terrible as those of the past will continue to scourge the earth. In my judgment every movement for the abolition of war which does not recognize this fundamental fact and deal with it, will fail as every peace movement in the past has failed because it did not deal with it.

The international world to-day is in the same position as were the Western communities of the United States seventy years ago. When it is without law every state has to rely for its rights upon its own power and force as supreme. In point of fact, it is in a worse condition because, while peoples in Western mining camps were united by constant contact, by the common bond of human association and by a fairly vigorous public opinion, the international world has no bond of unity at all. The highest condition to which any state has ever reached is indifference to its neighbor states. Nations often show some love for humanity and especially for suffering humanity in other lands, but of love by one state for another state there is not in history a sign that I can see.

Last year there was some friction between the United States and Japan.

Nobody knew quite what it was about. People talked about immigration and Shantung and Siberia and Yap, but it was difficult to point to any very exact matter at issue. Yet the war cloud had begun to form over the Pacific and the United States was talking about war. Hard things were said about the Japanese. Observers said that eventually war seemed to be almost inevitable, just as they had said that war seemed to be inevitable in Europe for the ten years before 1914. On the Japanese side, too, there had begun to arise the feeling that a struggle was bound to come and that they had better prepare.

The Washington conference was summoned. Issues were frankly and honestly discussed. It was found that much of the suspicion was unfounded, and an arrangement was reached which, if it did not solve the underlying problem, got rid of the immediate difficulties and swept the war cloud from the sky. But suppose the personal equation at the conference had been less statesmanlike. Suppose, even, that the conference had been delayed and that the bad feeling had been allowed to pile up with all the propaganda of hate and suspicion at full blast. Suppose there had been an accident, an inflammatory speech, an incident like the sinking of the Maine. Do you think that it would have been impossible for a war to have broken out? And if it had broken out, would not the overwhelming majority of the citizens of both countries have said:

"Well, I don't much like this war, but we are in it. The only thing is to see it through." That would have meant fighting for four or five years. And, as the Washington conference showed, there would never have been necessity for the war at all. Yet all this happened within three years of the end of the greatest war and the greatest peace movement in history. Am I so very far from the truth when I say that to-day I can see no security against another world war?

What I have tried to say has been this: That so long as mankind, and especially civilized mankind, remains organized into separate states, wars, and by that I mean world wars, will continue to decimate mankind and to set back civilization as they have done ever since the fall of the Roman Empire. I believe that every sane man and woman who considers the matter must become convinced that this statement is true, and that you cannot prevent war, you cannot escape war, so long as states insist on being a law unto themselves, and so long as humanity acquiesces being divided into fragments which owe nothing to one another.

Between the outbreak of the great war on July 31, 1914, and the signature of the armistice on November 11, 1918, there were, according to official calculations, more than ten million men killed, mostly in the flower of youth, and more than thirty million wounded. The loss of life since, and especially of child life, through famine, disease and the disorganization of production and supply, nobody has ever computed or probably ever will be able to compute. The physical anguish and mental agony entailed by these losses, not so much to those who have died, but among those who have lived and watched others die, helpless to comfort or to save, cannot even be hinted at in words. This institute is here assembled largely for the purpose of seeing how order can be retrieved out of the chaos left by these four terrible years of war.

Are we really going to allow the tragedy to happen again? It will happen again unless we take steps to prevent it. Yet, if we are to prevent it, we shall have to deal, not with vague, easy sentiments, but with something which seems to be a very law of our being, the existence of our countries as absolutely independent sovereign states. If what I have said is true, nothing short of this will avail to end war, for it is the fundamental cause of war.

PLAYING HIDE-AND-SEEK WITH POISON

By ROGER WILLIAM RIIS

ONE raw, rainy day last month a friend with the light of gayety in his eyes suggested that we "go around to Casey's and get a drink." No sooner said than done. Casey runs a cheerful place with the old-time trimmings, like brass rail and free-lunch counter, and his drinks seemed altogether passable in quality. But when we came to pay for them we found they were 60 cents each—10 cents less than the same drinks had been a month or two before.

"How is this, Casey?" I asked. "Demand slacking up?"

Mine host produced the grin that is part of his stock in trade. "Not anything," he stated. "Supply's getting easier. And, take it from me, it's the real stuff. The wise guys don't know it all yet."

More than this he would not, of course, reveal, although we probed him idly for some time. He is typical of his trade. You know him perhaps in your neighborhood, and perhaps you take advantage of his offerings. He's everybody's friend except "the wise guys," who are crabbing his game by saying unkindly and untrue things about the hooch that is making him rich.

Is Casey's liquor good or bad, safe or poisonous? Here is a question that must be answered finally. It can be answered only unequivocally, one way or the other, for there can be no half-safe whisky nor half-poisonous gin. Either Casey is selling us a warm feeling at 60 cents a shot, or he is palming

THE writer of this article, reprinted in part from "Collier's," is neither a Federal inspector nor an Anti-Saloon League lieutenant. He is a reporter; and in gathering his facts made it a rule to avoid any sources that might be biased in any way. The Anti-Saloon League, the W. C. T. U., the brewers and distillers and police departments with political axes to grind have been shunned in favor of chemists, laboratories, hospitals, life insurance companies and scientific sources. No propaganda. Simply facts.

off on us danger, perhaps death, also at 60 cents a shot. Which is it?

Here are a few of the results of promiscuous drinking of that which Casey sells. The record is fragmentary, because when anyone dies from such a cause his family do not boast of it, and

because many doctors either cannot or do not diagnose liquor poisoning as such. Therefore the figures are scattered.

In the first twelve days of this year 103 people in the United States died from this cause.

Last year it killed 61 in Pennsylvania.

The records of the New York Department of Health show that whereas three or four people died each year before 1919 from wood alcohol poisoning, in the last three years 81 have so died.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, which holds insurance policies on and keeps close tab of 14,000,000 Americans and Canadians, reports for 1920 and 1921: "One hundred and sixty-two deaths from wood alcohol poisoning. . . . Prior to these years it was a comparatively rare occurrence to have a death reported from this cause."

In January, 1922, there were 25 such deaths in Texas.

A single Christmas season in Massachusetts and Connecticut saw 190 deaths and uncounted cases of blindness and paralysis, all traceable directly to the same consignment of bad whisky. Its seller got \$23,500 for his work.

The National Committee for the Pre-

vention of Blindness has its files stuffed with hundreds of instances of loss of sight due to this same cause. Its clerks are far behind in checking up on them.

Superintendents of hospitals tell me there is a 200 per cent. increase of acute alcoholism over the past, and they lay the increase directly at the door of Mr. Casey and his hooch. One of them adds that: "Formerly, intoxication as a rule needed little attention. Now, medical attention and careful nursing are very essential for recovery."

Take a hospital like Bellevue in New York, where arrive virtually all the great city's psychopathic and alcoholic cases, and you find this record of admissions to the alcoholic ward:

1918.....	728	1920.....	390
1919.....	623	1921.....	2,686

The sudden sharp increase the doctors lay to the disastrous effects of drinking modern bootleg liquor. They show you on their books that, except for shooting and stabbing, one-half of their sudden-death cases are due to the same little friend that Mr. Casey sells at 60 cents.

That is enough to indicate pretty strongly that promiscuous drinking to-day means serious risks. True, the death rate from it is not yet as high as that of many less sensational causes, such as pneumonia and tuberculosis; but it is coming along at a rapid rate.

There are four general divisions into which you can put all the liquor that is on the market to-day. They are: Government bonded stuff, imported stuff, home-made stuff, and unidentified commercial bootleg. The first two can be quickly disposed of; it is the last which calls for long thought before taking.

Government bonded liquor is prohibition liquor which in one way or another has leaked out of a bonded warehouse. It is, of course, the genuine article. Its ways of making a public appearance are devious.

If you are one of the few who can get that class of drinking material, you are safe. But the "if" is present, and very active. R. A. Edson, a Federal

chemist who has done much analyzing of all kinds of drinks, is authority for the statement that of all the liquor on the market less than 5 per cent. is genuine bonded liquor. The rest is typical commercial bootleg. So our chances of safety in this direction are as one in twenty.

As for the imported stuff, there is no way at all of checking up on that. It may have come over the Mexican or the Canadian border or from the Bahamas, or it may be fresh from the last European steamer, but you cannot be sure. The financial rewards are so great that imitation is extremely clever and none but a qualified chemist can take two bottles and say: "This one is good, this one is bad." It is true of both the alleged bonded spirits and the alleged imported spirits that bottles are often refilled, or wrapped in forged labels and seals. The manufacture of such labels and seals has been repeatedly unearthed in the tenements of the big cities, where it is a thriving business. So if you tackle a glass of something you are assured is imported, you show a sporting inclination to take the Great Chance. There is one man I know of to-day who took that chance and lost. He was a civil engineer, in the prime of life, with an income of \$75,000 a year and a charming wife. The world was before him, at his feet. He bartered it for the pleasure of a drink—"oh, perfectly good stuff. Just brought in from France"—and to-day he is blind, completely and permanently.

The question rises here as to whether one cannot test such liquors before drinking them. There are a score or more simple tests advertised nowadays, which claim to be thorough and reliable. You buy this or that chemical, drop it into a sample of the hooch, and if you get a certain reaction the hooch is safe. They cost 10, 15 or 25 cents.

Dr. Alexander Gettler is a surgical chemist whose specialty is alcohol. He is one of the country's great experts in his field. Regarding these ready-made tests, he told me: "I have tried them

all, and they are all no good. Some of them show the presence of the more harmless alcohols, but fail to show the presence of the deadly ones. Analyzing suspected liquor and getting reliable results is a technical operation far beyond the equipment or knowledge of the average layman."

From the files of the American Medical Academy we pick this statement: "There is not a single property of wood alcohol except its resulting blindness or death by which anyone but an analytical chemist can distinguish it from ethyl alcohol."

If there were set before you a bottle of pure grain alcohol and a bottle of pure wood alcohol, the average person would have just an even chance of identifying them. It follows that it becomes virtually impossible to identify them when they are disguised and altered by flavoring and coloring extracts.

There was a startling instance of that just before Christmas two years ago. An Italian intercepted ten drums of wood alcohol in shipment from Michigan to England, tapped them, drained off the contents, and sent the drums forward filled with water. He took a sample of his wood alcohol to a chemist—mind you, not a layman—and asked for information.

The chemist replied: "This is medicinal alcohol, or medicated alcohol."

The Italian wasn't so sure. "I'm willing to bet," he protested, "that this is myrtle alcohol." (He meant "methyl" alcohol—i. e., wood alcohol.)

"Never mind," retorted the other, "I am a chemist. I know what the stuff is. Wait ten or fifteen minutes; I'll make sure."

After more elaborate analysis, the chemist reported the stuff as medicated alcohol. The Italian sold it on the open market, and 190 people died of the effects of drinking it, while untold others were blinded and paralyzed. The Italian was convicted of manslaughter.

When the experts stumble, shall you and I walk through unscathed?

Coming, then, to home-brew and home-distilled, there is something to

be said on both sides. Lots of us have sampled home products that tasted good and seemed harmless. Perhaps you make it yourself. Of course, the safety or danger of home-made stuff depends somewhat on whether it is brewed or distilled, since the latter has more pitfalls than the former.

If the source of these liquors is personally known to the drinker, they are probably the safest of all the many varieties to be had to-day. For instance, the Italians in our city tenements are an abundant source of home-made light wines. Analysis shows that their quality is about the same as it has always been, for wine making is no trick to an Italian woman. But there is a qualification to this.

The amateur often keeps on brewing or distilling too long, in order to get every possible good out of the mash. As a result, he passes right on over the kind of alcohol he ought to get, and gets instead other alcohols, which are poisons of one sort or another.

Quoting Dr. Gettler again, as everyone does in this field: "Home-made stuff may easily be fatal. It may turn out to be a coroner's cocktail."

That is the extreme case. In any event, these inferior brands are all irritant poisons of the chronic type. That is to say, they do not kill with the amazing swiftness of wood alcohol, but they work on the human machine steadily and certainly. Cirrhosis of the liver, chronic gastritis, alcoholism, and kindred diseases are their natural outcome. Bear in mind the former requirement of the Pure Food Law, that whisky should be at least two years old, next time a friend offers you some of his last week's distillation. Consider soberly the rewards of drinking promiscuously and socially:

1. A pleasant taste and a momentary uplift.
2. A slow poisoning if the drinking continues over a period of months.
3. Permanent blindness.
4. Paralysis; also permanent.
5. Swift and agonizing death.

THE NEW DECALOGUE OF SCIENCE

Extracts from an Open Letter Appearing in the Century Magazine,
from the Biologist to the Statesman

By ALBERT EDWARD WIGGAM

TO THE STATESMAN.

SIR: As you know, biology is the science of life. Statesmanship is the art, and may some day become the science of the control of life. Now, you control life on a vaster scale than any other human being. What you say or think or do about life is, therefore, the most important thing in the whole world. I regret to say, however, that there are five or six thousand volumes and special investigations dealing with this subject of life of which, it seems, you have never heard; or if you have heard of them, they have had a singularly slight influence upon your policy and action.

You are familiar with some ten commandments which God wrote on tablets of stone and gave to one of your predecessors as a true chart of statesmanship. He later added two supplements known as the golden rule and the Sermon on the Mount. You have failed conspicuously to put these ancient principles into practice, and it may surprise your Excellency to learn that God is still revealing to mankind new and revolutionary aspects of these principles of statesmanship and life. However, instead of using tablets of stone, prophecies, visions and dreams, He has in this day given men the microscope, the telescope, the spectroscope and the chemist's test-tube to enable them to make their own revelations. And these new instruments have not only added an enormous range of new commandments, an entirely new decalogue to man's moral code, but they have supplied a technic for putting the old ones into effect. Men have never been really righteous because they did not know how. They could not obey God's Will because they had no way of finding out what it was. But science has at last

given to men a true technic of righteousness. And this new dispensation is just as divine as the old. It is filled with warnings of wrath, both present and to come, for the biological ungodly as well as alluring promises to them who do His biological will. These warnings should, first, make you tremble. They should, second, make you pray. They should, third, fill you with the militant faith of a new evangel.

The first warning that biology gives to statesmanship is that the advanced races of mankind are going backward; that they are biologically plunging downward; that civilization as you administer it is self-destructive; that civilization always destroys the man that builds it; that your vast efforts to improve man's lot, instead of improving man, are hastening the hour of his destruction; that the brain of man is not growing; that man as a breed of organic beings is not advancing.

Lest you may think I merely wish to alarm you, let me urge you to glance at the chart of your own national biology. The army mental tests have shown that there are, roughly, forty-five million people in this country who haven't any sense.

Another warning of biology is that your philanthropy and your noble-hearted, but soft-headed, schemes for ameliorating the conditions of life without at the same time improving the quality of life have failed and will fail to improve the race, and are, in fact, hastening its deterioration.

Nature has progressed by letting the devil take the hindmost. But our method is to increase the number of the hindmost. Nature slaughters the innocents, but you merely throw more innocents into her ravenous maw. Your very mercy only adds to nature's bru-

tality. You think your cakes and cream will hasten the millennium. But a heaven for the unfit would be a biological hell for the fit.

You think this "applies the golden rule." It is a flattering unctio. But the golden rule, as you falsely conceive it, if applied, would wreck the race that tried it. I see the results of your golden rule filling jails, penitentiaries, reformatories, "rescue homes," and asylums—mute monuments, one and all, to your belated efforts to dam the swelling tide of degeneracy that your golden rule has largely created. They are catch-alls for the products of your impertinent meddling with evolution. You think that the meek and lowly should inherit the earth, and have well-nigh completed arrangements for their doing it. They already absorb nearly one half the time, energy and money of your civilization. You fail to notice that the meek and lowly you care for are mostly the grandchildren of the same meek and lowly your grandfathers took care of, only they are far more numerous, while you are relatively less numerous. Brute nature slays its thousands, but your charity in the end will slay its tens of thousands. "Unwise charity has created half the misery of the world," and "charity can never relieve one half the misery which she creates." And unless your philanthropy and charity become imbued, as a few social workers are becoming imbued, with a new biological conscience, you will reap the whirlwind of your well-intentioned, but socially disastrous, folly.

Another warning of biology is that medicine, hygiene, sanitation and your efforts to call mental and physical soundness out of the vacuum of nowhere, instead of upbuilding by selection the boundless health, energy and sanity that are already in the stream of human protoplasm, are weakening and will weaken the human breed.

Another warning is that morals, education, art and religion will not directly improve the inborn righteousness, educability or artistic and religious capacity of the human breed.

This is a dark saying to you. Yet you have spent untold millions in improving your plants and animals by the only method by which they can be improved—selection of the fit for parentage.

But the more you "improve" the environment of plants, animals or men without this selection, the more rapidly do they deteriorate. Yet you have risked man's earthly destiny on the fatuous notion that the "grandfather's environment is the grandchild's heredity"; that if you want to produce a genius, you must begin by educating the grandfather; that the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children; and that if the fathers have eaten sour grapes, it will set the children's teeth on edge.

Now, in the sense in which you believe these things they are not true. Long ago biology has consigned them to the realm of myth and fancy.

The first commandment biology gives to statesmanship is *the duty of eugenics*. Twenty-four hundred years after Plato gave the conception of eugenics philosophical formulation; two thousand years after Jesus gave it its ethical sanctions; sixty years after Darwin discovered its organizing principle in natural law; fifty years after Galton placed it clearly and finally among the analytical sciences; thirty years after Weismann made it the only secure hope of human improvement; twenty years after Mendel gave it its biological mechanics and experimental method, I seem still to hear you inquiring in vague, mystifying wonder, "What is eugenics?" Well, your Excellency, eugenics is a method ordained of God for securing better parents for our children, in order that they may be born more richly endowed, mentally, morally and physically, for the human struggle. Eugenics is simply evolution made conscious and intelligent. It is not a scheme or program at all. You cannot enact eugenics any more than you can enact the weather. Eugenics means a new religion, new objects of religious incidence, a new moral code, a new social and political Bible, a change in the

very purpose of civilization and the fundamental *mores* of man. It means the improvement of man as an organic being. It means that the improvement of man's *inborn capacities* for happiness, health, sanity and achievement must become the one living purpose of the state.

The second commandment of biology is *the duty of scientific research*.

Science alone has made true morality possible. You have read the injunction, "Seek ye after God, if haply ye might find Him." When some unknown genius of the past mixed nine parts of copper with one part of tin and made bronze, he not only lifted mankind from the Stone to the Metal Age, but he began a new era of morals, because he began experimentally to seek after God.

The third commandment of biology is *the duty of the socialization of science*.

If only the scientist himself can cooperate with God, public morality is impossible. Science, locked up in the scientist's head or in his unknowable tongue, cannot nourish the common man any more than the picture in the artist's imagination can touch with beauty the soul of the common man until it is transferred to the canvas. The writer, orator and dramatist who understand the scientist's language and can also speak to the people must enter the temple with him, although they may not go behind the veil. They must then come out to the temple steps and give these mysteries to the people. And your duty as social, business, religious, educational and political statesmen is to organize these precepts from on high into social custom, legal statute, educational policy, religious worship and the compelling forms of art. If you gain the whole world of science for yourself and do not share it with all mankind, your civilization will lose its own soul. For the social organization is simply the technical administration of the love of God.

The fourth commandment of biology is *the duty of vocational education*.

Civilization has always failed, be-

cause it has never succeeded in fitting each and every man to its new forms of evolution. Nothing else is true civilization except, first, the selection by intelligence; second, the education by social environment, and third, the preservation and transmission by heredity of everything beautiful and ennobling that rises above the protoplasmic stream. For this reason vocational education must discover every human worth and fit the individual possessing it to an ever-widening and more complex environment, which the increasingly intelligent descendants of such a scientific social order are certain, from their inborn excellence, to build.

The fifth commandment of biology is *the duty of internationalism*.

Even a scientific civilization, if it be only national, will soon be crushed by war. It will never make war, but it must defend itself. No nation can, therefore, remain civilized until all nations are civilized. War has scarcely more selective survival-value than an earthquake. And just as earthquakes and volcanoes are going out of fashion, so war must go the same way. Your nationalistic slogans are not only insufficient unto a world order, but they are not even sufficient unto a permanent national order.

Moreover, vast problems of race migrations, mixtures and hybridizations will to-morrow tax all the genius of both science and statesmanship. Biology has exploded the myth of the melting-pot as well as the myth of war. Each race and nation must still create its own culture, its own national or racial psychology.

Lastly, the sixth commandment of biology is *the duty of art*.

Art is the herald of the march of evolution. Biology has suddenly given to art a new and incalculable significance. The very face and form of man have probably changed under its influence; for beauty sets up ideal of mate selection between man and woman. And mate selection between man and woman is the supreme cause of both racial glory and decline. Respectfully,
THE BIOLOGIST.

BUSINESS, FAMILY AND FOOD POR- TRAYED AS OUR REAL GODS

A New Epic of the American Family

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

BALZAC once described himself as "the secretary of society." The same description is applicable to Kathleen Norris, whose new novel, "Certain People of Importance" (Doubleday, Page), is one of the most revealing studies of American society that has ever appeared. The title of the book is ironical, and the word "society" in this connection is properly spelled with a small, and not with a large, "s." Mrs. Norris writes of ordinary people with extraordinary insight. She likes to probe into real, as distinguished from professed, motives. Her method is detailed and realistic, and she takes nearly 500 pages to tell what seems much more like a history than a story. The total effect of her revelation is to convey the idea that, despite professions made on Sunday, the real objects of our idolatry are commercial success, the family group and good things to eat.

The book opens with a genealogical tree of the "Crabtree Family," which displays nearly fifty names. It looks rather forbidding, but it becomes indispensable before we have read far. Every page is alive with names. We are dealing, we find, with a veritable tribe of grandparents, parents and children who illustrate the old saying: "Three generations from shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves."

Reuben Crabtree, the progenitor of the family, had been a wheelmaker of Mendon, Massachusetts; his son George had migrated to Illinois; but the story really begins with the journey of George's son Reuben across the plains to California. It is the year 1849, and Reuben is taking with him his wife and her sister and his two daughters and his two sons. When the party, dirty, weary but undaunted, arrived in San Francisco, Reuben opens a grocery store



KATHLEEN NORRIS KNOWS THE AMERICAN CHARACTER. But the account she gives of it in her new novel is hardly flattering.

with a few barrels of sugar and flour.

There is something positively sacred about this grocery business. Out of it comes Stephen, the man who marries May, Reuben's eldest daughter. Out of it comes the money which makes possible the family mansion in San Rafael across the bay. As the years pass, Reuben takes on the aspect of a high priest presiding at the altar of business. Brothers and sons are felt to have failed or succeeded in life in just the degree that they have been able, or unable, to link themselves with the business.

The men in this story do not play games; do not go to church; do not evince any interest in politics or international affairs; are not interested in art or music or literature; do not show any powers of thought outside of their business. No wonder that May, the dominating feminine character of the story, found herself often lying awake far into the night, thinking, or trying to think. "It was all very puzzling: May wished she knew more about that great ocean that hemmed in her little island of life so completely. *Business*. It was mysterious; how much men knew about it, and how curiously it worked!"

Nothing happens in the story that could not be classified under the heads "business" or "domestic." We see a flock of young people—mostly girls—and we come to know each individual so intimately that we are able to understand and sympathize with the struggles, the hopes and despairs of one and another. The young men seem spoiled and in a minority; at least we get the impression that several girls are besieging every man. The girls all seem to feel that marriage is the one escape from unendurably monotonous home lives. In the background are Father and Mother—especially Mother—endeavoring to dominate the situation and to enforce the claims of family affection.

Business, domesticity—and food are the pillars on which this story rests. We have never read a novel in which

the matter of eating and drinking was given so much space. To quote just one passage in which a young married couple, Rudy and Nelly, figure:

"The table was littered with plates and cups and food. A sucking pig that had been killed in a farm gate was the main dish, and Nelly had emphasized this unexpected treat with new potatoes and new asparagus and a deep cherry pie. Everybody had quite deliberately overeaten, more pig, more tea, more tomato pickle, and more cream to finish the pie or more pie to finish the cream. There had never been such a feast; the kitchen reeked of it."

It is significant of the power of Kathleen Norris that a story dealing with such homely material and such homely motives has been made so vital. If we cannot agree with Maurice Francis Egan (in the *New York Times*) that there is not a dull line between the covers, we coincide with his view that the story comes near to being a great novel. You are constantly laying down the book, as Hildegard Hawthorne puts it in the *New York Herald*, to meditate on some incident, some flash of perception, some revealing sentence. "There is nothing compelling," she says, "in the plot. Nevertheless, you find yourself returning to it with pleasure, with impatience at any interruption. You are thoroughly absorbed by it. Again and again you come back to the one statement, 'It is so real.'" Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, in the *Literary Review* of the *New York Evening Post*, pays the following tribute to the story and to its author:

"'Certain People of Importance' is a great American novel, written with such consummate skill that the skill is concealed and the strokes of the brush are not evident. It is like purely American tapestry. All American weave, it is an all-American dye, if you please, and thanks to no other nation, friend or foe, for a turn of pattern, a tint, or hint as to composition. It is a book which must be read by all good Americans. It is their duty and will be to their pleasure and profit to read it: this epic of American life written of their own by a great writer of their own."

BOOK-CENSORSHIP CONDEMNED AS UN-AMERICAN AND UNDESIRABLE

THERE is something tonic in the flood of hostile comment that has greeted John S. Sumner's recent proposal to establish in America a "voluntary censorship" of books. This comment seems to indicate that a policy of repression fostered in war-time and sanctioned by the American people because of the war is running its course, and is giving way to the older and fairer principle expressed in the first amendment to the Constitution. American opinion at the present time, it is clear, not only rejects Mr. Sumner's idea, but takes the view that censorship, in the literary field at least, is contrary to our national genius and positively harmful. The indignation expressed is directed not only against Mr. Sumner but also against the Society for the Suppression of Vice that he represents. "Such an organization," Heywood Brown declares in the *New York World*, "is distinctly inimical to our theory of government."

The Vice Society lives under special legislation of its own devising and first came into prominence under the leadership of Anthony Comstock. It has had tons of obscene literature, pictures and postal cards condemned, and, in this branch of its activity, has been generally indorsed. It has also, however, proceeded against literature concerning which there are wide differences of opinion, and it sometimes includes in its dragnet books that have long been accepted as classics.

The Society is felt to have exceeded all proper limits in its recent raid on the publishing house of Thomas Seltzer, in New York, and is not likely to gain in prestige as a result of Mr. Sumner's new proposal. This proposal was first made to a group of publishers, and is explained in an interview in the *New York World* as follows:

"I invited the publishers to a conference, where I intended to lay before them for discussion a plan of voluntary censor-

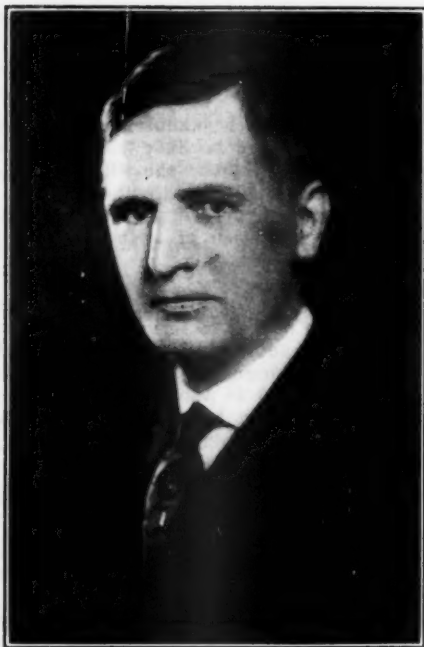
ship for only such manuscripts as they themselves wished to have judged. The plan would be like the one which has already gone into effect in the theaters.

"Applied to manuscripts, it would mean first the compilation of a jury panel of about 500 names of representative citizens—doctors, lawyers, alienists, politicians, educators, teachers, business men—who have agreed to serve once or twice a year by reading a doubtful manuscript and passing judgment.

"Then, when a publisher receives a manuscript which he wishes to publish, but which he finds somewhat risky, he may submit it as a matter of precaution to a jury of twelve chosen by chance from the panel. If the jury pronounces the manuscript fit for publication, its pronouncement will protect the publisher when he comes to selling the book. While the jury would have no formal legal standing, it is nevertheless true that if any complaint were lodged against a published book which the jury had approved in the manuscript the record of that approval would undoubtedly be accepted by any Magistrate as sufficient ground for dismissing against the publisher.

"On the other hand, if the volunteer jury pronounced against a manuscript, the publisher might nevertheless go ahead and publish it, as he could legally do. But in that case the recorded opinion of the jury would be excellent ground for sustaining a complaint of immorality preferred by this society or by any private citizen."

Mr. Sumner's proposal is rejected alike by publishers, authors and newspapers and has led to the formation of a Joint Committee for the Promotion and Protection of Art and Literature presided over by George Creel and including the following organizations: Actors' Equity Association, American Dramatists, American Federation of Musicians, Authors' League of America, Inc., Cinema Camera Club, Guild of Free Lance Artists, Motion Picture Directors' Association, Printing Trades Unions and Screen Writers' Guild. The object of this new Com-



© Marceau

THE SUCCESSOR OF ANTHONY COMSTOCK

John S. Sumner's recent raid on a New York publishing house has led to the organization by George Creel of a joint committee which proposes to "unite and direct every possible force in the fight against censorship."

mittee, Mr. Creel says, is "to unite and direct every possible force in the fight against censorship, no matter what the form of manifestation."

In a symposium of well-known writers in the *New York World* in which, among others, Booth Tarkington, Gertrude Atherton, Meredith Nicholson, Mary Johnson and Hendrik Willem Van Loon participate, we do not find a single supporter of Mr. Sumner's plan. "I don't see why," Edward W. Bok says, "it should take hundreds of words to answer the questions, What court should pass on literature? There is only one court and that is the court of final resort—the public." ||

The whole question reduces itself, in Booth Tarkington's view, to the matter of taste, rather than of morals. There is, he admits, a "craze for erotic literature," but it will not be ended by cen-

sorship. He is quoted in an interview in the *New York Times*:

"I read so few of the modern novels that I really shouldn't make any generalization, but of those I have read, many seem to be in bad taste. When the book is written by one of my contemporaries I feel that he has succumbed to this craze for erotic literature simply because he knows he will make more money by that kind of book. When it's written by a young writer just starting out, it's more likely to be a deliberate seeking of the salacious because that is the easiest way to get a book published. And a young author is so passionately self-assertive, so indignant about his art. Any criticism seems so terrible to him.

"Establishing a censorship would certainly check the tendency, but the real solution to my mind lies in awakening the good taste of the public. I don't think real people read all this trash. The problem is to make the twenty million disregard it, too. That was the solution after the Elizabethan age. Literature has never been as raw as it was then. It wasn't Puritanism that put a stop to the publishing of indecent books then. It was that they offended good taste, and a wave of repugnance for them spread until they were not read by anyone who counted, and that is what will have to happen here."

In terms that are much more concrete, Heywood Broun reiterates his conviction that the Society for the Suppression of Vice is "distinctly an extra-legal body" and that "there is nothing which Mr. Sumner and any of his assistants do which should not properly fall within the province of the regularly constituted police forces and the Federal Post Office inspectors." He continues:

"If anybody objects that the average patrolman is not fitted by training to decide just what is indecent in literature and art, we think that we may justly reply that neither is Mr. Sumner. The very existence of his society marks a contempt for the due processes of American government. Mr. Sumner and his associates are supported by private contributions and their existence depends on the arrogant assumption of certain individuals that the officers of the law do not know their business and must be helped out."

SANTAYANA'S NEW REFLECTIONS ON THE "LIFE OF REASON"

GR^{EAT} interest has been shown, on both sides of the Atlantic, in George Santayana's "Soliloquies in England" (Scribner's). This new book should be read in connection with the five-volume "Life of Reason," which a recent writer in the *New York Times* has described as "one of the few vitally important contributions to literature made in the United States during the last fifty years." It clarifies ideas expressed in the earlier volumes, and has, in addition, a charm that is all its own. It suggests a certain affinity to Walter Pater; enhances its author's reputation as a literary critic, and, stylistically, may well be the envy of native-born English and American writers.

Mr. Santayana was born in Spain, but was taken to America at an early age by his father. He taught philosophy with William James and Josiah Royce at Harvard University. For the past ten years he has been living in England.

One of the notable features of his new book is its tribute to the English character and to Dickens as the supreme exponent of that character. The essay on Dickens appeals to the *London Times* as the best ever written on the subject. The major interest of the book, however, may be said to lie in the philosophy it unfolds.

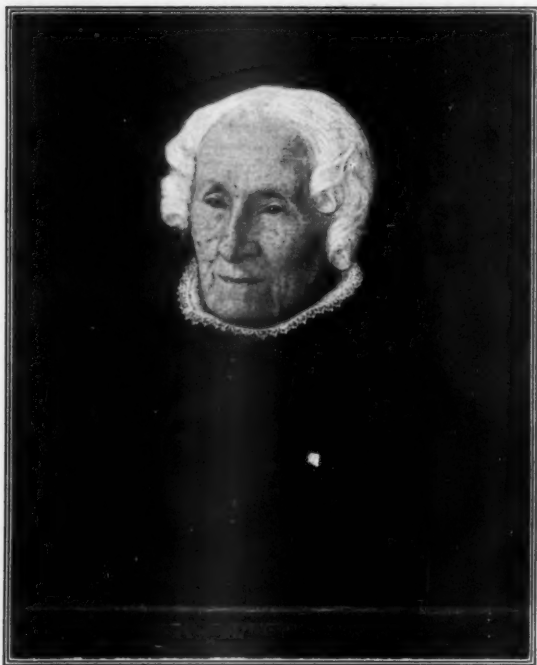
Santayana calls himself "a pagan and a moral skeptic." His habits of thought are Greek. There is so much of the romantic in his composition that at times he seems to be all poet. There is so much of the realist in him that at other times he seems to be all scientist.

He conceives of nature as indifferent to human aspirations. "This world," as he puts it, "is a most paradoxical, odd and picturesque object, and not at all the sort of world which the human mind (being a highly specialized part of it) would have made or can easily believe to be real." His position here is not unlike that of Bertrand Russell

in "A Free Man's Worship." Both conceive of the universe as matter describing aimless orbits through infinite space and time, in obedience to "iron laws" and irrespective of human hopes and fears; but while Russell faces this prospect in "unyielding despair," Santayana accepts it as a matter of course and even tries to make it contributory to his happiness.

Acceptance, indeed, is one of the cornerstones of his philosophy. He accepts not only the immutable facts of nature, but also the facts of human society which he seems to regard as no less immutable. He is constantly telling us that while an existing situation may seem bad, an alternative may be even worse. In an essay entitled "Praises of Water," he concedes the poignancy of all that, like music and love, passes and flows, but he quickly adds: "If this irreparable fluidity is sad, anything stark and arrested is still sadder." In the same spirit he writes of death: "To come to an end is a virtue when one has had one's day, seeing that in the womb of the infinite there are always other essences no less deserving of existence." He even extends his mantle of charity to cover war: "Certainly war is hell, as you, my fair friends, are fond of repeating; but so is rebellion against war. To live well you must be victorious. . . . When was a coward at peace? Homer, who was a poet of war, did not disguise its horrors nor its havoc, but he knew it was the shield of such happiness as is possible on earth."

In a keen analysis of social possibilities and impossibilities, Santayana is equally unconsoling. He believes in reason, but he has not the faintest hope that it will ever rule the world. He says that "belief in progress . . . is a sheer superstition." He has no hesitation in affirming: "Conformity is wiser than hot denials, tolerance wiser than priggishness and puritanism. It is not



A WOMAN'S PORTRAIT AT WEST POINT

We see here Orland Campbell's portrait of Anna Bartlett Warner. It has just been enshrined in the chapel of the Military Academy at West Point. For many years Miss Warner and her sister Susan lived on Constitution Island, in the Hudson River. They left this island to the United States Government.

what earnest people renounce that makes me pity them, it is what they work for. No possible reform will make life adorable or fundamentally just."

In Santayana's view, philosophies and religions are efforts to solve the insoluble. They are valuable, in the sense in which any literature is valuable, as expressions of groping intelligence. "Fervent believers," he remarks, "look for some system of philosophy or religion that shall be *literally* true and worthy of superseding current assumptions. I look for no such thing."

At this point it may well be asked, What, then, has Santayana to offer if he rejects the idea of transforming the world and despairs of achieving a true philosophy or religion? The answer would seem to be best summed up in the word contemplation. We live, he says, "*in order to understand. . . . All ac-*

tion is for the sake of contemplation." To quote further:

"What can save the world, without destroying it, is self-knowledge on the part of the world, not, of course, reflective self-knowledge (for the world is not an animal that can think), but such a regimen and such a philosophy established in society as shall recognize truly what the world is, and what happiness is possible in it. The force that has launched me into this dream of life does not care what turns my dream takes nor how long it troubles me. Nature denies at every moment not indeed that I am troubled and dreaming, but that there are any natural units like my visions, or anything anomalous in what I hate, or final in what I love. Under these circumstances, what is the part of wisdom? To dream with one eye open; to be detached from the world without hostility to it; to welcome fugitive beauties and pity fugitive sufferings without forgetting for a moment how fugitive they are; and not to lay up treasures, except in heaven."

Santayana says that he has no wish to propagate any particular character, least of all his own. "No man," he thinks, "can set up an ideal for another, nor labor to realize it for him, save by his leave or as his spokesman." He does believe, however, in a "hierarchy of ideals," and he knows that it can be established only by the finest discrimination. His attitude is that of a "poetical pragmatist," in spite of William James' quarrel with him, and he has always sought to estimate thinkers and men of letters from the point of view of the contributions that they have made to life as a whole. In his essay on Dickens in the present volume he praises the great English novelist not so much for his intelligence ("perhaps, properly speaking, he had no *ideas* on any subject") as for his "vast sympathetic participation in the daily life of mankind."

A NEW STAR IN THE ART WORLD

THERE is a new star in the firmament of the art world of New York—Orland Campbell, who already has two notable successes to his credit this season, the portrait of Molla Burstedt Mallory, the American tennis champion, which was exhibited in the early summer, and the more recent painting of Anna Bartlett Warner, benefactor of West Point, N. Y., whose likeness has been placed in the chapel of the great military academy in the highlands of the Hudson.

Orland Campbell is a young American portrait painter whose work possesses striking individuality, vitality, sincerity, power, charm and, above all, a message.

Perhaps the most striking quality of Mr. Campbell's portraits is their absolute individuality, collectively and singly. Their style and treatment is unlike that of any other painter or school of painting, and there is no trace of the mannerist or conventionalist in them.

To Mr. Campbell each portrait presents two problems: to grasp the personality of the sitter in terms of facial expression and poise of figure, and to place this personality in the sitting which will best enhance its dominant characteristics.

This is apparent in the portrait of Molla Burstedt Mallory reproduced on this page.

Here is a convincing portrait of a young woman, with strong characterization, but portrayed in a background of Mille Fleurs tapestry effect, which greatly enhances the charm of the painting.

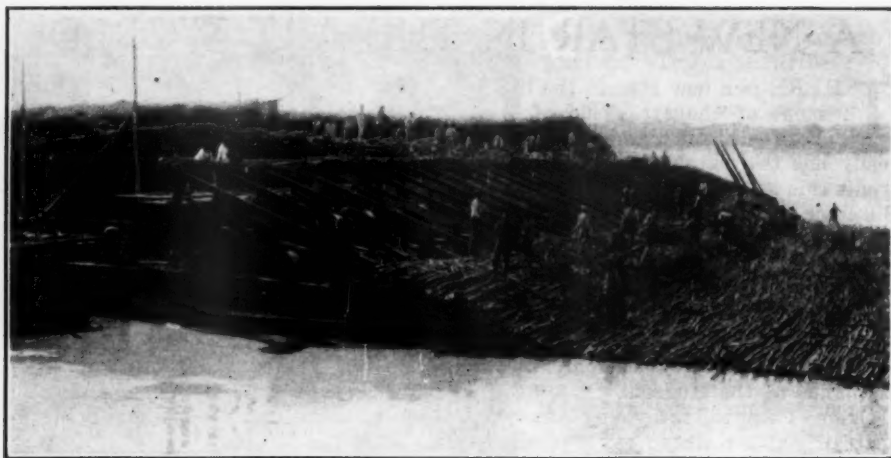
Mr. Campbell believes that it is inexcusable to slight any part of the canvas as unimportant—that each portrait problem is made up of equally important parts, which must be finished with equally painstaking care. He also believes that no object that is irrelevant to the main idea should appear upon the canvas, and that a portrait aside from being a portrait should be decorative.

He has passed the tentative stage, and it is safe to predict that he may be counted upon for some brilliant achievements in the future.



THE AMERICAN WOMAN TENNIS CHAMPION AS ORLAND CAMPBELL SEES HER

A portrait by a modern painter in the medieval spirit. Mrs. Mallory sits on a carved Italian chest of the fifteenth century, and is posed against a background of Mille Fleurs tapestry.



Official Government Photo

GETTING READY FOR THE ANNUAL SPRING RAMPAGE

What is known as the Princeton, Miss., revetment, showing the willow fascine mat just after launching.

MAKING THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER BEHAVE

TEN years ago," gloats Harris Dickson in the *Saturday Evening Post*, "I wrote a story of failure, of broken levees, of disaster. Now I joyfully record a success." The dwellers in the Mississippi Valley have met the worst and most prolonged high water of many years and have emerged everywhere triumphant.

The average citizen of higher and drier climes wonders, doubtless, when his daily paper chronicles the annual menace along the Mississippi and its tributaries, why those who live in the valley do not take a leaf from the book of experience and put their houses and farms out of the water's reach. He is apt to put it down to plain cantankerousness or shiftlessness. The fact is, as Mr. Dickson emphasizes, the Mississippi Valley dweller lives and farms on land that is below the high water level because it is well worth his while to take the chance.

"The average river dweller is an incurable optimist, undismayed as the peasant who rebuilds his home upon the volcanic slopes of Vesuvius. Like his

pioneer father before him, Colonel Damascus Swampwood swats mosquitoes, borrows money to ration free negroes, puts all his credit into growing cotton, and starts over again when the Mississippi runs amuck and washes away everything except his mortgage. The colonel never whines over spilt milk, but plasters his property with a second mortgage, patches up his levees, corrals more negroes and plants more cotton, all in the sublime assurance that one good crop will land him on Easy Street. Two bumper crops in succession would make the colonel disgustingly rich. His country has a glorious future, forty feet deep in fertility from the erosions of a continent. When the river has become a servant instead of a master, and drainage an established fact, then the two-legged world must wear the Colonel's breeches and pay tribute to him."

Mr. Dickson outlines in an interesting way the crisis of high water—the way in which the levees are threatened and the way in which this threat is met. At Arkansas City in May "the water

stood two feet higher than the crest of the levee, being kept out only by a topping of dirt-filled sacks. Inch by inch the people stacked up sacks and more sacks, fighting like rats to keep from drowning. But they were loading too much weight on their levee, already weakened by its soaking, with water creeping through every pore and converting it into slush. On the night of the crisis—such calamities always occur at two A. M.—the levee began to slough. This means that the ridge began to cave on the land side, to slide like mush, and sink. They grabbed a railroad track which ran along the banquette, just inside the levee and some twenty feet below its top. Somebody had several carloads of coal standing on this track. Long beams of wood were braced against them and the tottering top of the levee held in place. A sand-and-gravel company had been dredging up sand from a bar in front of the town. There stood the idle dredge, and here were empty barges. Tugboats got busy, the dredge began to work, pumping material into the barges—90 per cent. solid matter, the water being allowed to run off. At the danger point a force of convicts and citizens filled sacks with sand, hundreds of thousands of sacks, and piled them at the base of

the embankment. This adds weight and steadies the wavering mass."

By a different expedient the jelly-like crumbling levees were kept in place, save for unimportant local breaks, in every threatened neighborhood from Cairo to the Gulf, and for the first time a Mississippi River flood receded without serious overflow.

Opponents of levees have claimed that as the height of the levees is raised, the river-bed automatically goes up with them through deposition of silt, leaving the problem as before. This is disproved by a writer in the *Scientific American* who shows that the levees actually quicken the current and scour out the channel deeper. It is shown that floods are invariably the result of weak places where the levee system has not been brought up to the Federal standards; and that where this standard is met failure never occurs. The day is forecast when money will have been found for the completion of the entire levee system up to the exacting standards as to height and design which are applied by the engineers of the United States Government; and when this is done, and maintenance is properly looked after, the Mississippi Valley is promised freedom from these devastating floods.

GERMANY SAID TO BE MANUFACTURING SYNTHETIC COAL

ALCHEMY has yet to succeed in transmuting base metals into gold, but it appears that German science, having failed to achieve synthetic gold, has actually succeeded in manufacturing synthetic coal. The achievement is credited to a Munich pharmacist, Prueckner by name, who is reported, in the New York *Herald*, to have produced a high-grade anthracite from stone quarries.

In view of the fact that Germany has lost its richest coal mines in Upper Silesia to Poland and those in the Sarre Valley to France, the importance of the Prueckner discovery to German in-

dustry is incalculable. The production of synthetic coal equal in every respect to anthracite has been established beyond any doubt, according to the *Herald*, by a number of official practical tests. One of them was made to ascertain the heating power of each of the two kinds of fuel. The synthetic coal burned without a smell and with an insignificant volume of smoke and produced 7,995 heat units per 100 kilograms, 220 pounds, while anthracite coal has a heating power of from 7,000 to 8,000 heat units per 100 kilograms and emits much more smoke.

Still more favorable was the gas test.

One hundred kilograms of anthracite were placed in one retort and the same quantity of synthetic coal in another. Both retorts were subjected to the same heat, and their contents converted into gas and coke. The gas obtained from the synthetic coal yielded more heat units per second while it lasted and it lasted much longer than the anthracite. The coke of both kinds of coal equalled in weight and heating power. That result is of special importance because Germany is consistently striving to restrict consumption of coal to factories and gas works, and has made already much progress in that direction.

The heat from burning coal is to be utilized to make steam to drive stationary engines. But thereby not more than 18 per cent. of the inherent power of coal can be utilized. Not to waste the remaining power, the fires beneath the boilers will be connected with gas-generating plants, the illuminating gas yielding about twice as much heat or power as the direct burning of coal.

The chief by-product of that process is coke to be burned on board of ships and in households, which may also use either illuminating gas or hydrogen

gas for heating purposes. The hydrogen gas is produced by pouring water on live coke. Small and medium industrial establishments will by and by have to install gas motors and use illuminating or hydrogen gas. Dr. Walter Rathenau, former president of the Allgemeine Elektrizitäts-Gesellschaft (General Electric Company), estimates that by these improvements coal consumption can be reduced by half.

The process of making synthetic coal is simple, according to Herr Prueckner, who is quoted as saying that two different kinds of soft stones are crushed and ground into fine sand and mixed with certain chemicals. The mixture is moistened, pressed into briquets, heated, dried and cooled.

The formula is of course a secret at the present time, and probably will not be disclosed voluntarily. Only England, Belgium and Italy have renounced up to now their Versailles Treaty privilege to subject the "property, rights and interests of German nationals to exceptional war measures that have been or will be taken with regard to them"—in other words, to seize all available German property, including patents.

A WONDER-WORKING MACHINE IN THE SUGAR FIELDS

WE have already told in these columns how the picking of cotton, always a task which could be done only by tedious hand labor, has at length succumbed to the ingenuity of American invention; and we have indicated what the cotton-picking machine may mean to the Southern states. But cotton is not the only crop in the handling of which Southern planters have been embarrassed by the necessity for relying upon hand labor at harvest time. The sugar industry has suffered from the same curse, for the cane must be cut off at the bottom, all the trash removed, and then the green top cut away at the uppermost ripe joint. This has always been done by hand, the

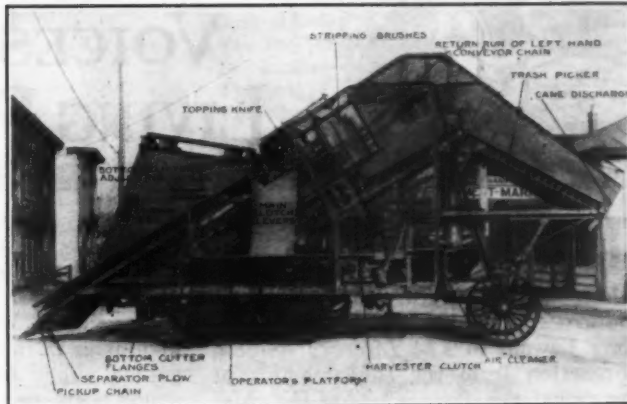
worker being armed with a large machette, and attacking the cane one stalk at a time.

New Orleans papers have recently given considerable space to a newly developed machine which seems to do the work here quite as efficiently as the electrical picker does in the cotton field. The machine is described as straddling a row of cane and keeping this row clear of the adjoining rows by means of a "separator plow" attached at the front of the machine, well down. The bottom cutters are circular disks, overlapping one another, which, rotating inwardly, find the stalks and cut them close to the ground.

This machine is analogous to the

wheat harvester, it is pointed out, in that it performs a number of quite different operations, all essential to the harvesting of the crop, and delivers the clean product, ready for the mill. It is confidently anticipated that it will free the sugar industry of the Southern states from the production limitations under which it has been struggling ever since its establishment.

Like every other hand-harvested crop, sugar has been grown only in such quantities as could be cut, by the slow and laborious hand technique, in the time and by the workers available. The harvesting period has always been the bottle-neck which dictated the size of the year's planting. Now the bottle-neck has been broken off, or at least very much ex-



IT USHERS IN A NEW ERA IN DIXIE

This new machine can do the work of scores of laborers in the sugar cane fields.

panded in size. Southern editors see every hope for a new era in Southern agriculture through the almost simultaneous appearance of machines for freeing two of the South's most important crops from the chief production handicap which has affected them in the past. Nothing less than a new era is promised in Dixie.

NOSE-PRINTS PROVE VALUABLE MEANS OF IDENTIFYING COWS

TAKING his cue from the police system of identification by fingerprints, William E. Peterson, a professor of dairy husbandry and superintendent of official testing at the school of agriculture, University of Minnesota, is working out a system of identifying cows by the prints of their noses. He is being assisted by Irving Jones, Bertillon expert of the Minneapolis police department.

Professor Peterson is quoted, in the *Christian Science Monitor*, as saying that positive identification would prevent unscrupulous dealers in live stock from taking advantage of the privileges, rights and benefits which certain cows claim as a heritage of blue-blooded ancestry. It would prevent fraud in the sale of animals. It also would prevent dairy farmers from falsifying on milk-production tests by presenting a

cow of inferior grade but of large milk production under the name of an animal of superior pedigree but less milk-production.

If testers are required to take a nose-print of each animal at the time of testing there would be no opportunity for such fraud. It also would prevent swindles in the sale of pure-bred cows. The farmer paying for a certain animal could be certain he received that animal when it was delivered and not one which looked like it but was of inferior stock.

Work was started last October. Since that time five hundred or more prints have been taken, carefully examined and no two found to be alike. Declaring the system to be a success, Professor Peterson is assured of its adoption by breeders' associations as a means of identifying solid-colored animals.



THERE is no country at the present moment so hospitable to poetry as this; and there is no country so ignorant of the technique of the art. Is there, then, inquires Miss Amy Lowell, in *The Literary Review*, a reaction from the fundamentals of the recent renaissance? Are the chief figures of it returning to the discarded [sic] type or are they merely widening their scope of presentation? Miss Lowell, who is the protagonist of what she calls *cadenced verse* as distinguished from *vers libre*, thinks a little careful observation will prove the latter point of view.

It is argued that the passionate pioneers of the *vers libre* movement have found out the limitations of the form, have discovered what it can and cannot do. "They know how excellent it is for certain effects, but, being growing souls, they want to try new effects." In short, Miss Lowell goes on to say, they want to experiment some more and as a result "assonance instead of rhyme, metrical lines of wildly uneven numbers of feet, strict patterns broken by blank lines, a new diction engrafted on an old lilt, internal rhymes woven in and out with something of the effect of shot silk, false rhymes carefully chosen to chime just off the key—these are some of the divergencies from the old practice which they indulge in. And where did they learn these innovations, think you? Precisely from their long study of free verse. Art does not really walk backwards; it returns to the old merely to transform it in some way or other."

Admitting that the chief practioners of "cadenced verse" are appearing in metrical guise, Miss Lowell is fearful that "editors, always on tiptoe to catch

a change of fashion, may *volte face* in a hurry and declare, in the round-handed fashion of their kind, that free verse in its turn has departed for good, and so shut the doors of their magazines upon it as in the old days before it had gained public favor, thereby silencing young poets worthy of encouragement." Taking heart and catching breath after admitting that the possibility of such a right-about-face is a danger, Miss Lowell speciously observes that the proper reply to it is "Tush!" In another breath she declares that "cadenced verse" has come to stay, in fact has stayed for three hundred years already, because, through its medium, certain things can be expressed that can find expression in no other way. To all of which we would supplement that lovers of poetry care not what form of expression it may find, so long as it is poetry. A poem in gestation discovers its own form—and it remains true that the best poets are more concerned in writing poetry than in writing about it.

Miss Lowell has been much more guilty than Carl Sandburg in writing *about* poetry. In the writing of poetry they are both curiously ambilevous, except on rare occasions. In Mr. Sandburg's "Slabs of the Sunburnt West" (Harcourt, Brace & Co.) we find more "slabs" than "poems" and our passing regret is that the book contains such few nuggets as:

WASHINGTON MONUMENT BY NIGHT

BY CARL SANDBURG

THE stone goes straight.
A lean swimmer dives into night sky,
Into half-moon mist.

Two trees are coal black.
This is a great white ghost between.

It is cool to look at.
Strong men, strong women, come here.

Eight years is a long time
To be fighting all the time.

The republic is a dream.
Nothing happens unless first a dream.

The wind bit hard at Valley Forge one
Christmas.
Soldiers tied rags on their feet.

Red footprints wrote on the snow . . .
. . . and stone shoots into stars here
. . . into half-moon mist to-night.

Tongues wrangled dark at a man.
He buttoned his overcoat and stood alone.
In a snowstorm, red hollyberries, thoughts,
he stood alone.

Women said: He is lonely
. . . fighting . . . fighting . . . eight
years . . .

The name of an iron man goes over the
world.

It takes a long time to forget an iron man.

UPSTREAM

BY CARL SANDEURG

THE strong men keep coming on,
They go down shot, hanged, sick,
broken.

They live on fighting, singing,
lucky as plungers.

The strong mothers pulling them
on . . .

The strong mothers pulling them
from a dark sea, a great prairie,
a long mountain.

Call hallelujah, call amen, call
deep thanks.

The strong men keep coming on.

It was in a high sympathetic moment in years ago that Mr. Colum placed "An Old Woman of the Roads" in the marching ranks of poetry. Beside her now, in *The Measure*, he places, from the Irish:

THE POOR GIRL'S MEDITATION

BY PADRIAC COLUM

I AM sitting here,
Since the moon rose in the night;
Kindling a fire,

And striving to keep it alight:
The folk of the house are lying
In slumber deep;
The cocks will be crowing soon:
The whole of the land is asleep.

May I never leave this world
Until my ill-luck is gone;
Till I have cows and sheep,
And the lad that I love for my own:
I would not think it long,
The night I would lie at his breast,
And the daughters of spite, after that,
Might say the thing they liked best.

Love covers up hate,
If a girl have beauty at all:
On a bed that was narrow and high,
A three-month I lay by the wall:
When I remembered the lad
That I left at the brow of the hill,
I wept from dark until dark,
And my cheeks have the tear-tracks still!

And, O, young lad that I love,
I am no mark for your scorn:
All you can say of me
Is undowered I was born:
And if I've no fortune in hand,
Nor cattle or sheep of my own,
This I can say, O lad,
I am fitted to lie my lone!

In *The Measure* we discover the following delectable summing-up of civilization as seen by a poet looking backward and forward:

THE LAST NIGHT

BY DAVID OSBORNE HAMILTON

BECAUSE they lock the doors and hide
the light

They think their tempting treasure
safe, at least.

But we will smell our beauty through the
night—

And all the rest will be a feast.

Then in the morning when they turn the
locks

There will be no more beauty. Not a
scrap!

The earth laid waste—a rifled cracker-
box,

And we—two dead mice in a trap.

Fiber and a tense texture of passion
seem to us to invest a remarkable son-
net sequence by Muna Lee which is an

initial feature of *Poetry*, for August. Of the nine sonnets we prefer the three following:

THESE ARE BUT WORDS

BY MUNA LEE

I HAVE a thousand pictures of the sea—
Snatches of song and things that travelers say.

I know its shimmering from green to gray;
At dawn and sunset it is plain to me.
Like something known and loved for years
will be
That sight of it when I shall come some
day
Where little waves and great waves war
and play,
And little winds and great winds fly out
free.

Of love I had no pictures: love would
come
Like any casual guest whom I could greet
Serenely, and serenely let depart—
Love, that came like fire and struck me
dumb,
That came like wind and swept me from
my feet,
That came like lightning shattering my
heart.

LIFE OF ITSELF

BY MUNA LEE

LIFE of itself will be cruel and hard
enough:
There will be loss and pain enough to
bear;
Battles to wage, sorrow and tears to share.
We must know grief—the bitter taste
thereof;
Must mark the Shadow towering above;
Must shut our eyes to gain the strength
to dare,
And force tired hearts to face the noise
and glare
Though it is dusk and silence that we love.

Life has no need of stones that we might
heap
To build up walls between; no need of
tears
That we seek out and proudly make our
own.
O my beloved, since we have alone
These brief hours granted from the hur-
rying years,
Be patient—life itself will make us weep!

WHY?

BY MUNA LEE

I MAKE no question of your right to go—
Rain and swift lightning, thunder and
the sea,
Sand and dust and ashes are less free!
Follow all paths that wings and spread
sails know;
Unheralded you came, and even so
If so you will, may you take leave of me.
Yours is your life, and what you will
shall be.
I ask no question: hasten or be slow!
But I who would not hold you—I who give
Your freedom to you with no word to say;
And, watching quietly, with my prayers all
dumb,
Speed you to any life you choose to live—
Shall ask God's self, incredulous, some day,
Why in the name of Christ He let you
come!

The Southern Methodist University last spring was enabled by a generous citizen of Dallas, Texas, to offer three substantial prizes for original poems. The judges were Witter Bynner, president of the Poetry Society of America; Prof. John Erskine, of Columbia University, and William Rose Benet. All three prizes were awarded to the author of five "Sketches of the Texas Prairie," two of which follow:

APRIL RAINS

BY GEORGE D. BOND

THERE is a magic in the April rains
That fall day-in, day-out upon the
prairie;
Silver the big drops fall through the gray
day,
And silver at night they gleam on the long
grasses
When the dim stars show.
Soft is the music of their silver-clinking,
And soft their patter on the lone, dwarf
trees;
Over the prairie grasses and the flowers,
They drop a veil of music and of color,
A silver veil that sings a silver song.
And through it breaks the purple and the
gold
Of vivid Texas flowers.

A SUMMER NIGHT

BY GEORGE D. BOND

ONLY the locusts cry in the black mid-
night,
Only the wind stirs in the lonely grass.

No light, no other life, no other sound,—
Only the vast, black prairie and the dim,
limitless space where the worlds re-
volve.

And in the dark, the prairie lies awake
and restless,

Impatient of man's control, hating his
cities and his fences and himself,

Waiting for him to join the mammoth and
the laelaps,

Knowing his time will come, and waiting,
waiting, waiting,

Biding her time to rise and cover him up;
Dreaming a dream of cities, silent, de-
serted,

And of prairie grass creeping slowly over
their ruins;

Dreaming a dream of a tyrant overcome,
and of many, many bones beneath the
thick, wild flowers;

Dreaming a dream of many years of si-
lence, broken only by the song of the
wind and the cry of the locust.

In *The Measure* occur the following
singular stanzas which give distinction
to a group of verses entitled "Juniper
Country":

THE TAMARACK TREE

BY ABBIE HUSTON EVANS

"MAKE a true song of me!" the tama-
rack cried

At the far edge of the pasture (would
I could!).

"Make a true song!"—Nor would it be
denied,

Crying aloud from the outskirts of the
wood.

Here was no beauty to ensnare the eye;
That spidery green, that meager rough-
scaled girth,

Made a poor figure spread out on the sky:
—But how life filled it, climbing up
from earth!

"Make a true song"—I knew it would not
do

To forge one word—"A true song, if
you can:

Make such a song as I should make of
you,

If I, a tree, should sing about a man!"

One night, more than a thousand
years ago, a young Chinaman named
Po Chu-I, who became one of the great
poets of the T'ang period, the Golden

Age of Chinese poetry, was dreaming
while on duty in the palace about the
Hsien-yu Temple, where he used to
spend his holidays, and presently he
wrote a poem about it which Mabel
Lorenz Ives translates for the *Ladies
Home Journal* under the title:

NIGHT DUTY AT THE PALACE

BY PO CHU-I

I SAT at the window working,
Copying the emperor's laws.
Bamboos slept in the stillness;
Even my pen would pause.

The moon rose up from the garden
And a wind rose up from the pines;
Sudden it seemed an evening
In the hills when a new moon shines.

I dozed as I did night duty,
And I dreamed of the fair Southwest:
I was back at Hsien-yu Temple,
The temple that I love best.

And when I woke in the palace,
The drip of the water clock
I thought was a mountain streamlet
Going drip-drip-drip on a rock.

It is hard to believe that the author
of the following and of other verses
which have been reprinted from time
to time in these columns, only began to
write poetry in her mature years. Yet
so we are told. We find this poem in a
recent number of the *Century*:

MIGRATION

BY LEONORA SPEYER

THE dawn is busy with birds!
Summer's last handful scattered wide,
Summer's last pennies sung aside.

Jingle of birds in the dawn!
And fields and bushes in beggared need
Reaching brown hands with a desolate
greed.

Spendthrift content in the dawn!
Squandered uncouth across the sky,
But into no hand will these winged coins
fly.

The dawn is a resolute path
Of irresolute flight and dim half-tunes,
But I am a miser of hoarded Junes!

The dawn is dizzy with birds!

ORGANIZED LABOR GOES INTO BANKING ON A BIG SCALE

IN a survey of what American organized labor has accomplished in banking, incident to the recent establishment of a labor bank at San Bernardino, California, we read, in *Labor Age*, that the International Association of Machinists, under the presidency of W. H. Johnston, was the pioneer of labor banking in the United States. Some years ago they acquired an interest in the Commercial National, one of the largest commercial banks in Washington City, ultimately exercising a controlling voice in the personnel and policy of the bank. In 1920 the machinists organized the Mt. Vernon Savings Bank, with a capital of \$100,000. It now has resources in excess of \$2,000,000. Both banks have retained experienced bankers on their operating staffs and have enlisted outside stockholders and business men as directors. Neither bank has made a specialty of labor financing, although the Mt. Vernon Savings Bank demonstrated the effectiveness of credit when controlled by labor in connection with the open-shop fight in Norfolk, Va.

Two years ago the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers opened a Co-operative National Bank in Cleveland, Ohio, with \$1,000,000 capital stock and, in addition, a surplus of \$100,000 paid in. All the stock is owned by the Brotherhood as an organization or by individual members. The directors of the bank are the grand officers of the organization, although trained bankers have been employed to manage the bank. The bank adopted the word "service" as its motto, and immediately challenged existing banking practices in Cleveland. It has kept its doors open until 3 P. M.; has paid four per cent. interest on savings deposits from the date of deposit to the date of withdrawal; has paid interest on commercial deposits and in a number of ways protected the depositors from practices adopted by the banks to deprive them of interest by a variety of petty devices. It refused to

join the Clearing House Association, because the rules of the association would have bound the bank to abide by "gentlemen's agreements," which would have prohibited most of the things which the bank desired to do. The bank does all of its clearing through the Federal Reserve System, of which it is a member.

Despite many misgivings, we read, the bank has each month added a million dollars to its resources. At the end of February, 1922, its total working assets amounted to \$14,000,000. Deposits have come from individuals, from trade unions and from other international labor organizations. No vigorous attempt has been made to reach other labor organizations, nor have anything like the potential resources of labor been deposited with it. But every service that it rendered brought deposits. It made loans to school teachers whom other banks refused to assist. This established a school teacher clientele. It aided the carpenters of Cleveland to build a labor temple. This brought large deposits from the labor unions. Some good real estate loans offered to it have been rejected because the conditions demanded by brokers were oppressive to their clients, while loans to commission men looking to the monopoly of products have been refused.

Substantial loans were made in North Dakota to relieve the agricultural distress. They were made on warrants of cities and school districts, which freed other resources in the State for agricultural uses. Recently the bank purchased outright \$900,000 of soldier bonus bonds issued by the State of Ohio, which the bankers had conspired to discredit because the state refused to fix a high interest rate. This has made friends of the ex-service men.

The Amalgamated Clothing Workers, after long considering the advisability of a bank, finally decided to establish a state bank in Illinois, with a capital

stock of \$200,000 and \$100,000 of surplus. It opened for business in April last. As this organization has a cohesive, easily mobilized membership, and intelligent leadership, its success is confidently predicted.

Railroad men have been taking the initiative in other parts of the country in the organization of banks. In San Bernardino the workers secured subscriptions amounting to \$200,000 for a labor bank. They made repeated applications to the Comptroller of the Currency for a charter, but were unable to get any encouragement. Finally, they bought into the control of an existing bank, and are now operating it as a cooperative bank under the title of the Brotherhood Trust and Savings Bank, with a control of the stock ownership. It now has \$770,000 of assets and \$600,000 of deposits.

In Tucson, Arizona, labor has organized the Cooperative Bank and Trust Company. Its deposits in March, 1922, amounted to \$180,650; its capital to \$70,000, and its total resources to \$262,188.

In Three Forks, Montana, the workers have organized and control the First National Bank of Three Forks.

Other labor banking organizations are in process of formation in Pittsburgh, Harrisburgh, Pennsylvania and Birmingham, Alabama. In addition the Brotherhood of Railway Carmen of America and the Railway Telegraphers, as well as one or two other railroad organizations, have authorized their executive officers to take the necessary steps to organize banks, while the officers of the American Federation of Labor were instructed by the Denver Convention to investigate the subject of banking credit.

GOVERNMENT IN AMERICA COSTS LESS THAN IN FRANCE OR ENGLAND

THE United States Government collected \$38 in revenue for each resident of the country during the fiscal year just ended, according to an official statement of the Treasury Department. Business men and consumers supplied the money in taxes and tariffs. This figure represents the cost of government per capita in this country.

The cost of government in other principal countries follows:

England, \$95 per capita.

France, \$42.

Japan, \$13.

Italy, \$11.

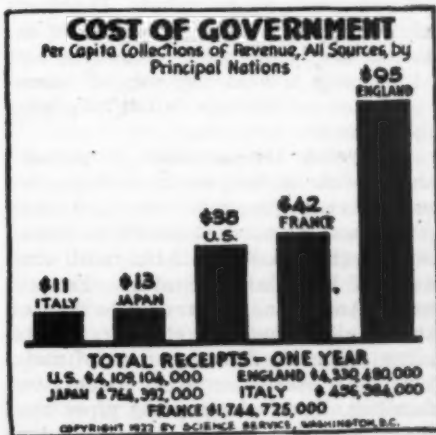
The United States revenues totaled \$4,109,104,000 in the fiscal year just ended. In England the total was \$4,330,480,000, and in France \$1,744,725,000.

Japan collected \$764,392,000 and Italy \$456,384,000.

The population of the United States is nearly twice as great as that of

Japan and well over double the population of the British Isles, of France and of Italy.

Business is heavily taxed in France, Italy and England. The British normal income tax is more than 25 per cent., the American 4 per cent.



Five items suffice to describe all sources of revenue of the United States Government in the Treasury daily balance sheet. More than twenty items are required to enumerate the sources of revenue of the governments of France, England, Japan and Italy.

Business men of these countries are required to contribute to the support of their governments in much larger proportion than in this country. Operating costs are smaller in the United States as far as taxes are concerned than in any of the principal countries of the world. Taxes on business make high living costs for the consumer. The excess profits tax, adopted by many countries to furnish war funds, has now been abolished in this country,

altho it is still retained generally throughout Europe.

American revenue collections are falling, those of other nations rising. The Government of the United States is spending less, other governments more. This Government in the last fiscal year collected approximately \$700,000,000 more than it spent, according to the ordinary balance sheet of the Treasury.

Per capita revenue collections is regarded as a more trustworthy measure of the cost of government to the individual than disbursements. Revenue per capita measures the amount of money actually paid into the government by citizens. Expenditures per capita includes borrowing to be paid by future citizens.

TOO MANY RETAILERS ARE LARGELY RESPONSIBLE FOR HIGH PRICES

IT is calculated from reliable census and business reports that 35 million women and children buy something every day from the million retail stores in this country and that there is a retail store for every twenty-two American families. Supplementing this statement, William G. Shepherd, writing in *Collier's*, impresses on us the fact that there are too many retailers in most lines and that there isn't enough trade to go round. Hundreds of thousands of merchants, it is asserted, are losing money—and the cost of keeping a vast number of unsuccessful stores open is falling too heavily upon the consumer.

Analyzing the situation it appears that there is too much roofage, too much acreage, too much rent, too many people and too much wasted time, money and effort represented in the retail business of the United States. Far too many Americans are trying to float on the single shingle of retailing. Struggling under the heavy burden of maintaining a store for every twenty-two families, those who pay the piper have discovered that the job cannot be done

by having only one member of the family at work. As a result, almost half of the members of the American family go out daily to work. Dealing in census averages, there are 24 million families in the United States and 41,600,000 men, women and children who work for wages or salaries.

The writer in *Collier's* disclaims any purpose of attacking retail storekeepers in toto because, as he says, they are as great sufferers from an overabundance of stores as are the buyers. As many persons are engaged in retailing something or other as are engaged in transportation, or, in other words, it requires as many persons to run the machinery that carries goods to the retailers over our American systems of transportation as are required to sell the goods.

Even counting the 2,134 department stores, with their thousands of employees, there is every indication that the average store in the United States is almost a one-man affair. On the face of census returns this would seem to be near the truth. Of course, the man who runs the one-man store calls in members of his family to assist him;

such assistance is not considered either in census or commercial returns. But while the average store in the United States is a small affair, it is not fair to say that the average retail store is a "dub" store. There is a difference in different lines of retailing. It is probably more nearly true in the case of the average grocery store than of any other. Almost everybody, at some time or other in his life, thinks he can run a grocery store. It looks very simple when you see it from the customer's side of the counter.

The concluding point is made that no matter how great the fall in cost of production during the past year, or how much the manufacturer has cut down prices at the factory, or how little the farmer got for his produce, no matter how much the wholesaler has reduced his rates in order to cause his goods to move along the current of distribution, small one-and-a-half-man stores, about a million of them, have formed a dam in the current of downward-moving prices in the United States. How to remove it is the problem.

ELIMINATING MIDDLEMEN IN TWO UNIQUE STOCK-SELLING CAMPAIGNS

FOR a corporation successfully to sell its securities directly to the public, as an up-State New York concern, the H. H. Franklin Company of Syracuse, did recently, is a feat which *Commerce and Finance* reminds us is almost unparalleled in finance. The Douglas Shoe Company once did it but was aided by the fact that W. L. Douglas had been governor of Massachusetts; was widely known and had a large personal following. Other companies have tried it—notably the Pennsylvania Railroad—and failed.

When the Franklins decided to fill the need for expansion and additional capital by selling 5 millions of stock they tabled the middleman idea and hazarded the direct-to-consumer plan, with the idea of eliminating the middleman's profits and getting cheaper capital. Suppose, however, the stock were put on the market, advertised, heralded—and no one would buy. The Franklins would not only be left holding the bag—they would suffer a serious loss of prestige. It was an adventure.

The Franklin company employed salesmen; but salesmen were not sent out first. The real stress was put on advertising, not only in newspapers, but by circulars. Franklin car owners were circularized, of course; so were a selected list of other prospects. Salesmen were used simply to follow up

the campaign and reap in the sheaves.

To date the Franklin company has sold \$6,500,000 of stock to approximately seven thousand shareholders. The average cost of selling the stock has been a fraction over 5 per cent.

In an even more remarkable campaign the New York Telephone Company within eight hours recently acquired 101,766 new subscribers to \$25,000,000 of 6½ per cent. preferred stock. The issue was three times over-subscribed. Virtually every subscription was obtained by telephone employees—operators, linemen, clerks and others—for it was a part of the plan to make the disposal of the stock entirely a family matter. No banking or underwriting aid was enlisted. Every one of the company's 46,000 employees was a self-constituted salesman, and almost all of them turned in applications.

Due to the heavy over-subscription it was not possible to allot more than five shares to any one person, while the majority of the applicants received two shares. 22,124 persons who applied for one share and 17,737 who applied for two shares were allotted the full amount of their applications. In one business day the New York Telephone Company secured a representation and distribution of its preferred shares which some of the largest corporations in the country have strived for years to attain.



The Colyumists' Colyums

My Week in Cuba

By Ring W. Lardner

IT seems to of leaked out some way another that I spent a week in Havana, Cuba, and those of my admirers that has never visited the little isle has been pestering me to death to tell them all about it so I kind of thought maybe if I wrote up a little article in regards to same and if you would publish it in your paper, why the boys and gals could read it and I would not half to answer no more silly questions.

Well, when a man comes back from Cuba and you ask him how long he was there and he tells you he was there one week, why you can generally always figure he was there two weeks. But the first week he was unconscious.

The above refers to the normal man. On acct. of being subnormal I know I was only there a week and conscious practically all the while and to prove it I will tell you a whole lot of things about the place which no man could of found out so much unless they was conscious.

In regards to the length of the visit, this can be proved by consulting the files of the steamship Co. which will show that we left Port Tampa ground-hog's day on the good ship Cuba, I don't know who commanding but I took my orders from Mr. Cole, the purser. I felt kind of undressed as I did not have no decorations of any kind while most of the brother passengers wore a badge

with the words "Dubois 'tourists" on it.

We reached Key West early the next A. M. and laid there till ten o'clock waiting for the train from N. Y. which added about 100 passengers to our list. Amongst the last named was the man that invented the safety razor and several fresh young blades. A few of the arrivals from the big town passed up our ship and made the jump to Havana on the flying boat. They bruise you fifty dollars for that trip and I made the remark that if we done all right at the races we would come back to Key West that way. Our return trip was made on the s.s. Gov. Cobb.

I am not giving away no secrets when I say that the sea between Key West and Havana ain't always what you could call a putting green, but on this occasion they yas not even a ripple and all hands contained themselves. Coming back on the Cobb a week later was not so good and they's one place in particular where everybody feels pretty near incurable so they have nicknamed it the Tropic of Cancer.

I WILL not attempt to describe the entrance to Havana Harbor which is a sight for sore eyes but has all ready been wrote up till they ain't no more words left unless one was permitted to quote from an apt phrase maker amongst the Dubois Tourists. "The most magnificent sight on God's green foostool" was how this baby expressed it and my first thought was that he had hit the nail right on the kisser.

THE author of this sketch, which we reprint in abbreviated form from the "Cosmopolitan Magazine," first came into prominence as a baseball reporter for Chicago newspapers some fifteen years ago. He has since developed, in books such as "Bib Ballads" and "Gullible's Travels," a brand of humor that is all his own and that laughs not so much AT people for their foibles as WITH them. His place is "at the top or thereabouts among the fictionists of our day," according to Heywood Broun. The accompanying account of his recent sojourn in Cuba reveals him at his humorous best, or thereabouts.

They don't leave you embark off the boat till you have appeared before a Dr. and been orally examined for bugs. If you ain't got any that is strangers in Cuba you are O.K. It is said the same Dr. has been on the job fifteen years and is still hitting .000.

Now I have not been in no war up to date as the U.S. seems to have a grudge vs. me and always stages them when I am either too young or too old, but when they fought Spain if you could call it a fight I done my bit by wearing a button that said on it "Cuba Libre!" which my folks told me meant Free Cuba and that was what we was fighting Spain for, was to make Cuba free. Furthermore my recollections was that we beat Spain and that made Cuba free. So you can imagine my surprise on landing at Havana when the guy said \$9.50 for moving two trunks from the dock to the hotel. You could of knocked me over with the tip I give him.

Will say in justice to this embezzler that the hotel where we went to is six or seven miles from the town and he probably had to get a horse to help him with the trunks and I don't suppose you could get a horse in Cuba for under \$9.50 unless you bought one of the favorites out to the race track and if you done that, you would half to have them push the trunk instead of pull it as they ain't at home nowheres but behind.

My readers has probably discovered by this time that I ain't use to writing travel articles but am doing the best I can which I often say is the best anyone can do and it seems to me like the best way to go on with this article would be to divide up the gen. topic into sub topics like I was writing for the encyclopedia or something and I suppose History is as good a sub topic to start out with as anything else.

HISTORY: The island of Cuba was discovered in 1492 by Columbus and in writing home to a girl friend he described it as "the most beautiful land God ever created." Unfortunately his letter fell into the hands of a home-seeking mosquito.

The first Cubans Columbus seen told him it was an island but he thought they was joking as he had been brought up to believe that an island was a place entirely surrounded by water not rum. To convince him they had to ride him all around the shore line, a distants of 2,500 miles. The trip was made in a Havana taxicab and took pretty near two days.



HE BELIEVES IN LAUGHING NOT LAST, BUT ALL THE TIME

Ring Lardner, who is rapidly forging to the front among the humorists of the day.

POPULATION: Besides the dozens of people that makes Cuba their home they's always a huge throng of visitors on hand, most of whom finds the race track the main attraction. The crowd seems to be constantly changing and on the clubhouse veranda you make hundreds of new acquaintances every day. I remarked on this to one of the officials at the track, but he says no, it's the same people you was introduced to yesterday and the day before but you both look different.

TRANSPORTATION: In Havana, when a person is in a hurry they take a taxi. If they ain't in no hurry they take out a jockey license and ride a favorite.

The taxis down there is mostly all of one make which is called Flivingo. The ingo must refer to the upholstery which is so rococo that you don't mind the way the guy is driving $\frac{1}{2}$ so much because you say to yourself "I will die in luxury." Aside from the scroll work the Flivingo looks exactly like the car that grows wild here in the States but the Cuban species has more bouquet.

FINANCE: The Cubans has got dollars and dimes and nickels pretty near like ours, but they have twenty and forty cent pieces instead of quarters and halves. The

object of this is to get people balled up. Their paper money is the same like ours only it ain't clean. So if you have got just a one dollar bill in your pocket you can say you are dirty with money.

A dime won't buy nothing but a glass of beer which tastes like they had tapped a maple tree for the hops. Thirty cents gets you any kind of a cocktail or highball and for forty cents you can buy a mint julep which you may remember hearing of same. You can pick out your own brand of Bourbon as the bottles is all right there in plain sight. And people that thinks they been getting real stuff around here the last three years will know better when they have had a couple in Cuba and want to play the piano. These statements is based on hearsay.

But speaking about a highball, they use to be a place in Chi where a person could go in and ask for a highball and put down a quarter and the man would give you back a dime change and if you was smart you left the dime lay on the bar and ordered another highball and the guy would ring up the dime. In this way you got two for a quarter though you was alone.

Well, that gag don't go so good in Havana where if you leave any coin on the bar long enough so as it can be said to be at rest and not in motion towards neither goal, the guy behind the bar says thanks and slips it in his pocket.

INDUSTRIES: The main industries of Cuba seems to be cigars and cigarettes, lottery, roulette, sugar, jai alai, rum, horse racing and funerals.

AMUSEMENTS: They tell me that Havana has got its full meat of good theaters, but the only show we had time for was Sousa's Band who the Cubans made a big fuss over and hailed him as the March king though it was still Feb. Mr. Sousa has got a band that can play so loud that in most places the concert might of been give outdoors, but you can't give open air concerts in Cuba because they's no telling when a couple of Cubans might pass past the band stand talking and drowned out the trumpets.

Another amusement is trying to find out what time it is as all the clocks is different and though of course most of the tourists from the U.S. arrives on the scene with a 1st class watch in their pocket, why the 1st night there they forget to wind it on acct. of going to bed before

they undress. The result is that you don't never know what name to call the next meal and even the roosters is so baffled that they's never a minute night or day when at least one of them ain't sounding revelry.

Pretty near all the natives spends their evenings at the jai alai games which is a kind of handball played with slapsticks. There is generally always a couple matches between men teams and wile they are resting the gal players get a chance. "Pretty Girls Will Play" is a line you always see in the ads, but like in many other sports in which the plaintive sex participates, the best players ain't never libel to be mistaken for Anita Stewart.

I suppose the races should also ought to be classed as amusements though luxuries would be a better description as far as I was concerned. . . .

EXIT: About the saddest sight you ever seen is the faces of the gents and ladies waiting to go aboard the steamer back to Key West. It ain't only that they hate to leave Cuba. That is bad enough, but the worst of it is that in order to leave at all you have got to leave at ten o'clock A. M. This means you have got to be up and dressed and down to the dock by nine to see about your baggage and last night was kind of tough because it was your last night on the island and this witching hour spent standing up on the wharf before they will let you on the ship certainly adds to the general spirit of geniality. The banter and buffoonery indulged in by the departing guests can't help but remind a person of an international chess tournament.

However they ain't no fun in the world without a little agony goes with it and I am glad to comply with the request of Mr. Porter King, who fixes you up with tickets home whether you are broke or ain't, and recommend Cuba to my loving friends. It might even be a great place to live after you get used to the humidity.

And oh yes! I come near forgetting that Dutch, who placed all our bets out to the race track, felt kind of sorry for us and said he would be down to the boat to see us off and would bring us a parting gift. So sure enough, there he was waiting along side of the gang plank and handed us a big package which we opened up on board the Gov. Cobb and it turned out to be nine or ten kinds of fancy soap. Like he didn't know I was clean.



As if across a desk

"New York is calling!" says the operator in San Francisco. And across an entire continent business is transacted as if across a desk.

Within arm's length of the man with a telephone are 70,000 cities, towns and villages connected by a single system. Without moving from his chair, without loss of time from his affairs, he may travel an open track to any of those places at any time of day or night.

In the private life of the individual the urgent need of instant and personal long distance communication is an emergency that comes infrequently—but it is imperative when it does come. In the business life of the nation it is a constant necessity. Without telephone service as Americans know it, industry and commerce could not operate

on their present scale. Fifty per cent more communications are transmitted by telephone than by mail. This is in spite of the fact that each telephone communication may do the work of several letters.

The pioneers who planned the telephone system realized that the value of a telephone would depend upon the number of other telephones with which it could be connected. They realized that to reach the greatest number of people in the most efficient way a single system and a universal service would be essential.

By enabling a hundred million people to speak to each other at any time and across any distance, the Bell System has added significance to the motto of the nation's founders: "In union there is strength."

"BELL SYSTEM"

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

*One Policy, One System, Universal Service, and all directed toward
Better Service*





FINANCE & INVESTMENT

THE field of the first mortgage real estate bond as a popular form of investment has developed abreast of the evolution of the sky-scraper and many-roomed apartment house from the modest structures of the '90s. The explanation is twofold. In the first place, as office buildings grew in number and size and apartment houses and hotels were enlarged to meet the demands of growing cities, the amount of capital entailed in individual building operations increased. It was less easy for borrowers to get their loans, as they had before, from institutions and private investors of means. Too much money was involved. It became necessary to draw from many sources. It became essential, also, to give all participants in a mortgage an equal degree of protection, and so the same process was followed as in case of a railroad loan of many millions of dollars. First mortgage loans were split up into pieces, just as a railroad loan was divided, and investors were able to acquire an interest of either large or small amount.

The second factor assisting in the development of first mortgage real estate bonds was the earning power of buildings constructed to produce a regular income. In the old-fashioned conception of a mortgage the primary consideration behind a mortgage loan was the security afforded by land and building values. That was the chief thing in the lender's mind. The production of revenue from a building was the borrower's affair. If it was sufficient to cover interest and ultimately provide for the principal payment, all well and good. If it fell short, the money would have to be raised from some other source or the mortgage was foreclosed.

Final appreciation of the fact that the earnings of a well-constructed, well-located apartment house or hotel would not only insure interest payments but also provide for the gradual retirement of the loan, imparted a higher investment quality to real estate mortgages than they had enjoyed before. The element of risk was pretty well reduced to simple calculations in arithmetic plus a conservative valuation of land and building selected as security for a mortgage under which bonds were issued.

A great gap separates the modern way of handling real estate loans from the cumbersome and rather troublesome method which the investor had to follow a half century ago. In theory the mortgage on real estate is the simplest sort of an investment; in practice it is different. Its simplicity is attested to by the fact that mortgages existed in the very dawn of history, shown by the records left on clay tablets by the Babylonians. And while the process of placing and retiring such loans was refined in some particulars as the centuries passed, still the holder of a mortgage had the same tasks and difficulties in 1880 A. D. as in 1880 B. C. He had to collect his interest; he had to allow renewals from time to time if the borrower would not or could not retire the principal; he had to run the risk of depreciating security behind his loan, if buildings ran down or land values declined; he had to check up the payment of taxes and fire insurance premiums; he had to take over a property now and then through foreclosure.

The details of collecting interest and safeguarding equities are looked after by big investors by systems commensurate with the money involved; but for the average investor in real estate



Use this booklet—and the service behind it

WHEN you send for our monthly booklet of Investment Recommendations, you should feel assured that *personal service* is also available to you in the selection of sound investments.

The booklet lists and describes, every month, a large number of attractive bonds which we recommend for investment. If, in addition to the information which it

gives, you desire more detailed explanation of our offerings, or if you wish other investment assistance, our representatives at any of our offices are prepared to serve you, either in person or by correspondence.

We shall be pleased to send you a copy of the current issue of Investment Recommendations, upon request to our nearest office.

MAIN OFFICE: GUARANTY TRUST COMPANY BUILDING, 140 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

OTHER OFFICES:

NEW YORK

Fifth Ave. & 44th St.
Madison Ave. & 60th St.

ALBANY, N. Y.

ATLANTA, GA.

BALTIMORE, MD.

BETHLEHEM, PA.

BOSTON, MASS.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

CHICAGO, ILL.

CINCINNATI, O.

CLEVELAND, O.

ERIE, PA.

HARRISBURG, PA.

HARTFORD, CONN.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

PORTLAND, MAINE

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

READING, PA.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

SCRANTON, PA.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WILKES-BARRE, PA.

Guaranty Company of New York



ANXIETY

About your money is a poor traveling companion

Leave the Anxiety Behind You

PROVIDE yourself with K. N. & K. Travel Checks and safeguard your funds against loss.

If the checks are lost, they may be replaced.

K. N. & K. Travel Checks pass as currency everywhere. Banks cash them. Hotels and shops accept them. Railroad and steamship lines take them in payment for transportation.

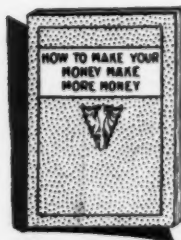
Issued in denominations of \$10, \$20, \$50 and \$100. Buy them from your own bank or from

Knauth, Nachod & Kuhne
Equitable Building NEW YORK

WHAT MAKES SUCCESS in the STOCK MARKET?

Certain definite and fundamental, yet simple, **METHODS**—methods readily available to all investors and easily acquired.

Without such methods the average investor flounders around in a maze of tips, rumors, gossip and other unreliable information, getting nowhere.



WHAT THESE SIMPLE METHODS ARE and HOW WE CAN HELP YOU USE THEM PROFITABLY at once, is explained in our **FREE 24-page booklet**, pictured herewith.

Pages five to eight contain diagrams, carefully compiled from authentic statistics, which may well prove the turning point of your entire life.

Simply ask for Booklet CP-10

American Institute of Finance
141 Milk Street Boston, Mass.

mortgages the first mortgage bond, issued by a responsible bond house, removes a deal of work and worry. He does not have to collect his interest, for that is done for him. He does not have to wonder whether the security behind his bond is depreciating, for under the method now followed by the more conservative underwriting firms, the security is bound to increase from month to month and year to year until the loan matures. And he does not have to fuss with renewals, for the reason that his bond falls due on a definite date and is paid off without delay.

There are several kinds of mortgage bonds, but, in general, the same principle is followed by investment brokers to protect the interest of bondholders. The procedure usually followed now is to issue bonds secured by a mortgage on a particular property, such as an office building. Assume that the structure is to cost \$1,000,000 and the land on which it will be situated is appraised at \$400,000. The builder will negotiate with a banker for a first mortgage loan of, say, \$900,000 (about 65 per cent. of the value of the completed property), and will make other arrangements for raising the remaining \$500,000. Instead of seeking a single investor with \$900,000, or two investors with \$450,000 each, the mortgage banker will deposit the original mortgage and its accompanying papers with a trustee and issue bonds for an amount equivalent to the size of the mortgage. These bonds may be in denominations of \$1,000, \$500 and \$100, thus providing amounts convenient for almost any investor. Instead of the entire loan maturing at one time, it will be arranged so that certain amounts become due each year, with the result that the investor has a choice of maturities as well as denominations.

The investor has no effort to make except to buy the bond of the size he wants. The collection of interest and principal, checking payments of taxes and fire insurance premiums, as well as negotiations in making the loan, such as appraising the property, examining the title, etc., is attended to by the banker. A well-established concern has a wider experience than any individual investor can obtain, is able to command



The House Which Has Never Sold An Unsafe Investment

THE shrewdest way to judge any investment offered to you is to investigate the record and reputation of the Investment House which offers it. Ask these questions—

Has the House offering the investment ever recommended and sold a security which has suffered default?

If not, has its business been large enough in volume, long enough in time, to afford a real test of the safety of various offerings?

The House of S. W. STRAUS & CO. urges you to ask these questions of every investment house which offers securities to you.

Our own answer is clear and unequivocal: we have sold securities for 40 years without loss to any investor, and our business is nation-wide in scope, involving the sale of hundreds of millions of dollars in safe securities. Let us tell you the reasons for our record. Write today for our booklet which describes the safe bonds we offer in \$100, \$500 and \$1000 amounts. Ask for

BOOKLET J-1220

S. W. STRAUS & CO.

ESTABLISHED 1882 • OFFICES IN FIFTEEN PRINCIPAL CITIES • INCORPORATED

STRAUS BUILDING
565 Fifth Ave., at 46th St.
NEW YORK

STRAUS BUILDING
6 No. Clark St., at Madison St.
CHICAGO

40 YEARS WITHOUT LOSS TO ANY INVESTOR

© 1922—S. W. S. & Co.

the services of experts in each department and is able to supply the investor with a security singularly free from risk or annoying details of management.

A prevailing policy, and one which increases the safety of real estate mortgage bonds, is that of requiring the borrower to make monthly payments in a sinking fund established to meet semi-annual interest and annual retirement of a part of the mortgage. The original mortgage remains as a lien against the property until the last bond has been retired; hence, as bonds are paid off the equity which the remaining bonds have in the property steadily in-

creases. This operation is worthy of illustration.

Suppose that under a certain mortgage \$60,000 in principal and \$60,000 in interest are due in a given year. The total of \$120,000 must be provided in twelve monthly installments of equal size—\$10,000. The aggregate income of the building, of course, is much in excess of \$10,000 a month, as it was on the basis of receipts of considerably more than the bare mortgage requirements that the loan was negotiated. In the first six months as bond coupons mature, \$30,000 is paid out of accumulated payments. At the end of the year \$30,000 more interest and \$60,000 for principal payment are due. There is no such strain as might fall upon the borrower if the full principal payment and a half year's interest had to be provided near the end of the year, and at the same time the lender's position is as strong in any one month as in any other month. Monthly payments make it the first business of the owner of the building to meet the requirements of the bond owners.

First mortgage real estate bonds sell at par. The rate of interest varies from $5\frac{1}{2}$ to 7 or $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The same money market influences which shape the amount of interest paid on a railroad, public utility or manufacturing company loan govern the real estate mortgage market to a degree. But, in addition, factors peculiar to communities in which the building securing the mortgage is erected bear upon the rate. Rates in the South are higher than in the North and Middle West, for the reason that Southern borrowers of many classes are active bidders for capital to finance industrial as well as municipal and housing developments.

The principal concern of the buyer of first mortgage real estate bonds is not the rate of interest nor the security behind his investment. It is the reputation and conservatism of the underwriting bankers. When all is said and done, it is upon the bankers that the bond buyer must rely for accurate appraisal of values of property securing a loan, for enforcement of the mortgage provisions and for the proper handling of maturities.

What's Coming This Fall?

Will the Bull Market continue this Fall?

Will bonds sell higher?

How about money rates?

Babson's REPORTS

Babson's recent Barometer Letter "*The Fall Outlook*", just off the press, gives you the plain, unbiased facts on the present situation, and forecasts coming conditions with remarkable accuracy. It contains information of vital importance to every investor.

Report on Request

This Barometer Letter and Booklet—"Getting the Most from Your Money"—is available for distribution to interested investors, gratis.

Tear out the Memo—now—and hand it to your secretary when you dictate the morning's mail.

MEMO

For Your Secretary

Write Roger W. Babson, president of Babson's Statistical Organization, Wellesley Hills, 82, Mass., as follows: Please send me Bulletin 356 and booklet "*Getting the Most from Your Money*"—gratis.





Conservative Investors Turn to this Booklet for Safe, Profitable Investments

Few investments today are yielding as large a per cent of return with such safety of principal and interest as first mortgage real estate bonds. The land itself, the buildings, the income from rental, frequently the furnishings and equipment, in addition the responsibility of the borrower—all these stand back of every bond large or small.

The constantly increasing demand for first mortgage real estate bonds throughout the country, is evidence of a growing appreciation of their worth as high grade investments. During the past few months millions of dollars have been invested in these first mortgage bonds offered by the American Bond & Mortgage Company. These investments are protected by all the American Bond Safeguards and are earning not less than 7% interest.

Our booklet *Investment Opportunities* contains complete descriptions of a widely diversified list of offerings in Chicago, New York, Washington, Detroit and elsewhere.

Send today for our Booklet C10

AMERICAN BOND & MORTGAGE COMPANY

INCORPORATED

Capital & Surplus Over \$2,000,000

127 N. Dearborn Street
Chicago

562 Fifth Avenue
New York

Detroit

Grand Rapids

Rockford

Davenport

Columbus

Cleveland





Everest

The Highest Point On Earth



This photograph was taken at Khamba Dzong, Tibet, a short distance from Everest. The figure wearing the sun helmet is General, the Honorable C. G. Bruce, Commander of the Expedition. Opposite, one of the members is operating the Remington Portable. Writing from Khamba Dzong on April 13, 1922, General Bruce says: "The Remington Portable Typewriter is a very great success and we have it continually in use—it has gone through a pretty hard trial as we have taken it over several high passes in very bad weather."

The heroic efforts of the hardy explorers who attempted to reach the "top of the world" have won the admiration of all lovers of true sportsmanship.

The story of this attempt to conquer the "mountain of mystery" contains one of the finest tributes ever paid our product—the fact that the day-by-day record of the expedition was written on a

Remington Portable

Service under the frightful conditions encountered by the Mount Everest Expedition may be called the extreme test of a writing machine. Under this test, the Remington Portable has given final proof of its surpassing strength and dependability. Amid mountain cold and storm, under conditions where man could hardly live, this sturdy little typewriter daily tapped out the

story of effort, hardship and supreme endurance.

The Remington is the most complete of all portable typewriters—with Standard Keyboard—just like the big machines. And it fits in a case only four inches high.

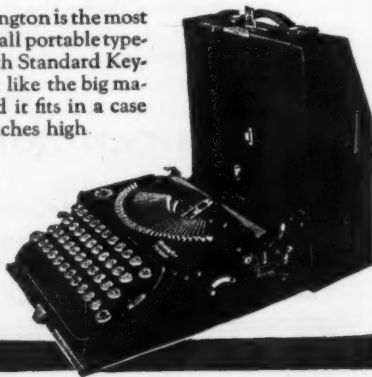
REMINGTON TYPEWRITER COMPANY
(Incorporated)

374 Broadway, New York

Sold by over 2000 dealers and
all Remington Branch Offices

Paragon Ribbons for Remington Portable
Typewriters, 50c. each—\$5.00 a dozen

Send for our illustrated "THE HIGHEST POINT ON EARTH." Address Room 69





THE ROYCROFT INN

IS an ideal place for vacation, for here you may rest, work, laugh, think, plan or play to your heart's content. Or, you may, if you please, be equally absorbed doing nothing.

¶ Moods are respected at the Roycroft Inn; and you will always find "something doing" to fit that mood—a hike to the woods with jolly companions, tennis, golf, lawn bowling or a book and comfy chair on the shady peristyle. Roycroft cheer and buoyancy is assured by home cooked food and restful beds.

Write for illustrated Inn Booklet, rates, reservations to

THE ROYCROFT INN

Elbert Hubbard II, Host

EAST AURORA, N. Y.

Winter Vacation Voyages

When winter comes, thoughts of the sparkling and azure Mediterranean and of the sunny and colorful West Indies make an imperative call upon the imagination of all who love travel at its best.

To the MEDITERRANEAN



ADRIATIC

24,541-tons

Jan. 6 and

Feb. 24, 1923

LAPLAND

18,565-tons

Jan. 18 and

Mar. 10, 1923

The splendid White Star Liner *Adriatic* and the Red Star steamer *Lapland*—world-famous for their steadiness, de luxe quarters and cuisine and service—carry passengers of discrimination to the brilliant playgrounds in Egypt and Southern Europe.

Itinerary: Madeira, Gibraltar, Algiers, Monaco (the Riviera), Naples, Alexandria (for Egypt and the Nile), Haifa for Jerusalem, and Athens (Phaleron Bay).

Ample time for delightful visits ashore (optional).

To the WEST INDIES

To Havana, Panama Canal and a delightful itinerary arranged by a Cruise Department of more than 25 years' experience in West Indies.

The White Star Line's famous *Megantic*—a magnificent cruising ship of admirable construction for tropic voyages. 20,000-tons displacement—the premier steamer to the tropics.



Sailings:

Jan. 15, Feb. 17, Mar. 22, 1923

Itinerary: From New York to Havana, Haiti, Santiago, Kingston (Port Antonio), Panama Canal (Panama City), La Guaira (Caracas), Trinidad (La Brea), Barbados, Martinique (St. Pierre), St. Thomas, San Juan, Nassau, Bermuda.

Rates: \$250 upwards

28 days duration of each cruise

Write for attractive color booklet giving details of voyages you are interested in. Address Cruise Department for West Indies; Mediterranean Department for Mediterranean.

WHITE STAR LINE
AMERICAN LINE  **RED STAR LINE**
 INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY

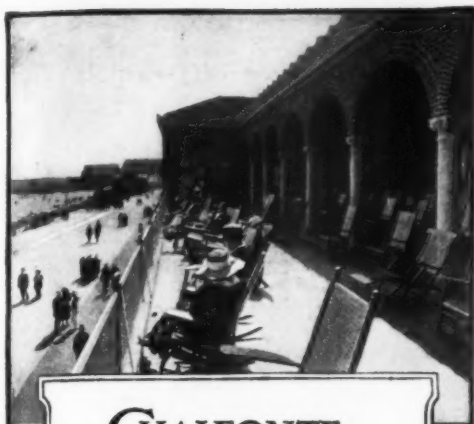
No. 1 Broadway, New York



Write to the Travel Information Department for information on Hotels and Resorts, Railroads and Steamship Lines. CURRENT OPINION through this Department will give you accurate travel information free of charge.

If you are going to Europe, to the Orient, to the Pacific Coast or to the Atlantic Coast, or anywhere, let CURRENT OPINION help you choose the best routes, the best places to stop, and tell you what to see en route.

In writing, please be as specific as possible so that we can be of real service in helping you plan your trips. Address all inquiries to the Travel Information Department, CURRENT OPINION, 50 W. 47th St., N. Y. City.



CHALFONTE- HADDON HALL

ATLANTIC CITY

Combined in Ownership and Management

The beautiful new Boardwalk Wing of Haddon Hall is now open. It connects the original Haddon Hall with the artistic pavilions, restful ocean decks, court garden and sea rooms of the 1920 addition.

*On many occasions in the past
Chalfonte-Haddon Hall was unable to
accommodate all of its many friends*

The new Boardwalk Wing now makes possible the hospitable welcome of more than 1200 guests. While "old-fashioned" in its personal attention and service, Chalfonte-Haddon Hall has for more than fifty years kept abreast of the times in its modern facilities for pleasure, comfort and rest.

Attractive Souvenir Folder on Request
LEEDS and LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

*On the Beach and the Boardwalk
American Plan. At your service
every day of the year*



to the Mediterranean

The 1923 Cruise De Luxe

To the lands of age-old civilizations with their never-failing interest, their wealth of Art, History, and Natural splendors

*by the Specially Chartered
New White Star Liner*

"HOMERIC"

Jan. 20 to March 31, 1923

Limited to 500 Guests

The largest twin-screw steamer in the world—the most modern, replete and luxurious ship that ever sailed for a cruise.

Sixty-seven fascinating days—fourteen thousand miles, embracing: Madeira, Spain (Cadiz, Seville, Granada), Gibraltar, Algeiras, Algiers, Tunis (Carthage), Naples, Athens, Constantinople; sixteen days in EGYPT—Cairo, Luxor, Assouan, Philae, or PALESTINE—Haifa, Damascus, Tiberias, Nazareth, Bethlehem, Jerusalem, Naples, with Amalfi, Sorrento, etc.; Monaco with Monte Carlo and Nice. Optional visit to Paris and London on the homeward trip. Stop-over privileges with return by other famous White Star Liners, MAJESTIC, OLYMPIC, etc.

THOS. COOK & SON


NEW YORK

245 Broadway 561 Fifth Ave.


BOSTON CHICAGO LOS
ANGELES PHILADELPHIA
SAN FRANCISCO TORONTO
MONTREAL VANCOUVER



Leading Hotels—
NEW YORK
AND BOSTON



**THE
COPLEY-PLAZA**
COPLEY
SQUARE
BOSTON



THE PLAZA
FIFTH AVENUE &
CENTRAL PARK
NEW YORK

FRED STERRY.
EDWARD C. FOGG.
MANAGING DIRECTORS.

Both—

of them enjoy world-
wide fame for their
luxurious appoint-
ments, charming
surroundings and
excellent cuisine.

Popular prices

Write for illustrated booklet

Founded ~ 1869



Krakauer

ONCE the Krakauer Reproducing Piano is heard, there is born an irresistible desire to possess this magnificent instrument. For it mirrors the inspiring art of the masters of the pianoforte and unlocks the treasure house of the world's greatest musical compositions. Designed in both Upright and Grand Models.

Catalog of upright, grand, player and reproducing pianos on request

KRAKAUER BROS.
215 Cypress Ave., New York City

A Half-Century of Quality Production

**Save
your
Hearing**



The Acousticon

Does More Than Enable You to Hear—

It Preserves and Improves Your Natural Hearing
If you do not use your arm, it quickly becomes helpless. Just so with the ears—They must be stirred to activity by increased sound or they lose all sensitiveness.

You can be the judge of hearing better and clearer by letting us loan you

**The 1923 ACOUSTICON
For 10 Days—FREE TRIAL
No Deposit — No Expense**

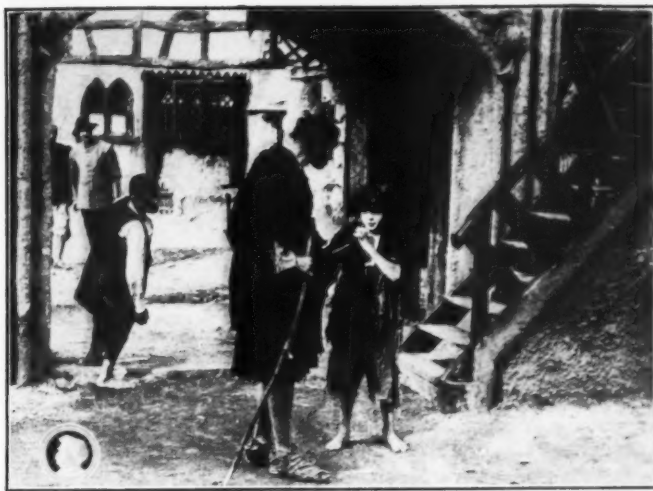
One user writes "My hearing is so improved that I forget to use it at times!"

Remember, please, if you return the Acousticon, the trial costs you absolutely nothing—

But, don't let your hearing grow worse—Don't buy any hearing aid until you have first tried it—and don't neglect to try the Acousticon.

It will help you greatly and prove it without obligation. Send for your free trial to-day.

DICTOGRAPH PRODUCTS CORPORATION
1330 Candler Bldg., 220 W. 42nd St., New York City



Courtesy of the Capitol Theater, New York

If the Prince of Wales swapped clothes with a beggar

SUPPOSE to-morrow morning should find the most popular Prince in English history in rags on a park bench.

Would he be spared the surly "Move on, you!" of the vigilant patrolman? Would the loiterer beside him believe his story?

You yourself, walking by—would you recognize him?

That is the theme of a remarkable story—the fascinating adventures of the heir to the English throne who changed places with a squalid urchin of the streets. There is no other story like it in the language. There is no other writer who could have told it as it is told by Mark Twain.

As far back as you can remember you have heard of Mark Twain as a story-teller. You have doubtless read many of his imperishable works.

But do you know the wide range of his writings? Do you know that Mark Twain, associated in everybody's mind as a humorous writer, was the author of as sublimely beautiful English as has ever been penned?

A free book has been printed for lovers of Mark Twain and those who wish to know him better. It tells little-known facts concerning the life and works of America's most versatile writer,

and describes the new complete uniform edition of Mark Twain. The coupon below will bring the

booklet without obligation to any reader of this magazine who is seriously interested in the

Author's National Edition of the works of **MARK TWAIN**

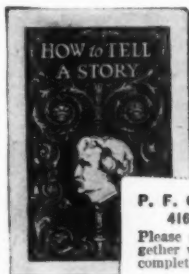
This is the only complete uniform edition of Mark Twain's writings. Originally published by Harper & Brothers, it was taken over by P. F. Collier & Son Company upon the merging of the subscription book business of the two publishing houses.

Here, in the complete works of Mark Twain, you join "Huck" Finn and Tom Sawyer

in their boyish pranks—you live the quaint life of steamboat days and the Far West—you see foreign lands and people through the eye of the master humorist—you thrill to every wholesome human emotion with Mark Twain's stories at hand.

Mark Twain's versatile mind gave to the world a perfectly balanced library of humor, adventure, philosophy, and inspiration.

You should at least know something about this famous author's works. The free booklet tells. Send for it to-day.



P. F. COLLIER & SON COMPANY

416 West Thirteenth Street, New York, N. Y.

Please send me the free booklet about Mark Twain together with full particulars as to how I may procure a complete set of his writings by small monthly payments.

Name Write Plainly, Please

Address

325-MTG

Occupation
The publishers cannot undertake to send this booklet free to children.

**Send for
this Free
Booklet**



Pack Up Your Troubles
in Your Old Kit Bag and
Smile, Smile, Smile!

Read

Life

and you will do this anyway. A sure laugh in every issue of LIFE. Try it for six months, or Obey That Impulse, and, for a trial trip, avail yourself of our

Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.20, Foreign \$1.40).
Send LIFE for the next ten weeks to

Open only to new subscribers; no subscriptions renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York

One Year \$5

Canadian \$5.80

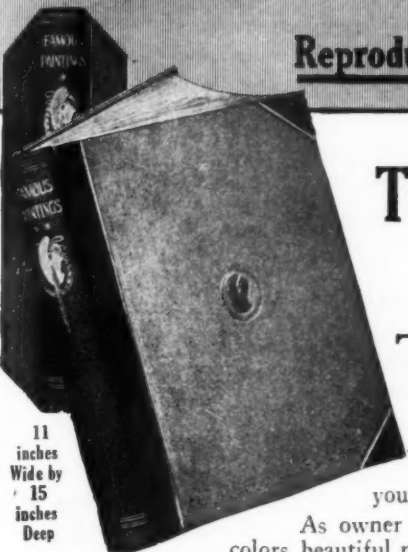
Foreign \$6.60

C. O. 10-22

FAMOUS PAINTINGS

Reproduced in Beautiful Colors

Strong
Attractive
Half-Leather
Binding



11
inches
Wide by
15
inches
Deep

IN Two Large, Handsome Volumes

THIS magnificent work contains actual color reproductions of the world-famous "Old Masters" which thousands upon thousands of Americans yearly travel all over Europe to see and study. You no longer need leave your own home to see these famous masterpieces. We bring them to you to your very door.

As owner of these splendid volumes you will possess in actual colors beautiful reproductions of the Mona Lisa—the most famous picture in the world; Millet's "Angelus," Rubens' "Judgment of Paris," Titian's "Venus and Adonis," Turner's wonderful Marine Pictures, the famous portrait of King Philip of Spain by Velasquez, and nearly 100 others almost equally famous—the choice of the entire art-loving world.

It's just as if you visited the Louvre and Luxembourg Galleries in Paris, the National, Tate and Guildhall in London; the Wallace Collection and many others. Yet you don't even have to stir from your chair. And instead of seeing the pictures once and then hurriedly, as you do in visiting the galleries, you can have them to own and live with year in and year out.

Over Five Million Dollars Worth of Paintings

The paintings in this great collection are those that are talked of and discussed by intellectual people every-where—paintings with which every well-educated person should be familiar. They represent canvases valued at more than Five Million Dollars.

Some of the Painters in this Work

Archer
Bompard
Botticelli
Bouvet
Brett
Brown
Cazin
Chaplin
Clark
Constable
Corot
Correggio
Crome
Da Vinci
Detaille
Duverger
Fragonard
Furse
Gainsborough
Gore
Greuze
Guthrie
Hals
Henner
Holbein
Holliday
Hook
Hunt
Israel
Jandweer
Latour
Le Brun
Legros

Leighton
Lawrence
Lucas
Maue
Meissonier
Millet
Moriand
Muller
Peacock
Rembrandt
Reni
Reynolds
Riviere
Romney
Rossetti
Rubens
Sadler
Sargent
Stanley
Steen
Stone
Swan
Titian
Troyon
Tuke
Turner
Velasquez
Walker
Waller
Watts
Webster
Whistler
Zorn

A Real Library of Art

"Famous Paintings" is more than a mere collection of pictures. It is published in co-operation with Cassell & Company, the famous London publishers. The paintings are reproduced on a specially prepared canvas paper which perfectly conveys the color values of the original. Each one is mounted on heavy white art board, which can easily be detached for framing, and the whole is handsomely bound in two large volumes—11 x 15 inches, in half leather, beautifully embossed and decorated in

gold. The introduction is by G. K. Chesterton. Each picture is accompanied by a lucid explanation of the motif of the painting itself and a brief sketch of the life of the artist.

You not only become thoroughly acquainted with the character of each man's work, but you learn the chief points about the artist's life and habits, so that you'll be able to talk about them with authority. It is a comprehensive reference library ever at your elbow. You'll be proud to possess such beautiful volumes, and proud to show them to your friends.

Sent on Approval

The two splendid volumes of "Famous Paintings" will be shipped to you on approval. Merely enclose \$2.00 with the coupon. Your set will be forwarded, all charges prepaid, at once. Examine it at your leisure in your own home. Then if you feel you can afford not to own this great work, send it back within five days and your money will be instantly refunded without question or red tape; otherwise pay \$2.00 monthly until \$25.00—the price of the set—is paid. If you wish to pay cash, send only \$24.00. Our present supply of these sets is limited and to insure your receiving your set you must act promptly.

EXAMINATION COUPON Sign and Mail To-day

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY,
354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
C.O. 10-22

Send me, on approval, carriage charges paid, the two volumes of Famous Paintings. I enclose \$2.00. If satisfactory, I will retain the work and send you \$2.00 per month thereafter until \$25.00 in all have been paid, completing the purchase. If I do not want the books, I will return them within five days at your expense, you will refund the money I have paid, and I will owe you nothing.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY..... STATE.....

* If you prefer to pay in cash, send only \$24.00.



The West in the Days of Custer

ITS history, told by old white-haired rangers—men who are fast dropping off—is being collected and written in story form for *Adventure* by F. R. Bechdolt, the noted author. In the September 30 issue of *Adventure* he tells the story of Quanah, the relentless savage half-breed chief—son of a white woman who had been carried off by Indians when a child. “Blood will tell” it is said. Did Quanah’s white blood eventually tell?

Tales of the struggles of the early settlers, of the real cowboys who wore the Colt’s single action forty-five as a matter of course, are not only of great historic value but are more dramatic than most of the fiction you have read about the Old West.

The Sea, the Jungle, the West, the Orient—all have their place in

Adventure

ADVENTURE is on every news-stand
Three times a month. Get your copy now!



ROBERT
LOUIS

STEVENSON

Every Home Should Contain These 9 Volumes of His Masterpieces

Treasure Island Kidnapped

Virginibus Puerisque

Familiar Studies

Child's Garden of Verse

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde

Travels With a Donkey

New Arabian Nights

An Inland Voyage



THE masterpieces which immortalized Stevenson. Just the books you want to read—probably as many as you would read if you purchased his complete writings containing three times as many volumes. These nine volumes contain Stevenson's best stories, finest essays, most beautiful poetry and are yours at the ridiculously low price of

9 Volumes - Art Binding - Only \$6

You need Stevenson's magic pen to lift you out of your environment, transport you instantly into the blood-stirring world of adventure where your cares fall away, your youth comes back, so that with all the primal instinct of the man of the open you take your place before the mast or battle for your own against overwhelming odds. You need him to recreate the hours of your childhood which you have lost since you have grown up. All of his intimates and every biographer emphasizes that trait of character in Stevenson which made him always a child at heart, one who was able to live the child-life and enter into it, not from the mature plane of the trained mind but from the child's plane. He will give you back your fancies, your fairies, your goblins and your world of make-believe. He will give to your children a new world into which their own imagination has not yet taken them.

You need him as a writer of short stories, that are an intellectual stimulus; of travels, that kindle the wanderlust; of essays that reflect his versatile mind as a clear lake reflects the glory of the foliage about it.

More than all else you need Stevenson as the consummate master of pure English, fine diction, forceful expression, the man acclaimed by Kipling as "Our only perfect artist in letters."

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

CURRENT OPINION,

50 W. 47th St., New York, N. Y.

Send me postpaid the nine volumes of Stevenson's masterpieces. I will send you \$1 within five days of their receipt and \$1 a month for the succeeding five months, total only \$6.

5% discount for cash with order.

Name

Address C.O. 10-22

Current Opinion, New York City



Paris

*Draperies—trimming—another silhouette—
everything must be new*

On everything you make the Deltor saves you actual dollars and cents

DRAPERY is everywhere—in frocks, coats, and the coat dress.

More trimming is seen—fabric trimmings of stuffed and braided tubing are in vogue.

There are collars that are newer than fur for coats and wraps.

The Deltor tells you just how to make the new models and what to buy for them.

The material itself is all-important this season and many of the new materials—matelassé, repp, the fur and the cloky fabrics—are costly in proportion to their beauty. The Deltor cutting layouts, prepared by experts, make it possible for Butterick Patterns to specify from $\frac{1}{4}$ to $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard less material for any given garment than other patterns do. You find your pattern in your size and your view laid on the very width material you are using. You do not buy a fraction of a yard more than you need.

The Deltor putting-together pictures show you exactly how a professional would put the garment together deftly and successfully.

When it comes to finishing, the Deltor tells you exactly how to make your garments like expensive imported models.

With the Deltor you achieve effects that otherwise you could only get in the most expensive of ready-to-wear garments.



Design 3955

Butterick presents the charming Parisian coat where across-the-figure draping starts from a bow. This is easily managed with the Deltor.



Design 3953

Draperies caught up at the hip with an ornament extends even to street frocks this Autumn. The Deltor shows you how to make even the ornament.

Designs for the New Season—BUTTERICK PATTERNS

**Design 3952**

Paris is using interlaced stuffed tubing this season rather than fur to collar and cuff many an exclusive coat. The Deltor shows you exactly how it is made.

**Design 3979**

When the draped frock is of soft materials, lace edges its way in at the hem and neck.



Every new Butterick Pattern now gives you this complete dress-making service. Buy your Butterick Pattern with the Deltor first and the expert cutting layout alone will save you from $\frac{1}{4}$ to $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard of material. Stop to-day at the pattern department and look at the new Fall fashions.

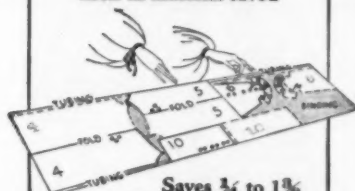
BUTTERICK

New York

Paris

London

The pattern that pays for itself in material saved



Saves $\frac{1}{4}$ to $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard on every garment

The Deltor cutting layouts, made by experts, give you a layout for your size pattern, in your view, laid on the width material you are using. They save you often from 50c to \$10 in material.

**Professional putting together**

You know just what to do, and when and how to do it, with the Deltor. You give your clothes professional cut and workmanship.



The Finish
That is
Paris

That finish that is Paris

Whatever new finish your Butterick model shows, the Deltor tells you just how it is done, giving your frocks a French perfection of finish.

Design 3969

Braided fabric girdles are very interesting this season and so are hand-made motifs. You give them the professional finish with the Deltor.

WITH THE DELTOR—Are Now on Sale



The police called it suicide... then this criminologist took up the case.

"Nothing is ever rubbed out!"

"When one kind of matter is superimposed upon another kind, the trace always remains"—said the strange little man with the cold gray eyes and the absurd pointed mustache of purplish black.

And by following this theory—investigating a smudge of blue chalk, the faint impressions of a woman's shoes on a rug, and even the blades of grass on which a body was found—he solved one of the greatest murder mysteries of Paris.

"The Pointed Tower" is the name of this story and it was written by Vance Thompson, the versatile author of "French Portraits," "Diplomatic Mysteries," "Eat and Grow Thin." It will appear in *Everybody's Magazine*, beginning in October. Wallace Irwin, Beldon Duff, and Courtney Ryley Cooper will also contribute to this issue.



October
Everybody's
Magazine



Manners Are Teltales

of men—yes, and women, too. As our manners are polite or vulgar, so we are either admitted or denied admittance as an equal to the society of well-bred people.

"THE BLUE-BOOK OF SOCIAL USAGE"

has just been published—and it is in truth THE blue-book—the last word on the customs and manners of polite society, written by a gentlewoman whose assured social position in America and Europe stamps what she says with unquestionable authority. This splendid volume which the New York World pronounces "a delightful book on ethics and manners, delightfully easy to read," is entitled

"ETIQUETTE. In Society, In Business, In Politics, and at Home"

By EMILY POST (Mrs. PRICE POST)

THE New York Tribune declares that "not since Mrs. Sherwood sponsored her book on etiquette some fifty years ago has any one so obviously well equipped appeared as authority on the subject."

This new book differs entirely from the many books of etiquette now before the public. It does not emphasize or accentuate the trivialities of polite conduct. Yet there is seemingly insignificant but really important knowledge, from the selection of a visiting-card to the mystery of eating corn on the cob, that is fully revealed. Matters of clothes for men and women are treated with the same fulness of information and accuracy of taste as are questions of the furnishing of their houses and the training of their minds to social intercourse. In a word, there is no exaggeration of minor details at the expense of the more important spirit of personal conduct and attitude of mind.

From *Town and Country*, New York:

"Now Emily Post has added to her rather versatile collection of accomplishments by making a book on every-day ethics, a rather broader conception of good manners than the idea suggested by the word 'etiquette.' The writer of these paragraphs has had a glimpse at the galley proofs and finds interesting and entertaining notes, authentic and written with the decision which those who know Mrs. Post will recognize as characteristic. The data set forth the well-bred attitude other than which would be impossible from the source."

From the *Evening Telegram*, New York:

"A first gentlewoman of America has undertaken to present us with a guide to good behavior. The gentlewoman in question is none other than Emily Post (Mrs. Price Post), daughter of the old South and a shining figure in that "Best Society" she so broadly and intelligently defines. Mrs. Price has done society, in ultimate equation, a real and a valuable service."

From the *Record*, Philadelphia, Pa.:

"Etiquette in society, business, politics and the home is

treated by a perfectly versed woman in this large volume. Mrs. Post is unquestionably an authority on the customs and manners of polite society, and her suggestions may be followed in confidence. There is



Photograph by Ira Hill

EMILY POST (Mrs. Price Post)

a charm to Mrs. Post's manner of stating things. She has the literary graces which make her volume most readable and entertaining, as well as instructive."

From the *Blade*, Toledo, Ohio:

"It's because the age seems to need a realignment of the value of manners as much as anything else, that the book and the theory of its author seems worth while."

From the *Plain Dealer*, Cleveland, Ohio:

"No, there is nothing boring about this six-hundred-plus etiquette tome of 1922. It does not stop with dogmatic assurance that the fork is always held in the right hand and that a gentleman does not wear full dress to the stock exchange."

... The whole entertaining, vivacious, spicy-savored volume is more concerned about the heart of etiquette, the real meaning of why, what, when, this, that and the other thing should be done—done not for form's sake but for reasons of sterling worth from the viewpoint of good common sense. ... In short, the book is invaluable to the average thinking man or woman who wishes to live to-day's life in as polished and near-conventional a manner as possible."

Information on Thousands of Subjects, Such As:

How strangers acquire social standing in a community—When introductions are not necessary—How a young girl is presented to society—Engagements—Wedding gifts—Bridegroom and bridesmaids—Wedding clothes—Letters of introduction and recommendation—Country house hospitality—Week-ends—What to wear in a restaurant—Luncheons, afternoon teas, dinner parties—Etiquette of the club, at the bridge table, and on the golf links—Etiquette of the ballroom—How to ask for a dance—How to invite a girl to supper—Deportment at the opera and theatre—Reproductions of correct forms for invitations—Phrases that are never uttered in best society—The wording of letters of thanks—Writing paper—How to begin and end a letter—Christenings—Funerals. In fact, there is no necessary detail of etiquette that is not clearly explained in brilliant literary style in this distinguished new volume.

Etiquette—In Society, In Business, In Politics, and At Home, by Emily Post (Mrs. Price Post), one large volume; cloth binding, gold stamping; 639 pages; 16 full-page photographic reproductions showing in detail table setting for all occasions; weddings; home interiors and decorations.

Money Back If You Are Not Satisfied

Sign and send this coupon today with \$1.18 and this splendid volume will be shipped to you postpaid by return mail. If it does not please you, return it and your money will be promptly refunded.

Funk & Wagnalls Company,
354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Gentlemen:—Please send me "Etiquette, In Society, In Business, In Politics, and at Home," by Emily Post (Mrs. Price Post) for which I enclose \$1.18. If not satisfied I may return it within ten days and you will refund the amount I have paid.
C.O. 10-22

Name

Address

City..... State.....



YOUR BOARD OF DIRECTORS

This is a miniature reproduction of the famous cartoon from *Judge*, drawn by Orson Lowell, and considered by prominent authorities to be one of the six greatest American cartoons of the past 50 years.

A limited number of proofs from the original copper engraving have been proved on heavy art mat stock, with large margins, suitable for framing.

You may obtain one of these special art proofs and *Judge* for 52 weeks, by mailing your check for \$5.00 to *Judge*, 627 West 43rd Street, New York City. As the edition is limited, quick action is essential.

Orson Lowell's masterpieces appear regularly and exclusively in *Judge*, in company with those of Angus MacDonall, John Held, jr., René Clarke, Clive Weed, Guy Hoff, Ralph Barton, Simon Werner, W. E. Hill, Gilbert Wilkinson and Robert Patterson.

Critical reviews of extraordinary brilliancy,—on the Theater by George Jean Nathan,—the Screen by Ruth Hale,—the new Books by Walter Prichard Eaton,—the Sports by Heywood Broun are all regular features of *Judge*, as well as Timely Comment by Arthur H. Folwell and the humorous philosophy of Walt Mason.

The new *Judge* is an essential visitor to your library, every Thursday.

What Do These Names Mean To YOU?

Heloise

Madame de Maintenon

*Sarah, Duchess
of Marlborough*

Madame de Recamier

Cleopatra

Madame de Stael

Queen Elizabeth

Du Barry

Empress Josephine

No man's imagination can create fiction as absorbing as the life story of these women.

Around them men and nations have revolved. Crowns have been gambled for their smiles and empires have tottered over their foibles.

History cannot be written without them any more than without Alexander the Great, Julius Caesar, Martin Luther, Oliver Cromwell, Louis XIV, Napoleon Bonaparte or Abraham Lincoln.

All of these and hundreds beside are flashed on to the great moving picture which Dr. John Lord stages in his Beacon Lights of History.

History in the Terms of Men

Dr. Lord tells you Human Stories of Human Beings, the biography that is the true link between the past and the present. His great books supply just the knowledge of men and events that everyone needs. They fire the imagination and hold the reader spell-bound.

They give a man the broad contact that frees him from the limitations of his age, his country, his personal experience and gives him access to all ages, to all countries, to all experience.

They enable him to live a thousand lives in one. When we read the life story of a great man we unconsciously put ourselves in his place and we live his life in his day and generation.

More than 1,000,000 Volumes Sold

BUSY PEOPLE, who have time only for vital things, find neither burden of trivial detail nor omission of any matter of importance.

CLERGYMEN AND SPEAKERS use it as a veritable storehouse of character analysis, of keen comparison of men and events of all times, of satire, wit and oratory.

LAWYERS declare the chapter on "Moses" the ablest article on moral law obtainable, and that on Roman jurisprudence sheds light on the whole realm of Civil Law.

TEACHERS AND STUDENTS find it invaluable as a reference work and for supplementary reading. Each lecture closes with a condensed list of authorities for further research.

CLUB WOMEN find in it unlimited material, fascinating, alive and authentic, on which to build a club program or write a paper.

MOTHERS use it to fit themselves for full-fledged citizenship, and to keep in touch with their children's studies.



Send No Money

Seven attractive volumes in gray Art linen with "beacon light" design stamped on the sides—each vol. $6\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4} \times 1$ —small enough to go in your pocket, large enough to look well on your library table. Printed on white Bible paper—800 pages to the volume.

Examine them at your leisure. Only by seeing these books can you appreciate their value. We will send them to you

On Approval Prepaid

with the privilege of five days' examination. Then, if you do not want them, you may return them for a full refund.

CURRENT OPINION,
48-50 W. 47th St.,
New York City.

Please send me on approval, prepaid, the 7 vol. set of Lord's Beacon Lights of History. In 5 days I will send them back to you or will send you \$1 as first payment and \$2 a month for 8 months—\$17 in all.

send the books back to us at our expense. If, after five days, you may send us \$1.00 as first payment and \$2.00 a month for eight months. This is your only chance to secure these world-renowned books at this marvelously low price and on these easy terms.

The present edition is limited and when it is exhausted BEACON LIGHTS OF HISTORY will be sold by subscription only and at not less than \$50 a set.

Please sign the coupon and mail it to-day. If you wait until tomorrow you may forget it. The orders first received will be first filled, so do not delay.

CURRENT OPINION, 48-50 West 47th Street, New York City

Name

Address

C.O. 10-23

The Square Deal

Roosevelt stood for the Square Deal.

Roosevelt stood for Americanism.

He stood for the square deal for Jew and Gentile, for Protestant and Catholic.

He stood for Americanism and the square deal in our relations with foreign nations.

America and American institutions first—but a square deal for all. That was his creed.

Americanism first—a square deal for all—is the fundamental editorial policy which has guided the makers of

The Encyclopedia AMERICANA

"Make this the best encyclopedia in the English language, but make it American from A to Z," was the instruction given the editorial staff, when the four years work of research, compiling and editing was begun.

The new AMERICANA, the best that American brains and resources could produce, meets every test of an authoritative, up-to-date world reference work for American readers.

More than 2,000 eminent specialists from over the world have contributed to this American work. British men of learning write on British subjects; German scientists contribute their special knowledge; Japanese politics are discussed by Japanese statesmen; eminent Catholics thoroughly cover their church history. The world's storehouses of knowledge are opened by the men best qualified to present them—and all American subjects are covered by Americans—more thoroughly than has ever before been done in a great work of reference.



That is why the new AMERICANA numbers among its subscribers all the great Universities and Public Libraries, many of the leading American business institutions, and the private libraries of thousands of American citizens who realize the value of having constantly at their service a thoroughly American encyclopedia of the world's knowledge.

Your children need the AMERICANA. You will find it invaluable at your office. The members of your business staff will thank you for placing it at their service.

Without Cost to You

Let us tell you how you can become the owner of this great work of reference.

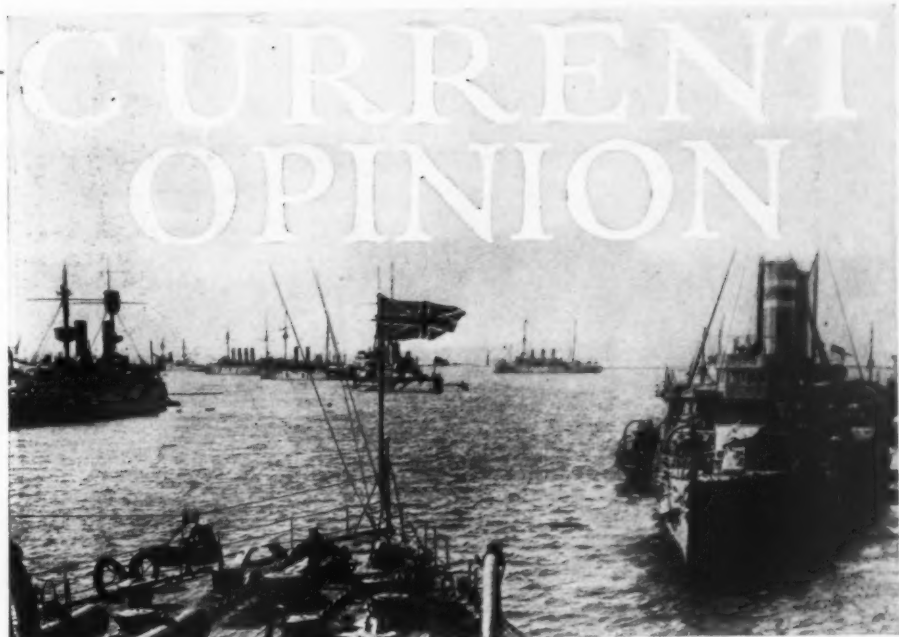
Cut out this coupon and mail it to-day.

ENCYCLOPEDIA AMERICANA CORPORATION,
27 William Street, New York, N. Y.
Peoples Gas Building, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me, free of charge, descriptive literature
of the Encyclopedia AMERICANA. C.O. 10-22

Name

Address



© International

THE MIGHTIEST ARMADA EVER ASSEMBLED IN THE DARDANELLES

It is the British Atlantic Fleet, ready for action, in case the Kemalist army attempts to cross from Asia Minor into Europe.



© Pacific & Atlantic

HE IS "TALKING TURKEY" TO THE TURKS
General Sir Charles Harington, British High Commissioner at Constantinople, shares the Near East spotlight with Kemal.



© Keystone View Co.

HIS BRITISH SHIPS CONTROL THE DARDANELLES

Vice-Admiral R. J. B. Keyes commands the greatest fleet of battleships since the Battle of Jutland.



© Underwood & Underwood

TURKISH TROOPS ON THE MARCH DO NOT LOOK LIKE CUTTHROATS AND FIREBRANDS
This body of infantry under command of Mustapha Kemal Pasha was photographed at Kum-Kalesi, uncomfortably close to the British base at Chanak.



© Wide World Photos

**ON HIM HAS FALLEN THE MANTLE OF
SALADIN**

Mustapha Kemal, the meteoric Mohammedan militant leader, is declared to have a Jekyll-and-Hyde character.



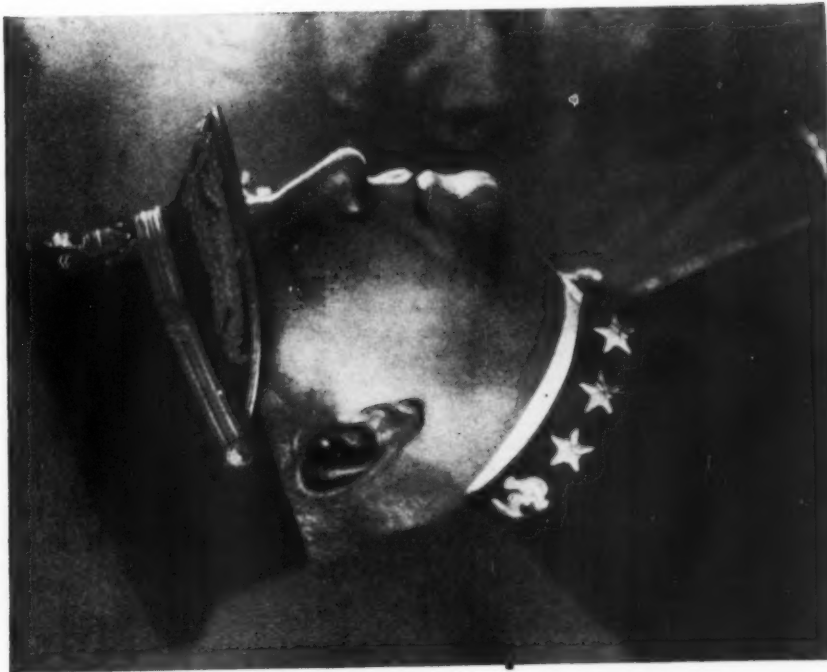
© Wide World Photos

SHALL HE BE PUSHED OUT OF EUROPE?

Already the sovereign power of Mohammed VI. has been eclipsed by Mustapha Kemal and his days are numbered.



© Clinedinst
RESIGNS FROM THE U. S. SUPREME COURT TO PREACH A LEAGUE
OF NATIONS
It is the ambition of ex-Justice John H. Clarke to see America enter the
League of Nations and the rest of his life will be spent in pointing the way.



© International
HE COMFORTABLY FILLS THE CHAIR VACATED BY ADMIRAL SIMS
Rear Admiral Clarence S. Williams, the new head of the Naval War College
at Newport, graduates as chief of staff of the Atlantic Fleet.



© Keystone View Co.
ENGLAND DECIDES TO PAY UP AND SENDS HER CHANCELLOR OF
THE EXCHEQUER TO WASHINGTON
Sir Robert Stevenson Horne, head of the British debt funding delegation, is a
bachelor of 51 who succeeded Austin Chamberlain as the English Secretary
of the Treasury.



© International
SHE IS NO LONGER THE SALVATION ARMY COMMANDER
IN AMERICA
Evangeline Booth has been transferred to England. During her adminis-
tration here the organization's assets have risen from \$1,500,000 to
\$25,000,000



© Clinedinst

A BRAZILIAN FRIEND OF AMERICA WHO ENDORSES THE MONROE DOCTRINE
Dr. Epitacio Pessoa has been touring the United States preparatory to becoming President of the
great South American Republic.



HE HAS CAST \$5,000,000 LIKE BREAD UPON THE WATERS
George Eastman, of Kodak fame, lavishes a Community Theater and Hall
of Music on the University of Rochester, N. Y.



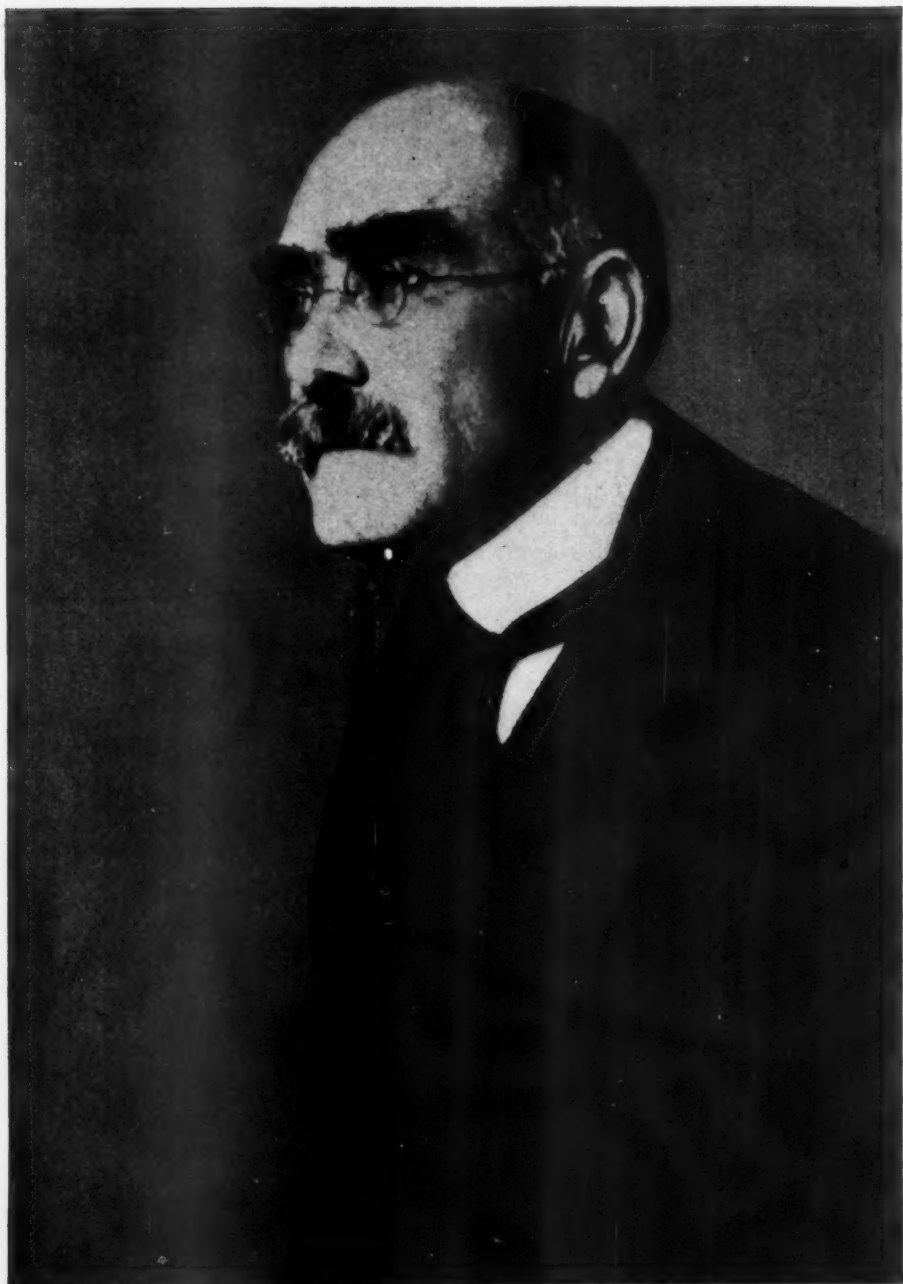
© International
A \$1-A-DAY MAN WHO RETIRES AT 40 A MULTIMILLIONAIRE
In 20 years Alfred H. Cosden rose from a drug clerkship to head the
\$16,000,000 Riker-Hegeman Company.



© Keystone View Company
HE IS LEADING THE JEWS TO THE PROMISED LAND
Dr. Chalmers Weizmann, head of what is known as the Zionist World Organization, declares: "The Arab terror will not deter the Jewish people from building their homeland."



© Wide World Photos
MEANWHILE THE EPISCOPAL BISHOPS CHOOSE A NEW LEADER
At the triennial General Episcopal Convention, at Portland, Oregon, the Right Reverend William Cabell Brown, of Virginia, became head of the House of Bishops.



© Wide World Photos

DID HE OR DID HE NOT IMPEACH OUR AMERICAN WAR RECORD?

Quoting Rudyard Kipling as saying, "They have all our gold, but we have saved our souls," Clare Sheridan, the sculptress-interviewer, is declared to have been "no gentleman."

THE CURRENT OF OPINION

Radicals—There are two kinds of radicals. The word radical comes from a word meaning root. One kind of a radical wants to get at the root of things. The other kind of a radical wants to pull things up by the roots.

□ □

Except the Farmer—Samuel Vaulchain, of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, says prosperity is here. It is. Nearly everybody is prosperous. Except the farmer. His condition is illustrated by the Texas farmer who abandoned his ranch because it would not pay and took a job working in the railroad shops.

□ □

Safety—The amazing thing about rapid transit in this modern era is not that there are so many accidents, but that there are so few. The Pennsylvania Railroad, in the year ending May 31, operated 1,400,000 passenger trains and carried 152,000,000 passengers without losing the life of a single passenger by a train accident.

□ □

The Post-Office Strike?—There was no post-office strike the other day.

The thousands of postal employees throughout the country have their unions, but they did not get together recently and decide to make everybody stop writing letters until they got more wages.

The post-office is a sort of autocracy. The victims, however, up to date have not rebelled and burned any of the government buildings nor slaughtered any scabs.

Postal clerks, as a rule, are men of intelligence above the ordinary, good Americans and well informed.

But strikes may come and strikes may go, and the great army of post-office officials go right along whistling as they distribute the mail.

Funny, ain't it?

□ □

Pay Up and Clean Up—Theodore E. Burton, Representative in Congress from Ohio, told his audience at the American Chamber of Commerce, in London, the other day that "If the peace of the world again is in jeopardy or liberty is threatened then America will not be slow to spring to the defense of these institutions, but right now the United States wants to see Europe do some housecleaning without delay."

Speaking of the cancellation of all war debts, he added:

"In the case of cancellation, what

assurance is there that the resources which otherwise would be applied upon payment of debt would not be used for the expansion of military and naval establishments, thus creating an ever-present threat of conflict and destruction? I cannot too strongly emphasize the fact that the only effective means

I BELIEVE in the political genius of the people. I put my trust in it—this capacity for dealing with the problems of collective life in a kindly, able and common-sense manner. No matter how restless times may be and how many and varied the emotions we must endure, dismay must never be one of these emotions. I think, on the whole, that the mass of the people are saner and sounder than those who assume to guide them, and the latent sagacity of the race is better than the ideas of individuals. While any given crowd may be stupid and even wicked, yet I have a deep-seated conviction that, in simple morality, self-control and courage, the people in the mass are always better than their leaders, and I rejoice that the reins of power are in the hands of the multitude.—Joseph Conrad, novelist and ex-mariner.

for meeting these debts and for healing the economic wounds of the nations must depend on the progress of disarmament and the maintenance of peace."

This seems to be the gist of the matter. America is not going to make a present of millions of dollars to Europe so long as there is a probability of using the money in carrying on the old order which means destruction. The European nations will have to get over their national vanities and get together before they can expect to get together with us.

□ □

Bill Is Here—The Tariff Bill is here. It is a great bill. Stephen Bell says that as it left the printer's hands it was a book of 438 pages. It would fill nearly eight pages of small type in an ordinary newspaper. Congress worked on it twenty months, from January 6, 1921, to September 21, 1922, when

President Harding signed it. Fordney, its author, and Elihu Root, the brains of the Republican Party, say that it is a good bill. All of the Democrats and a majority of the Republican newspapers say that it is a bad bill.

All of them, however, fail to realize that tariffs are international questions. Tariffs, as well as inter-Allied debts, disarmament, reparations and world peace, are all tied up with trade.

At bottom, all trade is swapping, or the exchanging of goods for goods. If some wise partisan will arise and tell how the European debt, or the interest upon it, can be paid without Europe's sending her goods here so as to get trade credits, his speech will be listened to with interest.

□ □

A Living Wage—What is a living wage? Four hundred thousand rail-

way workers the other day asked the Railway Labor Board to fix a living wage. By this they mean the wage upon which a worker and his family can lead what we call a decent American life. Any statesman can slap his chest and declare that every citizen should have a living wage, without fear of being criticized for his assertion.

But to say what a living wage is, is quite another matter.

The fact is that in the United States it is entirely impossible to determine what is a living wage, because it depends entirely upon circumstances.

A living wage in New York is quite a differ-



ANOTHER PHOENIX

—Marcus in New York Times.

ent thing from a living wage in Montana.

Up in Vermont a man must buy coal at around twenty dollars a ton, live in a house with thick walls, and wear heavy clothes in winter. In Louisiana he needs to spend a very small part of his wages for such things.

Conditions of life in this country differ as widely as conditions in Sweden and Italy.

A recent article thus correctly stated the case: "This is a continental country—no little Belgium, Switzerland or Denmark. The conditions of life, work, income, wages, comfort and luxury are as varied between Cape Cod and the Golden Gate as between Sicily and Heligoland. No scale of wages and income can be devised to standardize the manner of men's life or the expenses of decent living throughout the United States in any industry. To attempt such a scale would be to impose poverty on many, while others would receive more than enough."

□ □

Where Tino Failed—The trouble with King Tino of Greece is simply that he wants to be a King. Life is too big now to be ruled by one brain, and especially by one brain of royal birth. The business of life is the people's business and the people themselves must look after it. Like Charles I., Tino is a good father and a good husband. He can look after one family. He cannot look after a million families.

That is American theory and throughout the world it is winning. China is a republic. So are Germany and Russia. So are Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Austria, France, and all the Latin-American States. In Britain and Italy, the monarchy



ON THE ROAD AGAIN

—Kirby in New York World.

is a symbol only, and in Japan that is what the monarchy is becoming. If, then, the world is following our example, let us see to it that our example is one that is worthy to be followed. Despotism has failed; let democracy succeed.

□ □

For Austria, Nemesis—In all history there has been no plight like the plight of Austria. For centuries the Austrian ruled over others. Today, he is begging others to rule over him. With small nations everywhere insisting on independence, Austria, the proudest of them all, begs that she be annexed. She is ready to be joined either to Germany, to the Little Entente or to her ancient enemy, Italy. She does not much mind which.

What is the explanation? It is that nations cannot live unto themselves or by themselves.

It is right that there should be various states in Europe, but they should be united states. There

should be liberty, but there should also be federation.

Unless Austria can trade with her neighbors, she must perish. In paper money, she has now 1,353,403,-631,630 kronen! It is an incredible currency.

That little scrap of paper which Austria mailed in 1914 to Serbia as an ultimatum certainly started something. □ □

Truth, Fairness and Decency—Magazines cannot do people's thinking for them. They can and should help people to think for themselves.

Most things in this world are matters of opinion. Nearly all opinions are vehemently upheld and as vehemently denounced by excellent persons. All opinions get worn out and discarded sooner or later. Ultimately they are collected by those scholarly Old Clothes Men—the Historians—and used for chapters in the History of Human Errors.

What Justice needs and Wisdom requires is to hear both sides of any question. And you can't do that by listening to one and suppressing the other!

Editor Glenn Frank published an article in the *Century Magazine* by Eugene V. Debs, the socialist who was recently released from prison. It set forth Mr. Debs' personal, and rather special, views upon penal institutions in general. A subscriber objected, roundly berated Frank and cancelled his subscription. Frank defended himself in a letter which is a model of temperate utterance and cogent reasoning.

"I have no standards of judgment as editor of the *Century Magazine*," said he, "other than the standards that guide me as a buyer and reader of other magazines. I buy and read magazines in order to gain insight into and information about every conceivable sort of event, personality and opinion that goes to make up my world. As a reader I resent an editor's attempt to quarantine

me against minority opinion. I do not want an editor to decide what is 'good' for me. It is not the function of magazine editors, in my judgment, to act as nursemaids for the minds of their readers."

Many people and more periodicals pursue their selfish goals with little regard for the facts, less for the rules of evidence, and none at all for the need to take a sporting interest in the other side of the case. In consequence they—perhaps unconsciously—falsify the realities staring them in the face.

An extraordinary letter to the editors of *CURRENT OPINION* illustrates the extremes to which this sort of prejudice can go. A favorable review of James Harvey Robinson's remarkable book, "Mind in the Making," inspires the letter writer to say: "It would seem that your editorial staff had quite given up the idea that God and the Church of Jesus stand for anything worth while."

As far as one can tell, the objection to the book and its review is based on the fact that it appeals for "creative thinking" and "the open mind," to replace slavish adherence to outworn rules, taboos and appearances. If he does object to open-mindedness, he does not want *CURRENT OPINION*, and *CURRENT OPINION* returns the compliment. It wants none of him.

Further along in his letter he turns upon a short editorial entitled "Damning the Movie," which appeared in the August issue, and accuses it of "applying low-down, vulgar epithets to thousands of our most respected church members."

Here is an excellent instance of prejudice causing blindness. In that editorial no epithets of any kind, grade or degree are applied to church members, whether respected church members or otherwise. Neither the church nor church members are mentioned directly or by inference. Epithets are adjectives. The dictionary doubtless contains

low-down and vulgar adjectives, but the adjectives used in that editorial could not possibly be so described, except by the sort of partisanship which sees whatever it wishes, wherever it wishes.

The editorial admits faults and does not seek to palliate them, but it does defend the movies against the more frenzied of their detractors. If there are many persons who share our letter-writer's tendency to grow furious whenever the movies are mentioned, it is a good thing that somebody occasionally takes up the cudgels for them.

We have often thought that Republicans should read only Democratic newspapers, and Democrats should read only Republican newspapers, by way of overcoming their biases and arriving at something like the truth—which is almost certain to lie midway between the two camps.

Astigmatism is almost universal. Nearly everyone's eyesight can be improved by looking through corrective lenses.

There is an astigmatism of the mind which likewise needs lenses to look through. If it were possible to persuade the average Republican of the 100 per cent. sort to look at the world through a Democratic daily paper, he would probably obtain a much more accurate notion of the world. The bias in his mind would balance and counteract the bias in the newspaper, and give him something like a clear view.

Similarly if the roaring Democrat could be prevailed upon to visualize the current of events through the medium of the opposition press, his



CONGRESS: "HONEST! I DIDN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH IT!"

—Marcus in New York Times.

defective (because prejudiced) vision might be noticeably corrected, and his outlook on the world made much wiser, more tolerant and fair-minded.

CURRENT OPINION is a journal for fair-minded people. It has its prejudices, undoubtedly, like everyone else this side of Almighty God, but it does not ride them up and down the earth, trampling blindfold on every form of opposition view-point. It presents the current of the world's opinion to its readers for their enlightenment and pleasure.

Its policy is a simple one: "Fairness, Decency and Truth!"

□ □

The Passport Nuisance—In *Commerce and Finance*, M'Cready Sykes says that our country is still lending its great prestige to the evil cause of maintaining the passport nuisance, still sitting in at the great game of dealing with trifling bits of

bureaucratic fussiness that help to perpetuate the inheritance of international jealousy and ill will.

"The frontiers of all nations," he says, "across which a few years ago one might any time pass and repass freely and unquestioned, are now guarded by hordes of petty bureaucratic officials getting ('earning' would be a ridiculous misnomer) their living by scrutinizing, viséing, stamping, signing, countersigning, sealing and filing the ridiculous inquisitorial passports and other documents without which no one now may travel in foreign parts.

"For sublimated tommy-rot the absurd system deserves the medal of exalted perfection. To end it seems nobody's business."

□ □

The Church and Internationalism—Let no man say any longer that the churches are moribund!

The World Alliance for International Friendship, a Protestant world federation for the preservation of universal peace, was organized by a great conference of Protestant clergymen in Copenhagen during the first half of the month of August.

His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury presided over the conference. Two hundred delegates were present, representing 200,000,000 Protestants and communicants of the Greek Catholic Church, in the United States, Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria, Holland, Hungary, Italy, Japan, China, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Switzerland, Belgium, Bulgaria, Spain, Portugal, Esthonia, Finland, Lettland, Czecho-Slovakia, Roumania and Greece.

The American delegation included Dr. Charles W. Eliot, Dr. W. H. P. Faunce, president of Brown University; Dr. Nehemiah Boynton, Dr. John R. Mott and many other distinguished churchmen.

The most significant of the res-

olutions which was proposed and adopted, and the one which made the deepest impression on the delegates, was proposed jointly by the French and German delegates who had met and adjusted their differences before the conference began. It read:

"*Resolved*, That the churches of the world shall strive together for the attainment of universal peace, which cannot be successfully realized without both mental and spiritual disarmament."

When a thing like "The World Alliance for International Friendship" can be brought to pass, there's hope for mankind!

□ □

The Anti-Bonus League—War veterans have organized an Ex-Service Men's Anti-Bonus League "to combat as a matter of principle all propaganda and attempted legislation to bonus or pension ex-service men who came out of the war physically and mentally uninjured."

This organization is opposed to the efforts of the American Legion to procure a bonus for veterans. Some of the reasons they give for their stand are: "We who served know that instead of being injured by war service 90 per cent. of the men who were not wounded, gassed or shell-shocked came out of the army far better equipped physically and mentally to fight the battles of civilian life than when they went in.

"By admissions made by service comrades in greater or less numbers direct to men here assembled, we know it to be a fact that if the same percentage held good throughout the entire army, hundreds of thousands of soldiers earned more net money while in the army than ever before.

"From our personal knowledge of the habits, temperaments and inclinations of our comrades in arms, we know that to a large percentage of them a cash present of any sum of money would mean, at best, but a

short period of release from labor and a royal good time while the money lasted."

To "give effective voice to the sentiments herein pronounced," the resolutions say in closing, "and that we and our former comrades of the same mind may stand before our countrymen and the world in a class separate and apart from those of us who seek a cash reward for acts and services that have no cash value, we men here assembled immediately proceed with the organization of an association to be known as 'The Ex-Service Men's Anti-Bonus League,' whose purposes and functions shall be:

"To first, last and all the time oppose any government grant or gratuity to any person who served in the armed forces of the United States in the late war, who, at the time of his discharge, was physically and mentally uninjured as a result of such service.

"To aid, foster and encourage in every way possible legislation providing for the proper care, proper pensions and proper respect for every man who came out of the war in any way physically or mentally impaired as a result of his war service."

□ □

No More War—After a while the people of the United States got tired of uplifting the drunkards and helping along the drunkards' families, and going around generally picking up after the saloon. They arose and swatted the saloon.

Some day or other the people of the world are going to get tired of picking up after war, sending relief to war victims and spending millions in Red Cross activities in war-devastated territories, and they are going to arise and swat war.

And when they arrive at this conclusion they will see there is but one way to do it, which is the Americanization of the world. And that can mean nothing else than some sort of

union of the nations, and putting the supreme armed force in control of the central union.

□ □

Mr. Punch Has a Hunch—*Punch* (London) prints a letter that should drive all Americans furiously to think!

Mr. Punch indicates that he thinks the letter writer might put a headline over the communication to this effect: "Our Lunatic Idealist."

But the lunacy of that letter is extraordinarily wise, sane lunacy. It is one of those flashes of insight that almost blind at first, one of those inspirations that sound like madness, one of those far-sighted, "cagey" moves that look like wildly visionary idealism:

Dear Mr. Punch—Lloyd George is too modest. He asks too little.

Ask a man to put a shilling in a missionary box and he'll change the subject. Ask a man to give his life for the freedom of Europe, he'll go like a shot.

They did it, hundreds of thousands of them, eight years ago.

It is the bigness of the thing that gets them—something worth doing.

Well now, look here. "Shall only Britain pay?" That is the wail of *The Daily Mail*.

But suppose Britain, Britain alone, *did* pay, what would happen?

Folk would laugh, but not for long. Soon Uncle Sam would turn green with envy. He'd realize, a bit late, that John Bull—"that back number John Bull"—was attempting the biggest thing in creation. Guess he'd cuss, 'cause he hadn't thought of it himself.

The very idea! The audacious impudence! John Bull starting in to save Europe from bankruptcy by paying the debts himself! The fellow's confounded cheek! Poor old Uncle Sam would have a job to find something to beat it.

Not practical politics, Mr. Punch? No, it is something better; it is superwisdom.

Look at the results in five years' time or less.

None of us millionaires.
 None of us employed.
 All of us poor but prosperous.
 And Uncle Sam just—thinking!

We'll insist—positively *insist*—on Lloyd George doubling our income-tax. Don't see why, do you say? You ass! Wouldn't it be a jolly sight better fun working to save the world from ruin than slaving to make a pile for your beastly asinine self? Something bigger—eh, what?

And to think how we'd beaten Uncle Sam!

Yours, etc.,
 PAX VOBISCUM.

All we have to say is, Britain wouldn't get very far with that program before the Real People of America, the generous-hearted, honest-to-God *folks* here, would make our politicians at Washington cancel Europe's debt to the United States.

Do you think we could stand aside and let Britain do all the generous things? All the whole-souled, magnanimous things? Especially when Britain, compared to us, is a poor little island!—full of poor little people, up to their ears in debt.



DANGER! NO SMOKING
 —Ding in Springfield Republican.

Not poor in spirit, though! Not when one of them can write a letter like that to Mr. Punch.

Doesn't it seem to you that America is the one that is poor in spirit, not to have thought of this debt-assumption thing first, and carried it into magnificent execution?

A while back we held the spiritual leadership of the world.

What do you think of us now? Now that we hold in pawn most of the world's gold and jewels behind tariff-barred windows over which swing the three gold balls instead of the Stars and Stripes.

We're "Uncle" Sam in a new sense, don't you think?

We've put ourselves in the class with "Uncle" Ben, and "Uncle" Isidore, and "Uncle" Shylock—creatures rich in goods and poor in spirit, who demand their pound of flesh, though it kill the man and bankrupt the nation that pays.

Wouldn't it be a jolly sight better fun—as the letter says—working to save the world from ruin than slaving to make a pile for your beastly asinine self?

Also—think how ashamed we are going to be forevermore, if Britain should by any chance adopt Pax Vobiscum's suggestion!

□ □

What Mayors Think of Prohibition—*The American City Magazine* recently wrote to a number of mayors of the larger cities and asked them to give their opinions on the question of prohibition. The mayors were asked the question: "Has prohibition helped in your city? Has it reduced drunkenness, crime and unemployment or in any way affected the total of drug users in the community?"

Of the replies received, only two were unfavorable to the Eighteenth Amendment.

Commenting on the question, the editors of *The American City* point out that while the argument is re-



THE WAY OF A SHIP AT SEA
—Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

peatedly made that the Eighteenth Amendment curtails personal liberty, every large city has many other restrictions on personal liberty adopted in the interest of the community.

They state also that if intoxication injured the drinker only, then such personal liberty might have continued unchallenged, but the damage done to the families of drinkers in particular and to the other citizens in general, is ample justification for the curtailment of the personal right to get drunk.

While many city officials favor the enforcement of the Volstead act, and many favor a more liberal interpretation of the Eighteenth Amendment, they all unite in desiring no return of the old saloon.

The American City urges the creation of considerable substitutes for the saloon to provide for the human need for companionship and sociability.

Among the mayors responding, Mayor Curley, of Boston, thinks that prohibition has not reduced drunkenness, but has increased crime and the sale of injurious drugs and has increased unemployment. He seems to be thoroughly alarmed over puritanism, and expects the fanatics to

ruin the United States in a few years unless they are stopped.

Mayor Van Noort, of Paterson, New Jersey, votes with the Boston mayor quite vigorously.

Mayor Nelsen, of Salt Lake City, is pleased with the effects of prohibition in his town because "homes are happier, bills more promptly paid, private and public property better preserved and conditions generally greatly improved."

Mayor Harvey, of Wilmington, Delaware, thinks that prohibition has undoubtedly helped his city. "Of course," he says, "it would take years to get some people to obey the law and to want to obey it, but I feel sure that the vast majority believe that the United States took a long step forward when prohibition was passed."

Mayor Leonard, of Springfield, Massachusetts, states that "Springfield is prosperous under prohibition in spite of bootlegging. Many families who were formerly suffering for the necessities of life are now quite prosperous and happy."

Mayor Baker, of Portland, Oregon, says that in his community "the results have been very good."

The mayor of Los Angeles, California, collected statistics from the



WHAT DO THEY MEAN, SICK MAN?
—Smith for Newspaper Enterprise Association.

police department before he answered. These statistics show that the claim that crime conditions are worse than under the old saloon régime is absolutely untrue. "Los Angeles and southern California," he says, "have prospered wonderfully under prohibition. A largely increased number of persons are building homes. Living conditions generally are better. A very large majority of our people would under no conditions return to the old saloon days. So far as Los Angeles is concerned, those days are gone forever."

Mayor Burton, of Kansas City, says that "it is evident that we have a safer and cleaner city by reason of prohibition."

Mayor Hale, of Dayton, Ohio, writes that "results of prohibition in Dayton up to last year have been satisfactory. Police records show there are practically no drug users in Dayton."

Mayor Cockrell, of Fort Worth, Texas, writes that "Fort Worth and vicinity had several hundred saloons, one on every prominent corner. Their influence was always toward the overthrow of hosts of men in this community and toward the impoverishment of their families. These open saloons were breeding-places for crime of every description. The closing of them lessened drunkenness in this city easily seventy-five per cent. Prohibition has to combat organized and powerful foes, but it has been helpful to this city both economically and socially and is a tremendous step in the right direction."

□ □

The Engineer — What the world needs is engineering. What has impeded the progress of the world has been its theorists, metaphysicians, philosophers, theologians and other speculators and hair-splitters.

An engineer is a man who takes a force and finds out how to work it

that he may do some good to the race. This is much more to the point than speculating where the force came from, what is its nature and where it is going to.

We need the engineer in politics. The Socialist and every other kind of an ist are merely dealing in riddles. An engineer deals with facts. Instead of constructing some fine-spun theory about government, he would take people as they are and the laws of nature and of business economics as they are and try to work out something from them that would do good to humanity.

We need the engineer in religion. Religion deals with moral force. It is vastly more important to set this moral force to work, to learn its laws and to operate it for the communal good than it is to find out where it came from.

We need the engineer in the schoolroom. Instead of puzzling with theories of education, we should take the child as he is and try to make something out of him.

We need the engineer in the business world. Whenever a man begins to talk about capitalism or labor you may know he is up in the clouds. Really there is no such thing as capitalism nor as labor. These are artificial abstractions—mere counters to argue with. The real things are human work and human welfare. Work is the energy of living people and capital is the stored energy from dead people.

And there is but one problem, and that is how to manage these two forces of energy in a way to produce the most human welfare.

Some day we are going to kick the speech-makers, flag-wavers and phrase-makers out of our legislative bodies and elect engineers who will address themselves to the problem of running the country.

And some day our schools and churches will likewise be put into the hands of practical engineers who shall produce results.

What Is Education?—William Allen White, writing in *Judge* and referring to the statement of Mrs. Maud Wood Park that "education is the reliance of our democracy," says:

"Sure, Mike, and amen to these lofty sentiments! But education in what? Education as a palladium of out liberties should be sent into the shop for general repairs. Education is not doing the job. Millions of children are being scrubbed back of the ears every morning and sent away to school that they may save the republic, only to rush to the ballot-box a few years later and vote for Hylan and Thompson and Tom Watson and Jim Reed, and the Republican Party and the Democratic Party and nothing in particular.

"They all have grand education, these millions of voters. They can spell a little, write a fairly legible hand, and bound the Ukraine, and toss around logarithms and make angel-food cake and quarter-sawed oak music racks and chatter about the Shakespeare folio—but what in Heaven's name do the fool kids know—really?"

□ □

Keeping Colored Women Off the Stage—*The Crisis*, a magazine edited by and for negroes by W. E. B. du Bois, cries out editorially against the fate which has befallen the spirited musical entertainment "Shuffle Along," produced by members of the colored race. This very successful variety show has been unable to arrange a tour of the country because, says Mr. du Bois, the two great booking offices object to negro women on the stage.

"These monopolists," he writes, "have determined that 'Shuffle Along' shall not be permitted to play in their theaters in the United States. One was very frank: 'No, you can't play in any of our theaters. We'll take Miller and Lyles and let them write their own comedy, but they must play in a white company.

We are not going to have any colored women on the stage.' The other company was not so plain but equally firm: 'No, the manager has decided not to book you. I do not know the reason!'

"In New York City there are independent theaters and managers, and new and decent plays get a chance. Boston is striving for freedom, and 'Shuffle Along' has gone to an independent house there under a very disadvantageous contract. Two attempts to secure independent theaters in Chicago have failed because of threats against the managers by the trust.

"The only chance for 'Shuffle Along' would seem to be in England! Thus Monopoly aids Ignorance to manufacture Prejudice. . . ."

□ □

Mrs. Biggs's Past—"The man I wanted to marry," Mrs. Biggs confessed with a reminiscent smile, "was Poultney Butler. And the man I married was Albert Biggs."

The past rose up accusingly before her mind's eye, and she laughed and blushed.

"Poultney Butler made love to me—for a time. I had my turn. Rather more of a turn than some. The hope that to-morrow or the next day I would succumb kept him at my feet for nearly two months.

"And all the time another man was courting me. The other man was Biggsey—shy, gawky, earnest Albert Biggs, with his gentle cheerfulness and his sober plans for the future.

"The contrast between them could not have been greater.

"Poultney was a hawk, soaring on the strong wings of power, wealth and assured social position. Selfish, ruthless and untameable—like a hawk. When his piercing eyes detected a flicker of fear or rabbit-eyed infatuation, he swooped to devour, and returned to his native element to look for fresh prey.

"Beautiful and wild and—unattainable he was. I loved him. Yes, indeed. He stirred things in me that, thank Heaven, have never been stirred since. I was heartsick when he left me to console myself with Biggsey.

"Poor little Biggsey! I couldn't bear to look at him. With all the strength of my imagination I put Poultney Butler into his shoes. I dressed him in Poultney's clothing, loaned him Poultney's voice, and maneuvered him into behaving as Poultney would have behaved.

"And when I had made him into a rag doll I married him.

"Many women act as I did. They stare into the sun, beckoning to hawks until their bedazzled eyes no longer see the men around them, offering peace and security and enduring devotion, offering it humbly and in stumbling words.

"We had been married two years before I stopped dreaming of Poultney Butler. When the baby came that phantom figure between my husband and me vanished forever. I saw at last the true figure of the man I had married.

"I saw that I had chosen more wisely than I knew.

"That other who had such power over my romantic blood has made a bad father and a worse husband. And Biggsey is one of the best!

"Perhaps we can't keep girls from hankering after hawks, but I wish it were possible to prevent their blindly despising the men with the genuine talent for being husbands—the Albert Biggses."

□ □

Divorce

It is difficult to think clearly upon the question of divorce because the whole subject is cumbered with the most stubborn obstructions to thought which can exist.

The first obstruction is the thing we call a conviction or a principle.

A fundamental principle in most

minds is merely something which the mind refuses to think about, that is, something whose foundations it refuses to examine.

It follows that a principle may be either bad or good. A savage may make it a principle to tomahawk any member of the rival tribe he may meet. The Chinese makes it a principle not to disturb the graves of his ancestors. The Mahometan makes it a principle never to pray except with his face toward Mecca. The average business man makes it a principle to pay his debts and the sporty gentleman of the old school makes it a principle never to pay his debts.

We are fond of principles simply because they save us the trouble of thinking, and thinking is the hardest and most disagreeable work in the world.

It is therefore much easier to lay down a stupid principle to the effect that if you marry one person you must never marry another than to investigate the reasons why one marries anybody at all.

Hall Caine says that the exalted teaching of Christ is the first and last word on the subject of marriage. That word is, "What therefore God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

He goes on to say, however, that while for nearly two thousand years the church has understood these words to mean the divine prohibition of divorce, it is presumption to assume that because an official of the church celebrates marriage as a religious service, therefore it is God who has made them one flesh.

In other words, it raises the question whether the church has a right to claim that its word is identical with God's word.

For those who are within the church and accept its authority the easiest and simplest way, of course, is to accept the church's rule as God's rule.

But there are a whole lot of people who are not in the church

and who do not accept its authority. And these people also marry and are given in marriage.

Without disputing the authority of the church for those who are inclined to accept it, one may well question whether outsiders are equally bound.

Marriage is founded upon natural law. It is a natural evolution. After a good many centuries of experiment, the loyal and permanent union of one man and one woman has been found to be the only practical method of normal living wherein the natural instincts can find expression and yet the higher values of idealism be preserved.

This is the real basis of marriage and not the authority of any organization.

It is an unquestioned fact that there are some marriages that turn out badly. Many a wife has discovered that to continue to live with her husband is simply a life of torture. And many a husband has discovered that to continue with his wife is to ruin and debase his whole life.

To say that such union should be continued is sheer nonsense.

And to claim that having once made a failure of marriage one should not enter into a new contract is not based upon justice.

The gist of marriage is love. And the trouble with love is that it is life and therefore is baffling and complex. No hard and fast rules can be set for it.

Marriage often fails for the same reason that life often fails—that is,

because one or both parties are imperfect or perverted or impossible.

That is no reason for abandoning the institution of marriage any more than many failures constitute a reason for everybody giving up life. As a matter of fact most marriages are happy, at least they produce a reasonable amount of contentment.

And most marriages are permanent simply because neither of the parties would be any happier with anybody else.

We should get along much farther with this question if we could treat it without prejudice and with regard simply to the human values.

Divorce laws should be uniform throughout the United States. Marriages should be neither made or unmade lightly. But divorce should be granted for just cause. And the whole matter should be put upon a basis of common sense and of justice and of the public welfare.

EVERYTHING outrageous that is said about the advocates of liberal divorce has already been said about the advocates of democratic doctrines, male suffrage, female suffrage, popular education, anaesthetics, evolution. The New York State law granting divorce on one ground only is a ridiculous relic of medieval barbarism. Most churchmen believe that pain, suffering, sacrifice and sorrow are the ideal condition for this earthly life as a preparation either for eternal bliss or eternal blisters. This is a free country and I would not oppose their right to believe what they may, but it cannot be a free country if they are permitted to impose their terrible creeds upon our law books.—Rupert Hughes, novelist and playwright.

The Rev. Dr. Percy Stickney Grant, Rector of an Episcopal church in New York, is one of the leaders in the movement endeavoring to induce his denomination to take a more rational view upon the divorce question. He says: "The real question is whether theology or science is to frame our social institutions, an ascetic conception or the experience and needs of humanity, the dead or the living. You cannot make the Bible a hand-book for modern law-makers. Puritan New England attempted to do that, but in its original form that experiment lasted only about fifty years."

That Ugly Duckling Ship Subsidy

THE open scandal of the sale of liquor on American ships at last comes to an end. Attorney General Daugherty's ruling that vessels under the American flag are within federal jurisdiction and therefore subject to the Eighteenth Amendment, is plain common sense. The only incomprehensible thing about the ruling is why it was not promulgated long ago.

The decision that foreign ships may not enter a foreign port with liquor on board, even if it be part of the ship's stores, or under seal, is on quite a different footing. It represents an attempt to equalize conditions of competition for American ships, but is certain to be bitterly resented abroad. About the only thing which can be said for it is that it destroys the chief argument for the ship subsidy, and does so at the moment when President Harding had announced that he was considering calling a special session of Congress to discuss the pending subsidy bill—an act which would prove the President to be a very brave man.

It would demonstrate his courage, because as Mr. Harding very well knows, the subsidy bill is the least popular of all the Republican administration measures. Last summer he sent Congress home for sixty days to explain the proposal to the people and find out how they felt about it. Congress came back and reported to him that the people wouldn't have it at any price; and there is every reason to believe that this verdict still holds. It is more unpopular than the tariff; far more so than the bonus. These measures had numerous friends, at least among those who would benefit by them; the ship subsidy is feared and distrusted even by practical shipping men.

Being only human, they prefer this bill to none at all; very few of us are brave enough to oppose a wrong policy when it works for our benefit. But privately they will admit that the measure, of which President Harding and Chairman Lasker of the U. S. Shipping Board seem to be the only whole-hearted friends, is so complicated, awkward and dangerously discriminatory that there is no telling what may happen under its provisions if it becomes a law.

For many years shipping interests have been urging the government to endow an American merchant marine for foreign commerce (coastwise and lake shipping has long been confined to our vessels by law). The agitation for subsidy never had any chance of success until the war came along and left us with a huge white elephant of a fleet on our hands—a fleet so expensive to maintain that a subsidy proposal can actually be urged on the ground of economy. Even with most of our ships tied up at the dock, it costs a million dollars or so a week to take care of them. A million a week or a little less is what the subsidy bill would cost, according to Mr. Lasker.

The story of the ships is one of the most amazing chapters in the record of America's war effort. All told, we spent \$3,600,000,000 for shipbuilding, much of this being expended after the armistice. With this money we built (and still own) about 10,000,000 tons. Of these, 4,000,000 tons are in wooden ships, worthless except as junk. Of the other 6,000,000 tons, part is salable. Mr. Lasker hopes, if he gets his bill through, to dispose of not less than 3,000,000 tons at \$30 a ton. Since some of these ships cost up to \$225 a ton to build, and practically all of them over \$200, it will be seen that our loss is at least six-sevenths of what we spent on the best, most salable vessels. Surveying the whole fleet, we find that an expenditure of

more than three and a half billions has left us a residue worth from \$100,000,000 to \$200,000,000. But even this value does not exist, according to Mr. Lasker, unless we are willing to spend \$40,000,000 or \$50,000,000 a year for at least five years in subsidies. In other words, we are asked to sell the best of the ships at one-seventh of what they cost, and then pay back to the purchaser in subsidies the full price or more than the full price during the next few years.

It is interesting to note the extraordinary powers the Shipping Board will acquire if the bill becomes a law. It will be authorized, in the first place, to pay out cash subsidies of one-half cent per gross ton per hundred nautical miles on ships with a speed of twelve knots or less. The rate will increase with the speed until it becomes 2.6 cents for a vessel making 23 knots (it is said that the *Leviathan* could earn \$1,800,000 a year under this provision). The Shipping Board may withhold this subsidy from any ship or line of ships at will. It may double it for any ship or line of ships at will. It may fix the rate wherever it pleases for any ship between nothing at all and twice the normal rate.

The bill creates a "revolving fund" of \$125,000,000, which is to be loaned to the builders of new ships at 2 per cent. per annum. In this case also loans may be made or withheld at the discretion of the Shipping Board. By another clause which seems to have grave potentialities of harm, the board is made final arbiter on all contracts between railroads and shipping lines, canceling them or declaring them valid at its own pleasure.

On top of all this there is grave doubt whether the subsidization provided will restore our ships to the sea, at least in the near future. The world-wide economic depression of the past two years has put out of business most of the ships of all

countries. Even with the subsidy, vessels won't be bought and operated when there are no cargoes for them. Practical shipping men point out that interest, depreciation and insurance on an average vessel amount to more than the cash benefit of the subsidy.

When times are bad, in other words, the subsidy is of no use. When times are good, it is at least an open question whether or not a subsidy is needed. Many students of the subject believe that if the La Follette Seaman's Law were completely enforced, which has never been the case since it was passed, it would equalize wages and probably subsistence cost, which to-day are higher on American than on foreign ships.

Shipping men also point out that competition on the high seas, while it is most exacting, is not solely on a basis of wages and subsistence. The design and motive power of freight-carrying vessels are undergoing rapid changes to-day. Ships quickly become obsolete as new improvements are devised, these improvements centering at present around oil-burning engines of the Diesel type. Any country which keeps up with the procession in marine architecture and trains its young men to go to sea ought to be able to build up a merchant marine.

After all, President Harding and Chairman Lasker have not played quite fair with us on this matter. The country has a right to decide the ship-subsidy question as a separate issue, and not as a means of disposing of a white elephant left over from the war. The Yankee has a thrifty horror of waste; he is appalled by the news that \$3,400,000,00 was wasted on ships, and that they are now eating their heads off at the rate of \$1,000,000 a week. But these facts do not justify us in rushing, before we are sure that it is right and wise, into a policy which will cost another half a billion. If



WHAT THOUGHTS

—Thiele in Sioux City Tribune.

a subsidy is not needed in normal times, it should not be adopted in an abnormal situation, no matter how expensive, temporarily, that abnormal situation may be.

□ □

Why the Farmer Sees Red

THE farmers of this country are suffering. They have been at it for two years; and if something is not done for their relief in the fairly near future they propose to take the matter into their own hands by sending to Congress new representatives pledged to give certain definite kinds of aid to agriculture, which the men already in Washington have been reluctant to grant. Though New England and New York do not seem to be aware of it as yet, the Middle West is in a fighting mood.

During the war, when the nations were crying out for foodstuffs in enormous quantities, and regardless of price, the farmers fared very well. Then came the world-wide economic collapse in the autumn of 1920. The prices of wheat, corn, live

stock, everything the farmer sells, came down with a rush; but the prices of the manufactured articles which the farmer buys stayed where they were, or came down only part way. So did freight rates.

Last year the farmer sold his crops for much less than they cost him to produce, or in many cases found he couldn't sell them at all. With a terrible famine in Russia, they were burning corn as fuel in Kansas and Iowa, because they couldn't dispose of

it for money enough to buy coal. More than once it happened that a farmer couldn't sell the hide of a steer for money enough to buy a pair of shoes made from it. Many men who had been prosperous and happy in 1919 gave up the fight and sought jobs as day laborers.

Thousands of banks in the Middle West and the South (where the cotton planters were perhaps the hardest hit of all) were confronted with disaster. They had loaned money to the farmers with which the latter could grow and market their crops. Now the farmers couldn't pay their loans, and the farm land which had been put up as security had shrunk in value, sometimes as much as a third or a half.

The country, fortunately, has met and solved that situation. The Federal Reserve Board poured as much money as it could into the imperiled sections. The Federal Farm Loan banks increased their activities by 50 per cent. Most important of all was the work of the War Finance Corporation.

This organization, a left-over war agency, was hastily revived, early in 1921, and its director, Eugene

Meyer, Jr., and his associates, under the direction of W. P. G. Harding, went out with a little less than half a billion dollars of Uncle Sam's money and used it where it would do the most good. They financed the sale of cotton and other commodities to struggling, poverty-stricken Europe. They loaned money to wobbly financial institutions so that they could "carry on." They underwrote the marketing of crops by the big cooperative associations of farmers in California and elsewhere. They created new lending institutions where they were necessary, as they were, for instance, in the live-stock territory where existing facilities have never been able to lend enough money, nor for sufficiently long periods of time. As a result of these activities, a disastrous panic was averted, and the agricultural community was carried safely through the worst year of the slump.

But this by no means ends the matter, so far as the farmers are concerned. They are determined that what happened to them last year shall not happen again. They also intend that a number of other

things which have happened to them in the past shall be prevented if it is possible.

For more than twenty years the farmers have been growing increasingly restless. Their grievance has to do with the manner in which they market their crops.

Under our financial system, the farmer sells his entire year's produce within a period of a few weeks after harvest. He sells to a middleman who, in turn, sells either to the consumer or to another middleman. Since all the farmers must dump their harvest upon the market at the same time, the buyers are virtually able to set their own prices. These prices the farmers believe, with good reason, are often far lower than they ought to be. They declare that in some sections of the country about the only return they have had for their labor in the last twenty years has been a living for their families and an increase in the selling price of their land, due to the growth of population.

The farmer proposes to end this by acting as his own middleman. He wants to combine with his neighbors, store his crop in a cooperative



PUZZLE—FIND THE LOSER

—Brown in Chicago News.

warehouse or grain elevator, and sell it through the year as the country's necessities require.

This seems a reasonable idea, yet grave difficulties present themselves. It is not yet determined whether such a marketing organization of farmers can be permitted under the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. Even if it is adjudged legal, where is the money for such an enterprise to come from? A great many farmers think that the government should lend to them for this purpose, but new laws must be passed before this is possible as a permanent thing (the action of the War Finance Board being temporary, designed to meet a grave emergency).

The economic distress of the farmers found expression about a year ago in the creation of the "farm bloc" in Congress. Party lines were forgotten as the senators and congressmen from the Middle West and South got together to fight for the interests of the whole agricultural community. A great many people got excited about this movement. They called it radical, though as a matter of fact the farm bloc is rather conservative. It was absurdly so on the tariff, certainly, where it traded high protection on farm products for high protection on manufactured articles. Unfortunately, a tariff on farm products brings no benefit to the farmer, since we export these things instead of importing them. But high rates on manufactured products will be felt by the farmer every time he buys. The tariff will probably cost every farm family at least \$100 a year, and perhaps much more.

When you keep these facts in mind, it is easier to understand some of the political phenomena in the Middle West this year. Three states which have usually been safely Republican rejected the regular party candidates in the primaries and chose instead radical or very liberal men who promised, if elected, to do

all in their power to restore prosperity on the farm.

The farmer is "seeing red." He isn't just sure what it is that has hurt him nor just what remedies are needed, but he is determined that he shall no longer be the helpless victim of opposing camps of politicians who use fair words to him for a month before election and forget all about him the rest of the time. This doesn't mean that the farmer has "gone Bolshevik." He has not succumbed to even the pinkest shade of socialism. If his economic distress disappears in the course of the next few months with the returning tide of prosperity, his political rebellion will collapse over night.

But if hard times continue in 1923 and 1924, the politicians of both the old parties would be well advised to keep a weather eye out for cyclones, typhoons and earthquakes emanating from the vicinity of the Middle West. There is no one on earth quite so ruthlessly and efficiently revolutionary as a plain, old-fashioned American when he gets mad enough. And it would not take much more to put the farmers into exactly that frame of mind.

□ □

Growing Better With Monsieur Coué

WHEN the minds of the people are profoundly disturbed, as they are by a great war, we may expect to reap a crop of foolish notions, half-baked new religions, queer and mystical ideas.

The human intellect is an incorrigible leaner; it is always seeking something larger and more powerful than itself to serve as a support, and this impulse is redoubled during the times of storm and stress. Emile Coué is the father of the current fad and we have every reason to congratulate ourselves that his doc-

trines contain even as large a modicum of scientific truth as they do.

The outstanding achievement in psychology during the last twenty-five years is the discovery of the unconscious (often called the subconscious) mind, and the part it plays in determining not only our mental but our physical characteristics. Chief among the scientists working in this field is Dr. Sigmund Freud, the father of the now familiar theory of psycho-analysis.

In a word, Dr. Freud and his disciples maintain that most of the important influences which determine the personality of any individual lie in the unconscious, which is in relative importance and extent to consciousness as the unfathomed dark depths of ocean are to the laughing sunlit surface.

Freud has shown how a conflict between one's primitive desires and his acquired social code of conduct, a conflict suppressed out of consciousness entirely, may sink into the unconscious, rankle there, and produce such serious results as a nervous breakdown or the simulated effects of some disease.

M. Coué has developed a method of treatment for those who are physically or mentally ill, not strikingly dissimilar from the Freudian technique. He declares that a patient can better his condition, no matter what is wrong with him, by surrendering his imagination to the idea of improvement. His famous formula, "Day by day, in every way, I am getting better and better," which has become the stock phrase of the country almost overnight, is deliberately designed by him to capture the imagination. He makes a sharp distinction between imagination and will, declaring that it is impossible for an individual to improve his condition through a mere effort of the latter. He argues that we cannot imagine two things of contrary import at the same time. If, therefore, we can become firmly convinced that

we are moving toward health and improvement, we render the opposite idea ineffective. M. Coué, in short, asks his patients to send messages of confidence down from the conscious into the unconscious mind.

But like all discoverers, he tries to make his theory go too far. Physicians recognize two sorts of illness—functional neuroses and organic lesions. The former of these phrases describes a condition where some part of the body is doing its work inadequately. Such cases are almost always mental in their origin: that is, the physical maladjustment is but a reflection of a mental conflict. For a person in this condition (and it is estimated that more than two-thirds of the "ill health" among modern educated people is of this character) M. Coué's method of auto-suggestion should work admirably. The neurotic invalid needs an arresting idea; he needs to be jarred out of his mental rut, and M. Coué succeeds in this well enough.

The other type of disease, however, the organic lesion, implies the presence of a genuine pathological state and is not open to the action of any "mind cure." If you hear tales of miraculous recovery from tuberculosis, cancer, paralysis, etc., brought about by mental healing, it is safe to assume that the patient was suffering from a simulation of the disease, not the reality. When disease actually exists, it needs expert scientific care from a physician. Yet even for those who are really ill, Couéism is a useful device, provided it is not a substitute for serious medical treatment. Whatever gives a sufferer confidence and cheerfulness aids him, and the Coué formula is admirably calculated to give that desirable effect. The time is coming when we shall combine the best in the Coué method with the best in the "mechanistic" methods which, in the past, have proved most successful in dealing with organic diseases.

The Menace of Soft Money

THE fourth most fascinating subject for people to theorize about is money and credit. Only religion, education and the reorganization of society come ahead of it on the list. To make up for being fourth, money is the subject of more wild theories and nonsensical schemes than any of the others.

Just now the United States is suffering from an epidemic of monetary reformers of every possible variety, and it even seems possible that greenbackism will be an issue in the Presidential election of 1924. It hardly appears credible that, with the object-lesson of unhappy Europe before our eyes, Americans would seriously propose that we go and jump into the same quicksand; yet there is a considerable agitation in the Middle West for inflated money—"cheaper money," as it is described. The Federal Reserve System is being attacked with bitterness because it is alleged to be keeping money too dear.

But that is not the worst of it. Thomas A. Edison and Henry Ford have come forward with plans for a new type of currency entirely. Mr. Ford, despite the fact that he is popularly reported to accumulate the present variety of dollars at the rate of more than a million a week, wants to see a new sort of currency based not on gold, but on "real wealth"—the products of industry. Mr. Edison sent a circular letter to a large number of leading men a while ago, asking them to criticise a scheme, which he himself approves, for locking up a basic commodity, such as wheat, in warehouses, issuing paper money against it, and retiring this paper money as the wheat was withdrawn for consumption.

Probably the most amazing of all these monetary proposals was put forward by a famous and wealthy

newspaper proprietor who was a supporter of the soldiers' bonus. He urged that the government should issue five billion dollars' worth of new paper currency, pay the soldiers with it and "in this way the bonus would not be a burden on anybody."

The question of money and credit, complex in details, is simple in principle. When the world was young, all business was carried on by barter. This proved inconvenient, and money was invented as a symbol of wealth, to take the place of the actual beaverskins or walrus teeth. At one time or another, money has been made of almost everything from seashells to brass rings. Gold has been the most popular and most widely used medium, because it is compact, permanent and extremely scarce—scarcity being the most important fact about anything which is to be used as a medium of exchange. Quite recently, governments have learned to pile up large amounts of gold in a safe place and print pieces of paper, each of which represents one or more gold units. Within narrow limits, a firmly-entrenched government may issue paper units exceeding in number the gold units it possesses; as long as its citizens have complete confidence in the ability of the government to redeem in gold, the paper units will circulate at par.

What has happened in Europe is that paper money has been issued without any gold behind it, as fast as the printing presses could turn it out. Consequently it has shrunk in value to an almost incredible degree, and this process of shrinkage has caused terrible suffering to nearly every man, woman and child in the countries where it has taken place. For the United States to embark on a career of fiat money with the wreck of Europe's financial system confronting us, would be an act of sheer madness.

While gold undoubtedly is the best medium of exchange yet devised, it

is far from perfect. If the amount of the precious metal in the world were definitely limited, and the amount of business done also remained stable, the purchasing power of a gold dollar would continue the same. But, in fact, new gold is being mined, old gold is lost, destroyed or hidden away in hoards. Therefore the total quantity and the purchasing power of gold itself are subject to fluctuation. If the conditions in 1913 be taken as the standard, a dollar in 1865 was "worth" only 46 cents. In 1896 it was worth 152 cents. In 1920 it was worth 41 cents, and a year ago this month its value had risen to 77 cents.

Such fluctuations work great and unjust hardships on the people. If you had put \$1,000 in the savings bank in 1896 it would be worth only \$500 to-day. If the United States "went in" for greenbackism and issued paper money as the European governments have done, your \$1,000 might presently be worth only \$100, or \$10, or nothing.

Economists are struggling with the problem of fluctuations in the purchasing power of money, to see whether this grave handicap to prosperity may not be removed. An ingenious device which has received widespread approval is the "stabilized dollar" of Prof. Irving Fisher, of Yale. Professor Fisher argues that since a gold dollar consisting of a certain number of grains of that metal fluctuates up or down in purchasing power from time to time, the way to remedy this is to make the amount of gold in the dollar slightly larger or smaller as prices show a tendency to rise or fall.

This would not be done by chopping a little from the edge of all the gold coins in circulation. The rise or fall of prices would be ascertained monthly or quarterly through an index number based on a record of the movements of several hundred commodities. Then by executive order the amount of gold in the hypo-



THE LATEST REPORT ON HILL-CLIMBING RECORDS!

—Wahl in *Sacramento Bee*.

thetical gold dollar would be slightly increased if prices were tending to rise, or reduced if they were falling. The result would be, in Professor Fisher's opinion, that they would remain stationary.

No one can say in advance whether this scheme would work; but sooner or later some device must be developed for accomplishing the same end. We cannot pull ourselves up by our financial bootstraps, it is true. The only way a nation can grow wealthy is by hard work; yet it is intolerable that through the clumsiness of our machinery we should be robbed of the fruits of our toil. That is what happens when we exchange our labor and its products for gold, or paper money based on gold, which is itself unstable in purchasing power.

□ □

"If you think the world is going to the devil, I rejoice in your belief, because I know there will arise naturally the determination that you, for one, will do everything in your power to prevent it. It is a symptom of health, not disease."—*Pres. John Grier Hibben in his Baccalaureate Sermon to the graduating class of Princeton University.*

Listening In

"If a man should manage a railroad as President Harding manages the nation, he would be discharged in a month, as utterly incapable."—*E. W. Howe.*

"Happiness in civilization consists in seeing life other than it really is."—*Fredrick O'Brien.*

"America never lost a war, nor won a conference."—*Will Rogers.*

"If a man can't smile when he's a loser, he ought never to be a winner."—*Fingy Connors.*

"It is better for mankind to be impressionable than reflective."—*Joseph Conrad.*

"When foreign affairs were ruled by autocracies or oligarchies the danger of war was in sinister purpose. When foreign affairs are ruled by democracies the danger of war will be in mistaken beliefs."—*Elihu Root.*

"People work now because they are compelled to do so to earn a living—and it is good for them to work. But it will not much longer be necessary for a person to work more than a fraction of his time to earn a living. Then will come the danger of deterioration."—*Marconi.*

"I have lived my life in full. No life is perfect that has not been lived, youth in feeling, manhood in battle, old age in meditation."—*Wilfrid Scawen Blunt.*

"Everybody loves to receive roses, but one delicate rose carries more significance than a box full."—*Miss Irene Hayes, called the dictator of fashions in flowers.*

"Statistics can never express economic facts."—*Caillaux.*

"Truth is never popular. The majority spend their lives in avoiding it."—*Marie Corelli, novelist.*

"Notice the adaptable people. They are invariably the interesting, the attractive, the lovable people."—*Kathleen Norris, novelist.*

"More obscene books are appearing in America than in any other country. New

York is besotted with alcohol. Drinking among women has become a nuisance for the first time in our history. The sense of law is disappearing from American life. Social classes are being formed, and the democratic challenge has become feeble."—*H. L. Mencken, American author and editor.*

"The reckless automobile driver is simply a criminal. It does no good to fine him. He ought to be sent to jail. Killing a man with an automobile is the same as killing him with a gun."—*James W. Inches, of Detroit, speaking before the National Police Conference in New York.*

"I have a theory that people are better in health when they are well dressed. A man who is well dressed has more self-respect, holds his head higher, walks more erectly and inhales more freely; all of which contributes to his health."—*Health Commissioner Royal S. Copeland, of New York.*

"I believe the ancient Greeks had nothing on training beautiful girlhood that is not included in a modern girl-scout curriculum."—*Mrs. Herbert Hoover, national president of the Girl Scouts of America.*

"Every woman who aspires to lead a full life should have these qualities: loyalty, understanding, dignity, hospitality, courage, simplicity. 'The big six' I call them. And the greatest of these is loyalty."—*Mrs. Warren G. Harding, wife of the President of the United States.*

"I often say I am the happiest man in the State of New York. I am now eighty-nine years young. Fifty-four years' activity in politics is enough for any man, and I think I can say that my ambitions have been reasonably satisfied. I can still make two speeches a night if need be, and talk for a solid hour in the rain, and the next morning my voice will be in as good condition as ever. Anyway, I think so, and I believe as long as you can have confidence in yourself others will have confidence in you. My desire of years, to be happy myself and share that happiness with others, has been realized."—*Chauncey M. Depew, veteran ex-Senator from New York.*

BABBITT, OF ZENITH, SEARCHES IN VAIN FOR HAPPINESS

A Character-Sketch of an American Business Man—By Sinclair Lewis

ALMOST all the reviewers of Sinclair Lewis' new novel, "Babbitt" (Harcourt), declare that it is a stronger and better story than the same author's "Main Street." Henry L. Mencken goes so far as to state specifically that it is at least twice as good a novel as "Main Street," while May Sinclair, in the *New York Times*, expresses the view that in "Babbitt" Mr. Lewis triumphs precisely where in "Main Street" he failed. By fixing attention firmly on "one superb central figure," as she puts it, he has achieved an admirable effect of unity and concentration which his earlier novel lacked.

"Main Street" was scattering. It told the story of an individual woman and of her defeat by a community, but conveyed a total effect that was panoramic. In "Babbitt," on the other hand, we have the complete, brilliant portrait of a man. We get to know him thoroughly, within and without. He stands before us as a type of the American character.

His complete name is George Follansbee Babbitt, and the prosperous middle-western city of 350,000 in which he lives is known as Zenith. He is in the real-estate business. He likes to speak of himself as a "realtor."

He drives his six-cylinder car; owns a beautiful home in which his wife and three children are housed; and is envied by the less fortunate.

The Republican Party supplies his political ideas; the Presbyterian Church has furnished his creed. He is active in projects intended to strengthen the Y. M. C. A. One of the proud moments of his life is when he delivers the Annual Address at the dinner of the Zenith Real Estate Board. Another is when he is elected vice-president of the Boosters' Club. He is a member of the Athletic Club and of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.

All this Mr. Lewis conveys with inimitable skill. He gives us that Annual Address, for instance, *verbatim*, and reports conversations sometimes literally, sometimes satirically, and sometimes in broad caricature. "Babbitt," as one critic says, is a masterpiece of language, a lexicon, a grammar, a commentary on the American tongue.

The main fact that emerges, however, is Babbitt's spiritual dissatisfaction. He has, on the surface, everything that a man could desire, but we find that, from his own point of view, he lacks everything that he thinks he needs to



HIS NEW NOVEL IS BETTER
THAN "MAIN STREET"

By fixing attention firmly on the figure of Babbitt, Mr. Lewis has achieved an admirable effect of unity and concentration which his earlier novel lacked.

make him happy. Mere money-making has lost its charm. His marriage has passed from poetry to prose. A hunger for something—he knows not what—gnaws at his vitals.

In this mood he runs off with his friend Paul Riesling to the Maine woods. He hopes to find there, in outdoor life, the "primitive" elements that, as he feels, his nature craves. The experiment is not successful, and Paul, the most idealistic of his friends, turns out to be also the most unbalanced.

With another of his friends Babbitt is inclined to "take up" political and economic liberalism. His attitude is again experimental. He is not willing to espouse actively the cause of Socialists and trade-unionists, but it gives him pleasure to take their side in arguments.

On the personal side of his life he is drawn more and more into sexual intrigue and is finally caught in the toils of a handsome widow. He imagines that he is going to get a great deal of pleasure out of this "affair," but he is disappointed and abandons it, as well as his flirtations with liberalism, when he realizes that his lapses from orthodoxy, in theory and in action, are being discovered and are hurting his business.

The end of the story carries with it a sense of frustration partly expressed in Babbitt's remarks to his son when the latter reveals his secret marriage:

"Practically I've never done a single thing I've wanted to in my whole life. I don't know's I've accomplished anything except just get along. I figure out I've made about a quarter of an inch out of a possible hundred rods. Well, maybe you'll carry things on further. I don't know. But I do get a kind of sneaking pleasure out of the fact that you knew what you wanted to do and did it. Well, those folks in there will try to bully you, and tame you down. Tell 'em to go to the devil! I'll back you. Take your factory job, if you want to. Don't be scared of the family. No, nor all of Zenith. Nor of yourself, the way I've been. Go ahead, old man! The world is yours!"

We leave the book with this curiously indeterminate conclusion. There are no

indications that the son is going to be any wiser than his father. On the contrary, there is every reason to suppose that the fate which overtook his father will overtake him. Mr. Lewis is strong as a critic, but weak as a philosopher. "He must make up his mind," Heywood Broun writes in the *New York World*, "whether he is a realist or a satirist." Mr. Broun continues:

"'Babbitt' is in both moods. It is somewhat too ponderous in detail for perfect satire and too limited in scope to be rigorously fair as a naturalistic study of a community.

"If the boosters or the Main Streeters ever turn suddenly on their tormentor and ask pointblank, 'What is this beauty and joy of life which you say we haven't got?' it seems to us as if Mr. Lewis is going to be put in a quandary. We doubt if he knows. He has furnished little evidence in either book. On the contrary he has succeeded in making beauty something pretentious and premeditated and altogether forbidding."

In similar spirit, Professor Stuart P. Sherman, of the University of Illinois, declares in a new brochure:*

"There is no denying the vigor or the representativeness of the types presented in 'Main Street' and 'Babbitt.' Nor is there doubt in any one's mind that Mr. Lewis's contemporary scene is drenched in irony and raked with satire. The one rather serious objection which one hears raised against his work is that the standards, the existence of which are implied in any consistently satiric picture of society,—the standards by which Mr. Lewis judges, for instance, Gopher Prairie and Zenith are not sufficiently in evidence. The publication of 'Babbitt' is likely to increase the frequency of that objection; for while in 'Main Street' there are at least four persons, including Carol, with quite definite conceptions of what ought to be done to increase beauty and interest in Gopher Prairie, in 'Babbitt' these quite definite improvements have been made, without essential increase of beauty or interest in the lives of the citizens; and no one in the book seems to understand what to do next. We are on the brink of a Tolstorian problem."

* THE SIGNIFICANCE OF SINCLAIR LEWIS. By Stuart P. Sherman. Harcourt, Brace & Company.

YOUTH'S IDEALITY PORTRAYED IN A NEW WESTERN NOVEL

THE scene of Honoré Willsie's new novel, "Judith of the Godless Valley" (Stokes), is the Rocky Mountains, but its theme is as universal as life itself. It is all summed up in the following dialogue:

"What do you want, Douglas?"

"I don't know," muttered the young rider.

"I know," said Peter. "You want a guiding star. You want something that's not to be found in this valley, an ideal fine enough to save your soul alive. You come of stock that lived and died by a spiritual idea and you're going to be unhappy till you find one."

We are introduced, at the beginning of the story, to a community which had been founded by New Englanders, but which had somehow lost its religion. The schoolhouse is there. The church is not. Life is held cheap. There is no real respect for marriage. Young people drink and swear and go for their dances to a harlot's house.

Even Douglas, the finest young man in the village, takes pride in the ousting of an itinerant preacher, and Judith, the girl whom he loves, is in a constant fog as a result of her (perfectly innocent) association with the aforesaid harlot.

The story throbs with wild riding and fierce passions. There are dogs, horses and cattle at every turn. But deeper than action and deeper than thought are the spiritual hungers and aspirations that will not be denied and that finally lead Douglas to invite back into the community the very preacher whom he once had ousted.

The real creation of the book is Judith, a super-girl, who, as Hildegard Hawthorne puts it in the New York *Herald*, "can do anything she turns her mind to, be it riding a wild horse, taming a bull, running her life to suit herself, and in the end finding that life can't be run in the manner she had elected and yet bring her all she wants

from it." What she seeks is what every woman seeks—romance and reality, too—and when we leave her she is well on the way toward achieving both. The story shows, Dorothea Mann, of the *Boston Transcript*, declares, that "Mrs. Willsie is still growing in power. She is one of the positive forces in our national literature to-day—one of the few who represent truly the strength which has made the American ideal and character. We should greatly prefer to have our English cousins find in Judith, rather than in Carol Kennicott, the type of the American girl of to-day."



HER SIXTH NOVEL SHOWS GROWING
POWER

Honoré Willsie really knows the Western country of which she writes.

WILLA CATHER'S STORY OF AN AMERICAN SOLDIER

CRITICAL comment on Willa Cather's new novel, "One of Ours" (Knopf), is sharply divided and tends to support the view that this story is unevenly written and only partly successful. We find, it is true, a number of reviewers who praise the story unreservedly, but their tributes are somehow not as convincing as the measured verdicts of admirers who write that "One of Ours" falls below the standard set by Miss Cather herself in such previous books as "My Antonia" and "Youth and the Bright Medusa." There is Sinclair Lewis, for instance, who says, in the New York *Evening Post*: "It is one of the books of the year which one must recommend, which must be read, yet from Miss Cather it is disappointing"; and there is Heywood Broun, who says in the *World*: "Our personal tragedy is not only that we do not like 'One of Ours' as well as 'My Antonia,' but that we do not like it at all."

The first part of the story is a memorable presentation of Claude Wheeler, a Nebraskan, a sort of young Hamlet of the prairies. Miss Cather is at her best when she writes of his home life on a prosperous farm, and briefly sketches the portraits of his unimaginative father, his orthodox mother and his thin, dyspeptic, puritanical brother Bayliss. He has been sent for his education, it seems, to a small denominational college, rather than to the state university, because his mother has heard that instructors at the latter institution are not religious men. Her fear that her son may become a skeptic is not without cause, for his best friend is a rationalist and he shows, from the first, an intense restlessness of mind.

Religion is not the only thing he questions. His mind is constantly occupied with the meaning of life, and after he leaves college and goes to work on the farm he thinks more than is good for him. "What," he asks his freethinking friend one day, "do we get out of liv-

ing? Take a day like this: you wake up in the morning and you're glad to be alive; it's a good enough day for anything, and you feel sure something will happen. Well, whether it's a workday or a holiday, it's all the same in the end. At night you go to bed—nothing has happened. . . . If we've only got once to live, it seems like there ought to be something—well, something splendid about life, sometimes."

It is Claude's misfortune that his first strong attraction to a woman, so far from producing anything "splendid," only confirms his native pessimism. Enid Royce, who later becomes his wife, is a bloodless, evangelical prig. In a telling scene Miss Cather describes the young husband returning from work to find, not his wife, but a carefully prepared meal in the ice-box. Everything about Enid is cold.

She decides to go to China, and Claude is left to fulfil a destiny which now, as he feels, has become inevitable. For months his heart has been surging with emotions generated by the Great War. Belgium has been invaded. Edith Cavell has been shot. The *Lusitania* has been sunk. He knows, as one of his friends puts it, that "that dirt" has got under his skin. The very misery of his personal life has made some kind of escape or liberation his greatest need. He goes to the nearest town and enlists.

He has found at last—or thinks he has found—that "something splendid" which his whole being, from boyhood on, has craved. As he voyages to France, ministering to sick soldiers on the army transport; as he takes his place in the trenches fighting what he verily believes is a fight in behalf of all that is worth while in life, he loses his pessimism. Within sound of the guns we find him meditating:

"No battlefield or shattered country he had seen was as ugly as this world would be if men like his brother Bayliss controlled it altogether. Until the war broke

out, he had supposed they did control it; his boyhood had been clouded and enervated by that belief. The Prussians had believed it, too, apparently. But the event had shown that there were a great many people who cared about something else. . . . Ideals were not archaic things, beautiful and impotent; they were the real sources of power among men. As long as that was true, and now he knew it was true—he had come all this way to find out—he had no quarrel with Destiny. . . . He would give his own adventure for no man's. On the edge of sleep it seemed to glimmer, like the clear column of the fountain, like the new moon—alluring, half averted, the bright face of danger."

Claude dies in battle with his faith undimmed, and it becomes one of his mother's greatest consolations that he has died before he has had time to be disillusioned. Her thought is conveyed at the very close of the story:

"When she can see nothing that has come out of it all but evil, she reads Claude's letters over again and reassures herself; for him the call was clear, the cause was glorious. Never a doubt stained his bright faith. She divines so much that he did not write. She knows what to read into those short flashes of enthusiasm; how fully he must have found his life before he could let himself go so far—he, who was so afraid of being fooled! He died believing his own country better than it is, and France better than it can ever be. And those were beautiful beliefs to die with. Perhaps it was as well to see that vision, and then to see no more."

All of which has a touch of real greatness and may conceivably represent, as Mrs. N. P. Dawson asserts in the *New York Globe*, the average American's attitude toward the war. It is worth noting, however, that Claude Wheeler, as Willa Cather presents him, is far from what we are wont to regard as an "average" type, and that the story, viewed as a nar-

rative, descends when it reaches the war scenes. Sinclair Lewis goes so far as to suggest that the whole introduction of the Great War into the story is doubtful. It is fairly good journalism, he thinks, but "from Miss Cather one demands more than journalism." Heywood Brown says:

"Obviously there were some—many, indeed—who found exaltation in the war, but, in our opinion, they remain exceptional. More than that, we do not understand their emotional processes. Miss Cather has not made us understand. We simply feel that she does not know enough of the situations concerning which she writes in the latter part of her book. For us, 'Three Soldiers,' in spite of exaggerations, is more nearly true than 'One of Ours.' . . . Willa Cather has moulded the war pretty much to suit her novel."



SHE EXTOLS "THE BRIGHT FACE OF DANGER"

Unlike Dos Passos, whose "Three Soldiers" was fiercely anti-militaristic, Miss Cather shows how "one of ours" found "something splendid" in the Great War.

A RECORD OF THRILLING ADVENTURES IN ASIA

BATTLE, murder and sudden death are the veriest commonplaces of a new book describing an escape from Soviet Siberia, through Outer and Inner Mongolia and Tibet, to China. The title of the book is "Beasts, Men and Gods" (Dutton), and its author, Dr. Ferdinand Ossendowski, held important scientific and governmental positions in Russia under the old *régime*. He allied himself with Kolchak after the Revolution, and was overwhelmed, with other "Whites" in Siberia, when Kolchak fell. His record is unsurpassed among the travel-books of the year, by reason of its vivid style and the real insight it affords us into the minds and hearts of millions of newly awakening peoples.

The beginning of the year 1920 found Dr. Ossendowski in the Siberian town of Krasnoyarsk. He went one morning to see a friend, and suddenly received the news that twenty Red soldiers had surrounded his house. He knew that if he returned to the house he would be shot; and he also knew that the only way of escape lay through the boundless forests of the Yenisei region.

He quickly put on one of his friend's old hunting suits, bought a rifle and necessary supplies, and plunged into the woods. From this day, he says, he became a genuine trapper.

Bears and wolves disputed his way. He slept in huts when he could find them, but, more often, under a sloping roof of fir branches.

On arriving in the province of Uriankhai, bordering on Outer Mongolia, Dr. Ossendowski found a camp of Russian officers and soldiers who, like himself, had escaped from Siberia. Several decided to join him in his effort to reach Manchuria, and a new group went forward together. They found themselves in a region in which a triangular war was going on among Chinese, the native Mongolians and the few foreigners.

Dr. Ossendowski now changed his plans to the extent of deciding to make a break for British India, by way of Tibet. The new route necessitated a journey of eleven hundred miles through snowy steppes, over mountains and across deserts. The little party penetrated the "Roof of the World" only to be driven out by Tibetan warriors.

Afoot when necessary, on horse or camel when possible, talking, fighting, coaxing, Ossendowski and his pilgrims made their way. He knew something of medicine and turned the enmity of one prince into friendship by an act of healing.

Buddhism plays an important part in the narrative, and Dr. Ossendowski describes at length his visits to the Holy Hutuktu, "the Incarnate Buddha," at Narabanchi, and to Bogdo Khan, the "Living Buddha," at Urga. The latter is a sort of Pontiff of the faith. He is blind and amuses himself with motor cars, gramophones, telephones, crystals, porcelains, perfumes, musical instruments, rare animals and birds.

Perhaps the most remarkable figure described is Baron Ungern Sternberg, a Russianized German who had been converted to Buddhism and who, long before the Great War, had attempted to create in Russia "an order of military Buddhists." He has made himself the champion of Mongolians in their fight against Chinese domination. He talks of his dreams and ambitions:

"I shall die! but no matter. . . . The cause has been launched and will not die. . . . I know the roads this cause will travel. There will be a great state from the Pacific and Indian oceans to the shore of the Volga. The wise religion of Buddha shall run to the north and the west. It will be the victory of the spirit. A conqueror and leader will appear, stronger and more stalwart than Jenghiz Khan. . . . And he will keep the power in his hands until the happy day when from his subterranean capital shall emerge the King of the World."

MUSTAPHA KEMAL, THE MAN OF THE HOUR

WHO is this Ghazir Mustapha Kemal Pasha, the hammer of the Greeks, and how did he arise to fame? To begin with, he is forty-one years old and thus in the prime of life. Next, he is a Turkish officer, of high rank, trained in the Military School of Constantinople under German instructors. This means that he is well disciplined and orderly in his methods, able to organize transport and munitions and well acquainted with all that is meant by modern war. During the Gallipoli campaign he was on the Turkish general staff and he thus knows every inch of the ground around Constantinople and the Dardanelles. Like all ruling Turks, he is an accomplished linguist, speaking French perfectly. In appearance, he is almost a Westerner. His uniform is European in cut, and out of uniform he wears an English suit of tweed. His hat is the Asiatic kalpak of lamb's wool, rather larger than the cloth fez. His face is clean-shaven, save for the mustache, and the features are spare of flesh, with no trace as yet of the puffiness which comes of oriental indulgence. Kemal has lived as an ascetic. In American money, his income works out at 180 dollars a month. He is unmarried. And in a very real sense he is homeless. Usually reserved and courteous, he is capable of formidable wrath, and he has a will of cold steel. He is an aristocrat and a gentleman, but absolutely ruthless in the pursuit of his aims.

Those who speak with authority assure us that Kemal is not a religious fanatic, is liberal to the point of feminism, devoted to his country and anxious to give it the fruits of western culture. He has the masked countenance of a good poker player, yet the mask itself betrays certain qualities. The firm chin and straight mouth—there is the fighter who stopped the British at Gallipoli and who has now converted an even more forlorn hope

into victory. The high forehead and quick, observant eyes—there is the thinker and idealist.

Indeed, when he wears glasses he might be mistaken for a professor. Withal his face bears the composite imprint of a visionary, imprisoned and exiled for his opinions by Abdul Hamid, and of a man of action whose dream has been in the ashes of the Ottoman Empire.

He is a Turkish-made man, educated entirely in Turkey's common and military schools—to which he has added travel in most European countries—and a self-made man—his father was a petty customs official.

To understand Kemal, you must know where he was born and bred. He and his former friend, Enver Pasha, hailed not from Turkey in Asia but from Turkey in Europe. They were natives of Macedonia, that is, of the territory in the Balkans where the Turk, though in a minority, insists on being top dog. Kemal has seen all these European provinces lost to Turkey. Unless the Turk rules others, he cannot live, and hundreds of thousands have migrated from Europe to Asia Minor, not because they were in danger of oppression by Serbia, Greece and Bulgaria, but because, in remaining, they would have had to abandon their many privileges, especially that of plundering others, as tax-gatherers. The background of Kemal's soul is thus a profound embitterment and it is no wonder that he demands from Europe the province of Thrace, on the European side of the Dardanelles, which would give him a bridge-head for further reconquest. He is not interested in Thrace as a province conceded to him by diplomacy. What he wants is a Turkish army again on European soil.

If Turkey had jogged along in the old way, Kemal would have been merely one more of her military satraps, neither better nor worse than a hun-

dred others. But when this century opened, Turkey was breaking up from within. The center of revolt was Salonica, the same town as Thessalonica to which St. Paul wrote his two epistles, and there Enver led the Young Turk movement which drove the Sultan Abdul Hamid into imprisonment. A parliament met in Constantinople and it was hoped that Turkey would become truly liberal, granting religious equality to her citizens and emancipating her women. These hopes were disappointed. In 1912, the Balkan War broke out, Turkey was beaten, and the Young Turks under Enver placed the fortunes of the country in German hands.

Kemal had always been difficult to deal with. He declined to associate himself with Enver's government and led the opposition at Constantinople. In Gallipoli he quarreled with his superior officers, and when Turkey surrendered to the Allies, Kemal refused to accept defeat. The Parliament or National Assembly was still meeting in Constantinople where was a phantom Sultan, who had no choice save to submit to the Treaty of Sèvres, signed on August 20th, 1920. But Kemal gathered up the Turkish Nationalists, led them into Asia and, after various conferences, set up a permanent government at Angora, where he became President or, as we should say, Speaker of the National Assembly. He announced what seemed to be on paper a liberal and moderate program. He would have nothing to do with the Pan-Islamic movement, or with a holy war, convulsing India and Morocco and Egypt. He had no wish, he said, to reconquer Arabia, Syria, Palestine and the Balkans. All he wanted was that the Turks, when in a majority of the people, should govern the country that they had thus made their own. On these lines he proposed to the Christians that they should form a Turkish Orthodox Church, independent of the Patriarch at Constantinople, which also seemed reason-

able enough, until you realized that it was equivalent to asking, let us say, an American Catholic to cut off his Church from the Pope and the Vatican. Very soon the same cruelties were imposed on the Armenians by Kemal as had been imposed by Enver and Abdul Hamid, and the character of the man is seen in the fact that in the district of Smyrna, even after the sack of that city, Kemal refused to guarantee the lives of any Christians beyond a certain immediate date. If these dwellers under his authority would not clear out, they must take the consequences.

It is this irreconcilable fanatic, cold, implacable and merciless, who stands at the gates of Constantinople. Fearing his fury, the City has been in a terror. In refusing to negotiate, Kemal has been, in fact, insisting on conquest by the sword, and the whole available British Fleet has hastened to resist him. Powerful naval forces from the United States are also crossing the ocean. For it may well be that the great American home of learning, Robert College, in Constantinople, is at stake.

Kemal may not always have been as ambitious as he is revealed to-day. But his very success has drawn upon him the hopes of enthusiasts whom he cannot control. In the East, there are and can be no half measures. One is either the Chosen of God and Father of the Faithful or one is nothing but the Slave of the Padisha. Kemal is thus driven forward by the force of his own momentum. The momentum has already upset two sovereigns on their thrones. Constantine, King of Greece, has again abdicated, leaving his Palace to Prince George, and the succession is now perceptibly nearer to his brother Prince Christopher, who married Mrs. Nancy Leeds (Anastasia), an American citizen. Mohammed VI., the Sultan, has also been deposed. For the time being, he is succeeded by his cousin, Prince Abdul Medjid.

A SHY BUT SCHOLARLY SUPREME COURT JUSTICE

MORE interest attaches to the appointment of ex-Senator George H. Sutherland to the United States Supreme Court than to any other designation of this generation, except possibly that of Chief Justice Taft, who is the first ex-President of the United States to sit in the court. Justice Sutherland is the first man from his state of Utah to be so honored and is one of the few Senators or former Senators to attain the tribunal. The last Senator appointed to the Supreme Court was the late Chief Justice White, who became an Associate Justice in 1894 while he was a Senator from Louisiana. Another interesting feature of the appointment is that Justice Sutherland is only the fourth of the seventy-three members of the court, during its 132 years of history, who was not born an American citizen. His birthplace was in Buckinghamshire, England.

Justice Sutherland, whom the late Lord Bryce described as "the living voice of the Constitution," is said, in the *New York Times*, to fulfill a lifelong ambition when he joins the deliberations of this body, the only court in the Republic created by the Constitution, and he may crown a life of study of the law, and more particularly of the Constitution, with writing and voting upon decisions which must always have their groundwork in that great state document. Chief Justice Taft is quoted as saying that his new associate was "the greatest Constitutional lawyer in the Senate," and numerous other members of the bar have expressed the same opinion.

Those who know both Secretary Hughes and Justice Sutherland say that the two men are similar in judicial temperament and in other ways. Sutherland is perhaps more of a student and more shy and retiring than the Secretary of State, and he enjoys a formidable reputation for learning among the members of his profession. There is even

a suggestion of resemblance in their beards, although the Sutherland beard is cut so that a stranger might esteem its possessor an eminent physician instead of a lawyer and Associate Justice of the Supreme Court.

It is of political record that, nominated for Congress in the early nineteen hundreds, the subject of this sketch was so modest that he shrank from active campaigning for office and, after serving one term in the House of Representatives, he declined renomination. In 1905, however, the Utah Legislature made him United States Senator, and he was reelected in 1911. When the time for the third term came around, in 1916, United States Senators were elected by popular vote, and Sutherland's lack of experience as a campaigner handicapped him greatly. He was defeated by William H. King, and left the Senate in 1917.

While there, he was considered an exceptional orator, not so much in delivery and elocution as in the power and clarity of his arguments. He is exceptionally cordial and approachable, and lawyers who have known him say that "everybody seems to like him."

Though he has frequently been called a "reactionary" and "standpatter," Mr. Sutherland has explained in many of his speeches that he believes in progress with a goal and that he does not believe in starting off in any new political or governmental venture just because a new idea is put forth or some one wishes a change. He says that he wants to see where he is going before he starts. Fewer laws and more personal liberty have been advocated by him both in his speeches in the Senate and as President of the American Bar Association. He explained his belief in the Constitution as a stable foundation in his speech in the Senate on the Arizona Constitution, in which he criticized "government by ballot" and the initiative, referendum and recall.



© International

AN "EMINENTLY FIT" SUPREME COURT JUSTICE WHO IS DUBBED, HOWEVER, A "CONSERVATIVE" AND "REACTIONARY" Justice George Sutherland, returning from Europe with his wife, was sworn in last month as the seventy-third member to be appointed to our highest tribunal.

"If the Constitution of the United States had provided for its own amendment as easily as some few of the State Constitutions provide," he said, "that great instrument would long ago have become a medley of incongruous provisions and a patchwork of the shifting foibles of every generation. A written Constitution means nothing unless it means stability and permanency. It is the fundamental law, the foundation upon which rests the whole superstructure of the State; and, like the foundation of a great building, the continual tearing out of a stone here and the insertion of another there will threaten

the integrity of the whole structure.

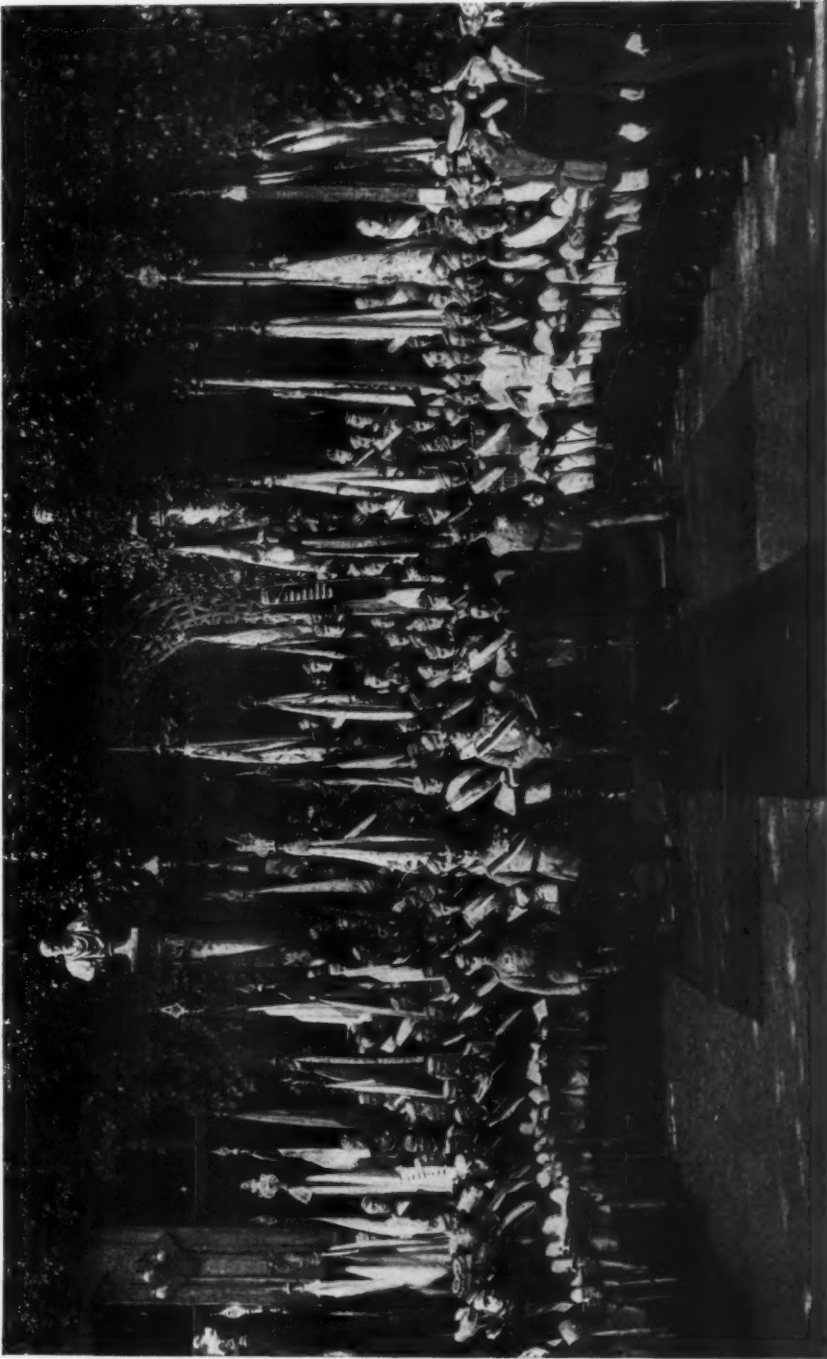
"To call a Constitution which may change with every shifting breath of popular emotion 'fundamental law' is a perversion of language. Such a Constitution is not to be likened to the foundation of an edifice, but rather to the weathercock upon the steeple, that simply registers the direction of each passing breeze."

Not since 1793, or three years after the Supreme Court began its deliberations in New York City under Chief Justice John Jay, has a man of foreign birth been appointed to our highest tribunal, and not since 1806, during the first years of the long term of Chief Justice John Marshall, has an Associate Justice of foreign parentage sat in its deliberations.

This seventy-third appointee to the Supreme Court, though born in England, in

1862, was an infant in arms when his parents came to this country and settled in Utah. He received his early education in the schools and academies of Utah, and when he was barely twenty years old began the study of law at the University of Michigan. In 1883 he was admitted to the bar in Utah, and in 1893 started to practice in Salt Lake City.

In those early days he conceived a deep reverence for the Constitution and for fundamental American institutions, and his interest led him into profound study of them and, now, to the Supreme Court of the United States.



© New York Tribune

WHO SAYS MILITARISM HAS PASSED IN GERMANY?

Welcoming von Hindenburg to Munich, Bavaria. The German Field Marshal is the central figure. The little man in plain clothes is Governor von Kahr, of Upper Bavaria. Others are German officers wearing uniforms in defiance of the law.



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum

THIS REMBRANDT WENT BEGGING IN 1909, BUT RECENTLY SOLD FOR \$500,000
Joseph E. Widener, of Philadelphia, outbids the world of connoisseurs for the great Dutch master's
"Descent From the Cross."



A GREAT MEMORIAL TO GEORGE WASHINGTON

Rising 200 feet from its base on Arlington Ridge, in Virginia, this massive tower of Graeco-Roman design will, when completed by the Masonic Orders of the United States, be clearly visible from Washington, D. C.



© Wide World Photos

HER ENGAGEMENT TO THE EX-KAISER SHOCKS GERMAN ROYALISTS
Princess Hermine of Schoenaich-Carolath, born Princess of Reuss, widowed mother of five children, "won" William Hohenzollern with a letter of condolence over his widowhood.



© Underwood & Underwood

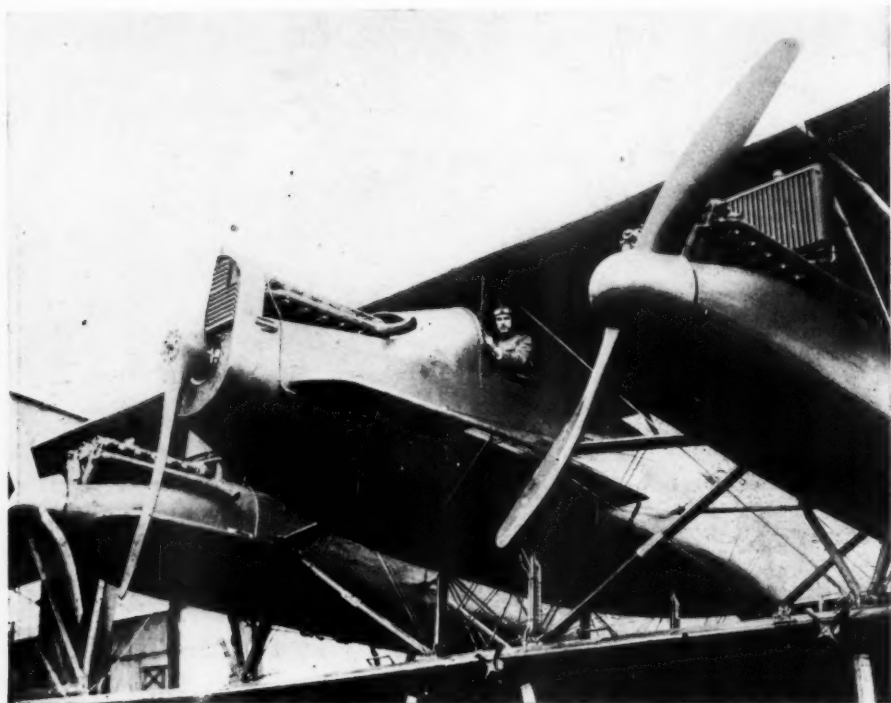
ONCE THE MANSION OF JAMES MONROE, NOW THE HOME OF A RAGPICKER
This New York house, in which the fifth President of the United States and author of the Monroe Doctrine lived and died, Prince and Lafayette Streets, is to become a museum.



Courtesy of Archibald Henderson

O. HENRY HAS OF COURSE NOT BEEN FORGOTTEN

Escorting Mrs. William Sidney Porter (his widow, fourth figure from the left), a group of friends place a wreath on the grave of the great author, commemorating his sixtieth anniversary, in Riverside Cemetery, Asheville, N. C.



© Wide World Photos

THE "LAST WORD" IN THE LEXICON OF WAR

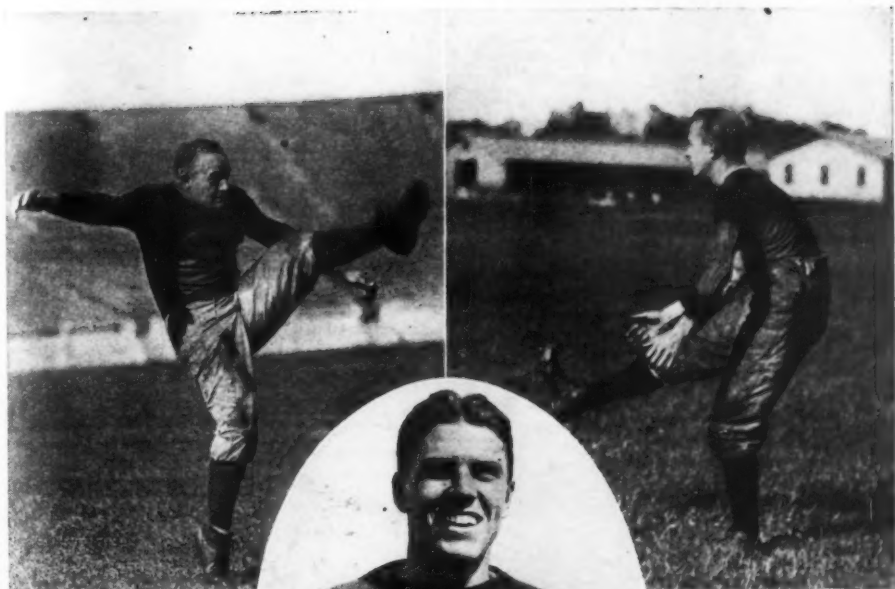
Lieut. Melville in the cockpit of the giant bomber Omal, Army Air Service, at the recent Detroit races. The plane weighs 12 tons, develops 110 miles an hour and carries two 4,000-pound bombs.



© Wide World Photos

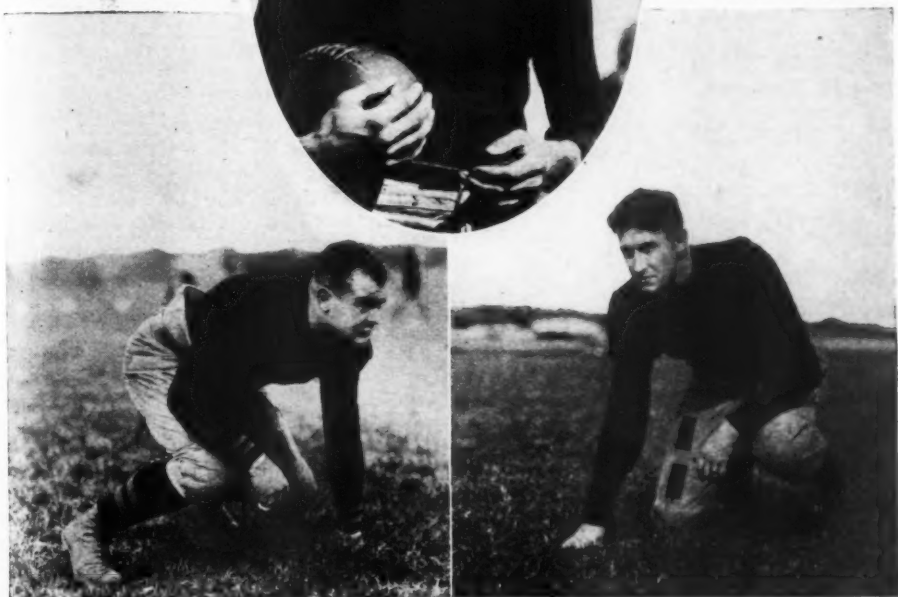
FRENCH TROOPS LESSENING THE TEDIUM OF GERMAN OCCUPATION ON THE RHINE

Tanks of the 29th Regiment of the Line masquerading as a pelican, a camel, a crocodile, a snail and an elephant, in celebrating a battle anniversary.

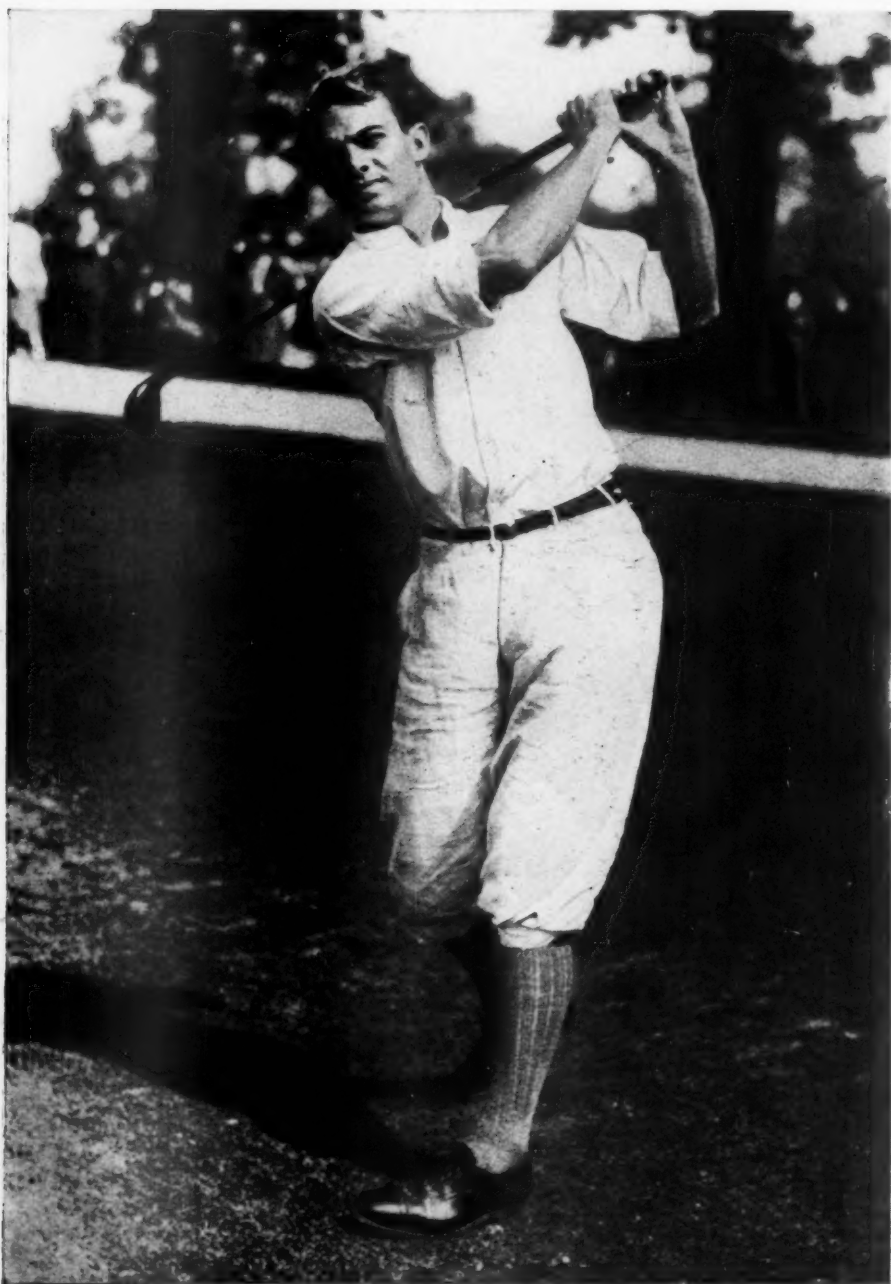


Above is Captain Jordan, of Yale, kicking a field goal. In the oval is Aldrich, of Yale, all-American star last year.

Captain Buell, of the Harvard Varsity Team this year, is shown above in field practice preparatory to the opening game.



STARS OF THE GRIDIRON WHOSE EXPLOITS ARE MAKING FOOTBALL HISTORY
 Captain Breidster, right guard of West Point (lower left corner), looks the part of "Bull Dog Drummond." Facing him is Captain Conroy of the Navy Team, Annapolis.



© Wide World Photos

AT TWENTY HE BECOMES THE AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPION OF THE UNITED STATES
Jesse Sweetser had to "bury" Bobby Jones one day and Chick Evans and a host of near-champions
the next, in order to win the coveted title at Brookline, Mass.

HE STROVE TO MAKE ENGLAND EAT AND SEE THINGS AS HE DID

LORD NORTHCLIFFE'S occasionally grandiose manner was affected and so cultivated that eventually it became second nature. He liked to think of himself as Napoleonic and imitated the self-made French emperor in every detail his appearance would permit, even to the lock of hair drooping over his forehead. In fact, we are told, upon elevation to the peerage, he chose the name of Northcliffe so he might sign his correspondence and orders to his staff with the characteristic letter "N." He admired the Corsican extravagantly and several volumes of Napoleonic literature in his library were due to his inspiration, as he ordered members of his staff to write them.

Like Napoleon, he was the center of many storms, deciding simultaneously many things of world importance. In his tribute to him in the *New York American* Sir Hall Caine, who knew him long and well, said a more tempestuous figure never crossed life's stage. There were days of sunshine but none of calm, reports Hall Caine; glowing dawns and fiery sunsets, but never a tranquil hour. He is described as a born fighter, fighting all his life, not for a love of battle but for the exhilaration of victory. There was no limit either to his championship of the men and issues he supported or his antagonism to those he opposed. He was both a big and little man in one.

Northcliffe had a mania for exalting the humble and humiliating the great among those whose careers he fashioned. An American who spent several years in his newspaper organization, writing in the *New York Times*, relates the noted publisher's delight in asking after some dignitary of his enterprise passed by: "See that man? I made him. I'll break him." He stopped an unimportant subeditor in the corridor one day to inquire how he was getting along. The man trembled like a leaf as he stammered "Very well."

"Good work," his chief shot back approvingly. "But you're not getting the recognition you deserve. Here! You're a director. Go up and tell the cashier."

On visits to Grand Falls House, his residence near his Newfoundland paper mills, he frequently took along important members of his staff who occupied quarters in an adjoining forty-two room log cabin. Dinner was always a formal affair, everybody appearing in evening dress except the host. Repairing to the drawing-room for coffee and cigarets one evening, Northcliffe, after the rest were seated, threw himself down upon a bear-skin rug before the firelight. With a sweeping gesture he ordered his guests to talk.

And they talked. Conversation drifted onto the immediate problems of the Northcliffe paper mills. Remedies were proposed for some executive changes which would place in authority some outside men whose training might fit them to cope with the existing situation. Northcliffe sat up.

"Training! Training! Training!" he blazed. "What's training? Napoleon picked his marshals from the field. I never had a man yet who could do anything till I picked him up. Why, X, there—" and he pointed to one of his principal directors sitting in the group. "What was he when I found him? A subeditor at £4 a week. I taught him all he ever knew. There's Y—" And he named over every one present in similar manner. They all stood for it, for Northcliffe's personality was so dominating there was no withstanding it.

Lord Northcliffe was an enthusiast about everything he undertook. Before he went in for golf he was a great walker and had no patience for golf. He complained that his men always were off on the links. When his doctors ordered him to take up golf for his health he went in for it violently and he had small patience for any of his men who didn't play.

"Learn the game," he would say. "Never mind. Take time off. I'll buy you the clubs."

And it was the same with everything else. When his doctors told him he must eat whole wheat bread he tried to make all of England eat it, too, conducting an elaborate newspaper campaign filled with interviews with millers and dieticians on the value of the flour that was lost in the grinding.

His devotion to his mother was very marked and she seemed the only one in the world of whom he was afraid. Besides anticipating her every want he obeyed her implicitly in such matters as implied feminine wisdom. One of her great fears was aeroplanes. When she read of a flight her son had made in Paris straightway she packed her grip and set out after him, administering such a rebuke for his daring that he promised her never to do it again. He never broke his promises to his mother.

The secret of Northcliffe's tremendous success as a newspaper publisher lay in the fact that he essentially was a reporter. Throughout his busy career he seldom failed to write his daily thousand words and report his own observations to his papers. He believed the personal touch carried above everything else. "Make it as personal as possible," he telegraphed Hall Caine in ordering an article from him.

The reportorial instinct in him was keenly developed. On his last visit to America he was received privately by President Harding by special appointment. But that was not enough. He wanted to see the President being interviewed by the newspaper reporters. As a reporter he wanted to do the White House run.

"Let's go for a drive," he told William Hard, who reports the incident in the *New Republic*, "but be sure you get me back to the White House at four." They drove through Rock Creek park, Northcliffe talking about the calls of different birds they heard along the way. He lay back and dozed, for he was hot and tired. But at four they were back at the White House.

In the company were American correspondents and English correspondents, we are told. Presently other American correspondents came and they went into the President's room, standing before him in a jammed crowd. The British publisher was about half way back towards the left. He noted the President intently and reported his conclusions to the British public. Sometimes, Hard says, Northcliffe edited, sometimes he published, but he always reported.

After seeing Herbert Hoover he next wanted to see Hiram Johnson. Hard took him to Johnson's office in the capitol. At once he began deluging Senator Johnson with questions about California and Japan. He learned a lot about both, also a lot that bore on Britain and the Far East as seen through American eyes. When they left, Northcliffe said of Johnson:

"A strong man. In fact so strong that I should think he would have much trouble getting nominated by a convention."

They went down the capitol steps and Northcliffe took Hard's arm. "I don't like heights," he said. He went down carefully and slowly.

Northcliffe always avoided labor disputes. Concerning a certain English miner's strike he once told Hard he "liked those miners for striking." Asked why, he added that "as long as Britons won't take a blow like that lying down, Britain is Britain."

He asked Hard if he knew any of the younger leaders of the British Labor movement—like G. D. H. Cole. "Be sure you know the younger men in the Labor movement," he advised. "One of them will be Prime Minister some day and you'll be glad you knew him before having to go see him at 10 Downing Street."

"And what will England be when one of those young men is Prime Minister?" asked Hard.

"England," Northcliffe answered. He always said there would be a Labor England and he never felt any anxiety. He never seemed to have a tremor about England.

MISS BRACEGIRDLE DOES HER DUTY

In An Extraordinary and Ludicrous Situation

By STACY AUMONIER

Illustrations by Reginald Birch

"THIS is the room, Madame."
"Ah, thank you—thank you!"
"Does it appear satisfactory to Madame?"

"Oh, yes! Thank you—quite!"
"Does Madame require anything further?"

"Er—if not too late, may I have a hot bath?"

"*Parfaitement*, Madame. The bathroom is at the end of the passage on the left. I will go and prepare it for Madame."

"There is one thing more. I have had a very long journey. I am very tired. Will you please see that I am not disturbed in the morning until I ring?"

"Certainly, Madame."

Millicent Bracegirdle was speaking the truth—she *was* tired. But, then, in the sleepy cathedral town of Easingstoke, from which she came, it was customary for everyone to speak the truth. It was customary, moreover, for everyone to lead a simple, self-denying life—to give up his time to good works and elevating thoughts. One had only to glance at little Miss Bracegirdle to see that in her were epitomized all the virtues and ideals of Easingstoke. Indeed, it was the pursuit of duty which had brought her to the Hôtel de l'Ouest at Bordeaux on this summer's night.

SHE had traveled from Easingstoke to London, then without a break to Dover, crossed that horrid stretch of sea to Calais, entrained for Paris, where she of necessity had to spend four hours—a terrifying experience—and then had come on to Bordeaux,

arriving at midnight.

The reason of this journey was that someone had to come to Bordeaux to meet her young sister-in-law, who was arriving the next day from South

America. The sister-in-law was married to a missionary in Paraguay, but the climate not agreeing with her, she was returning to England. Her dear brother, the dean, would have come himself, but the claims on his time were so extensive, the parishioners would miss him so—it was clearly Millicent's duty to go.

She had never been out of England before, and she had a horror of travel and an ingrained distrust of foreigners. She spoke a little French, sufficient for the purposes of travel and for obtaining any modest necessities, but not sufficient for carrying on any kind of conversation. She did not deplore this latter fact, for she was of opinion that French people were not the kind of people that one would naturally want to have conversation with;

broadly speaking, they were not quite "nice," in spite of their ingratiating manners.

The dear dean had given her endless help and advice, warning her earnestly not to enter into conversation with strangers, to obtain all information from the police, railway offi-

SUCH a predicament! Poor Miss Bracegirdle—a very gentlewoman who finds herself locked in a strange bedroom, in a strange hotel, in a strange town, with a strange man asleep in a strange bed under which she takes refuge. The man never awakes, and Miss Bracegirdle—but read for yourself what she did. The story, which appeared originally in the "Pictorial Review," is highly regarded by the O. Henry Memorial Committee of the Society of Arts and Sciences.



STACY AUMONIER



"SHE WALKED TO THE HEAD POST-OFFICE
IN BORDEAUX"

cials; in fact, anyone in an official uniform. He deeply regretted to say that he was afraid that France was not a country for a woman to travel about in *alone*. There were loose, bad people about, always on the lookout. He really thought perhaps he ought not to let her go. It was only by the utmost persuasion, in which she rather exaggerated her knowledge of the French language and character, her courage and indifference to discomfort, that she managed to carry the day.

She unpacked her valise, placed her things about the room, tried to thrust back the little stabs of homesickness as she visualized her darling room at the deanery. How strange and hard and unfriendly seemed these foreign hotel bedrooms. They were all so exactly alike, the same arrangement, the same atmosphere—heavy and depressing. No chints and lavender and photographs of—all the dear family, the dean, the nephews and nieces, the interior of the Cathedral during harvest festival; so samplers and needlework or

colored reproductions of the paintings by Marcus Stone. Oh! dear, how foolish she was! What did she expect?

SHE disrobed and donned a dressing-gown; then, armed with a sponge-bag and towel, she crept timidly down the passage to the bathroom after closing her bedroom door and turning out the light. The gay bathroom cheered her. She wallowed luxuriously in the hot water, regarding her slim legs with quiet satisfaction. And for the first time since leaving home there came to her a pleasant moment, a sense of enjoyment in her adventure.

After all, it *was* rather an adventure, and her life had been peculiarly devoid of it. What queer lives some people must live, traveling about, having experiences! How old was she? Not really old—not by any means. Forty-two? Forty-three? She had shut herself up so. She hardly ever regarded the potentialities of age. As the world went, she was a well-preserved woman for her age. A life of self-abnegation, simple living, healthy walking and fresh air had kept her younger than—these hurrying, pampered city people.

Love? Yes, once when she was a young girl—he was a schoolmaster, a most estimable, kind gentleman. They were never engaged—not actually, but it was a kind of understood thing. For three years it went on, this kind of pleasant understanding and friendship. He was so gentle, so distinguished and considerate. She would have been happy to have continued in this strain forever. But there was something lacking—Stephen had curious restless lapses.

From the physical aspect of marriage she shrank—yes, even with Stephen, who was gentleness and kindness itself. And then, one day—one day he went away, vanished, and never returned. They told her he had married one of the country girls, a girl who used to work in Mrs. Forbes's dairy—not a very nice girl, she feared, one of those fast, pretty, foolish women. Heigho! Well, she had lived that down, destructive as the blow appeared

at the time. One lives everything down in time. There is always work, living for others, faith, duty. At the same time she could sympathize with people who found satisfaction in unusual experiences.

THERE would be lots to tell the dear dean when she wrote to him on the morrow: nearly losing her spectacles on the restaurant-car, the amusing remarks of an American child on the train to Paris, the curious food everywhere, nothing simple and plain; the two English ladies at the hotel in Paris who told her about the death of their uncle—the poor man being taken ill on Friday and dying on Sunday afternoon, just before tea-time; the kindness of the hotel proprietor, who had sat up for her; the prettiness of the chambermaid. Oh, yes, everyone was really very kind. The French people, after all, were very nice. She had seen nothing—nothing but what was quite nice and decorous. There would be lots to tell the dean tomorrow.

Her body glowed with the friction of the towel. She again donned her night-attire and her thick woolen dressing-gown. She tidied up the bathroom carefully in exactly the same way she was accustomed to do at home; then once more gripping her sponge-bag and towel, and turning out the light, she crept down the passage to her room. Entering the room, she switched on the light and shut the door quickly.

THEN one of those ridiculous things happened, just the kind of thing you would expect to happen in a foreign hotel. The handle of the door came off in her hand. She ejaculated a quiet "Bother!" and sought to replace it with one hand, the other being occupied with the towel and sponge-bag. In doing this she behaved foolishly, for, thrusting the knob carelessly against the steel pin, without properly securing it, she only succeeded in pushing the pin farther into the door, and

the knob was not adjusted. She uttered another little "Bother!" and put her sponge-bag and towel down on the floor. She then tried to recover the pin with her left hand, but it had gone in too far.

"How very foolish!" she thought. "I shall have to ring for the chambermaid—and perhaps the poor girl has gone to bed."

She turned and faced the room, and suddenly the awful horror was upon her.

There was a man asleep in her bed!

The sight of the swarthy face on the pillow, with its black tousled hair and heavy mustache, produced in her the most terrible moment of her life. Her heart nearly stopped. For some seconds she could neither think nor scream and her first thought was:

"I mustn't scream!"

She stood there, like one paralyzed, staring at the man's head and the great curved hunch of his body under the clothes. When she began to think she thought very quickly and all her thoughts worked together.

The first vivid realization was that it wasn't the man's fault; it was *her* fault. *She was in the wrong room.* It was the man's room. The rooms were identical, but there were all his things about, his clothes thrown carelessly over chairs, his collar and tie on the wardrobe,

his great heavy boots, and the strange yellow trunk.

She must get out—somehow, anyhow. She clutched once more at the door, feverishly driving her finger-nails into the hole where the elusive pin had vanished. She tried to force her fingers in the crack and open the door that way, but it was of no avail. She was to all intents and purposes locked in—locked in a bedroom in a strange hotel, alone with a man—a foreigner—a *Frenchman*!

SHE must think—she must think. She switched off the light. If the light was off he might not wake up. It might give her time to think how to act. It was sur-



"THIS IS THE ROOM, MADAME." "AH, THANK YOU!"



"THESE QUEER, EXCITABLE PEOPLE, SO FOREIGN AND DIFFERENT-LOOKING, OBTAIN ALL INFORMATION FROM THE POLICE, RAILWAY OFFICIALS"

prising that he had not awakened. If he *did* wake up, what would he do? How could she explain herself? He wouldn't believe her. No one would believe her. In an English hotel it would be difficult enough, but here, where she wasn't known, where they were all foreigners and consequently antagonistic—merciful Heavens!

She *must* get out. Should she wake the man? No, she couldn't do that. He might murder her. He might—oh, it was too awful to contemplate! Should she scream? ring for the chambermaid? But no; it would be the same thing. People would come rushing. They would find her there in the strange man's bedroom after midnight—she, Millicent Bracegirdle, sister of the dean of Easingstoke! Easingstoke! Visions of Easingstoke flashed through her alarmed mind. Visions of the news arriving, women whispering around tea-tables, "Have you heard, my dear? Really, no one would have imagined! Her poor brother! He will, of course, have to resign, you know, my dear. Have a little more cream, my love."

Would they put her in prison? She might be in the room for the purpose of stealing or—she might be in the room for the purpose of breaking every one of the Ten Commandments. There was no explaining it away. She was a ruined woman, suddenly and irretrievably, unless she could open the door.

The chimney? Should she climb up the chimney? But where would that lead to? And then she thought of the man pulling her down by her legs when she was already smothered in soot. Any moment he might wake up.

She thought she heard the chambermaid going along the passage. If she had wanted to scream, she ought to have screamed before. The maid would know she had left the bathroom some minutes ago. Was she going to her room?

AN abrupt and desperate plan formed in her mind. It was already getting on for one o'clock. The man was probably a quite harmless commercial traveler or business man. He would probably get up

about seven or eight o'clock, dress quickly, and go out. She would hide under his bed until he went. Only a matter of a few hours. Men don't look under their beds, although she made a religious practice of doing so herself. When he went he would be sure to open the door, all right. The handle would be lying on the floor as though it had dropped off in the night. He would probably ring for the chambermaid, or open it with a penknife. Men were so clever at those things.

When he had gone she would creep out and steal back to her room, and then there would be no necessity to give any explanation to any one. But Heavens! what an experience! Once under the white frill of that bed she would be safe till the morning. In daylight nothing seemed so terrifying. With feline precaution she went down on her hands and knees and crept toward the bed. What a lucky thing there was that broad white frill! She lifted it at the foot of the bed and crept under. There was just sufficient depth to take her slim body. The floor was fortunately carpeted all over, but it seemed very close and dusty. Suppose she coughed or sneezed! Anything might happen.

Of course, it would be much more difficult to explain her presence under the bed than to explain her presence just inside the door. She held her breath in suspense. No sound came from above, but under the frill it was difficult to hear anything. It was almost more nerve-racking than hearing everything — listening for signs and portents. This temporary escape, in any case, would give her time to regard the predicament detachedly. Up to the present she had not been able to focus the full significance of her action. She had, in truth, lost her head. She had been like a wild animal consumed with the sole idea of escape—a mouse or a cat would do this kind of thing—take cover and lie low. If only it hadn't all happened *abroad*!

She tried to frame sentences of explanation in French, but

French escaped her. And then—they talked so rapidly, these people. They didn't listen! The situation was intolerable. Would she be able to endure a night of it? At present she was not altogether uncomfortable, only stuffy and—very, very frightened.

But she had to face six or seven hours of it, and perhaps even then discovery in the end! The minutes flashed by as she turned the matter over and over in her head. There was no solution.

SHE began to wish she had screamed or awakened the man. She saw now that that would have been the wisest and most politic thing to do; but she had allowed ten minutes or a quarter of an hour to elapse from the moment when the chambermaid would know that she had left the bathroom. They would want an explanation of what she had been doing in the man's bedroom all that time. Why hadn't she screamed before?

She lifted the frill an inch or two and listened. She thought she heard the man breathing, but she couldn't be sure. In any case it gave her more air. She became a little bolder, and thrust her face partly through the frill so that she could breathe freely. She tried to steady her nerves by concentrating on the fact that—well, there it was. She had done it. She must make the best of it. Perhaps it would be all right, after all.



"THERE WAS A MAN ASLEEP IN HER BED! THE SIGHT PRODUCED IN HER THE MOST TERRIBLE MOMENT OF HER LIFE"

"Of course, I sha'n't sleep," she kept on thinking. "I sha'n't be able to. In any case it will be safer not to sleep. I must be on the watch."

SHE set her teeth and waited grimly. Now that she had made up her mind to see the thing through in this manner she felt a little calmer. She almost smiled as she reflected that there would certainly be something to tell the dear dean when she wrote to him to-morrow. How would he take it? Of course, he would believe it—he had never doubted a single word that she uttered in her life—but the story would sound so—preposterous. In Easingstoke it would be almost impossible to imagine such an experience. She, Millicent Bracegirdle, spending a night under a strange man's bed in a foreign hotel! What would those women think? Fanny Shields, and that garrulous old Mrs. Rusbridger? Perhaps—yes, perhaps it would be advisable to tell the dear dean to let the story go no further. One could hardly expect Mrs. Rusbridger to—not make implications—exaggerate. Oh, dear! what were they all doing now? They would all be asleep, every one in Easingstoke. Her dear brother always retired at 10:15. He would be sleeping calmly and placidly, the sleep of the just—breathing the clear, sweet air of Sussex, not this—oh, it *was* stuffy! She felt a great desire to cough.

Yes, at 9:30 all the servants were summoned to the library. There was a short service—never more than fifteen minutes; her brother didn't believe in a great deal of ritual—then at ten o'clock cocoa for every one. At 10:15 bed for every one. The dear, sweet bedroom, with the narrow white bed, by the side of which she had knelt every night as long as she could remember—even in her dear mother's day—and said her prayers.

Prayers! Yes, that was a curious thing. This was the first night in her life experience when she had not said her prayers on retiring. The situation was certainly very peculiar—exceptional, one might call it. God would understand and forgive such a lapse. And yet, after all, why—what was to prevent her saying her prayers? Of course, she couldn't kneel in the proper devotional attitude—that would be a physical impossibility; nevertheless, perhaps her prayers might be just as efficacious—if they came from the heart.

So little Miss Bracegirdle curved her body and placed her hands in a devout

attitude in front of her face, and quite inaudibly murmured her prayers under the strange man's bed.

"Our Father which art in heaven—hallowed be Thy name—Thy kingdom come—Thy will be done—on earth, as it is done in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses—"

Trespasses? Yes, surely she was trespassing on this occasion, but God would understand. She had not wanted to trespass. She was an unwilling sinner. Without uttering a sound she went through her usual prayers in her heart. At the end she added fervently:

"Please, God, protect me from the dangers and perils of this night." Then she lay silent and inert, strangely soothed by the effort of praying.

"After all," she thought, "it isn't the attitude which matters—it is that which occurs deep down in us."

For the first time she began to meditate—almost to question—church forms and dogma. If an attitude was not indispensable, why—a building, a ritual, a church at all? Of course, her dear brother couldn't be wrong: the church was so old, so very old, its root deep buried in the story of human life; it was only that—well, outward forms *could* be misleading. Her own present position, for instance.

In the eyes of the world she had, by one silly, careless little action, convicted herself of being the breaker of every single one of the Ten Commandments. She tried to think of one of which she could not be accused. But no—even to dishonoring her father and mother, bearing false witness, stealing, coveting her neighbor's—husband! That was the worst thing of all. Poor man! he might be a very pleasant, honorable married gentleman, with children, and she—she was in a position to compromise him! Why hadn't she screamed! Too late! Too late!

IT began to get very uncomfortable, stuffy, but at the same time drafty, and the floor was getting harder every minute. She changed her position stealthily and controlled her desire to cough. Her heart was beating rapidly. Over and over again recurred the vivid impression of every little incident and argument that had occurred to her from the moment she left the bathroom. This must, of course, be the room next to her own. So confusing, with perhaps twenty bedrooms all exactly alike on one side of a passage—how was

one to remember whether one's number was 115 or 116? Her mind began to wander idly off into her school days. She was always very bad at figures. She disliked Euclid and all those subjects about angles and equations—so unimportant, not leading anywhere.

History she liked, and botany, and reading about strange foreign lands, although she had always been too timid to visit them. And the lives of great people, *most* fascinating—Oliver Cromwell, Lord Beaconsfield, Loncoln, Grace Darling—*there* was a heroine for you—General Booth, a great, good man, even if a little vulgar. She remembered dear old Miss Trimmings talking about him one afternoon at the vicar of St. Bride's garden-party. She was so amusing. She— *Good Heavens!*

Almost unwittingly Millicent Bracegirdle had emitted a violent sneeze!

FOR the second time that night she was conscious of her heart nearly stopping. For the second time that night she was so paralyzed with fear that her mentality went to pieces. Now she could hear the man get out of bed. He would walk across to the door, switch on the light, and then lift up the frill. She could almost see that fierce mustached face glaring at her and growling something in French. Then he would thrust out an arm and drag her out. And then? O God in heaven! What then?

"I shall scream before he does it. Perhaps I had better scream now. If he drags me out he will clap his hand over my mouth. Perhaps chloroform—"

But somehow she could not scream. She was too frightened even for that. She lifted the frill and listened. Was he moving stealthily across the carpet? She thought—no, she couldn't be sure. Anything might be happening. He might strike her from above—with one of those heavy boots, perhaps. Nothing seemed to be happening, but the suspense was intolerable. She realized now that she hadn't the power to endure a night of it. Anything would be better than this—disgrace, imprisonment, even death. She would crawl out, wake the man, and try to explain as best she could.

She would switch on the light, cough, and say, "Monsieur!"

Then he would start up and stare at her.

"Pardon, Monsieur, mais je—" What on earth was the French for "I have made a mistake"?

"*J'ai tort. C'est la chambre—er—incorrect. Voulez-vous—er—*"

What was the French for "door-knob"? "Let me go"?

It didn't matter. She would turn on the light, cough, and trust to luck. If he got out of bed and came toward her she would scream the hotel down.

THE resolution formed, she crawled deliberately out at the foot of the bed. She scrambled hastily toward the door—a perilous journey. In a few seconds the room was flooded with light. She turned toward the bed, coughed, and cried out boldly:

"Monsieur!"

Then for the third time that night little Miss Bracegirdle's heart all but stopped. In this case the climax of the horror took longer to develop, but when it was reached it clouded the other two experiences into insignificance.

The man on the bed was dead!

She had never beheld death before, but one does not mistake death.

She stared at him, bewildered, and repeated almost in a whisper:

"Monsieur! Monsieur!"

Then she tiptoed toward the bed. The hair and mustache looked extraordinarily black in that gray, waxlike setting. The mouth was slightly open, and the face, which in life might have been vicious and sensual, looked incredibly peaceful and far away. It was as though she were regarding the features of a man across some vast passage of time, a being who had always been completely remote from mundane preoccupations.

When the full truth came home to her little Miss Bracegirdle buried her face in her hands and murmured:

"Poor fellow—poor fellow!"

For the moment her own position seemed an affair of small consequence. She was in the presence of something greater and more all-pervading. Almost instinctively she knelt by the bed and prayed.

For a few moments she seemed to be possessed by an extraordinary calmness and detachment. The burden of her hotel predicament was a gossamer trouble—a silly, trivial, almost comic episode, something that could be explained away.

But this man—he had lived his life, whatever it was like, and now he was in the presence of his Maker. What kind of man had he been?

Her meditations were broken by an ab-

rupt sound. It was that of a pair of heavy boots being thrown down by the door outside. She started, thinking at first it was some one knocking or trying to get in. She heard the "boots," however, stumping away down the corridor, and the realization stabbed her with the truth of her own position. She mustn't stop there. The necessity to get out was even more urgent.

TO be found in a strange man's bedroom in the night is bad enough, but to be found in a dead man's bedroom was even worse. They would accuse her of murder, perhaps. Yes, that would be it—how could she possibly explain to these foreigners? My soul! they would hang her. No, guillotine her—that's what they do in France. They would chop her head off with a great steel knife. Merciful Heavens! She envisaged herself standing blindfold, by a priest and an executioner in a red cap, like that man in the Dickens story—What was his name? Sydney Carton, that was it. And before he went on the scaffold he said:

"It is a far, far better thing that I do than I have ever done—"

But no, she couldn't say that. It would be a far, far worse thing that she did. What about the dear dean? her sister-in-law arriving alone from Paraguay tomorrow? all her dear people and friends in Easingstoke? Her darling Tony, the large gray tabby-cat? It was her duty not to have her head chopped off if it could possibly be avoided. She could do no good in the room. She could not recall the dead to life. Her only mission was to escape. Any minute people might arrive. The chambermaid, the boots, the manager, the gendarmes—Visions of gendarmes arriving armed with swords and notebooks vitalized her almost exhausted energies. She was a desperate woman.

Fortunately now she had not to worry about the light. She sprang once more at the door and tried to force it open with her fingers. The result hurt her and gave her pause. If she were to escape she must *think*, and think intensely. She mustn't do anything rash and silly; she must just think and plan calmly.

She examined the lock carefully. There was no keyhole, but there was a slip-bolt, so that the hotel guest could lock the door on the inside, but it couldn't be locked on the outside. Oh, why didn't this poor dear dead man lock his door last

night? Then this trouble could not have happened. She could see the end of the steel pin. It was about half an inch down the hole. If any one were passing he must surely notice the handle sticking out too far the other side! She drew a hairpin out of her hair and tried to coax the pin back, but she only succeeded in pushing it a little further in. She felt the color leaving her face, and a strange feeling of faintness came over her.

She was fighting for her life; she mustn't give way. She darted round the room like an animal in a trap, her mind alert for the slightest crevice of escape. The window had no balcony, and there was a drop of five stories to the street below. Dawn was breaking. Soon the activities of the hotel and the city would begin. The thing must be accomplished before then.

She went back once more and stared hard at the lock. She stared at the dead man's property, his razors and brushes and writing materials. He appeared to have a lot of writing-materials, pens and pencils and rubber and sealing-wax. Sealing-wax!

Necessity is truly the mother of invention. It is in any case quite certain that Millicent Bracegirdle, who had never invented a thing in her life, would never have evolved the ingenious little device she did had she not believed that her position was utterly desperate. For in the end this is what she did. She got together a box of matches, a candle, a bar of sealing-wax and a hairpin. She made a little pool of hot sealing-wax, into which she dipped the end of the hairpin. Collecting a small blob on the end of it, she thrust it into the hole and let it adhere to the end of the steel pin. At the seventh attempt she got the thing to move.

IT took her just an hour and ten minutes to get that steel pin back into the room, and when at length it came far enough through for her to grip it with her fingernails she burst into tears through the sheer physical tenseness of the strain. Very, very carefully she pulled it through and, holding it firmly with her left hand, she fixed the knob with her right, then slowly turned it.

The door opened!

The temptation to dash out into the corridor and scream with relief was almost irresistible, but she forebore. She listened. She peeped out. No one was about. With beating heart she went out, closing the

door inaudibly; she crept like a little mouse to the room next door, stole in and flung herself on the bed. Immediately she did so, it flashed through her mind that she had left her sponge-bag and towel in the dead man's room!

In looking back upon her experience she always considered that second expedition was the worst of all. She might have let the sponge-bag and towel remain, only that the towel—she never used hotel towels—had neatly inscribed in the corner M. B.

WITH furtive caution she managed to retrace her steps. She reentered the dead man's room, reclaimed her property and returned to her own. When the mission was accomplished she was indeed well-nigh spent. She lay on her bed and groaned feebly. At last she fell into a fevered sleep.

It was eleven o'clock when she awoke, and no one had been there to disturb her. The sun was shining, and the experiences of the night appeared a dubious nightmare. Surely she had dreamed it all? With dread still burning in her heart she rang the bell. After a short interval of time the chambermaid appeared. The girl's eyes were bright with some uncontrollable excitement. No, she had not been dreaming. This girl had heard something.

"Will you bring me some tea, please?"
"Certainly, Madame."

The maid drew back the curtains and fussed about the room. She was under a pledge of secrecy, but she could contain herself no longer.

Suddenly she approached the bed and whispered excitedly:

"Oh, Madame, I am promised not to tell—but a terrible thing has happened. A man, a dead man, has been found in room 117—a guest. Please not to say I tell you. But they have all been here—the gendarmes, the doctors, the inspectors. Oh, it is terrible—terrible!"

The little lady in the bed said nothing. There was indeed nothing to say. But Marie Louise Lancret was too full of emotional excitement to spare her.

"But the terrible thing is— Do you know who he was, Madame? They say it is Boldhu, the man wanted for the murder of Jeanne Carreton in the barn at Vincennes. They say he strangled her, and then cut her up in pieces and hid her in two barrels, which he threw into the river. Oh, but he was a bad man, Madame, a terrible bad man—and he died in the room next door. Suicide, they think, or was it an attack of the heart?—remorse, some shock, perhaps. Did you say a *café complet*, Madame?"

"No, thank you, my dear—just a cup of tea—strong tea."

"Parfaitement, Madame."



"OH, MADAME, I AM PROMISED NOT TO TELL—BUT A TERRIBLE THING HAS HAPPENED!"

THE girl retired, and a little later a waiter entered the room with a tray of tea. She could never get over her surprise in this. It seemed so—well, indecorous for a man—although only a waiter—to enter a lady's bedroom. There was, no doubt, a great deal in what the dear

dean said. They were certainly very peculiar, these French people—they had most peculiar notions. It was not the way they behaved at Easingstoke.

She got further under the sheets, but the waiter appeared quite indifferent to the situation. He put the tray down and retired.

When he had gone she sat up and sipped her tea, which gradually warmed her. She was glad the sun was shining. She would have to get up soon.

They said that her sister-in-law's boat was due to berth at one o'clock. That would give her time to dress comfortably, write to her brother and then go down to the docks.

POOR man! So he had been a murderer, a man who cut up the bodies of his victims—and she had spent the night in

his bedroom. They were certainly a most—how could she describe it?—people. Nevertheless, she felt a little glad that at the end she had been there to kneel and pray by his bedside. Probably nobody else had ever done that.

It was very difficult to judge people. Something at some time might have gone wrong. He might not have murdered the woman, after all. People were often wrongly convicted. She herself— If the police had found her in that room at three o'clock that morning— It is that which takes place in the heart which counts. One learns and learns. Had she not learned that one can pray just as effectively lying under a bed as kneeling beside it? Poor man!

She washed and dressed herself and walked calmly to the writing-room. There was no evidence of excitement among the other hotel guests. Probably none of them knew about the tragedy except herself. She went to a writing-table, and after profound meditation wrote as follows:

MY DEAR BROTHER:

I arrived late last night, after a very pleasant journey. Everyone was very kind and attentive; the manager was sitting up for me. I nearly lost my spectacles in the restaurant-car, but a kind old gentleman found them and returned them to me. There was a most amusing American child on the train. I will tell you about her on my return. The people are very pleasant, but the food is peculiar—nothing *plain and wholesome*. I am going down to meet Annie at one o'clock.

How have you been keeping, my dear? I hope you have not had any further return of the bronchial attacks. Please tell Lizzie that I remembered in the train on the way here that that large stone jar of marmalade that Mrs. Hunt made is behind those empty tins on the top shelf of the cupboard next to the coach-house. I wonder whether Mrs. Buller was able to come to evensong, after all? This is a nice hotel, but I think Annie and I will stay at the Grand to-night, as the bedrooms here are rather noisy. Well, my dear, nothing more till I return. Do take care of yourself.

Your loving sister,

MILLICENT.

Yes, she couldn't tell Peter about it, neither in the letter nor when she went back to him. It was her duty not to tell him. It would only distress him: she felt

convinced of it. In this curious foreign atmosphere the thing appeared possible, but in Easingstoke the mere recounting of the fantastic situation would be positively—indelicate. There was no escaping that broad general fact—she had spent a night in a strange man's bedroom. Whether he was a gentleman or a criminal, even whether he was dead or alive, did not seem to mitigate the jar upon her sensibilities, or, rather, it would not mitigate the jar upon the peculiarly sensitive relationship between her brother and herself.

To say that she had been to the bathroom, the knob of the door-handle came off in her hand, she was too frightened to awaken the sleeper or scream, she got under the bed—well, one simply could not conceive such a situation in Easingstoke deanery. It would create a curious little barrier between them, as though she had been dipped in some mysterious solution which alienated her. It was her duty not to tell.

SHE put on her hat and went out to post the letter. She distrusted a hotel letterbox. One never knew who handled these letters. It was not a proper, official way of treating them. She walked to the head post-office in Bordeaux.

The sun was shining. It was very pleasant walking about amongst these queer excitable people, so foreign and different looking—and the cafés already crowded with chattering men and women; and the flower-stalls, and the strange odor of—what was it? Salt? brine? charcoal? A military band was playing in the square—very gay and moving. It was all life and movement and bustle—thrilling, rather.

"I spent a night in a strange man's bedroom."

Little Miss Bracegirdle hunched her shoulders, hummed to herself, and walked faster. She reached the post-office and found the large metal plate with the slot for letters and R. F. stamped above it. Something official at last! Her face was a little flushed—was it the warmth of the day or the contact of movement and life?—as she put her hand into the slot. After posting it she put her hand into the slot and flicked it round to see that there were no foreign contraptions to impede its safe delivery. No, the letter had dropped safely in.

She sighed contentedly and walked off in the direction of the docks to meet her sister-in-law from Paraguay.

THE WHY AND WHEREFORE OF CHINESE "TONGS"

NEWSPAPER scareheads announcing the imminence of a new "tong" war in New York's Chinatown have reawakened public dread of these mysterious Chinese "murder societies." On August 7, Ko Low, National President of the Hip Sing Tong, was shot down in the street. Since that event no one in the neighborhood of Chatham Square has been able to breathe freely. For who can tell when pistols will be fired from dark doorways to avenge the dead Ko Low?

What are "tongs" and why? An investigation of them made expressly for CURRENT OPINION has revealed the following curious and little-known facts:

1. There are no "tongs" in China.

2. In China the word "tong" means parlor. Every house has one. It is the meeting place, the gathering place of the family, the reception room.

3. In America, on the contrary, a "tong" is a benevolent protective society with an initiation and dues and rites, like the B. P. O. E., the Knights of Pythias, the Redmen of America, etc.

4. "Tongs" were organized by the Chinese to protect themselves against oppression and persecution at the hands of the white communities into which they were imported by gold mining companies and transcontinental railroads during the period from 1848 to 1875.

5. "Tong" feuds, such as the one which now threatens to break out between the Hip Sings and the On Leongs, are due to ignorance and distrust of American courts. If the Chinese merchants and craftsmen who huddle in the tenements of Pell and Mott and Doyers Streets, understood and trusted our system of justice, they would never "take the law into their own hands," and they would never involve their "tongs" in quarrels with other "tongs."

From which we conclude that John Chinaman must be educated and that our courts must prove themselves ca-

pable of redressing the grievances which John has against other Chinamen. The Chinese Benevolent Association is working on the former. The latter is up to our judges and the police.

Let us consider these points one at a time.

1. In China the workers in a given trade or craft or profession are all organized into guilds, called Kung Saw, or Kung Tsor. Disputes between members of the same guild are always settled by a council or court or committee of the Kung Saw to which they belong. If a dispute arises between members of two Kung Saw, the leaders of the respective guilds have an entirely amicable conference, and endeavor to adjudicate the quarrel.

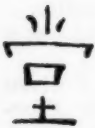
Only under the greatest pressure do the Chinese in China resort to their courts. Perhaps that accounts for the rudimentary slightness of the judicial system there. It has never had the reason for development which our courts have had in this country, with a mob of clamorous litigants beating forever on the doors.

There are no tongs in China, and there are only two in New York. The Hip Sings and the On Leongs. In New York there are, however, many Kung Saw. "The Four Brothers," which has a bad police record, is a guild, a Kung Saw, but has exacted revenge upon other secret organizations, and so has earned the name of "tong," though, properly speaking, it is not a "tong" at all. On the contrary, "The Four Brothers" is a society to which any member of four clans or families, no matter from what part of China he comes, may belong. It is exactly as if the "Johnsons, the Murphys, the O'Flahertys and the O'Briens" should organize a club to which every man bearing one of those four names were eligible.

2. In China the word "tong" means parlor. Usually a Chinese house is entered through a long doorway such as

we might style a vestibule. Beyond that the visitor comes into the parlor or "tong" where the highest seat is reserved for the mother of the house, who is addressed as "Your Highness of the 'Tong,'" because of that seat.

Examine the picture of the word for a moment.



The top three strokes are a very old and universally used representation of grass or straw, and thence came to be used to indicate "thatch," such as goes on all primitive houses. A very similar sign to indicate grass, especially marsh grass, is to be found to-day on U. S. Geological Survey maps.

The next two strokes are a brief, shorthand picture of a roof.

The little square is the Chinese radical for "mouth." So now you have a "thatched roof under which mouths gather to converse."

The last three strokes are a very old sign for "earth," the ground, the native place, and thus "home."

Altogether the character is a picture of the conversation place in one's home.

3. In America a "tong" is a benevolent protective society. It is obvious that when the early Chinese immigrants gathered in San Francisco and other places to discuss the harsh conditions of life among the Christian whites, they gathered in a meeting place, and it was probably somebody's big parlor. Presently that parlor, or "tong," gave its name to the loose organization which sprang up. Dues were paid in to supply funds for the hiring of white attorneys to defend the members against unscrupulous oppressors. And little by little the society thus formed developed a ritual, a set of initiation ceremonies, and all the rigmarole which is usual to secret fraternal bodies.

In that connection it is interesting to note that the members all take an oath of allegiance, and that they swear by a very old deity, a folk-deity, not recognized by any of the great religions of China, such as Buddhism, Taoism, Confucianism, etc. This old god is not be-

lieved in especially by modern Chinese. He is about as real to them as Mother Nature is to us. He dates back to the time of the "Three Kingdoms," and is thought to have been a great warrior whose exploits, having grown superhuman by legendary additions, gradually took on the stature of a God of War, and became a favorite person to swear by. Incidentally, he remains to-day the patron saint, curiously enough, of two very unwarlike social groups: the carpenters and the actors!

4. "Tongs" were organized in America to protect the Chinese against the white communities into which white capitalists had brought them. The Union Pacific Railroad, to cite only one instance, back in the '60's imported quantities of coolie labor. These humble workers accepted wages that would have meant starvation for their white competitors. Whereupon the white artisans became infuriated with them, and a hostility arose which has since been incorporated into Chinese Exclusion Acts, and many other disabling bits of legislation.

But it should be remembered that these "dreadful, mysterious, creepy Chinese secret societies" were forced into existence upon American soil by American persecution.

5. Feuds are due to John Chinaman's ignorance and distrust of our courts. When he has a quarrel with a member of another "tong" or Kung Saw, if he had confidence in our American judicial system, he could appeal to it for redress. More and more, be it said, he is learning to do so. But occasionally he is not in a position, morally, to make such an appeal.

Nothing is known at the date of writing as to the motives back of the shooting of Ko Low. The curio dealer had at some time in his past been dabbling in the illegal importation of narcotics. Another Chinaman perhaps threatened to expose him to the American police unless paid "hush money." Ko Low eventually refused to pay any longer. Whereupon followed threats and, when he proved obdurate, his murder.

LLOYD GEORGE'S GLOWING TRIBUTE TO MAZZINI

AT a recent Mazzini Celebration organized by the London branch of the Lega Italiana, an association which has for its object the co-ordination of Italian efforts in Italy and abroad, Premier Lloyd George paid a notable tribute to the genius of Joseph Mazzini. He told his audience that he had been a great reader of Mazzini in his youth, and that the ideas with which that reading had imbued him were those which he had been trying to put into effect at the Genoa Conference. "Mazzini," he continued, "is the father of the idea of the League of Nations. His writings are full of it."

The English Premier made the further statement that "the map of Europe as we see it to-day is the map of Joseph Mazzini," and he illustrated this statement in the following way:

"Mazzini said in one of his books that we were on the threshold of a great age, the age of the people. His doctrines, his ideals, his appeals, his example, fired the hearts and led the peoples across that threshold into the new age. Italy has crossed it. The oppressed races of Turkey have been emancipated, the oppressed races of Austria and of Russia—and, let me frankly admit, Ireland also—have gained by the teachings of Joseph Mazzini. The inspiration of the men of Young Ireland came largely from the doctrines of Joseph Mazzini. Thomas Davis and the rest were readers of his works. Napoleon—Mazzini lived to see the last of his conquests disappear; the glittering imperial fabric reared by Bismarck is humbled in the dust; but the dreams of this young man who came over as an exile to England, and who lived in poverty here for years, dependent upon the charity of his friends—the dreams of this young man have now become startling realities throughout the whole Continent."

Mazzini, Lloyd George went on to point out, taught not merely the rights of nations, but the rights of other nations—"not only the right of your own

nation to be free, but the right of the next nation to be free."

"You are to win honor, power and independence for your own land; but you are to respect the rights, freedom, honor and independence of the other land as well. Whether this age is the Golden Age which Mazzini predicted depends entirely on to what extent we have learned that other half of the lesson. He was a religious teacher. His principles were the principles of Christianity, and if humanity is to enjoy freedom it can only do so by loving its neighbor as itself. He could tolerate no mean hatreds. He did not believe in building nations upon the ruins of another nation. He believed in individual liberty and in the justice of the ideals of other nations. It was an age of fierce hatreds. Are we to say that this is not an age of fierce hatreds? But there was no doubt that his was an age of pitiless, remorseless hatreds. There was the hatred of Austria—with good reason—the hatred of Russia, the hatred of Prussia, in many quarters the hatred of France as she then was, the hatred of aristocracy, the hatred of monarchy, the hatred of the rich, and personal hatreds. The world was full of hatreds, and Mazzini said, '*You can build nothing that lasts upon hate*.' Hate, he said, will destroy ultimately the very thing that you love."

But that is not the end of Mazzini's teaching, and now more than ever, Lloyd George concluded, it is worth reminding the world of the whole of his teaching:

"There is a real peril that nations, having won freedom for themselves, should indulge in suspicions, dislikes, detestations and greed and hatred towards each other. Believe me, standing on the watchtower as I have done for five or six years, I say now solemnly that if that goes on the freedom will be torn from them in some tumult which will be brought upon Europe by themselves. Oh! how right he is! Read him, read him again!

"I had no idea how topical he was, how up to date he was. Joseph Mazzini, dead fifty years, and lying in Italian soil, has written for this hour, and has written for

this phase. He has said: *'The morrow of the victory has more perils than its eve.'* The day after the victory is more dangerous than the day before it. How true! The day after victory is full of perils. It is the spirit of remorseless pride. It is a danger, and Mazzini pointed

it out; and there is no greater menace to the life and liberty of nations than racial hatred against and between nations. That great idea of the brotherhood of nations is what I hope will save the world from a repetition of the results of the great Napoleonic wars."

POIRET KISSES AMERICA GOOD-BY

PAUL POIRET, the French fashion creator, who found America utterly incapable of art in dress when he first landed, took a more hopeful view when he sailed for home the other day.

He issued a statement, a verbal rhapsody, that made the sweetest sort of good-by kiss for America. In his statement he said that before ten years are up America will forge to the front in sartorial art.

"I shall come back," he concluded, "because I plan to participate in that renaissance."

The uncrowned King of the Modes leaned against the rail in a light pearl-gray fedora, camel's hair short coat, chequered trousers and spats.

"It is with regret that I am leaving this country—a fairyland," said he. "Both Jules Verne and Wells are surpassed over here by the reality.

"Born within gigantic sites, these people cannot conceive things except on a large scale. They

are never astonished at the size of things. They are naturally titanic and brave. They possess withal an inclination for work which is surely unique in the world.



© Underwood & Underwood
THE UNCROWNED KING OF THE
MODES GIVES HIS OWN IDEA OF
BEING GRACEFUL

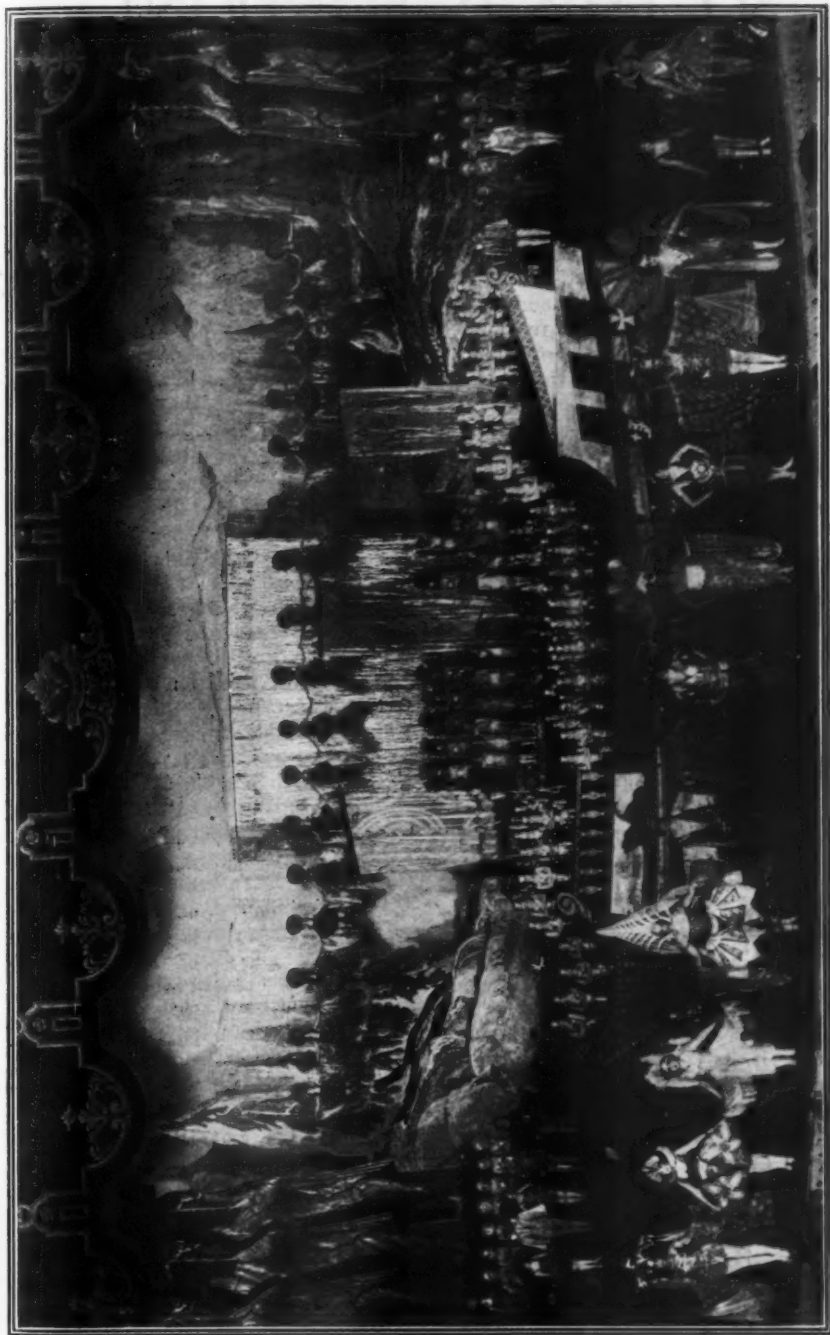
Paul Poiret is pictured here just before sailing for home on the S.S. Paris.

"I went yesterday to the race track. Men earnestly at work. Many straw hats. Many fat cigars. A great many pencils and eyeglasses. No women. No flowers. No feminine charm as at our races. Beauty is not indispensable as in our country.

"Nevertheless, immense progress has been made and there seems to be such an intense interest in fine arts that the latter will develop rapidly. Fashion, music and theater—here are subjects in which public opinion is passionately concerned.

"It is over here that in those fields all the great achievements shall take place."

This from a man who, a few weeks before, was quoted as disparaging us contemptuously!



"THE GOLDEN DREAM SHIP" ANCHORS IN "THE HARBOR OF PROSPERITY" AT THE NEW YORK HIPPODROME
The Hippodrome cast, in the mammoth spectacle "Better Times," which is living up to its title, numbers 1,071 performers and the production costs \$50,000 a week.

SO THIS IS LONDON!

A "Very Good" Comedy of "Very Bad" Manners

By ARTHUR GOODRICH

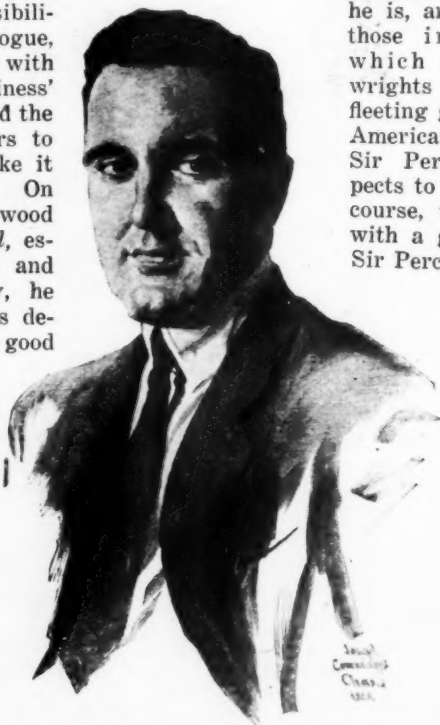
THE jury of metropolitan critics that pronounces sentences on dramatic offerings absolutely declines to agree on a verdict in the case of the current George M. Cohan production, "So This Is London!" the author of which is Arthur Goodrich. The New York *Herald* critic, Lawrence Reamer, finds it "rich in fun" and "witty in almost every line, timely in a high degree and touched incidentally with some sound truth concerning the cause of happiness among the nations to-day." Equally enthusiastic is the *Evening Post* in applauding Mr. Cohan for having "taken a play which had great possibilities in plot and dialogue, filled it to the brim with his own clever 'business' and snap, and engaged the right kind of players to interpret it and make it a howling success." On the other hand, Heywood Brown, in the *World*, esteems it "vulgar and dreary." Ostensibly, he admits, the play was designed to promote good feeling between England and America, but "the author has sought to do this by showing the people of both nations as insufferable bounders." Alexander Woollcott, in the *Times*, votes it "a fair-to-middling, coarse-grained comedy . . . one of those recurrent contrasts between English and

American bad manners." The other first-night reviewers hover between these contrasting opinions.

The play traces the gradual convergence and confrontation of an Anglophobe American millionaire boot and shoe manufacturer, Hiram Draper (Edmund Breese), and a Yankee-hating English knight, Sir Percy Beauchamp (Lawrence D'Orsay), whose respective son, Hiram, Junior (Donald Gallaher), and daughter, Elinor (Marie Carroll), have met on a transatlantic liner and fallen in love, with matrimony in the offing. We are treated first to a fleeting

glimpse of the American as he is, and later (by one of those internal scenes to which contemporary playwrights are addicted) to a fleeting glimpse of the same American as the obstinate Sir Percy Beauchamp expects to find him. Then, of course, we are rewarded with a glimpse not only of Sir Percy over his breakfast coffee and his morning *Times* at his country seat, at Brimshot, England, but a vision of the same Sir Percy as he exists in the untutored imagination of the caustic old David Harum from the States.

The rising curtain reveals the Draper suite at the Ritz, in London, with Hiram, Junior, and Elinor Beauchamp getting better acquainted and inci-



IS HE A HUMORIST OR A SATIRIST?

Where the work of Arthur Goodrich ends, in his play "So This Is London!", and that of George M. Cohan, its producer, begins, is a question.

dentially championing what they regard as the virtues of their respective countries. Junior brags shamelessly about what "little old U. S. A. has done for itself in a hundred and fifty years," but is forced to admit that "little old England" has spread far and wide over the world and has produced Shakespeare, Bacon, Tennyson, Milton, Browning *et al.* An American-born Lady Ducksworth (Lily Cahill), under whose chaperonage Elinor has recently visited America, interrupts the young couple and acts as a moderator. Her English home is near that of the Beauchamps at Brimshot, and she plans to have Draper, Junior, and his parents visit her there. She and Elinor leave, followed by Junior; and the senior Drapers, Hiram (Edmund Breese) and Mary (Leah Winslow), enter, the former stalking to a window and exclaiming:

DRAPER. Huh! so this is London! (*Closes the window with a bang.*) I understand now why God made the ocean so wide. (*Calls off stage.*) Oh, Junior!

JUNIOR. (*Off stage.*) Be right out, dad, just washing my face.

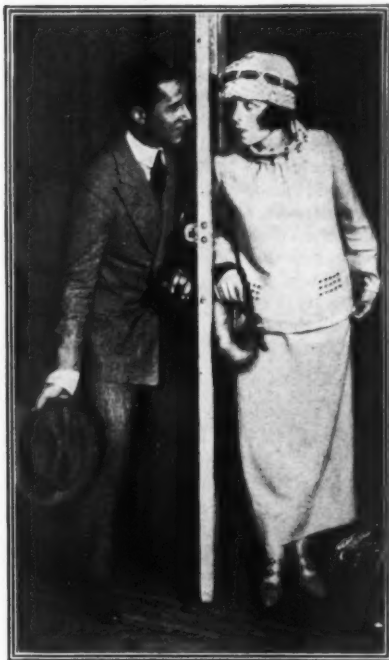
DRAPER. He's cleaning up.

MARY. (*Looking at her hands.*) You do get filthy over here.

DRAPER. Yes, it's as clean as Pittsburgh and as fast as Philadelphia. Tough trip that little *Mayflower* made, but they had it right. (*Takes a bottle of whiskey from his pocket.*)

MARY. Going to start drinking, Hiram?

DRAPER. This town would drive anybody to drink. (*Puts bottle on table.*)



THERE IS MORE THAN A DOOR BETWEEN THESE ANGLO-AMERICAN LOVERS

Hiram Draper, Junior (Donald Gallaher), and Elinor Beauchamp (Marie Carroll) are resolved to marry despite parental opposition.

Say, Mary, where's there a telephone? (*Looking around.*)

MARY. There must be one. (*Goes to table and points to a phone à la English.*) I suppose that's it.

DRAPER. Yeh, but how do you play the darn thing? (*Picks up the phone.*) You wouldn't think we were only a week from God's country. (*In phone.*) Hello, Central!

MARY. (*Admiringly.*) It is kind of handy, though, isn't it?

DRAPER. This thing? Get out, it's a burlesque. (*In phone.*) Hello!

MARY. Now stop scolding, you would come over here.

DRAPER. Well, I had to come over here about this Botts Brothers proposition. I've got to get after this foreign trade. . . . Say, where has this

kid of ours been all day?

MARY. Oh, I suppose the art museums or Westminster Abbey.

DRAPER. (*Smiles at her credulity.*) Is that the kind of a boy we've got? (*Mad at phone service.*) What in—!

MARY. (*At a mirror, taking off her hat.*) Now, dear, it's no worse than at home.

DRAPER. What?

MARY. The telephone service.

DRAPER. Pshaw, Mary, it's a lot worse, a whole lot. (*Jiggles receiver.*) Hello! . . . Hello! (*To Mary.*) They may give you a flock of wrong numbers at home, but at least they get some action. (*In phone.*) What? . . . What's that? (*To Mary.*) Well, can you beat that? Somebody's pulling that "Are-you-there?" stuff again. (*In phone.*) Yes, but I won't be here long. . . . Listen, I want a siphon of vichy to. . . . What? . . . Oh, I see. . . . Sorry, sorry. Put me on with the soda department. (*Looking around.*) So this is Buffalo!

MARY. (*Crossing to Hiram.*) Hiram, did you notice that couple at the next table at lunch?

DRAPER. What about 'em?

MARY. The way that woman waited on that man—

DRAPER. Women have to do that over here; couldn't live with these fellows if she didn't. (*Jiggling the phone.*) Good God! Hello! . . . Yes, bottle of soda to— to room— (*Turns to his wife.*) What's the number of this room?

MARY. Colonel Draper's suite.

DRAPER. Oh! (*In phone.*) Colonel Draper's suite.

. . . Yes. . . Thanks, old dear. (*Hangs up.*) Takes you a week to get here and another to make a high-ball.

MARY. There is a boat going back tomorrow, Hiram. I looked it up.

DRAPER. (*Crosses to her, laughing.*) You did, eh? (*Pinches her cheek.*) I thought you were going to pick up some antiques.

MARY. (*Wistfully.*) I could do that at home.

DRAPER. This is the place to do it. Nothing but antiques. It's a good thing for this country it has a past.

Draper, Junior, re-enters. He and his parents had become separated on landing from the steamer at Southampton. Draper, Senior, is not satisfied with his son's explanation, and the horrible truth comes out—the boy is in love with an English girl!

DRAPER. Isn't the United States good enough for you?

JUNIOR. That isn't the point at all.

DRAPER. And what's the best thing we've got in the United States? Girls—American girls.

MARY. (*Crosses and puts her arms around Junior.*) What of Jane Dalgren, Junior? You went to school together and I thought—

JUNIOR. Sure, she's all right, but she doesn't worry about me. Anyhow, what's the difference? Her father came from Norway when she was three.

DRAPER. What's this girl's name?

JUNIOR. Elinor.

DRAPER. Elinor. what?

JUNIOR. I'm going to change her last name.

DRAPER. (*With deliberate brutality.*) Not with my money, you're not.

JUNIOR. (*Flaring up.*) Dad, I won't stand for this.

DRAPER. The hell you won't.

MARY. Hiram!

JUNIOR. (*Quietly, but right at him.*) No, sir, I won't—and you wouldn't in my place.

MARY. He's right, Hiram; you wouldn't.

DRAPER. Oh, are you with him in



EVERYBODY WAITS ON SIR PERCY BEAUCHAMP (LAWRENCE D'ORSAY) IN "SO THIS IS LONDON!"

Including Lady Beauchamp (Marion Grey) and Thomas, the butler (John M. Troughton).

this?

MARY. No, dear, I'm not. I'm as much against it as you are. Why, these English girls stand at the docks waiting for boys like Junior.

Junior strives in vain to conciliate his father, who demands the name of the girl. The boy sturdily refuses to tell him.

DRAPER. Well, whatever her name is tell her this for me—that if she marries you she marries *you*; she won't marry

a pile of money. Tell her that for me; that'll finish it dam quick. And I mean it.

JUNIOR. Now, look here, dad.

MARY. Junior, please. (*Junior is about to answer.*) You know, Hiram, you didn't have very much when we were married.

DRAPER. (*Looks at Mary, then turns to Junior apologetically.*) I didn't mean to say that, son, not quite that way.

There is more verbal fencing, during which Junior exhibits a picture of his prospective father-in-law. Whereupon there is a clever "cut-in," in which old Draper's conception of the Beauchamps is amusingly dramatized for the audience. The parents withdraw presently and Junior is alone when one Alfred Honeycutt, general manager of J. A. Botts Brothers and Company is announced.

JUNIOR. I didn't hear father say that he expected you.

HONEYCUTT. No, I hardly think that he did. We had no definite appointment, although he did cable me week before last from New York that he'd be glad to meet and talk to me as soon as he arrived in London.

JUNIOR. Oh, yes, that's right, I forgot. Father's going to buy you out, isn't he?

HONEYCUTT. Well, of course no deal has been made yet. We've never got down to actual figures. The suggestion came originally from him. We've exchanged several hundred cables on the matter—sort of feeling each other out, as you Americans say—but that's as far as we've got up to now.

JUNIOR. I see.

HONEYCUTT. However, I'm here to definitely state that my people are ready to sell if he's ready to buy.

JUNIOR. Well, I can tell you right now, Mr. Honeycutt, that father never haggles. It's yes or no with him—bang! right off the reel. If you'll call to-morrow and put your proposition before him he'll give you an answer in half a jiffy, that's certain.

HONEYCUTT. Well, of course, it's not a thing to rush madly into. It's a matter involving some seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

JUNIOR. Is that the price that's set?

HONEYCUTT. Absolutely rock-bottom. A business bargain if ever there was one. I give you my word, Mr. Draper, it's virtually something for nothing.

JUNIOR. Seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds. That's a lot of money.

HONEYCUTT. Oh, but you're getting something for your money, dear boy. Botts Brothers is a trade-mark that has stood the test of a century throughout all of Europe.

JUNIOR. Well, of course, it's not for me to decide.

HONEYCUTT. Nor for me. But I feel certain that if I can arrange a meeting between your father and Sir Percy Beauchamp there will be little or no difficulty in arriving at a satisfactory arrangement almost immediately.

JUNIOR. Sir Percy who did you say?

HONEYCUTT. Beauchamp—Sir Percy Beauchamp.

JUNIOR. Sir Percy Beauchamp.

HONEYCUTT. Yes, he's the owner of Botts Brothers and Company.

JUNIOR. Just a minute, Mr. Honeycutt. You say seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds is the price set by your people?

HONEYCUTT. Exactly.

JUNIOR. Then I'm afraid it would be a waste of time to talk to father on those lines. I happen to know the figure he has in mind for your concern. So it looks as though Sir Percy and he could never come to terms.

HONEYCUTT. He has a figure in mind, you say?

JUNIOR. Yes. He thinks a couple of million dollars is all the whole shooting-match is worth.

HONEYCUTT. Four hundred thousand pounds for Botts Brothers and Company!

JUNIOR. Exactly.

HONEYCUTT. Dear boy, that's laughable!

JUNIOR. Take my tip and grab it, Mr. Honeycutt.

HONEYCUTT. What!

JUNIOR. If you don't you'll take less later on. Father'll get it, anyway, and at his own price—if he sets his mind to it.

HONEYCUTT. He'll never buy Botts Brothers for a penny less than seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

JUNIOR. Oh, yes, he will.

HONEYCUTT. I don't understand.

JUNIOR. That's just it, you don't understand the way he works. Why, if he decides to manufacture over here he'll undersell you two for one. He'll smash you down to a price that will pile up losses enough to put you out of business inside of a year. Why, say, if he tears off his coat and goes after an advertising campaign, he'll post and plaster and decorate



ELINOR BEAUCHAMP (MARIE CARROLL) EXTOLS AMERICA TO HER SCANDALIZED PARENTS

"Are you spoofing?" demands Sir Percy (Lawrence D'Orsay). Lady Beauchamp (Marion Grey) is incredulous.

Great Britain until you'll imagine there's nothing else on the market but Draper's shoes. Believe me, Mr. Honeycutt, he's a wild man when it comes to exploitation of his goods. Money means nothing. He'd rather win a business argument than all the money in the world. He's a Henry Ford of the shoe industry, Mr. Honeycutt; and if he decides to cut in here and go after the English trade, take my tip, grab what you can get and step from under, because you haven't got a chance with Hiram Draper. He's never lost a fight. That's his record.

Honeycutt retires. Draper, Senior, re-enters and his son is re-enacting the foregoing scene to his admiring parent when the curtain falls.

The second act takes place at the

Beauchamp home in Brimshot. Present are Sir Percy and Lady Beauchamp and Elinor. The girl has declared America to be "glorious." She is regarded with astonishment.

SIR PERCY. Are you spoofing, dear?

ELINOR. Spoofing? Indeed, I'm not. Why, father, you've no idea what a marvelous place it is. It seems almost unbelievable that such advancement could be made and such wonders performed in such a short space of time. So much to see, so much to learn.

SIR PERCY. Calm yourself, my dear.

ELINOR. I'm quite calm, father.

SIR PERCY. Sit down, please.

ELINOR. Why, of course.

SIR PERCY. (*Sits looking at his wife and daughter, giggles, then finally bursts out into hearty laughter.*) Oh, Lord, this is good! This is awfully good.

ELINOR. What are you laughing about, father?

SIR PERCY. Ah, what a remarkably keen sense of humor you have, my dear.

The girl stoutly maintains her admiration for America, however, and assures her parents that if they were to cross the Atlantic they would change their minds.

In a later situation, with Lady Ducksworth present, Sir Percy reminds his daughter that if she should marry an American she would cease to be a British subject. She is asked to repeat her retort.

ELINOR. I say, what difference does it make whether I'm a British subject or not?



LADY DUCKSWORTH (LILY CAHILL) TRIES TO PROMOTE BETTER INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS

In the English-American comedy, "So This Is London!" she arranges a momentous meeting between Sir Percy Beauchamp (Lawrence D'Orsay) and Hiram Draper (Edmund Breese).

SIR PERCY. (*Trying to catch his breath and red in the face with anger.*) Good God, I believe I'm choking to death.

He exits. Lady Ducksworth confides to Elinor that the Drapers, under the name of Smith, are to be at her house for the week-end and the two women conspire to have the Beauchamps as dinner guests to meet the camouflaged Drapers whom Sir Percy has visualized in the same amusing manner as Draper had done for the audience. The ruse is successful, and in the third act the "Montagues and Capulets" are present

as guests of Lady Ducksworth. In her drawing-room, while awaiting the arrival of the Beauchamps, Hiram Draper is smoking and glancing over a newspaper. Present are Lady Ducksworth's butler, Jennings (Robert Vivian), and the junior Draper, who inquires what his father is reading.

DRAPER. A London paper.

JUNIOR. Any news?

DRAPER. I said it was a London paper.

Lady Ducksworth comes in and Draper flings at her the remark: "They

certainly named this island right when they called it Johnny Bull."

LADY DUCKSWORTH. Why? Because it's such a bully island?

DRAPER. (*Laughing.*) You pretty near guessed it.

LADY DUCKSWORTH. Oh, I knew you'd like England. (*Draper looks at her.*) And you're going to like it better before you leave here; see if you don't.

DRAPER. I've got to hand it to you—your work is great.

LADY DUCKSWORTH. Believe me, it is work, Colonel. This business of being an international go-between is no easy job.

The Beauchamps are announced, together with Honeycutt, and introductions are in order. Sir Percy and Draper are seated at opposite ends of a divan. Lady Beauchamp and Mrs. Draper (Mary) have seats across the room.

DRAPER. (*After an embarrassed pause.*) This is our first trip to England—so we're more or less excited about it.

MARY. Yes, we've been on the go ever since we got here.

LADY BEAUCHAMP. I can imagine.

SIR PERCY. Never been in England before?

DRAPER. Never.

SIR PERCY. How strange!

MARY. (*To Lady Beauchamp.*) You folks have been to America, of course?

LADY BEAUCHAMP. No. Sir Percy and I have never been to America.

MARY. Never been to America?

LADY BEAUCHAMP. Never.

MARY. How funny!

Elinor "captures" Draper by admitting that she is "wild" about the United States. Mary goes on to say that her husband is a real Yankee "born" and proud of it.

LADY BEAUCHAMP. Indeed?

DRAPER. (*To Sir Percy, with a laugh.*) Born on the 4th of July. You can't beat that much, can you?

SIR PERCY. Fourth of July?

DRAPER. Yes.

SIR PERCY. Rather hot weather. (*Draper looks at Sir Percy, wondering if he is being kidded.*)

LADY BEAUCHAMP. If you don't mind, Mrs. Smith—?

MARY. Yes, Lady Beauchamp.

LADY BEAUCHAMP. Tell me, those Niagara Falls I've heard so much about—are they still running?

MARY. (*Pauses and looks at the others, then to Lady Beauchamp.*) You're not joking, are you, Lady Beauchamp?

LADY BEAUCHAMP. No, indeed; I'm very much interested.

So it carries on until the identities of the Drapers and Beauchamps are revealed to each other, and in the end the respective parents are reconciled to the engagement of Elinor and Junior. Off stage, meanwhile, it appears that Draper and Sir Percy have about come to terms as regards the sale of a half interest in J. A. Botts Brothers and Company, which Sir Percy controls, to Draper. Its successful conclusion is threatened as the two men enter, arguing vehemently:

SIR PERCY. That's the great trouble with you Americans; you want everything your own way all the time.

DRAPER. We do, eh? You English fellows imagine we're babes in arms or something. The quicker you get on to the fact that we want what we want when we want it and that we go and get it, the quicker you'll get over your bullheadedness. (*Sir Percy looks at him.*) Yes, that's the only name for it—English bullheadedness.

SIR PERCY. Well, I'm certainly not going to be browbeaten into something I know to be not only wrong, but absolutely unfair. It's going to be my way or no way at all, sir.

DRAPER. Very well, then, the deal is off, Sir Percy. Very well, then, the deal is off.

LADY BEAUCHAMP. Percy, don't excite yourself.

MARY. Take it easy, Hiram, please.

DRAPER. I know; but the whole thing's wrong. They met on the American side and they ought to be married on the American side.

SIR PERCY. I beg your pardon; they met on the ship. That's the Atlantic Ocean, which is neither side—absolutely neutral.

DRAPER. Wait a minute. I'm a regular; I'll take a chance. (*Flips a coin.*) Heads or tails?

SIR PERCY. Heads always.

DRAPER. (*Looks at the coin; extends his hand.*) English it is.



© International

SMYRNA, BEFORE THE POWER OF MUSTAPHA KEMAL PASHA FELL UPON IT WITH
DEVASTATING EFFECT

In this ancient and once queen city of the Levant, the game of bridge is believed to have originated.
It is one of the seven cities which claimed to be the birthplace of the epic poet, Homer.

THE SHAME OF SMYRNA

By P. W. Wilson

WHAT is the secret of this sudden shame of Smyrna? How comes it that the city where Homer was born, where arose one of the seven earliest Christian Churches addressed in the Book of Revelation by St. John the Divine, the leading seaport of the Levant, with a population of 250,000 souls, is stricken in a day with fire, plague, the rape of women, the murder of men, the utter destruction of commerce, of education, of human happiness? What happened and who is to blame?

It is the latest scene in an agelong drama. Glance for a moment over a thousand years. Six centuries after Christ, Mohammed arose. He preached one God and supplied the sleeping East with a sword. That sword was wielded by the Arabs or Saracens who overran the Christian provinces of North Africa, turned them into the Moorish States of Algiers, Tunis, Morocco and even established themselves in Spain.

When the Saracens were weary, there arose the Turks, an even fiercer and more barbaric race. They conquered Asia Minor, captured Constantinople in the year 1453, and subjugated Greece, with the entire Balkan Peninsula. Islam thus secured a second bridgehead in Europe.

In the year 1609 Spain expelled the Moors and western Europe was thus rid of Islam. For the last hundred years, Europe has been similarly expelling the Turk which will liberate her eastern frontier. It has been a terrible struggle. At every stage there have been wars, atrocities and massacres. And the reason has been not the strength of the Turk, not even his cruelty and cunning, but the quarrels and rivalries of the so-called Christian nations.

Slowly but surely, however, the Turk has been driven back. In 1830, Greece became again a nation. Serbia was already autonomous and was declared in-

dependent in 1878. Rumania was united in 1861. Bulgaria dates from 1878. And Albania was recognized in 1912. Thus did the tide of Mohammedanism recede.

But Asia Minor, Syria and Palestine were once as Christian as ever Europe has been. The tyranny of the Turk over the Armenian is just as severe as the tyranny of the Turk over the Greek or Serb or Bulgar. Constantinople is the metropolitan or capital city of the Eastern or Orthodox Church. The great mosque of St. Sophia, on the model of which most other mosques are designed, was not built by Moslems at all, but by Christians and was taken from the Christians by the Turks. When, therefore, the Turks were beaten in the late war, there arose at once the question of what to do with Constantinople and Asia Minor.

It is the United States that has rendered the most valuable of all service to the Near East. She has sent there not armies and navies, but missionaries, teachers and doctors. She maintains great colleges at Constantinople and at Beyrout, with numerous hospitals, schools, orphanages and stations for relief. One suggestion has been that the United States should undertake a political mandate for Constantinople and Asia Minor, or at least for Armenia. For this responsibility we were as yet not prepared. Our mandate would have entangled us with Russia and with Europe as a whole.

The second suggestion was obvious. In Asia Minor was a mixed population. The Christians were not strong or wise enough to govern the Turks, and the Turks, who had massacred a million Armenians in the war, were obviously unfitted to govern either themselves or the Christians. On the other hand, no one European nation could take up the task of restoring and maintaining order without encountering the jealousies of the others. Why not hand over the Near East, then, to the League of Nations, which would hold Constantinople, keep the Dardanelles free for the navigation of all countries, and so solve the entire problem? This would have been

the ideal and the sensible solution. But the United States had not then joined the League of Nations. And in the League of Nations, Europe herself had not come to believe. Hence the tragedy.

Three powers, Italy, France and Britain, decided to act together. Each of them sent troops to Constantinople. And each contingent occupied its own section of the city, the British, Pera; the French, Stamboul; and the Italians, Scutari. The Sultan, Mohammed VI., was on his throne and the city was administered in his name.

On August 10th, 1920, just two years ago, the Allies signed among themselves the Treaty of Sèvres, with certain other agreements. The effect of this Treaty was that

(1) Greece should have Thrace which means what was left of Turkey in Europe, with the exception of

(2) Constantinople, which would be Turkish in name but under international control.

(3) The Dardanelles and the Bosphorus should be free for the shipping of all nations.

(4) Asia Minor should be Turkish, with four reserved areas, namely Armenia for the Armenians, Cilicia for the French, Adalia for the Italians and Smyrna for the Greeks.

This is the settlement that has broken down. Why?

First, the Moslems all over the world rallied to the support of the Turk, and especially in India. This weakened the European Powers. Next, the Russians, who under the Czars had opposed the Turk for religious reasons, changed sides under the Soviets and supported the Moslems, whether in India, Afghanistan, Persia, Mesopotamia or Turkey. The Armenians were not strong enough to maintain an effective republic. The Italians did not take up their sphere of influence. And the French in Cilicia, finding that 100,000 troops were needed to hold the Turks in the interior, first asked that their British comrades be withdrawn from that area and then withdrew themselves, making a new and separate peace, dated October 20, 1921. This left the Greeks alone and unsupported.

The story of the Greek collapse is simple. In May, 1919, Greece was ruled by Venizelos. Believing in Venizelos, the British, with their fleet, helped the Greeks to occupy Smyrna. And against the Turks, some outrages were committed which, however, soon ceased. But in December, 1920, King Alexandros was mysteriously slain by the poisonous bite of a monkey and the abdicated King Constantine was recalled to the throne. Venizelos fled the country. Constantine unwisely embarked on a war against the Turks. In March, 1921, the advance from Smyrna began. By July, the Greek area of 16,000 kilometers, allotted under the Treaty of Sévres, had been increased to 100,000 kilometers. The population assigned had grown from 1,000,000 to 3,000,000. The Greek army was 300,000 men and they had spent the equivalent of \$100,000,000.

But the Turks had found a leader, Mustapha Kemal Pasha, whose career is described elsewhere in this magazine. He opposed the Greeks with ever increasing forces. When the French retired from Cilicia, with their 100,000 troops, it meant that a similar number of Turks were released for employment against the Greeks. Also, the French

gave Kemal equipment for 40,000 troops and military instructors were promised the Turks. Despite these facts, the Greeks again advanced but were held at the Sakaria River. The battle there lasted from August 23rd to September 2nd, 1921; the Greeks lost 25,000 men and the Turks twice that number. The Greeks had therefore to retreat to a line known as Eski-Shehr to Karahissar, which commanded the railways from Constantinople to Angora, Kemal's headquarters, and to Konia, the ancient capital of Turkey, familiar in the New Testament as Iconium. Winter then set in and, at altitudes of at least 4,000 feet, war became impossible. But Kemal had already begun to attack. For nine days he had 60,000 men trying to turn the Greek flank.

It is this counter-offensive that has culminated in the complete rout of the Greeks in the last few weeks and the capture and the ruin of Smyrna. Constantine had actually conceived the idea of forcing his way into Constantinople by way of Europe and this had brought him into conflict with the great powers. Kemal seized the opportunity and delivered his blow, as a result of which Constantine abdicated in anticipation of the abdication of Mohammed VI.

HOW A BANKER SAVED THE SOUTH FROM RUIN AND BALKED GERMANY

By Carter Field

In the New York Tribune

IN 1915 Great Britain had been conducting her blockade of Germany for more than a year, but had been unable to prevent supplies of certain sorts getting in through the neutral countries, particularly Hol-

THIS story of the way in which W. P. G. Harding, governor of the Federal Reserve Board, held up the price of cotton in this country at the time Great Britain declared an embargo against the staple, and not only saved the cotton growers from absolute ruin but checkmated propaganda against the Allies in the South, is vouched for by the New York "Tribune." The details were printed at the time, but for various reasons the name of W. P. G. Harding could not be used.

land, Norway, Sweden and Denmark.

At the same time the price of cotton had fallen to around six cents, the "buy-a-bale - of - cotton" movement had been spread even in the North, and President Wilson

himself had bought a bale and put it in the White House basement. The object of the movement was to save the cotton growers from bankruptcy.

Failing in a determined fight, in which Tom Heflin made many speeches, he being at the time in the House, to have the Federal government buy cotton at 10 cents a pound, many of the Southern politicians led a fight against the British "blacklist" and were apparently succeeding in turning the South, which from the outset had been wholeheartedly pro-Ally, against the Allied cause.

It was about this time that Senator Lodge, answering Senator Hoke Smith, of Georgia, who had just made a bitter denunciation of the British blacklist, retorted, apropos of the *Lusitania*: "A dead baby floating on the water is a more poignant sight to me than an unsold bale of cotton."

Although feeling was running high in this country, the British government decided it had no choice but to declare an embargo on cotton. The British statesmen realized fully the possible political consequences in America, and appealed through the embassy here to W. P. G. Harding, then a member but not governor of the Federal Reserve Board. They selected him because he was from a cotton-growing state, Alabama.

Harding told them, in brier, that there would be no political consequences of the action if in some way the price of cotton could be held up. The British responded that they realized this, but that to go into the New York cotton market and support the price, in view of an embargo declaration, would require untold sums of money.

Whereupon Harding advised them to stay out of New York. He advised that they make public the embargo declaration on Saturday afternoon after the market closed, and then, on Monday morning, buy enough cotton in the Liverpool market to advance the price a small fraction, just before the New York market opened.

This, he pointed out, would disturb the New York traders. They would not know what to make of an advance in the face of the embargo declaration, and they would wait. Meanwhile, he urged, they should have traders in the narrow New Orleans market buy cotton—enough to put the price up an advance equal to that achieved in Liverpool.

"When the New York brokers see that," Harding told the Britishers, "they won't know what to make of it and will wait."

This plan was followed by the British to the last detail. It succeeded beyond the wildest hopes of any one concerned, and the total outlay by the financially pressed British government was only in the neighborhood of \$1,000,000.

Shortly thereafter big German interests approached Harding. They then believed that the war would end very shortly, and as they knew the British had bought some cotton and believed that the declaration of peace would shoot the price up, they feared their own mills would have to pay much higher prices for cotton than the British already had paid, and therefore could not meet the British mills in world competition.

On Harding's advice the Germans bought tremendous quantities of cotton, storing it in various places throughout the South. This big buying movement by the Germans started cotton finally on the upgrade, and it never went down in price at any stage of the war after that. Both the British and the Germans realized handsomely on their investments as a result, but the cotton growers were saved, and the anti-British propaganda in the South was choked.

Forty-six years ago there was but one telephone in the world, the one which Bell invented; there were two telephone employees, Bell and his assistant. To-day there are 14,000,000 instruments in this country alone, 21,000 central offices, 34,000,000 miles of wire, a working force of 300,000 persons, and a general telephone plant the value of which is more than \$2,000,000,000.

OUR AMERICAN HABIT OF OPTIMISTIC DRUNKENNESS

By E. W. Howe

I BELIEVE the natural object of language is to tell the truth: not to exaggerate either our blessings or ills. I am selfish, as all men are, but still am unable to understand why anyone should be a liar, or pretend to believe anything he does not actually believe, for the mere joy of an optimistic spree.

Certain material facts are known to everyone. To deny these and argue that other conditions exist, or should exist, is to me the height of absurdity. Likewise there are certain blessings: these should be accepted with equal candor, for exactly what they are worth: no more, and no less.

Likewise I believe that a large proportion of the people do not realize this simple truth: that because of tremendous sentimentality, most of us argue for conditions that *should* exist; believing that possibly we can *argue* them into existence.

Therefore I am pleased to note that lately the better class of men are more and more realizing that life should be considered from the practical side, and that while sentimentality may be beautiful it is apt to be dangerous, and lead us into unnecessary mistakes.

It seems to me I am able to note, lately, in everything printed, a disposition to be more candid.

The foolish arguments persist, of course, but more and more I note a weariness concerning ideals, and a conclusion that such arguments are a mere waste of time.

The older races of men, it is probable, are first to accept palpable truths:

THE older we grow the more we are apt to prefer fact to fiction. Mr. Howe is maturing. He is impatient with idealism. The accuracy of his observations and conclusions is open to question—but his passionate honesty of expression is not. A great many people are thinking along the lines of this article, from "E. W. Howe's Monthly," which merits serious reflection.

truths that cannot be avoided. And I note that the new candor of which I speak is most commonly observed in publications coming from England, France, Germany, etc. These writers, being the heirs of longer

experience, are first to realize simple truth.

When I read a foreign publication the candor displayed is startling to me, since I live in a country where sentiment has long ruled ruthlessly.

But slowly and surely Americans seem to be accepting the new order: whatever is true is not only most respectable, but most apt to aid us in best solving our various natural difficulties.

Americans generally seem to believe that labor unions are an exhibit in liberty, general welfare and the like; therefore I was startled to see an American writing in an American publication with the candor which is more apt to be found in foreign publications. In the *Atlantic Monthly* Waddill Catchings has written:

Although much might justly be said as to what labor-unions have secured for wage-earners, and as to the necessity for such organizations, the labor-union is a militant organization, *to get results by force*. Whatever may be the motive, there is the purpose to compel. Reliance upon pressure or force, of one sort or another, underlies the union's efforts.

The strike is the great weapon of the labor-union. This is the economic, and often the physical, force which the labor-union brings to bear upon the employer, *to compel him to act*. Always the labor-union seeks to make the strike-weapon more and more effective.

To make the strike-weapon even more effective, the labor-union opposes the forces of law and order. The militia and the state constabulary, when used to afford the protection of law, weaken the effectiveness of a strike; and therefore the effort of the labor-union is, constantly and unceasingly, to seek freedom from this interference.

The labor-union seeks to get more for the workman and to make it possible for him to work less. *Whatever the workman gets, the labor-union is interested in seeing him get more; however little he may work, it is better if he works less.* Apart from this there is no goal for the labor-union.

Mr. Catchings might have added that when the unions realize an ambition to receive more pay for less work, it means, without any possible question, that the consumer who buys the product must pay a higher price. So the real fight is not against the employer, but the consumer.

When an employer increases wages he inevitably increases the price of his product, and his per cent. of profit remains the same. This principle is so well understood and accepted that the state accepts it in the management of public utilities. Railroad rates, for example, have almost doubled, with government sanction, because of the increase in labor costs. A man who does not know this is either foolish or believes he is warranted, for some reason, in talking nonsense.

So the notion so many entertain that labor-union men are the advance guard of liberty and equality is bad philosophy. The citizen who cheers the striker, as most of us do, is actually "the goat," should the agitation succeed: the movement is actually directed against the citizen-consumer, and not the employer.

No reasonable fault can be found with the labor-union men for advancing their interests: that is what we all do. Farmers advance their interests by combination; by force. Bankers, merchants, manufacturers do it. But while the people are able to properly appreciate the fact in the case of farmers, bankers, manufacturers and the like, they still believe that the labor union is an un-

selfish reform movement, and that every right it exacts from Capital will somehow reflect back to the profit of the citizen.

So far as the will of the people is reflected in public sentiment, certainly seven-tenths of the population favored the strikers in the recent coal and railway agitations. Millions almost forgave the massacre at Herrin, Illinois, because of the belief that it was in the nature of a threat which would result in more enlightenment, liberty and human happiness for everybody: that it was a sort of demonstration that would frighten our oppressors, and result in better conditions.

Another notion of mine is this: Suppose that by the exercise of the strike power, wages and living expenses are finally doubled for everyone. Wherein have we been benefited? And in process of doubling wages and living costs for everyone, have we not submitted to a lot of inconvenience and expense?

A nation-wide strike costs money. Governor Allen lately made a startling statement, presumably as a result of investigation, concerning the hundreds of thousands of leaders employed to manage labor agitations and strikes, and the millions paid them as salaries. These men are not producers: they are a tax on industry, and this tax is paid by the consumer: the man who buys the various necessities and comforts of life. It is said of one labor leader that he receives \$15,000 a year. Probably this man does not work, on an average, more than three hundred days in a year, which is a high average; which would make his pay fifty dollars a day.

Yet he only demands *four* dollars a day for some of the men who assist in paying him this salary!

This looks like a poor quality of justice to me, but it at least demonstrates that all men believe in paying the best men higher wages than the inferior.

The conflict between employer and employee is natural, and there is no way of avoiding it. It must be fought out, day after day, year after year, and century after century.

WHAT ARE WE TO BELIEVE ABOUT EUROPE?

Four Travelers' Opinions

WHAT are we to believe about Europe? Whom are we to believe about Europe? Is she a total wreck? Is she wallowing in despair? Or is she almost entirely restored, and making ready for another war? Each traveler who brings a new theory, together with a batch of evidence and a set of conclusions, adds to the already indescribable confusion of mind.

Hundreds of Americans who toured Europe last summer have been interviewed by the newspapers. Most of them found things fairly normal. Beggars and cripples more numerous than of old. Prices a trifle high here, but lower there. Long skirts thoroughly established. Feverish gaiety in metropolitan centers. Americans chiefly in evidence in hotels, restaurants and race courses. Asked for information upon subjects beyond the new styles, the cost of lodgings, and the calculation of prices in depreciated currencies, they give out opinions which clash and contradict one another.

One man says Europe hovers on the brink of the abyss. The next asserts that business is more "normal" there than here. A few confine themselves to specific complaints. Thus Professor Henry S. Washington, of Carnegie Institute, contented himself with prophesying that Vesuvius will be in active eruption within three years. "The crater of the volcano has filled from a depth of 1,200 feet to within 300 feet of the rim." Another arrival concentrated his gloom upon the fact that the oak beams of Westminster have rotted and been replaced by steel girders. A melancholy symbol of the decadence of England! Nearly everyone feels called upon to mention the horrible effects of the war and the even greater ravages of peace. That seems to be required, like the visé on passports. But everything

imaginable is blamed for the war and the peace, from French militarism to the fall of German marks, and thus an element of novelty is injected.

What or whom is a stay-at-home to believe?

Samuel Untermyer, the lawyer, for instance, said millions more must perish in Europe. Charles Edward Russell, the magazine writer, said Europe was suffering chiefly from a state of mind. Felix Warburg, the banker, said we have starved Russia and the Central Empires into bolshevistic gangrene. Dr. John Haynes Holmes, the preacher, said Moscow was the most cheerful spot that he had seen in Europe, clean, contented, well fed.

Keen observers are at loggerheads. Consider their utterances one at a time.

Unless financial aid is given at once the downfall of European civilization threatens, according to Mr. Untermyer. Entire populations are in rags and starving. Millions more than were killed in the war will perish unless our aid is forthcoming.

"We should seize upon this as the supreme opportunity for human service. America would be loved and blessed by all nations for all time to come. The scales have fallen from our eyes and we see what pawns we were in the sordid game of European politics, and our impulse is to get as far away as possible from the whole wretched business. But it would be unpardonable and treacherous for us to do that. Any one who continues to prate about self-determination, plebiscites and other cant, deserves to be stoned," he concluded, assailing the Versailles Treaty as "a crazy-quilt peace, unsupported by a glimmer of justice."

Charles Edward Russell remarked that conditions in Europe were past all belief. Yet "Europe is suffering more from the state of mind of the common

people than she is from financial conditions, though they are critical. Everyone there seems overwhelmed in a flood of pessimism. What they need is an electric shock to rouse them from this crushing downheartedness. The best remedy, in my opinion, would be for the United States Government to appropriate the money to send the entire Senate to Europe and then see for themselves the mischief they have done. Every one talks of another great war that is to come. You can't seem to get it out of their minds, and they are desperate. Russia must be cleaned up before there can be any settlement in Europe, and this country must do it. No other country can do it. There is no doubt that Germany is banking on a war of reconquest of her shattered empire."

Felix Warburg, returning from Europe for the fourth time since the war, felt like "a physician who has visited a very sick person in the hope of finding him improved, and who comes back encouraged by some improvement, but discouraged that the treatment which the very sick body is receiving has not been given as prescribed. Europe expects of us to see that the patient is not abandoned until normalcy returns. As everybody else who has seen the impossible burden of non-productive armies and impossible prices of foodstuffs and raw materials in consequence of values

broken down by dread of further hardships, one must feel that the time for America to become active in helping the convalescent has come, both politically and financially."

In welcome contrast to these others, Dr. Holmes paints the first cheerful picture that has come out of Russia in months. He "saw in Moscow some of the best pavements in Europe, freshly laid; apartment houses from cellar to roof in as good condition as the best houses of the type in New York; stores and houses newly painted, well repaired, clean and attractive." It is true that "pigs and cows roam the city everywhere; flies, bedbugs and other vermin need to be exterminated; drinking water must be boiled; etc, etc. But improvement is progressing rapidly even in these particulars. Street cars are in good condition and running on regular schedules on all lines. . . . Business seemed to be flourishing. . . . Good food and plenty is procurable in all the hotels and restaurants. . . . The city has every appearance of thriving activity. The streets are crowded day and night with busy people. There are no idlers. . . . There are few rags."

Dr. Holmes saw no intoxication, no disorder, and policemen were so scarce that he had to hunt for them, going about the city at all hours in perfect security. In short, "Russia seems the brightest spot in Europe."

New York Races London for Financial Supremacy—We have heard and still hear much talk of New York taking the place of London as the financial center of the world. A recently published comparison of the London with the New York Stock Exchange tends to show London still in the lead.

The New York Stock Exchange, according to the *Statist*, "lists only about 1,800 securities all told, or only about one-fifth of the number quoted in London. The aggregate nominal value of stocks and bonds quoted on the New York Stock Exchange would be even less than one-fifth of the London fig-

ure. Tradition, size and organization all stand in London's favor, as also does its monopolistic character. In New York there are, besides the Stock Exchange proper, the so-called Curb Market and the Consolidated Stock Exchange, institutions with traditions and systems of their own, and, in addition, a very large number of independent brokers, each of which is a Stock Exchange in himself. Most of the latter come within the bucketshop category."

Wresting the financial supremacy from the ancient city on the Thames is likely to be a long and tedious business.

HAS AN EX-CONVICT A RIGHT TO A JOB?

By One of Them

What sort of a world does an ex-convict find waiting to welcome him when he is released from prison?

Has he a right to a job?

What reception does his honest statement of the facts about his record receive?

Do the labor unions—those alleged "fraternal" organizations—allow him to go to work?—give him a helping hand toward making a decent place for himself in society?

All these questions and many more are raised by the following account of a man's adventures in quest of a job after sixteen years in custody.

For obvious reasons the name of the writer of this article is withheld. Severe as his struggle has been he wants no assistance. He will make his way somehow, as he wrote in a letter to the editor of *CURRENT OPINION*.

He has set forth his difficulties, not to procure sympathy for himself, but to start people thinking, and get somebody to do something constructive toward the amelioration of the conditions that confront the man just out of jail.

EIGHTEEN years ago I committed a crime and after a two years' chase I was apprehended and sentenced, and in June of this year I finished a sixteen-year term of imprisonment. No, I didn't kill anyone, the crime was forgery, or, rather, a series of forgeries. So far, so good. I committed a crime and for its commission I paid with sixteen of the best years of my life, from my 29th to my 45th year. That is as it should be, perhaps.

During those sixteen years, or rather during the last ten of them, the State paid me at the rate of one and one-half cents for every working day. That, by the exercise of very considerable economy, enabled me to keep myself in tobacco, but during the last year, knowing that I would need every cent I could get on my release, I cut out tobacco, and so on the day of my release I received the customary ten dollars plus four dollars that I had saved from my 1½ cents a day. In addition I was given a suit of clothes that wore out at the trousers seat after exactly thirteen days, a single suit of underwear, a single shirt, shoes of a sort and a railroad ticket to New York.

Now for just a minute or two I have to blow my own trumpet, but it is only to make it possible for you to see that I am not an absolute rotter. While in prison I played fair with everybody, as

fair as I knew how, and the warden once told someone that "I was the greatest influence for good in the prisons of the State, not excluding the superintendent himself or any agency of the department." And I admit it. I deliberately, for my own sake and because I felt that if I had damaged society in one way it was my duty to heal that damage in any other that I found possible, served my fellow prisoners, the prison and the State to the best of my ability, and that ability was earning me \$20,000 a year before I was 26 years old. The reason for this digression will become apparent later.

We had gotten to the point where I stood at the gate of Sing Sing with \$14 in my pocket and held a railroad ticket for New York in my hand. By the way, among the other things that I possessed at that time was a very strong determination never to enter Sing Sing again.

I used the railroad ticket at once. I reached New York, a very much changed New York, but one that I had beaten once and felt I could beat again. I was a little bit bewildered, a good deal like a bird that has been let out of a cage but not in the least bit cowed. I was recommended to a group of bachelor hotels and found them every bit as good as their recommendation, which is neither here nor there.

Now I am an actor. For five generations my people have been actors, and though my father insisted that I work in the bank of which he was the head he could not keep me out of the profession, and for several years I devoted my days to the bank and my nights to the theater, paying an understudy to play my rôles at matinees.

But in June the theatrical business was dead. And though I longed with all my soul to get back stage in any capacity I recognized that there was no chance then, and I wasn't the least bit "choosey" about what I would do until I managed to get cast for something.

So as I have been blessed with rather a strong body I went down to the docks to see if I could get work unloading ships as a longshoreman. I went to the dock boss and asked him if he needed men. He said, "I need two hundred." Then I asked him to put me to work. He looked me over and said, "I'd like to, but you'll have to see the delegate." I saw the delegate and when he found I didn't belong to the union he said, "You'll have to cough up a couple hundred bucks for a card." If I'd had "a couple hundred bucks" at that time I wouldn't have considered John D. a bit richer than I. I tried several other docks with the same result. I saw I couldn't get anywhere there, so another idea struck me.

In prison I learned to be a tinsmith, and to make the work I had to do interesting I learned to be a good one, from handling "snips" to making patterns, which last involves a practical application of conic sections, the only practical use I have ever had of a large part of my education.

There was a great dearth of labor in the building trades at that time (there is yet, I believe), and I walked up Madison Avenue and came across a big job in progress. I asked for the superintendent of construction and told him I was a tinsmith, convinced him I was a good one, and then asked him for the job. He was so eager for a good workman that he offered me a dollar an hour

and a dollar and a half for overtime, and I could work as much overtime as I wanted to. When, however, it came to the point of actually hiring me he asked for my union card, and when he found that I didn't belong to the union he told me I would have to arrange it with the Delegate. (I am using the capital "D" advisedly.) This union was comparatively cheap, only wanted \$170. Might as well have wanted a million. With none of the unions was I able to make any arrangement for partial payment from my wages, though I tried.

This experience was repeated day after day for a week, when I decided that it was hopeless to continue along that line. So I began to look for any kind of work it was possible to get. No surety company could bond me, so it was out of the question to get work at the business I knew best. In other lines, because I insisted on playing fair and telling the prospective employer that I was an ex-convict, there was absolutely nothing doing. Leprosy must be a pretty mild kind of a disease, compared with criminalism, even though the State considered me cured; at least I assume that it did, for it turned me loose.

Then along came the railroad strike. "Ah," says I, "here's my chance." I was one of the first to apply for a strike-breaking job. I was welcomed with open arms, promised a wage in excess of that which the Labor Board ordered, quarters and food free, and congratulated on my courage. Until I told the employment director that I was an ex-convict. "Oh, what a fall was there, my brethren." I really believe that if I had not been physically larger than he he would have thrown me out of his office.

Now there is the problem. Surely I have a right to work for my living, a right that it is not just for any agency to deny me or to take from me. I have not applied to any charitable organization. I do not want charity. I will not accept it. I want to earn my own living without help from any one, and again I insist that I have a right to do this.

GOVERNOR MILLER LAYS DOWN THE LAW TO LABOR AND CAPITAL

GOVERNOR NATHAN MILLER of New York State—the choice of the Republican party for re-election this month—has been making speeches recently that have attracted nation-wide attention and started talk in political circles of his being made the next Republican Presidential candidate.

The Governor has been talking about Labor and Capital and Farmers and Industry, and the duties of all parties to supply the public with the necessities of life, no matter what happens to their personal disputes.

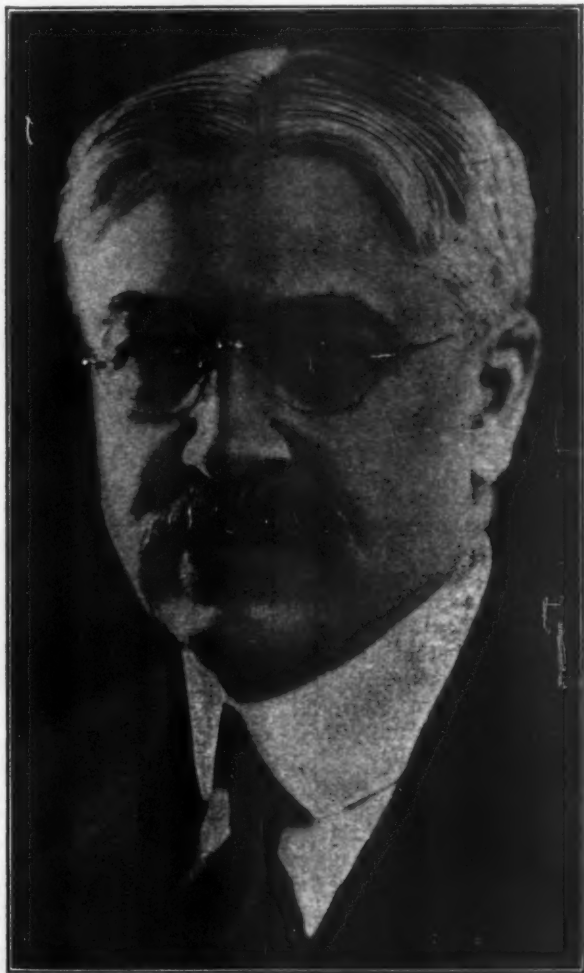
Up in Fulton County, New York (the Tryon County of Revolutionary days), the Governor, himself a descendant of Fulton County pioneers, addressed a luncheon of Johnstown city officials as a feature of the memorial celebration commemorating the 150th anniversary of Fulton County.

"Suppose all the farmers of the country got together and made a compact that they would stop producing food," said Governor Miller. "That isn't going to happen, but if it did the Government would have to come forward and tell them to start up production again." He continued:

The same rule applies to industry. Employers have no right, for the purpose of liquidating labor, as some of them say, to cease to produce. The people whose capital is labor, whose capi-

tal is what they produce by the labor of their hands, they have no more right to get together and by concerted action paralyze the production on a nation-wide basis of an essential necessity of life.

The time has come when we are



© Underwood & Underwood

A NEW YORK GOVERNOR OF PRESIDENTIAL CALIBER

To the record of Nathan Miller, re-nominated for the governorship of the Empire State, the Republican party points with pride and with thoughts of the White House.

face to face with the proposition in this country as to whether our American form of Government is strong enough, competent enough, to protect the public in their necessities of life from the effect of the dispute between particular groups of our people.

A man has a right to say whether he will work or not, and any attempt by the Government to compel a man to work under conditions not to his taste, not to his liking, would be, as I think Mr. Gompers has said, a form of slavery.

But the right of a man to work or not as he pleases does not involve any right in him to say whether his neighbor shall work or not as he pleases, and, while compulsion of labor might be slavery, the effect of any group of men to control on a nation-wide scale the production of any essential article or control transportation and to say not only whether they shall work, but also whether any one else shall work, is tyranny, and a free Government cannot permit either slavery or tyranny.

Our concept of liberty to-day is not precisely in accordance with the concept of those who were engaged in what were truly great events in Tryon County a hundred and fifty years ago. At that time the individual could do pretty much as he pleased. The frontiersman had almost unrestrained and unrestricted liberty of action. . . . That day has passed. . . . When public necessity intervenes, the right of the individual to do as he will must yield.



© Underwood & Underwood
ON HIM THE NEW YORK DEMOCRACY PINS ITS GUBERNATORIAL HOPES

The courage of ex-Governor Alfred E. Smith in braving Tammany and defying Hearst may be rewarded with a return ticket to Albany.

This speech was delivered on September 9th. A few days later the Governor addressed a huge crowd at the State Fair Grounds near Syracuse, and reverted to the same all-important topic. He said:

I am a firm believer in the utmost freedom of individual initiative and enterprise, but that doctrine has its limitations, and the limit of such freedom is reached when it becomes

a public menace, and that menace arises whenever the production, transportation or distribution of any essential article is controlled by a few.

We have recently had, we are still suffering from, an object-lesson and we shall be short-sighted indeed if we do not profit by it. The transportation of the entire country upon which the very life of the nation depends, has been impaired by a dispute between an association of railroad executives on the one hand and an association of all the shop craftsmen on the other. Similarly a dispute between associations of operators on the one hand and of miners on the other involving practically the entire production of the coal of the country, both anthracite and bituminous, has brought the country to the verge of disaster and still threatens general discomfort, if not distress, the coming winter from a shortage of domestic fuel. And if Government is to discharge its high function it cannot leave the public at the mercy of such disputants.

In the case of transportation the duty and power of the Government is plain because transportation has always been recognized as a public function. In the case of production the Government may not say to the individual producer to produce, nor to the individual worker to labor, but it has the power and, in my judgment, the time has arrived to assert the

power, to say that no association of individuals whatsoever, either of employers or employed, shall be permitted to conspire entirely to stop the production of any essential article of commerce.

Some other means short of the complete stoppage of production must be found to compose such disputes. A free Government cannot undertake to impose involuntary servitude, but it must protect those who wish to labor as well as the public from the tyranny of any individual or group which attempts to prevent all labor.

I believe in labor organizations. The individual worker cannot deal on terms of equality any more than the farmer can successfully meet his problems except by association with his fellows. Employers are organized. Labor must organize. But the general public must be protected from abuses of both forms of organization. It cannot be left to the mercy of either or both.

The truth is that the strike is an archaic weapon for the settlement of industrial disputes, though in the past it may have been the only available weapon. Those who engage in it, and their fellows suffer most.

If one can judge from these utterances Governor Miller would say also that the lockout is an archaic weapon from which its users suffer more than any one else, likewise. The cogency of the reasoning must be admitted.

The Bonus Bunk—Vetoing the Bonus is the best act Mr. Harding has performed so far in his administration. The Bonus was bunk from the beginning. It never would have passed Congress without the distinct understanding that it would be vetoed. The Congressmen wanted the American Legion lobby to believe they were in favor of the Bonus, so they passed it. They wanted the taxpayers in the country at large to believe they were not in favor of the Bonus, and so they arranged to have it vetoed.

A Round-the-Towner On Prohibi-

tion—S. Jay Kaufman is hardly the sort of man you would expect to be a prohibition enthusiast. Writing from London, however, he says that "although the people he meets declare that 'prohibition will never come to pass in England,' 'five years and England will have it,'" is his own opinion. There never was a greater mistake than to imagine that prohibition was put over by people who were in favor of Blue Laws. If a ballot could be taken in which only drinkers themselves could vote in the United States, it would be overwhelmingly against the saloon.

AN ARTIST WHO MAKES THE DRY BONES OF SCIENCE LIVE

EIGHT HUNDRED THOUSAND people, it is estimated, visit the American Museum of Natural History in New York City every year. They can see, if they choose, in the collections housed in that great building, a combination of science and art that is without parallel. We refer not only to the vividly reconstructed "groups" in which birds and animals are shown against a background of their natural habitat, but also to the anthropological exhibits and to the mural paintings in the Hall of the Age of Man. Foreign museums, notably those of London, Paris and Munich, have been frank imitators of the American example. Life-size animal restorations shown at the Hagenbeck Park of Hamburg may be traced to the same example.



OUR GREATEST PAINTER AND SCULPTOR OF ANIMALS
Charles R. Knight, who is shown here modeling a "grizzly,"
has a European, as well as an American, reputation.

In earlier years a museum was content to be a museum. Now it wants to become an art-gallery as well. In the case of the American Museum of Natural History, the artistic renaissance came as a result of the untiring efforts of Henry Fairfield Osborn, president of the Museum, who called into counsel men of the type of Hobart Nichols, painter of landscapes; E. W. Deming, painter of Indians; and Charles R. Knight, painter and sculptor of animals.

Mr. Knight has made it his special business to reconstruct the fossil remains of extinct animals and to clothe these creatures with appropriate fur. He has also spent much time in the reconstruction and portrayal of prehistoric men. His efforts in both fields have been reproduced and discussed in leading European journals, as well as in the American press.

From an article published in the *American Museum Journal* (now *Natural History*) and written by Mary Cynthia Dickerson, editor of that journal, we learn that Mr. Knight studied at one time under George de Forest Brush and Willard L. Metcalf. All the old keepers at the Central Park Zoo remember him when he was a small boy and was brought by his father on Saturdays to draw the animals. This, Miss Dickerson explains, was before the organization of the Zoölogical Park in the Bronx, which brought such large opportunities to him, with a freedom for work far in advance of that allowed in the zoölogical parks of Europe, where, however, he has done considerable study.

In 1896, when he first came to the American Museum, he brought a full equipment: mastery in the technique of



© American Museum of Natural History

ONE OF KNIGHT'S IMMENSE MURALS

This painting, now in place in the famous Hall of the Age of Man in the American Museum of Natural History, was made by Charles R. Knight under the direction of Henry Fairfield Osborn. It shows Neolithic stag hunters (7,000—1,500 B. C.).

pencil, water color and oil, and knowledge of the anatomic structure of living animals gained not from photographs but from life itself—these added to enthusiasm. His work at that time and during more recent years, constitutes what Miss Dickerson describes as "an entirely original line of study." She goes on to tell us:

"Mr. Knight combines in his restorations realism and artistic atmosphere, and backed by the facts of science and the opinions of a man experienced in making accurate deductions, he succeeded in making these animals, which have not walked the earth for a million or more of years, look as though they are alive and in their natural haunt. It was in connection with these restorations that he began his work as a sculptor, adding thus a new medium. He found it of practical help to model the animal first, working up the form from the fossil remains of the skeleton, then to place the model in the sun for

realistic effects in making his drawings.

"Before the time of Knight's work, all restorations of extinct animals, such as those of Cuvier and of Owen, had been without artistic effect, but many restorations made by the English artist Hawkins for Princeton and other museums were characterized by lack of accuracy. In great contrast stand Knight's series of paintings and models."



A LION AT BAY

This sculptural portrayal by Charles R. Knight of Chinese hunters pursuing a lion has all the vividness of life itself.

A PRIEST OF NATURE'S ORACLES

"A HUNDRED years hence 1922 will be remembered as the year in which W. H. Hudson died." So H. J. Massingham, editor of the *London Nation*, writes of the passing of the author of "Green Mansions," "The Purple Land" and of a dozen other books which have carried his name to the ends of the world. He was seventy-one years old when he died. He came into recognition late, and is even yet only known to a few. Yet Mr. Massingham calls him "a classic"; John Galsworthy pays tribute to him as the "most unique personality of the English-speaking world, perhaps the wide world"; and A. Clutton-Brock, in the *London Times*, declares: "He is the most enchanting of modern prose writers."

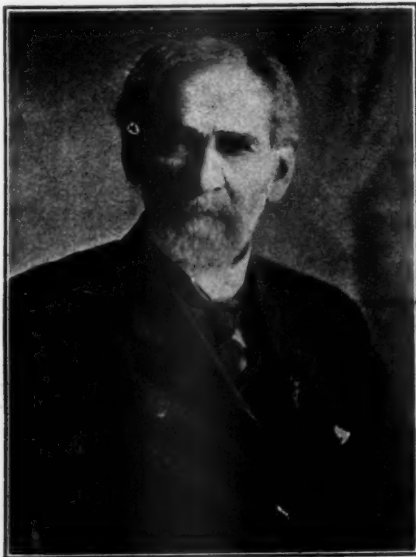
England, the United States and the Argentine all had a share in him. His father was of Devonshire stock; his mother came of a New England family; the land of his birth and upbringing

was the Argentine. As a boy he rode his own pony over the pampas or stood motionless among tall weeds, watching some living thing, an insect, perhaps, but oftener a bird. He has left in his matchless autobiography, "Far Away and Long Ago," a record of these early adventures, and in "Idle Days in Patagonia" and "The Naturalist in La Plata" has given an account of excursions into other parts of South America.

His first visit to England in the '80s led to the writing of "Birds in Town and Village," which the *New York Independent* finds as characteristic and as beautiful as any of his books. The *Independent* says:

"Never will one, after reading it, kill a song-bird or pass through grove or over meadow or moor without eye and ear attendant. The chapters describing his sojourn in a village which he calls 'A Paradise of Birds,' are a series of bird-idylls (besides an apologue as good as the best—that of the wryneck) almost as beautiful as the bird-odes of Shelley, Keats and Wordsworth; the idylls: of the kingfisher and the buttercup; of the tree-pipit on the elm-branch (the effect of the bird's last notes 'like that of the perfume of the honeysuckle'); of the wood-wren at the top of the beech; of the greenfinch, which emits, among sundry delightful notes and trills, a scream, 'as if some unsubstantial being, fairy or wood-nymph, had screamed somewhere in her green hiding-place.'"

Mr. Clutton-Brock speaks with special enthusiasm of "A Crystal Age," and finds implicit in it Hudson's philosophy of life. "It is not a Utopia," Mr. Clutton-Brock explains, "but a comment on all the Utopias, particularly on 'News from Nowhere.' Hudson could write of the glory of art as well as Morris himself; there is a passage about the different houses in 'A Crystal Age' which Morris would have envied; but to Hudson, as perhaps to Morris, there seemed to be in nature something incompatible with man's desire for peace and a stable beauty accomplished by himself."



"THE MOST ENCHANTING OF MODERN PROSE WRITERS"

W. H. Hudson came into recognition late, but is sure of literary immortality.

JOBS PROMISED EVERYBODY UNDER THE NEW TARIFF

By Representative Joseph W. Fordney, Author of the New Tariff Bill

WHEN I entered Congress as a representative in 1900, twenty-two years ago, I set out to study the tariff question from an American point of view. Whenever I had an opportunity I made a speech for protection. I helped frame the Payne-Aldrich bill and pointed out the dangers of the Underwood law. My ambition since then has been to help restore protection and help bring the country back to pre-war prosperity, so far as a tariff can accomplish that result. I am happy to say that my ambition has been realized and the new protective tariff has become a law.

The fight has been long and bitter—much longer and more bitter than I expected. Importers, foreign agents, wholesale dealers making large profits in foreign goods, organizations for what is called “fair trade” and “foreign trade” and “internationalism” exhausted every means to prejudice the public against the bill and defeat it if possible.

Of course, the bill is not perfect. No tariff bill ever is. But in its essential features it is protective and will, I am sure, assist in restoring prosperity and reducing unemployment. As usual, the cry is being raised by our enemies that the law will increase the cost of living by means of a tariff tax. It is said that everything people consume is taxed. Women are made to believe that the new tariff will tax all domestic and home-made merchandise, such as stockings, gloves, corsets, dresses, etc. It is not even explained that the tariff will not be on domestic merchandise, but on

foreign imported merchandise. This “higher cost of living” stuff has been worked to death. There is nothing in it. If prices go up at all within the next few months or any time before election it will be the result of the work of profiteers who want to deceive the people.

I have been unmercifully assailed by some importers and some wholesale dealers. My motive in exposing some of the methods of importers has been to show that American industries and American wage-earners have been getting the worst of it. I believe the United States should make and sell all the manufactured goods and should grow and sell all the crops it is possible for our people to consume and then some. Then I believe in keeping all American industries running and paying wages, so the American people can consume the great bulk of what we manufacture and produce.

I have no ill-will toward any one who has differed with me or said unkind things about me. It is a part of the game. I shall retire from public life after March 4th next with a record of public service continuing twenty-two years. This last battle for Americanism has been hard on me. I am almost seventy years old and have earned a rest.

I am certain the new tariff law will prove a success. It will raise approximately \$400,000,000 in revenue annually, will save many American industries and put many idle men and women to work.

The Sales Tax in France—Professor Alzada Comstock, of Barnard College, in a recent article written from Paris under the title, “Two Years’ Experience with the French Sales Tax,” says: “The consensus of opinion in business circles in France is that, as national

financial matters stand now, the sales tax, or, as it is called, the tax on turnover is an indispensable part of the fiscal system.” There is no doubt that a sales tax in the United States would be more practical, more just and more efficacious than the income tax.

AMERICAN MACHINES SET TWO NEW MARKS IN FLYING

GLENN H. CURTISS and Emile Berliner, Americans, are challenging the attention of the aeronautic world with two machines that are the last words in the science of air navigation. Curtiss has made a new record for sailplaning over water in a motorless machine by gliding through the air above Manhasset Bay, near New York, for seventeen seconds, and Berliner, in company with representatives of the Federal Air Service, recently saw a helicopter of his invention rise vertically from the ground and make a successful flight at College Park, Maryland.

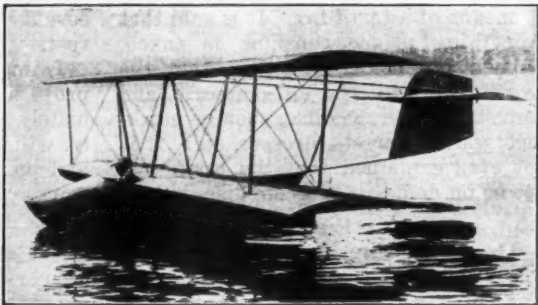
Efforts in gliding without means of a motor have hitherto been confined to a land type of machine which has been wafted into the air from a hilltop, as instanced by the recent tests in Germany. The problem involved in the German tests was one of maintaining balance on vertical air currents, whereas, on water, as Curtiss states, there are no such currents—the currents moving parallel with the water. The aquatic glider is patterned after the albatross, which takes off from a wave and soars immediately. To keep soaring the pilot must have knowledge of the variations of air currents over the water.

The machine, reports the *New York Tribune*, was hitched by a 50-foot towline to a speedboat which was racing thirty miles an hour when the towline was cut. The glider followed straight ahead in the wake of the speedboat and was aloft the stated length of time before its nose slanted downward. A perfect "landing" was made.

Except for its blunt nose, the glider is an exact copy on a small scale of the N. C. boats built by the Curtiss Company for the navy. Constructed of

duraluminum, a light metal, with spruce struts and silk-fabric-covered wings, the glider has a wing spread of 28 feet, a length over all of 24 feet, and a height of 7 feet. Its weight, empty, is 140 pounds. It has a system of shoulder controls, now obsolete in aeronautical construction, but popular with this inventor. On the side of the nose is a catch to release the towing rope when the plane has been propelled into the air.

Describing the vertical ascent of the Berliner helicopter, a writer in the *New York Herald* says that when the engine was started, with the pilot in his seat, "the two large horizontal propellers were revolving slowly while the small one on the rear of the fuselage was turning at a very high rate of speed. Suddenly, with only a slight increase in the speed of the engine, we noted the turning down of the elevators, accompanied by the tail rising to the usual horizontal flying position. But the machine as a whole was stationary. The sight was most uncanny to a man accustomed to seeing the tail of an airplane take the 'flying position' only after a speed of fifty or sixty miles an hour has been attained preliminary to 'taking off.' We watched to see what would be the next move and were re-



© Wide World Photos

THE FIRST AQUATIC GLIDER LANDS AFTER A SUCCESSFUL FLIGHT

Glenn H. Curtiss pilots a motorless machine for the space of 17 seconds in the air above Manhasset Bay, near New York, and again startles the aeronautic world.



© Harris & Ewing

THIS MACHINE RISES PERPENDICULARLY FROM THE GROUND AND FLIES AHEAD. It is a helicopter, invented by Emile and Henry Berliner, of College Park, Maryland, and declared a success, after 20 years of experimental work.

warded at once by seeing the wheels lift about three feet from the ground and the machine, first slowly, and then somewhat faster, start to move forward. We had witnessed the successful flight of a helicopter!"

The machine, shown in the accompanying picture, is not unlike the conventional airplane, the wings being replaced by two well-braced horizontal duralumin spars extending on either side sufficiently to allow the two large airscrews, mounted in a horizontal plane on the outer ends of the spars, to describe circles, circumferences of

which are only a short distance from the pilot located in the usual position. Under the airscrews on each side of the machine are a set of vertical control surfaces actuated like ailerons by a stick in the cockpit, the system of control being identical with that of any airplane. The only addition to the tail units is a small variable pitch propeller, revolving in a horizontal plane just forward of the vertical stabilizer. The pitch of this small screw is controlled simultaneously with the movement of the elevators. The machine operated perfectly on its pioneer exhibition flight,

AN INSECT THAT DEFIES THE MASTERS OF SCIENCE

A TINY insect is rapidly changing the face of the industrial world. It will soon be affecting not only masses of men and their labor in many lands, but ships and steamship cargoes on the seas. It is the now famous cotton boll weevil, which, according to the Chief of the United States Bureau of Entomology, is this season infesting 95 per cent. of the cotton-growing areas of America. The present plague is the heaviest ever recorded.

Every section of the cotton belt is

affected, and the outlook for the United States is very black, as the cotton reserves are fast being annihilated. Unfortunately, the only satisfactory weapon with which to fight the pest, calcium arsenate, exists in such small quantities that it is of no real service. The whole available supply of this poison will treat only 600,000 of the 34 million acres planted with cotton. We are told that American supremacy in cotton growing is seriously threatened. What this supremacy has been may be gathered

from the fact that 34 years ago the United States grew 3,420 million pounds out of the 4,783 million pounds produced by the whole world. Even so recently as 1906 we produced more than 13½ million bales out of the world's

crop of 21 million bales. Now, however, thanks to the cotton boll weevil and one or two other pests, the 1921 crop has shown a smaller yield in the American cotton belt than in any year since 1895. This year's prospects are even worse.

THE GLAND GRAFT

CONSIDERABLE attention has been paid to the grafting of the gland of an animal upon the sex gland of a human being. All sorts of clever advertising has been put forth. The public should be warned of the fact that this process is not yet dependable. Further than that, it is distinctly dangerous.

The following extract from an article by Nicholas and Lillian Kopeloff in the *New Republic* should be read by anyone who contemplates subjecting himself to this sort of surgical experiment:

No discussion of glands is complete without some mention of monkey gland grafts, and the Steinach "operations." In the former method the aim is to transplant the generative gland from monkey to man in the hope that the graft will "take" and make up for the atrophy of the generative glands which parallels senescence. While this method has much to recommend it on theoretical grounds, nevertheless, in practice it is beset with many difficulties. Grafts do not always "take." And if they do, it is questionable whether they can maintain their functional integrity. Furthermore, there is considerable evidence to show that there must be a real deficiency, such as is produced by castration, before the beneficial effects of these glands can be established. The most important consideration, however, is the fact that little is known concerning the influence of secretions thus acquired on the other organs and secretions of the body. In other words, by enhanced activity in one organ a severe strain is placed on the other organs of the body with serious, if not fatal consequences. It will be recalled that a Mr. Bacon who filled many columns in a New York journal with the details of his monkey gland operation finally entered the obituary column by committing suicide following his failure to attain the promised heights.

The Steinach method of rejuvenation which is creating such a furore in Germany and Austria-Hungary is simple in technique and can scarcely be called an operation. It requires an incision, to be sure, but this is merely to get at the vas deferens (excretory duct of the testicle) which is then ligated. This causes a certain amount of atrophy which in turn stimulates a substitutive activity on the part of the cells responsible for the internal secretion bringing rejuvenation. Again there is the danger of undue activity and patients are warned not to change their mode of living too quickly or too radically. The case of a Mr. Wilson in England has achieved some publicity. After having shown remarkable improvement he wanted to lecture on his own case and tender his praise to Steinach. He engaged the largest hall in London for this purpose, but with dramatic suddenness died of angina pectoris on the very eve of his triumph. "He had been so overjoyed with his newly gained physical and mental strength that he overdid the enjoyment of life." Thus ended the interest of the British medical profession in this operation.

Spectacular as are the possibilities for rejuvenation, and intriguing though they may be, the methods so far developed have failed to convince the critical endocrinologist owing to the failure to establish concordant results. Thus Steinach's method has been reported as successful in the hands of some, and as a failure in the hands of others. Such evidence has much in common with the "cures" of glandular therapy. The confusion of fact with fiction in this field is as much a challenge to the constructive attention of the layman as to the well-trained clinician. Majority opinions in medical science are only too often fallible, as has often been demonstrated, yet how much less can be said for the blind acceptance of a therapeutic procedure which is based on an inadequate physiology.

A MICROSCOPE THAT MAKES MICROBES LOOK LIKE ELEPHANTS

IN their relentless war on microbe-bred disease, scientists now have at their disposal a powerful new weapon in the form of a marvelous microscope that, by employing "dark light"—invisible ultra-violet rays—faithfully photographs the form and structure of *living* bacilli magnified 12,250,000 times!

The importance of the new instrument, perfected by Dr. J. S. Barnard, in charge of the British National Institute of Medical Research, lies in the fact that it shows sharply the living microbe 12 times larger than do other microscopes, which, in addition, reveal the tiny disease breeders only as dyed and shriveled corpses.

Minute markings, never before disclosed, can now be studied. In fact, the results so far obtained by Doctor Barnard by the use of ultra-violet rays seem to open up possibilities for the observation and photography of figures and events in the mysterious microscopic realms of the universe. In his experiments, reports Wilfred S. Ogden, in *Popular Science Monthly*, Doctor Barnard first used violet light, then the ultra-violet rays that gave him still better detail; and now he is experimenting with "soft" X-rays—weak X-rays that do not penetrate bone—the wave-length of which is shorter than that of the ultra-violet rays. Possibly it will be only a matter of time before radio-graphs will be available, revealing heretofore hidden details in the struc-

ture of these microscopic enemies of man.

Only a short time ago the accurate results obtained by the newest super-microscope were considered just as visionary as these possibilities of the future may seem to-day. For years the microscope has been limited to a useful magnification of 1,000 diameters, or an enlargement of a million times. Beyond that point it has started to break up light itself, giving a larger image but no more details.

To obtain an idea of the instrument as a whole, picture a powerful microscope, with all lenses and other portions through which invisible ultra-violet rays have to pass, of quartz crystal. Where in the ordinary microscope the eyepiece would be, is a camera, mounted on a vertical rod so that it can be swung round. On the same shaft is mounted a special eyepiece—known as the "fluorescent ocular"—for the purpose of focusing.

To obtain the ultra-violet rays, Doctor Barnard is said to use a two-inch electric spark between electrodes consisting preferably of cadmium or osmium. By means of a complex arrangement of prisms, not only is the visible spectrum of the spark obtained, but the ultra-violet rays, in which there is a considerable range of wave-lengths, are separated so that rays of only one wave-length may be employed. The future contributions of this super-microscope to science are incalculable.

WIND is caused by difference in temperature or by the rotation of the earth. An area of heat will cause the atmosphere to rise and create a vacuum into which the cooler air will rush. At the equator the earth rotates at the rate of a thousand miles an hour toward the east. It would seem then that the atmosphere ought to blow toward the west at the rate of a thousand miles an hour. But

as a revolving rod in a glass of soda gradually sets the surrounding liquid rotating at a like speed, so the atmosphere almost gains the speed of the earth and the air is practically calm. However, a slight difference in speed causes the so-called trade winds that blow somewhat steadily toward the west. At a high altitude these winds blow at about seventy miles an hour.



OBVIOUSLY it does not occur to E. W. Howe that he may be mistaken when he says, in his personally written and conducted Monthly, that "poetry—referring specially to composition in rhyme—is no longer popular, as it once was said to be." Mr. Howe adds that he does not remember when poetry was ever popular and intimates that it never has been widely read. Nothing, he maintains, can be said in verse that cannot be said better in prose. It is to be feared that such an arch critic, having an ear deaf to poetry, takes it for granted that all other ears are so afflicted, or should be.

It is contended that "the first business of what we call poetry is imagery, sentiment, exaggeration," and that "there is naturally less demand for this among men educated by long punishment and experience than there was back in the days when men believed in alchemy and the gods; but such demand for fiction as exists in later years is supplied by prose writers who have increased in cleverness and number, while the writers of verse have gradually found their occupation gone." In short, "there are no poets now, for the same reason that there are no stage drivers."

Mr. Howe is in much the same position as the man who objected to poetry on the ground that every time he got interested in a line it broke off. Poetry to him is as silly as a one-horse chaise in an age of automobiles. There is no license used by the old poets, says this scorner of Pegasus, that modern prose writers are not at liberty to use, and, in addition, the prosodists have invented a thousand new forms of fancy. From the heart of Atchison, Kansas, we are assured that "in our modern forms of telling lies, a Homer would

be helpless in competition with a fairly good country reporter."

Meanwhile the industry of the poets does not appear to be abating, and we even find such a one as John Gould Fletcher obsessed with the idea that every passing day that doesn't witness a poem from his pen is a day lost. Without siding with either Mr. Howe or Mr. Fletcher, it is our heretical belief that if most poets would industriously *live* and *grow* in spirit six days in seven and spend the Sabbath on a poem the result would be better poetry. When Mr. Fletcher does not let words run away with him, in his "Preludes and Symphonies" (Houghton Mifflin), he gives us such exceptional verse as follows:

IRRADIATIONS

BY JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

AN ant crawling up a grass-blade,
And above it, the sky.
I shall remember these when I die:
An ant and a butterfly
And the sky.

The grass is full of forget-me-nots and
poppies:
Through the air darts many a fly.
The ant toils up its grass-blade,
The careless hours go by.

The grass-blades bow to the feet of the
lazy hours:
They walk out of the wood, showering
shadows on flowers.
Their robes flutter vaguely far off there
in the clearing:
I see them sometimes from the corner of
my eye.

EPILOGUE

BY JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

THE barking of little dogs in the night
is more remembered than the shining
of the stars:
Only those who watch for long may see
the moon rise:

And they are mad ever after and go with
blind eyes
Nosing hungrily in the gutter for the
scraps that men throw to the dogs;
Few heed their babblings.

The tragedy of Ireland seems to us
to be apprehended with clear insight
and truly reflected in the following
verses, from the *New York Times*, by
a young poet in Oklahoma:

COVER YOUR FACES

BY MARY CARMACK McDOUGAL

COVER your faces, O women—
All you women of Ireland!
Cover your faces with your long hair
And weep into its darkness!

Yet weep not for the lad with the brave
gay eyes.
Not for the lad with the sweetly turned
lips,
Not for the lad with the laugh that is
stopped—
No, not for Michael Collins,
Although he lies strangely straight and
still.
Yet weep not even for him!

Cover your faces, O women—
All you women of Ireland!
Cover your faces with your long hair
And weep into its darkness!

Yet weep not for her whose spirit walked
always at his side,
Not for her whose eyes leaped to his eyes,
Not for her whose laugh answered his
laugh,
Not for her whose heart spoke to his
heart.
No, not for Kitty Kiernan—the woman
Whom this man loved—
Weep not even for her.

Weep not for Michael Collins, the
quenched flame;
Weep not for Kitty Kiernan, the broken
flower.

But weep, O women,
For all the lads of Ireland—
The glorious lads of Ireland,
Shattering each other's beautiful bodics,
Breaking each other's quivering hearts—
Brother against brother—
Brother against brother!

Weep, all you women of Ireland,
And weep all you women of the world,
Until your weeping is always a pitiful
murmuring in their ears—
Until your tears are always a pitiful
dripping on their hearts!
Until they shall let their guns fall to the
ground,
Until they shall stretch out their hands
to each other,
Crying, "Brother! Brother! Brother!"

Cover your faces, O women—
All you women everywhere!
Cover your faces with your long hair
And weep into its darkness!

Following is one of a group of poems
entitled "The Songs of Five Women,"
which we find in *Harper's*:

THE TOAST O' THE TOWN

BY JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON

O LOVE it was a rosy thing, a merry
thing, a gay thing,
It bloomed above this cold old earth like
roses on the snow.
It turned into a clawing thing, a cutting
thing, a stabbing thing—
I've loved a many times, my lass, and I
ought to know!

O Love it was a graceful thing, a tender
thing, a touching thing,
It bent above my lifting arms like wave
crests o'er the land.
It turned into a dull thing, a clumsy thing,
a crushing thing—
It's bruised me many times, my lass, I
ought to understand!

O Love it was a bloomy thing, a flamy
thing, a starry thing,
It flung me up above the clouds as stars
leap in the sky.
It turned into a leaden thing, a cursed
thing, a corpse thing—
And yet I turn and look, my lass, to
catch it, passing by!

What William Blake did in enduring
verse for the tiger, Mr. Wheelock may
not have succeeded in doing for the lion
in the following poem from the *Literary
Review*, but it is an admirable imagi-
native achievement, even though some-
what imitative:

THE LION HOUSE

BY JOHN HALL WHELOCK

ALWAYS the heavy air,
The dreadful cage, the low
Murmur of voices, where
Some Force goes to and fro
In an immense despair.

As through a haunted brain
With tireless footfalls
The Obsession moves again,
Trying the floor, the walls,
Forever, but in vain.

In vain, proud Force! A might,
Shrewder than yours, did spin
Around your rage that bright
Prison of steel, wherein
You pace for my delight.

And oh, my heart, what Doom,
What mightier Mind has wrought
The cage, within whose room
Paces your burning thought
For the delight of Whom?

Mr. Wood has managed to get both truth and beauty into the following sonnet, from the *Survey*. It impresses us as a very striking poem, and we use the adjective in no punning sense:

THE CLOCK WILL STRIKE

BY CLEMENT WOOD

HOW petty, then, the me above the you,
The birthmark moles of race and
shade and breed.

There is no sacred watermark of hue
Between us, when the skin is pricked to
bleed.

One may be branded with a younger face,
Closer to tree-tribes out of yesterday;
To-day, for all the strut of strength and
place,

They shall like brothers form to-mor-
row's clay.

Men slowly learn it is a twisted pleasure
To feed and drink upon another's loss;
Nor can man build again one breathing
treasure

Shattered on scaffold, battlefield or
cross.

The clock will strike the hour when we
may slay,

When lips learn to blow life within the
clay.

Among a series of odd little poems, in the manner of Ralph Hodgson, interpretive of Kensington Gardens, which occupy several pages in the London *Chapbook*, we select three as being most felicitous:

KENSINGTON GARDENS

BY HUMBERT WOLFE

THE BLACKBIRD

IN the far corner
close by the swings
every morning
a blackbird sings.

His bill's so yellow,
his coat's so black
that he makes a fellow
whistle back.

Ann my daughter
thinks that he
sings for us two
especially.

THE ALBERT MEMORIAL

IN his heavy
monument
Good Prince Albert
sits all bent.
Even death
could not assuage
the burden of
his golden cage.

THE TRAMPS

THE tramps slink in at half-past four
in the sweet summer weather,
and stretch upon the grass and snore
peaceably all together.

They look like litter on the grass
and not like sleeping men
that life—the feaster—dropped and has
not tidied up again.

Still under twelve years of age, Hilda Conkling, daughter of Grace Hazzard Conkling, is the precocious author of a second volume, "Shoes of the Wind" (Stokes), of quite remarkable verse—much of it poetry. That it should be written by one so young would seem incredible under other circumstances. We applaud twice in reprinting the characteristic poems that follow:

GERANIUM PEOPLE

BY HILDA CONKLING

CLOUDS were flying up out of the water.

Hills were like blue asters against white surf.

The wind blew from nowhere, from everywhere.

It did not know where it was going.

I saw red geraniums like falling stars,
Their heads still upright, though sunflowers were drooping;

When frost comes,
And the bleating hail,
These geranium people will not be strong
Any more.

APPLE-BLOSSOM TOWN

BY HILDA CONKLING

I KNOW an orchard . . .

Apple-blossom Town!

Bees live in the next village.

Pink and fluffy houses in the trees
Are for rent.

My thoughts tell me who will come . . .
These are trees that blossom with bees
and birds.

Here is a town with just enough air, just
enough sun;

Love enough, happiness enough.

THIS IS ABOUT MOUNTAINS

BY HILDA CONKLING

IT'S maple sugar time

In the mountains.

The brook has climbed its bank

To look over into the world.

Trees are beginning to think . . .

They stretch themselves.

The bareness of the woods will go

If the pattern of the year is what I
learned

Last Spring.

The mountains I knew best

Used to have festivals . . .

There was September on Starr King . . .

I remember the apple-sauce tree,

I remember how I would smash apples on
top of a rock,

Crush them with a stone for the calves
to eat.

How the chipmunks scolded me for taking
the apples!

Chipmunks own the mountains

But the mountains haven't heard about it
yet.

March maple-sugar and September apples
And a cave of honey the bees know,
And Hilda to think about them
Afterward. . . .

LITTLE GREEN BERMUDA POEM

BY HILDA CONKLING

GREEN water of waves

On the Bermuda beaches,

White coral roads running away,

Pink shells waiting for me to come,

I shall come some day.

How would it sound to be there alone

And hear the Atlantic Ocean

Crash on bright rocks?

This island is a great rainbow

That lasts forever;

People go and come

And the waves forget them.

I see the island turn and turn—

A soap-bubble with rainbows drifting
down,

A rainbow ball turning . . .

Always light, always glitter looking
through.

My poem that began with a green wave
Has broken into colors.

There is a smile, if not a poem, in the
ensuing lines which lighten the pages
of *The Bookman*:

AGE

BY DOROTHEA MOORE

A LITTLE gray ape has come
to stay with me.

Sitting close in the shadow
of my shadow.

Shall I disguise him with a
red coat and gold braid

Or introduce him to everybody
by his real name?

Cash prizes of \$50, \$30 and \$20 are
offered by Charles G. Blanden (Laura
Blackburn) for the best three lyric
poems submitted by members of the
Order of Bookfellows before December
31, 1922. The judges are Edwin Mark-
ham, William Griffith and Marion Cou-
thouy Smith. Poems are not to be over
24 lines in length and are to be unpub-
lished before and during the term of the
contest. They should be addressed to
Flora Warren Seymour, Clerk, 4917
Blackstone Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

WHO'S WHO IN THE BEST AND WORST PAYING PROFESSIONS

THE most indiscreet, and the most interesting, of questions is, "How much money does he make?" Of almost equal interest is the question of what lines of human endeavor are the best rewarded financially? In the *New York Times* we read that the best-paying professions, for those at the top, are the law and motion-picture acting and that the poorest paid are followed by men of science and preachers. The law and the films are said to be the only million-dollar-a-year professions.

True, we are reminded, Rockefeller and Ford have been estimated to make between forty and sixty million a year from oil and autos, Ford probably leading. A big world-supplying business is better than any of the professions. The quickest road to wealth is to invent some simple thing that everybody wants. Those who make a million or more a year by strictly professional activities can be counted on the fingers of one hand, probably borrowing one finger from the other, and they are all lawyers or actors.

Levy Mayer, of Chicago, who died recently, represented the packers, half a dozen trusts and a legion of wealthy men. He was reputed to earn more than any other lawyer in the country, in excess of a million a year. Samuel Untermyer estimated his vountary services to the Lockwood committee and the State of New York at \$500,000 a year, according to usual earning capacity, and it might be deduced when he worked a whole year for himself that his earnings exceeded \$1,000,000. Max D. Steuer, "the greatest trial lawyer" in America, according to Judge Shearn, his opponent in the Eno will case, recently made an affidavit that he received an average of "more than \$1,000 a day" for his appearance in court. A day in court is less than half a working day, and his yearly earnings are said to be somewhere near the \$1,000,000 mark.

Economically, the next best profes-

sion is prize-fighting. Jack Dempsey was credited with making \$500,000 last year, and he wants a purse of around half a million for his next fight. Benny Leonard is expected to earn more than \$300,000 this year. Law as a profession, however, has this advantage over its nearest rivals—the lawyer ordinarily earns more as he grows old, but the actor and fighter lose their great earning capacity when they pass their prime.

Looking over the sporting professions, or the ranks of those who amuse by their personal appearance in public, the most cultured and the most intellectual probably is Capablanca, the chess champion, who says that in his best year he has made slightly more than \$10,000. He probably could defeat Dempsey worse in a chess game than Dempsey could beat him in a prize-fight.

Caruso and McCormack are reported to have passed the \$300,000 mark a year, this income including their royalties on phonograph records. Muratore was alleged to have received more a night than Caruso, but many doubts have been expressed concerning this. Geraldine Farrar left grand opera because of the chance of making \$250,000 on a concert tour. Mary Garden also has been credited with the ability to earn a quarter of a million if she would star a season on the concert stage.

The high-water mark for playwrights was reached by Avery Hopwood in 1920, when he was receiving royalties from four shows on Broadway at the same time, playing to houses of more than \$56,000 a week. He was author or part author of "The Bat," "Gold Diggers," "Spanish Love" and "Ladies' Night." He also was receiving royalties from the performances of road companies in almost every State at the same time.

The pulpit is the poorest paid of vocations on the average. But not a few evangelists do very well. Far out

at the head of this class is "Billy" Sunday, whose earnings are not definitely known, but an unfriendly article in the *American Church Monthly* presents statistics from his mass meetings to prove that he has received more than \$200,000 a year. Sunday asserts that he gives most of it away.

Literature and art run a little ahead of baseball. Harold Bell Wright is on record in an interview as admitting that he made more than \$100,000 a year, and his pen has been reported to have brought him in a total of between \$1,500,000 and \$2,000,000. Booth Tarkington's successes in recent years were said to have produced an income of more than \$100,000. Robert W. Chambers and Gene Stratton Porter, according to literary statisticians, have been in the \$100,000 class. This, unjust as it may seem, is better than Babe Ruth can do. His baseball salary is generally guessed to be about \$50,000 a year, while his earnings on the stage and in

the movies and through the use of his name over columns of baseball chatter may bring the total to \$80,000 or \$90,000.

For the first time on record the best-paid poet receives a better income than the premier jockey. Walt Mason is alleged to do better than Sande. On rough information they are rated somewhere between \$25,000 and \$50,000. Since the days of Alexander Pope nobody has ever made poetry pay as Walt Mason has. It was hinted that Alfred Noyes did not do so badly, but he repudiated with indignation the boast that he "made it pay," saying that it was a worse insult than to accuse a man of marrying for money.

One hundred thousand dollars a year is more than the best actors and actresses can earn outside of the films. Ethel Barrymore went into vaudeville for a while at \$2,500 a week and was said to have touched the high mark on the vaudeville stage.

A DRIVE TO PROTECT AND ENCOURAGE THE SMALL INVESTOR

SOME day, probably not far distant, investment bankers are going to awake to a realization that it would be better for the security of their business and for the country at large that an investment house should have 100,000 small customers rather than 1,000 big customers. And, predicts Harry F. Guest, in the *New York Globe*, when that day comes it will mark the decline and fall of the promoter of worthless and fraudulent securities.

Reminding us that half a billion dollars is lost annually in the United States through the sale of worthless and fraudulent securities, the writer laments that at present there is absolutely no check upon stock promotions. "Neither the federal government nor the state government, the municipal or county authorities make the slightest effort to protect the public voluntarily from the sale of fraudulent securities. Their energies are confined entirely to

punishment, and except as this may in itself prove a deterrent, they do nothing to prevent the perpetration of such frauds." In no other crooked walk of life are there such freedom from interference, such opportunities for large profits at small risk, and so little likelihood of conviction if apprehended.

We are told that the brunt of the fight against fraudulent promotions today is being borne by three organized bodies and a few newspapers, among which the *Globe* has been active, and one or two financial magazines. The organizations are the Investment Bankers' Association of America, the American Bankers' Association and the vigilance committee of the Associated Advertising Clubs. While both banking associations owe their origin, in some measure, to a desire to do away with fraud in the distribution of securities, they have both deteriorated largely into protective organizations for the benefit

of their members, rather than for the safeguarding of the small and inexperienced investor. The vigilance committee of the Associated Advertising Clubs, on the other hand, has been very effective in its work along this line, considering the scope of its labors and the limited means it has to devote to this particular line of endeavor.

It is emphasized that by going after the business of the small investor the reputable bond houses can perform an inestimable service in smoking out the swindlers. Why, it is argued, should the business of investment banking be so different from any other business that persons of small means are not desired as clients? The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, the largest and in many respects greatest organization of its kind in the world, finds it

profitable to collect nickels and dimes from millions of persons scattered all over the country who invest in industrial policies. The investment banker claims it does not pay him to do business with a person who has less than \$1,000, preferably more, to invest.

What slight concessions have been made to the small investor in recent years by the big investment houses have been made grudgingly, so to speak. Not so many years ago bonds of less than \$1,000 denomination were comparatively rare. To-day most of the good issues can be obtained in \$500, and many of them in \$100 denominations. This is a step in the right direction. It has been years in coming, but it has brought the opportunity for investment in higher-yield securities nearer to the people of small means.

LEADING AMERICAN CROPS ARE APPRAISED AT \$5,708,000,000

SIX principal crops being harvested this year by 6,000,000 farmers of the United States are worth approximately \$5,708,000,000 to their producers at current prices, according to an official appraisal just issued by the Department of Agriculture.

These crops and their current values are as follows:

Wheat, \$721,000,000; corn, \$1,803,000,000; oats, \$404,000,000; cotton, \$1,118,000,000; potatoes, white and sweet, \$502,000,000; and hay, both wild and tame, \$1,160,000,000.

Farmers, with this degree of prosperity in sight, will be enabled to finance their buying requirements this fall far more easily than at any time during the last two years, government officials believe. Not only farm proprietors, but the entire rural population as well, will derive benefit from the harvest. A large percentage of that section of the population known as "rural," although resident in small towns, nevertheless derives financial support from employment on farms.

With the completion of the harvest, the farm and rural population groups will be able to come into the market for the manufactured products of the city, according to well-defined economic law. Prosperity for the city dweller is thus reflected directly from prosperity in the rural sections.

The 1922 financial return to farmers for their products in many cases will exceed the return of last year, the official reports show, as a result of increases in prices paid at the farm gate.

Corn on September 1 sold throughout the United States at an average price of 62.7 cents per bushel. A year ago the average price was but 56.2 cents. These prices are those actually received by producers at the farm gate.

Cotton shows an advance from 12.6 cents a pound (average) to 21.1 cents. The price of oats has advanced from 30.1 to 32.2 cents per bushel. Wild hay that brought the farmer \$7.50 a ton a year ago now nets \$7.76. Beans show an advance of nearly 50 per cent. during the year.

Wheat and some other crops show a price decline in comparison with a year ago. Owing to an increase in the size of the harvest, however, the return to agriculture for the entire crop will be

approximately equal to the return of 1921.

Wheat prices are likely to advance during the next few months, it is believed, owing to poor harvests abroad.

A MINNESOTA TOWN OF 15,000 IS MOVED TWO MILES

HIBBING has settled down on its new site in the great Mesabi iron region of Minnesota. It is estimated to have cost between \$15,000,000 and \$18,000,000 to move this town of 15,000 inhabitants off the rich iron ore bed it had grown upon—a moving bill of something like \$1,000 per head of population. Hibbing now stands two miles distant from the 40 million tons of ore it had locked up.

The story of the moving of Hibbing is part of the epic of steel. The town being in the way, the Oliver Mining Company, a subsidiary of the United States Steel Corporation, moved it and in the moving spent millions so lavishly that Hibbing is now described, in the *Christian Science Monitor*, as resembling, in the midst of the iron range, a jewel dropped on a slag heap. It has a \$3,000,000 high school fitted with marble and bronze. It has a \$500,000 hotel, expensive clubs, department stores, public buildings—a model city of real architectural pretensions that may be deserted in thirty years or so. When the iron is mined there will be no more reason for Hibbing.

Meanwhile two years ago the Oliver company, having pretty well exhausted the ore in adjoining sections, drilled its townsite property and found an immense body of ore lying under a surface so thin that mining would be quite inexpensive. As its lease was for a fifty-year term and time was passing, the company decided to remove the town—bag, building and baggage—to a spot two miles south where there was no ore.

Although the company held mining rights and could have evicted all residents on the tract, it chose to move

everybody, replace their homes or places of business intact, to build new on their own plans if so desired and to take payment in long-term contracts at low interest rates, to build streets, place sewers, lay sidewalks, and generally improve the new location.

The town on its own part put in schools and other public buildings. There are other schools almost as costly as the high school. There is a light, heat and power plant representing over \$1,000,000, which supplies heat, water and electric current for all purposes at less than cost; and there are innumerable other conveniences for living.

The town could afford it, as more than 96 per cent. of its tax receipts were from the various mining companies, outside corporations that could not move their property away in time to escape taxes.

As to the moving, we read that it was comparatively easy to lay out everything harmoniously and on a proper scale, and it was simple to save money by doing the work by wholesale. The moving of buildings was done by putting very heavy sets of small wheels under each corner of the building and hitching a tractor to them. Thus the structure would travel across the two miles from the old town to the new in a day.

The center of the new town is composed of new buildings, of steel and stone, brick and terra cotta, most of them built for the occupants by the Oliver company on the basis of payment on long time, with low interest on deferred charges. The removed structures mostly occupy the outskirts, being out of keeping with the character of the business districts.



Don Marquis— American Minstrel

DON MARQUIS, whose name has been identified for years with the "Sun Dial" of the New York Sun, has lately joined the staff of the Tribune, and is now conducting "The Tower," the popular "colyum" which appears daily on the editorial page of the last-named paper.

The change of position has coincided with the production of his first play, "The Old Soak," and preceded by a few weeks the appearance of his eleventh book, "The Revolt of the Oyster," a collection of humorous short stories. His writings include two novels, whimsical "Prefaces," and comic and serious verse, but he is probably best known and best loved as a columnist.

There is something universal about the characters that first disported themselves in his "colyum" and then marched into the hearts of the American people. "The Old Soak, Defender of the Faith," is a hold-over from "the old days, before everybody got so gosh-amighty good." The "vers libre cockroach, archy," serves to remind us that humans may be just as ridiculous to insects as insects are to humans. Captain Peter Fitzurse, the unconquered raconteur, is a gentleman of the old school whose comments on present-day civilization leave behind them a thought as well as a laugh. Fair Hermione, with her "Little Group of Serious Thinkers," was the pioneer of the flapper and may live after flapperdom and all its works are forgotten.

The true humorist has ever been the

man who has laughed that he might not weep, and Don Marquis is no exception. A spirit of intense idealism is evident in the early verse in which he wonders—

Which shall have ultimate dominion,
Dream, or dust?

He has learned to laugh at his own frustration, and to pierce shams and injustices with the gentle shafts of satire.

As illustrations of his current writing, we cite the following, entitled "Letters We'd Write if We Dared To":

DEAR MR. ROCKEFELLER: Enclosed is a stamped, addressed envelope. Won't you please tell me by return mail how to develop a golf game to the place where it will bring me a million dollars a week without working at anything else?

Thanking you in advance for this information, &c.

* * *

DEAR PRESIDENT HARDING: How in the world did writing editorials that read just like a marshmallow tastes ever get you so far ahead in politics? I have been writing bad editorials for many years, and all they ever got me was a raise in salary. What I want is the confidence of the people.

Eagerly waiting anything you may or may not say, I am, &c.

* * *

DEAR MR. HEARST: Once, a good many years ago, I worked for you, although you couldn't be expected to know about it, for the city editor found it out first, and told me to get to hell out of there. But there was a fellow working there that used to be a Congressman, the boys said, and you were being nice to him because he used to be a Congressman, and everything. Well, what I want to know is this: After this Mr. Hylan gets through being a Mayor, and everything, will you give

him some kind of a job around one of your offices, with not much to do, and have everybody treat him kindly? Because, you know, he was a pretty good friend of yours when he was somebody. You ought to. Just between you and me, there wouldn't be much to that man if his friends dropped him, and I'm kind of worried about his future.

I am, as ever, one of your most amused spectators, &c., &c.

Here are "The Thoughts of Hermione, the Modern Young Woman," brought up to date:

We . . . that is, my Little Group of Serious Thinkers and myself . . . have been taking up Coué in a *very* thorough way. We gave an entire evening to him this summer and threshed out his philosophy thoroughly.

Aren't his ideas just simply *wonderful*!

* * *

Dear Aurelia Dart . . . you know Aurelia Dart the harpist, don't you? Well, dear Aurelia was getting *frightfully* stout. Her arms were losing their character and individuality entirely. And she used to have the most *beautiful* arms!

Fothergil Finch used to say they were *poetry*, you know, and *music*, and all that sort of thing! One could look at Aurelia's arms and believe in the Absolute Rightness of the Cosmic All, if you get what I mean.

* * *

They were so much like themselves, and so distinctly unlike any other arms in the world, that they always gave him an overwhelming realization of the Distinctiveness of the Unique, Fothergil used to say.

"They remind me of a line in one of dear Susan Glaspell's plays, where a character speaks of the Integrity of Otherness," Voke Easeley said one evening.

* * *

But, of course, when they began to get too plump they lost all their Otherness, if you get what I mean.

Aurelia dieted and dieted, and exercised and exercised, and drank all kinds of mineral waters, and read the Zend Avesta, and took up tennis, and massaged and massaged, and cut out sweets, and steamed and steamed and steamed herself, and went in for Theosophy and called in an osteopath and a yogi, and *none* of it did any *real good*!



© Paul Thompson

HIS NAME IS A HOUSEHOLD WORD

"Don Marquis," says Richard Le Gallienne, "in a great comfort. We naturally drop the 'Mr.' in his case, as we drop it with our familiar friends, being, as he is, a household word."

And then she took up Coué in a serious way. And I took up Coué, too, and helped her hold the thought. We used to say, a hundred times each morning: "Day by day, in every way, Aurelia's arms are getting slenderer and slenderer!"

And in less than a month they were their old selves again . . . as beautiful as Greek temples, as Fothergil Finch said.

Isn't it just *simply marvelous* what Mind and Spirit will do!

Here are some of the recent reflections of "archy the cockroach":

a fish who had
swallowed an angle worm
found all too late
that a hook was nestling
in its midst ah me
said the poor fish
i am the most luckless
creature in the world
had you not pointed
that out said the worm

i might have supposed
myself a trifle
unfortunate
cheer up you two said
the fisherman jovially
the first two minutes
of that hook are always
the worst you must
cultivate a philosophic
state of mind
boss there is always
a comforting thought
in time of trouble when
it is not our trouble

archy.

All of this should be read against the background of Don Marquis' earlier poems, which appeal to so fastidious a critic as Richard Le Gallienne as "masterly" and as "genuinely, thrillingly haunted with, so to speak, cosmic as well as personal hauntings; with deep beauty and sometimes almost with intolerable heartaches." We find, for instance, in "Poems and Portraits," a poem entitled "The Jesters" which almost expresses the entire philosophy of Don Marquis:

WE cannot help it, we are cursed
With an incorrigible mirth;—
Although we too have saddened with the
clouds that shadow
The disconsolate Earth;
Although we too have mourned with all
mankind the disillusion of the barren
years;—
Although with all mankind we drink the
acid tears;—
Although we too have stolen cowering
through the nethermost
Dim crowded hells
Where in the common terror of doomed
multitudes
The vague ghost cringes, huddling toward
his neighbor ghost,
And each finds each the mirror of his
sins;—
Although we too have sought beyond the
outmost bounds of space
A god of our imaginings,
His will, his form, his face,
To sink again with baffled wings
For that we only found familiar riddles
there;
Still, in our ultimate
Numb moments of despair,
Still, in our desolate

Bowed anguish here beneath the whips of
fate,
Still, when we reach the dark way's darkest
end
And by the blind wall droop with none to
friend,
Then, of a sudden,
Some perverse humor shakes us, and we
laugh!
Some tricky thought will grip us, and we
laugh!
Some rebel mood will seize us, and we
laugh!
Ho, Jove! loose all your peevish lightnings
from the height,
And slay me, Jove!—but in the end some
brother clown
With desperate mirth will laugh your
foolish godhead down!

The "completeness" of Don Marquis is what appeals to Richard Le Gallienne. In a recent appreciation in the *New York Times* which Don Marquis says that he enjoyed more than anything else that has ever been written about him, Mr. Le Gallienne says:

In a time when, as scarcely ever before in the history of letters, every minor poet Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And deems to shake the spheres,
Don Marquis is a great comfort. We naturally "drop the 'Mr.'" in his case, as we drop it with our familiar friends, being, as he is, a household word. To some it may be hard to realize that the inventor of "Archy the Cockroach," "Hermione" and "The Old Soak" is also the writer of the remarkable poems of "Poems and Portraits." We are so unaccustomed nowadays to "complete" men in any sphere of activity, least of all in the sphere of literature, that the combination of humorist, journalist and poet is hard to credit. The phenomenon was not always so rare, as the names of Tom Hood, Théophile Gautier, H. C. Bunner, Eugene Field and Andrew Lang bear witness. Thackeray may be added to this company, and now, far from least, Don Marquis. Don Marquis is a human being, a fellow man. It looks almost as though he may be the last of his clan. He is not ashamed of being versatile, of doing many things well. He is not afraid that his "art" as a poet may suffer less "highbrow," even "Philistine" faculties which contribute to make him, in Bacon's phrase, "a full man."



Dividend checks from the American Telephone and Telegraph Company are received quarterly by more than 200,000 telephone users.

Owned by those it serves

Less than fifty years ago an application was made for a patent which created the possibility of speech between distant points. It was the culmination of years of study, research and experiment. It suggested a new aid in commerce and domestic life; a new tie to bind the people together. But it was only a suggestion—a dream.

To make that dream come true required the creation of an organization unlike any other. It demanded a kind of scientific knowledge that was yet to be formulated, as well as a type of equipment still to be devised. And it necessitated the financial and moral support of many communities.

Out of this situation grew the Bell System, bringing not only a new public service, but a new democracy of public service ownership—a democracy that now has more than 200,000 stockholders—a partnership of the rank and file who use telephone service and the rank and file employed in that service. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company exists to serve the people and is

owned directly by the people—controlled not by one, but controlled by all.

Evolution is going on. Each year the ownership is more widespread. Each year the various processes of the service are performed more efficiently and economically. Each year new lines and extensions are constructed. The responsibility of the management is to provide the best possible telephone service at the lowest possible cost and to provide new facilities with the growth of demand. To do these things requires equipment, men and money.

The rates must furnish a net return sufficient to induce you to become a stockholder, or to retain your stock if you already are one; after paying wages sufficient to attract and retain capable men and women in the service. They must adequately support and extend the structure of communication.

These are considerations for the interest of all—public, stockholders, employees.

"BELL SYSTEM"

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

*One Policy, One System, Universal Service, and all directed
toward Better Service*





FINANCE & INVESTMENT

STUDENTS of business movements are not in agreement as to the duration of a business cycle—that round of business which runs through depression, recovery, activity and prosperity. The disagreement is easy to understand. Previous cycles have not been of the same duration. It is also necessary to define such terms as depression, recovery and prosperity, and to determine, in some degree, at least, their relations to one another.

There seems, however, to be agreement that this country passed out of a period of prosperity in 1920 and entered the stage of recovery about June, 1921. Where mere recovery ceased or will cease, where activity began or will begin, when prosperity will begin and what it really is are all unanswered questions.

It is easier to say a new business cycle has begun than to tell the stage it has reached, and so arbitrary a thing as "recovery" might continue for an indefinite time. The interesting question is not the length of a business cycle, but the stage of the present one, and the chances for its orderly development through the several processes.

If it is agreed that "recovery" from depression is the present status, how distant is the concluding stage—prosperity? At this point there is occasion to indulge the hope that prosperity, as commonly defined, is far away. Prosperity means expansion first, inflation later; it means speculation, instability, the unseating of sound business judgment; it bears within itself the germs of the disease that ultimately destroy it.

Progress of the Cycle

The business cycle does not progress by plan or rule. It is subject to delays, interruptions and violent reverses. War may be placed in the latter category.

Strikes interrupt and delay progress. There must always be a fine adjustment between such things as prices, capital supplies, transportation equipment and efficiency, credit and interest rates, if the cycle is to have orderly development. Such adjustment is now lacking. The prices of farm products and those of industry are out of joint. The development will not, therefore, be orderly.

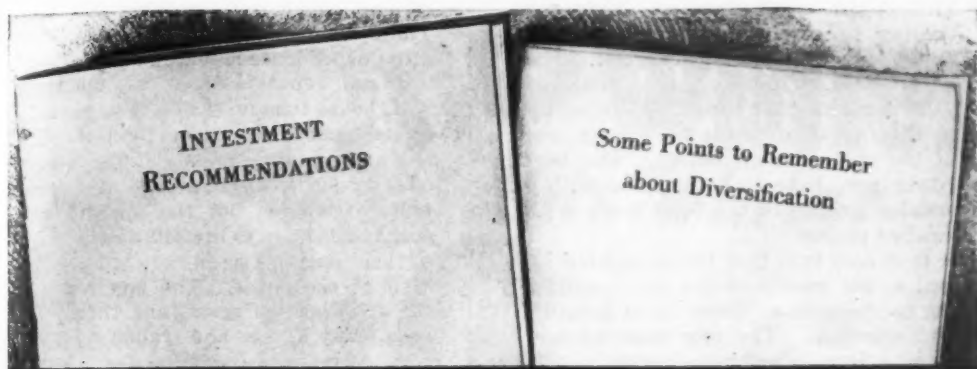
Changes in Investment Conditions

The investment situation changes with the cycle's progress. The "recovery" period begins with capital timid, investors shy and interest rates high. Borrowers must tempt capital by offering high interest rates. Bonds are offered instead of stock issues, either preferred or common. Dates on which the bonds may be called are fixed so that as early advantage as possible may be taken of lower rates. The investor's risk is reduced to a minimum.

Apparently this cyclical stage is nearing the end. Interest rates are falling. Preferred stocks are beginning to make timid appearances. With these the risk is increased and the interest yield is increased accordingly. In due course common stock, with higher risk, and chances of larger rewards, will come. The bond stage, however, is still here.

Bonds

The number of holders of bonds has been increasing rapidly. The average amount of bonds purchased at one sale has decreased, according to several large bond dealers, from \$12,000 to \$15,000 to about \$3,000. The sellers of bonds must, therefore, make wider appeals to prospective purchasers and find more of them. One reason for the increased popularity of real estate mortgage bonds is the active efforts dealers in this kind of security have made to



Do you invest? Let this service assist you

THE monthly booklet of Investment Recommendations issued by this Company aids many bond buyers in shaping their investment policies.

The booklet contains a carefully selected list and descriptions of bonds so diversified as to afford the investor a range of choice among various types, maturities, and yields. Accompanying the booklet is a

leaflet on some phase of investments or the investment market of interest and value to bond buyers.

At any of our offices you can obtain this booklet and the personal assistance of our representatives in selecting bonds best suited to your needs. In addition, if you will furnish us a list of your holdings, we are prepared to review them and to suggest suitable exchanges.

MAIN OFFICE: GUARANTY TRUST COMPANY BUILDING, 140 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

OTHER OFFICES:

NEW YORK

Fifth Ave. & 44th St.
Madison Ave. & 60th St.

ALBANY, N. Y.

ATLANTA, GA.

BALTIMORE, MD.

BETHLEHEM, PA.

BOSTON, MASS.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

CHICAGO, ILL.

CINCINNATI, O.

CLEVELAND, O.

ERIE, PA.

HARRISBURG, PA.

HARTFORD, CONN.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

PORTLAND, MAINE

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

READING, PA.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

SCRANTON, PA.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WILKES-BARRE, PA.

Guaranty Company of New York

attract the small investor. Concerns dealing in corporation and municipal bonds have not been so energetic. The latter have, however, made bonds of \$100 denomination usual. Wrapped up in this question is the very large one of the cost of distribution. The borrower may have to be satisfied with a smaller amount or the bond house with smaller profits.

It is also true that bonds secured by real estate mortgage are less mystifying to the public. Property is tangible and concrete. The mortgage against it is a lien. Nothing else is up for consideration except the relation of the amount of the loan to the real or appraised value of the property and the

income which will amortize the loan. There are important exceptions. More often dependence is placed on the standing and reputation of the mortgage bond house than on the facts as revealed by any independent investigation. The character and reputation of the concern offering such bonds for sale is momentous, of course, but the purchaser of such bonds owes to himself as great care in their selection as in that of any other kind of securities. The opportunities for error are as great, and there have been many abuses and frauds.

Demand for Capital

Offerings of investments to the public are going to continue without abatement. The demand for capital from domestic enterprises is unending, and foreigners are coming to this market in increasing numbers. The investor of to-day must be alert and well informed. Otherwise he must buy on faith. At present his faith in foreign securities does not extend beyond those issued or guaranteed by governments or governmental divisions.

The briefest survey of the situation indicates the responsibilities which the bankers face if they are to hold the confidence of the investors. It may be that the prospect is overestimated. Large investments abroad bespeak a great foreign trade. Foreign trade includes buying as well as selling—trading, in fact. Plainly the policy of the United States as marked by the tariff law, and of traders and producers, as shown by statistics, is to sell as much as possible abroad and buy as little. Such a policy, applied indefinitely, brings its own reversal of foreign trade relations which diminish to the vanishing point.

Those Foreign Debts

This policy finds expression in the official and popular attitude toward the war loans to the Allied countries. There may be, and probably are, very good reasons why they should not be cancelled. But these reasons are diplomatic or moral; they are not economic or selfish, while the government's policy, as implied in the new tariff act, speaks for cancellation.

The debts can obviously be paid only in goods. If so paid, the balance of trade must run against this country

40% Profit

The average profit on all recommendations of the Babson Speculative Service since the beginning of the present period of accumulation, December 27, 1920—now stands 40%—on an average investment of 10 months.

Babson's REPORTS

If you would like a similar return on your money without the risk, worry or loss of time involved in ordinary speculation tear out the Memo—now—and hand it to your secretary when you dictate the morning's mail.

Booklet Free!

Your request will bring you full details of the Long Swing Method and booklet "Getting the Most from Your Money", which has solved the investment problem for over 17,000 of America's keenest investors.

Tear out the Memo—now

MEMO For Your Secretary

Write the Babson Statistical Organization, Wellesley Hills, 82, Mass., as follows:
Please send me Bulletin L58 and booklet "Getting the Most From Your Money"—gratis.



-no winter this winter California



mail
this

You and Your Family should spend this winter out-of-doors in California—

There are excellent schools for the children and golf links galore for you.

Then—for the week-end—motoring over perfect highways, along the base of green-clad mountains and by the sea.

There are luxurious resort hotels and cozy inns, or, rent a bungalow and enjoy your own rose garden.

The Santa Fe operates four daily trains to California. One of them—the California Limited—is exclusively for first-class travel and Fred Harvey serves all the meals "all the way."

Spick-and-span-new steel equipment on the California Limited.

There are Pullmans via Grand Canyon National Park, to Los Angeles, on both the California Limited and the Missionary. We will arrange your Pullman reservations so you can stay at the Canyon any number of days and be assured of your space when resuming journey.

Why not visit Southern Arizona, going or returning? It is delightful at Castle Hot Springs, Ingleside and Chandler.

—Hawaii afterwards—

Mr. W. J. BLACK,
Pass. Traf. Mgr., Santa Fe System Lines
1106 Railway Exchange, Chicago.
Please mail to me following Santa Fe
booklets:

California Picture Book
Grand Canyon Outings

Also details as to cost of trip.

For details as to winter excursion fares, Pullman rates, illustrated booklets, etc., mail the coupon, or call on nearest Santa Fe representative.

W. J. BLACK, Passenger Traffic Manager
Santa Fe System Lines
1106 Railway Exchange, Chicago, Ill.

Harvard Economic Service

will enable you to make allowance in your own organization for future business conditions with a maximum degree of safety.

This Service is the product of years of research in the field of economic statistics, and includes a new and scientific system of business forecasting of proven dependability since the close of the war.

Subscribers were warned of the severe depression of 1920 fully six months before it occurred. They are now receiving forecasts of events for the coming months. Price \$100.00 a year.

*Write for Folder and Latest
Weekly Letters*

HARVARD UNIVERSITY

Committee on Economic Research
115 Wadsworth House,
Cambridge, Mass.

FURNESS-BERMUDA-LINE

(Under Contract with Bermuda Gov't)



Offers Bermuda Tourists

the following exclusive advantages:

SAILINGS TWICE WEEKLY

via Fastest Steamers on Route

Landing Passengers directly at Hamilton Dock, avoiding inconvenience of transfer by tender.

Tickets good on either Steamer, insuring unequalled express service via Palatial Twin-Screw, Oil-burning Steamers

**S. S. "FORT VICTORIA" and
S. S. "FORT ST. GEORGE"**

From New York Every Wednesday and Saturday
From Bermuda Every Tuesday and Saturday

Special Holiday Sailings

Leaving New York December 20, 23 and 30
for Christmas or New Year's in Bermuda.

Bermuda offers all Out-door Sports including Golf (Two 18-Hole Courses), Tennis, Sailing, Bathing, Trapshooting, Horse Racing, Fishing, Riding, Driving, Cycling, etc.

Modern Hotels—No Passports

Book Now for Winter and Holiday Sailings
For illustrated booklets write to

FURNESS-BERMUDA-LINE

34 WHITEHALL STREET :: NEW YORK
Or Any Tourist Agent

over a number of years. That is, we must buy enough more goods than we sell to equal the amount of the debts. We have neither the desire nor the disposition to do any such thing. The suggestion that payment be deferred and that the debts be refunded for a long term at a low rate of interest or without interest, is finding favor. It is a fatuous compromise between our desires and our reason. It may be good policy, but it isn't good sense.

If the condition of the debtor nations is to rule—if it is argued that we should cancel the debts because they can't pay—the question passes out of the realm of economics and into that of charity. The problem can then be given only an emotional solution.

Foreign Banking and Foreign Trade

Efforts to extend foreign trade by organizing foreign banks under new laws have been disappointing. Banks formed under the Webb law, as well as those organized before that law was made, seem to be going out of business as rapidly as possible. The cause is simple. Too much law. Congress undertook to specify what such banks could and could not do, mostly the latter. These foreign banks could do little that the regular commercial banks could not do as well, if they chose or if they found profit or advantage in it. However, the difficulty lies deeper. There is too much evidence that we do not want foreign trade. We want export trade.

The Reserve Banks

These indispensable institutions are becoming what they were intended to be—protectors of banking reserves. They performed usefully during the war and after it, but in a manner and to an end far removed from the designs of their promoters. They made large profits, built great buildings, organized and trained staffs—in fact, they expanded themselves as occasion demanded. They will have to do as every other business has done, and contract themselves as necessity dictates.

Their profits have diminished, and they should make no effort to increase them. The less attention they attract as anything but banking forces, the less notice they will receive from the political forces.



Mauretania

The Blue Ribbon Ship of the Atlantic

to the Mediterranean

The Luxury Cruise—Next Winter

From New York February 10th, 1923

All that can be said of luxury in travel on sea combined with speed and perfect ship management is expressed in that magical word **Mauretania**.

And as for the **Mediterranean**—no single word is so full of meaning, so storied, so pictured, so compelling to the imagination. Blue skies, blue waters, sunny and fascinating. The most wonderful of all cruising waters and shores in the world.

Together these two words, **MAURETANIA—MEDITERRANEAN**, picture an ideal—a dream made real, under the experienced Travel management of the American Express Travel Department in full cooperation with the Cunard Line—with all this means in service and cuisine.

Inland excursions planned from all ports of call—Madeira—Gibraltar—Algiers—Monte Carlo—Italy, Rome, Naples—the Dardanelles—Constantinople—Greece, Athens, Eleusis, Marathon—Palestine, Haifa, Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Nazareth, Tiberias, Damascus—Egypt, Cairo, Memphis, and up the Nile to Luxor, Karnak, Thebes, Assuan and the First Cataract. This special cruise of the **Mauretania** will long be remembered as an unique epoch in Cruising history.

ALSO:

The Pacific Liner "Ebro" to SOUTH AMERICA

68 days across and below the Equator. From New York, Jan. 24, 1923

Visiting the most interesting ports including Robinson Crusoe's Island—across the Andes Mountains. 8 days at Rio de Janeiro (Brazilian Centennial Exposition). \$1890 and up. Also several special tours to the Brazilian Exposition up to February 17.

For full information, details, itinerary, etc., call at any American Express office or write direct to

American Express Travel Department
65 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Wherever you travel always carry American Express Travelers Cheques





Write to the Travel Information Department for information on Hotels and Resorts, Railroads and Steamship Lines. **CURRENT OPINION** through this Department will give you accurate travel information free of charge.

If you are going to Europe, to the Orient, to the Pacific Coast or to the Atlantic Coast, or anywhere, let **CURRENT OPINION** help you choose the best routes, the best places to stop, and tell you what to see en route.

In writing, please be as specific as possible so that we can be of real service in helping you plan your trips. Address all inquiries to the Travel Information Department, **CURRENT OPINION**, 50 W. 47th St., N. Y. City.



WINTER VACATION VOYAGES

MEDITERRANEAN

ADRIATIC (24,541 tons)

Jan. 6, Feb. 24, 1923

LAPLAND (18,565 tons)

Jan. 18, Mar. 10, 1923

World-famous for steadiness, de luxe quarters, cuisine and service. For travelers of discrimination. Ample time for delightful visits ashore.

Round trip cruise bookings.
To Naples via Egypt and the Holy Land.
One way bookings to Egypt.

Itinerary: Madeira, Gibraltar, Algiers, Monaco (the Riviera), Naples, Alexandria (for Egypt and the Nile), Haifa for Jerusalem, and Athens (Phaleron Bay).

WEST INDIES

MEGANTIC (20,000 tons displacement)

Jan. 15, Feb. 17, Mar. 22, 1923

Magnificent cruising ship of admirable construction for tropic voyages. Premier steamer to the West Indies.

Rates \$250 Upwards

Itinerary arranged by Cruise Department of more than 25 years' experience in the West Indies. From New York to Havana, Haiti, Santiago, Kingston (Port Antonio), Panama Canal (Panama City), La Guaira (Caracas), Trinidad (La Brea), Barbados, Martinique (St. Pierre), St. Thomas, San Juan, Nassau, Bermuda.

Inquire for booklets and detailed information

WHITE STAR LINE
AMERICAN LINE  RED STAR LINE
INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY

No. 1 Broadway New York City

THE CRUISES SUPREME

AROUND the WORLD

by Specially Chartered
Cunard Liner

"SAMARIA"

January 24 to May 31, 1923
Sailing Eastward from New York

Like a story from classic mythology—like reading the tale of an argo that hove anchor and sailed clear around the globe in quest of the wonders and mysteries, the splendors and beauties of the world—finding them in their full glory while Spring was waking in each land!

Just such an experience is offered you by our Golden Jubilee Cruise, which commemorates the 50th year since Thomas Cook, the founder of our organization, conducted the first tour around the world. A superlative itinerary—127 joyous, crowded days.

CRUISE LIMITED TO 400 GUESTS.

To the MEDITERRANEAN

by Specially Chartered
White Star Liner

"HOMERIC"

Sailing January 20
Returning March 28

Here is a pageant of life, everlasting in its fascination, ever-changing in its daily scene. Throbbing spectacles of the Mediterranean cities—man and nature imbued with glamour—unforgettable monuments to civilizations now dead.

Sixty-seven glorious days—fourteen thousand miles. Optional visit to Paris and London on the homeward trip. Stop-over privileges with return by other famous White Star Liners, MAJESTIC, OLYMPIC, etc.

CRUISE LIMITED TO 500 GUESTS.

THOS. COOK & SON

245 Broadway NEW YORK 561 Fifth Avenue

BOSTON
LOS ANGELES

PHILADELPHIA
MONTREAL

CHICAGO
TORONTO

SAN FRANCISCO
VANCOUVER

Leading Hotels—

NEW YORK
AND BOSTON

THE COPLEY-PLAZA

COPLEY
SQUARE
BOSTON

THE PLAZA

FIFTH AVENUE
CENTRAL PARK
NEW YORK

FRED STERRY.
EDWARD C. FOGG.
MANAGING DIRECTORS.

Both—

of them enjoy world-wide fame for their luxurious appointments, charming surroundings and excellent cuisine.

Popular prices

Write for illustrated booklet



CHALFONTE- HADDON HALL

ATLANTIC CITY

Combined in Ownership and Management

The beautiful new Boardwalk Wing of Haddon Hall is now open. It connects the original Haddon Hall with the artistic pavilions, restful ocean decks, court garden and sea rooms of the 1920 addition.

On many occasions in the past Chalfonte-Haddon Hall was unable to accommodate all of its many friends

The new Boardwalk Wing now makes possible the hospitable welcome of more than 1200 guests. While "old-fashioned" in its personal attention and service, Chalfonte-Haddon Hall has for more than fifty years kept abreast of the times in its modern facilities for pleasure, comfort and rest.

Attractive Souvenir Folder on Request
LEEDS and LIPPINCOTT COMPANY
*On the Beach and the Boardwalk
American Plan. At your service
every day of the year*



"The Comfort Route"

ROYAL MAIL

De luxe cruises to the
WEST INDIES
Jan. 24 and Feb. 24



TWO Delightful Cruises among these islands of enchantment on the S. S. ORCA, 25,500 tons displacement. Especially built for service in the tropics. The newest, largest and most luxurious steamer engaged in West

Indies cruises. Visits to Nassau, Havana, Jamaica, Colon (Panama Canal), La Guayra, Trinidad, Barbados, Martinique, St. Thomas, San Juan and Bermuda. Rates \$250 up.

Ask for Booklet C.O. 3

Bermuda

Only two days' sail on the palatial S. S. ARAGUAYA, 17,500 tons displacement. The largest ship sailing to Bermuda. Wonderful golf, tennis, bathing, fishing — weekly sailings — no passports required. *Ask for Booklet C.O. 4*

Europe

Fortnightly sailings to Cherbourg, Southampton and Hamburg by famous "O" steamers.

84 Years of Royal Mail Service

THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET CO.

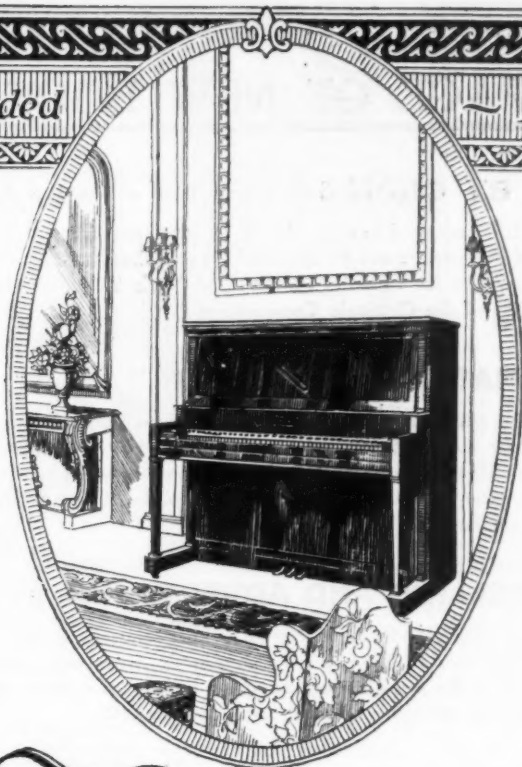
SANDERSON & SON, Inc., Agents
26 Broadway, New York 607 Boylston St., Boston
117 West Washington Street, Chicago

Have CURRENT OPINION Delivered to You Every Month

IF you are not receiving Current Opinion regularly at your home, subscribe now, so that you will not miss any future issues. **Current Opinion** covers such a broad field in such a brief, comprehensive way, gives so much information on subjects about which you cannot afford to be ignorant, that the missing of one number may easily cost you much more than a whole year's subscription. **To be sure of seeing every number write NOW to CURRENT OPINION, 50 West Forty-Seventh Street, New York City**

Founded

~ 1869



Krakauer

YOU can obtain the beautiful Krakauer tone and the enduring Krakauer workmanship in any type of instrument your requirements demand. You may choose from a complete line of uprights, player pianos, large and small grands as well as upright and grand models of reproducing pianos.

Catalog showing all models on request

KRAKAUER BROS.

215 Cypress Avenue

New York City

"A Half-Century of Quality Production"

A PAGE OF NEW BOOKS

AMERICANS BY CHOICE

By John P. Gavit

"A fresh and wholly original contribution to an understanding of the facts and factors in the making of Americans out of those who have chosen America for their home and their country."—From an editorial in the *New York Times*. Volume VIII of the Americanization Studies of the Carnegie Corporation. \$2.50

THE STOCK MARKET BAROMETER

By W. P. Hamilton

Mr. Hamilton, the editor of the *Wall Street Journal*, explains exactly what is meant by Dow's theory of the stock market price movement. His illustrations and examples come from personal intimacy with Wall Street leaders for the past twenty-two years. *The Stock Market Barometer* is a valuable contribution to the literature of business which will appeal to every student and business man. \$3.00

SCIENTIFIC SELLING AND ADVERTISING *By Arthur Dunn*

A book that puts selling and advertising on a new scientific basis. The author has sold millions of dollars worth of securities, conducted large sales organizations, and made a careful analysis of the steps leading up to the making of a sale. A ready reference and inspirational book for everyone who has something to sell. \$3.00

A WORLD WORTH WHILE

By W. A. Rogers

With an introduction by Booth Tarkington.

Delightful anecdotes—intimate reminiscences—amusing drawings by the famous cartoonist of the *New York Herald*. "It is as though one were admitted to a cozy, leisurely chat with the artist, and the effect is pleasant in the extreme."—*New York Sun*. \$3.00

CHEMISTRY

By Hippolyte Gruener

This book is for the woman in the home and the man in business as well as for the student of chemistry. The emphasis throughout this work is on the fundamental principles underlying the subject. Practical applications of organic chemistry are given careful and detailed treatment. \$3.00

PSYCHOLOGY

By Robert C. Givler

It is the purpose of this book to supply the beginner with a sound basis in the study of human behavior. "A composite of modern psychological tendencies. The style is easy and there are abundant anecdotes illustrating the laws and principles of psychology."—*The Boston Herald*. \$3.00

HARPER & BROTHERS

ESTABLISHED 1817

NEW YORK



**"Good-by, Jim;
Take Keer of
Yourse'f"**

And the old man, bendin' over him—
The surgeon turnin' away with tears
'At hadn't leaked for years and years,
As the hand of the dyin' boy clung to
His father's, the old voice in his ears,—
"Well, good-by, Jim;
Take keer of yourse'f!"

by James Whitcomb Riley—almost needless to say

No other American poet has ever touched simple human tragedy and pathos with the same deep sympathy; or, in his many other moods, the humor of plain people, the joys of romping childhood.

Every kindly emotion has been sung simply, charmingly and, above all, understandingly, by Riley. For each he wrote a verse that has become immortal.

The dearly beloved of all America's children and all America's grown folks

has passed on. But with even more eagerness Americans turn to the stories and poems he left behind.

More eagerly than ever does the small boy read "The Old Swimm' Hole," and the girl, "Little Orphant Annie." More gladly do the mother and father read "An Old Sweetheart of Mine." These famous poems, which have become household classics, and a thousand more like them, are now available to lovers of Riley everywhere by the publication of the beautiful

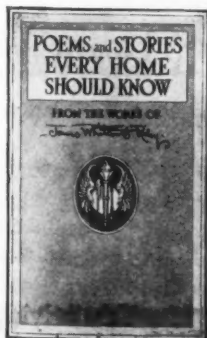
Memorial Edition of James Whitcomb Riley

More than 1,000 Masterpieces at a few cents each

For years there has been an insistent demand for all of Riley in one fine popular-priced set. That demand can now be satisfied. All his poems, all his short stories—the masterpieces that have caused the schools of his native state to have a Riley

day once a year—are in these ten beautifully bound and illustrated volumes. Every cultured home should at least know something about Riley and his work.

A booklet containing further information about these books will be sent on request. The booklet is free. Send for it to-day.



USE THE COUPON

P. F. COLLIER & SON COMPANY, 416 West 13th Street, New York City, N. Y.

Please send me the free booklet about Riley together with full particulars as to how I may procure a complete set of his works by small monthly payments.

Name
(Please write plainly)

Address 528-BC L

Occupation

The publishers cannot undertake to send this book free to children.

Have executives *stood the test* of the past three years?

*Announcing
a constructive movement
for improving the quality
of executive judgment*



GEORGE E. ROBERTS
*Former director of the United
States Mint. Now an official of
The National City Bank
of New York*
*Editor and Supervising Director
"Economics for Executives"*

"AS one of the vice-presidents of The National City Bank of New York, Mr. Roberts is the writer of a monthly bulletin that has become famous in this and other countries for the facts it contains about business and for the homely strength of its philosophy and the wisdom of its conclusions. In his office, among his books and papers, reports coming to hand from every quarter, by mail, telegraph, and cable, he can epitomize the situation, and by his gift for graphic presentation, express it in a sentence."

—Statements from a recent
Biographical Article.

FROM the striking disclosures of the past three years in business, one fact stands forth as to the quality of executive judgment. *The horizon of the average business man is too much restricted.* Sound executive judgment must take more conditions into account than are visible at close range inside a particular field of activity.

As one manufacturer puts it:

"The executive must be a student, not merely of his own business, his own product, or his own market, but from the point of view of the industry to which his business belongs, he must study general market conditions, general financial conditions, the economic conditions of the country, the conditions and tendencies the world over."

Most men know that these conditions and tendencies conform to economic laws, but only the exceptional man knows and understands the laws. This advertisement explains a comprehensive service developed under the direction of George E. Roberts, leading business economist and financier, which opens to practical men of affairs a way to gain a working command of economic laws and principles.

THIS SERVICE IS ENTITLED

"Economics for Executives"

GEORGE E. ROBERTS, *Editor*

SO rare is the ability to apply economic principles to practical affairs that men gain distinction who possess it. Those who anticipated the recent fall in prices, for example, gained reputations for exceptional vision and acumen. Yet the forces underlying such collapses, as well as those effective in the

subsequent recoveries, have long since been analyzed and the result incorporated into economics. Business men who understand economics have at their command for current use the results of generations of experience and research.

They know, for example, what forces determine the trend of commodity prices, and of the general price level—what influences contribute to cause booms and depressions—what factors determine interest rates—what lies at the root of the labor movement, and of programs for social reform.

This knowledge is of direct benefit to them in their private business undertakings, but it is of even wider significance because of the constructive influences they are able to exert in the determination of public policies.

How many business men are, through ignorance, "bucking the tide" of economic forces? How many are learning economic laws by the "trial and error method"—by needlessly hard experience? How many are thereby restricting their field of influence and achievement?

"Economics for Executives" does more than merely state and explain basic principles, after the manner of a book or set of books. It is a continuous service, which develops, illustrates, and interprets the principles, and then affords practice in their application.

The aim is to make the principles a part of a business man's working equipment.

COOPERATING BOARD



James B. Forgan
Chairman, First National Bank, Chicago



Frank A. Vanderlip
Financier and Economist, New York



Henry S. Pritchett
Pres. Carnegie Foundation, New York, formerly President, Massachusetts Institute of Technology



Joseph H. Defrees
Former Pres. Chamber of Com. of the U. S. A.



Edward J. Nally
President, Radio Corporation of America



Samuel Insull
President, Commonwealth Edison Co., Chicago

Complete details of "Economics for Executives" are contained in a timely booklet, entitled "Meeting the New Conditions in Business". Sign below and mail, if you wish to receive it.

AMERICAN CHAMBER OF ECONOMICS, INC., 30 IRVING PLACE, NEW YORK

C.O. 11-22

Send me by mail and without obligation "MEETING THE NEW CONDITIONS IN BUSINESS."

Name

Address

Position or Vocation

Firm or Organization

"The PULSE

The publishers of SUNSET, after twenty-five years of watching the magazine build up a steadily increasing, solid body of nearly one hundred and fifty thousand staunch readers, are convinced beyond all doubt that the unwavering, renew-each-year character of its circulation is due chiefly to *one* feature—its Editorial pages, "The Pulse of the West."

You Should *Know*—

always, what the West thinks and feels; how it reacts to national policies; what its representative men are doing in the affairs of the nation. Your own conclusions, to be intelligently formed, *must* be based on *complete* knowledge of the country's business—and that means knowledge of the West.

Keep in Touch Through

SUNSET MAGAZINE

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

"The West's Great National Magazine"

of the WEST"

Authoritative, crisp, pointed comment on national and international affairs, written—always with an eye to the Far Western view-point—by a shrewd political, financial, industrial and agricultural analyst with the experience of years of editorial interpretation behind him, the "Pulse," as its name implies, is, each month, the one sure, never-failing barometer of Western opinion.

Other Features in the

NOVEMBER SUNSET

Now on the Newsstands

Stewart Edward White
W. L. George
Sidney Herschel Small

Ellis Parker Butler
James Willard Schultz
Kenneth Gilbert

Wilbur Hall

SUNSET'S Special Five Months' Offer

enables you to feel the Pulse of the West for five months at the special trial price of *One Dollar*. Clip the coupon, pin a dollar bill to it and, for five months, *know* the West as you have never known it before.

C.O.
11-22

SUNSET
MAGAZINE, Inc.
460 Fourth St.
San Francisco, Calif.

I enclose a dollar. Please send me SUNSET for five months, in accordance with your special offer to readers of CURRENT OPINION.

Name

Address

City..... State.....

The regular subscription price of SUNSET is \$2.50 per year. (Two years, \$4.00.)



AT THE LARGEST PATTERN SHOP IN THE

WORLD—BUTTERICK'S IN PARIS—THE

Design 3971

The French houses are showing pleats that give a youthful air and are very simple to handle with the Deltor.

Design 3974

Butterick introduces this new little blouse jacket of contrasting material—as simple to make as a blouse with the Deltor to guide you.

Design 4009

The collar and cuffs of stuffed and braided fabric tubing, and the side panels offer no problem. With the Deltor you are certain of success.

Design 4007

The Deltor tells you how to make the ornaments that emphasize the new style of this afternoon frock.

**Design 3987**

The draped frock sometimes offers a delicate problem. With the Deltor you will handle it with complete success.

The Butterick Publishing Co.
Spring and Macdougall Streets, New York

Cur. Op. 11-22

Kindly send me FREE a copy of your
Deltor booklet.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY and
STATE

← **Mail this Coupon TO-DAY!**
It will bring you
FREE a Deltor booklet



FRENCH WOMAN IS BUYING THE SAME PATTERNS OFFERED TO YOU IN AMERICA TO-DAY

Every detail of the new Fall styles you now achieve with complete success

THE new draped frock, the new circular skirt, the little blouse jackets Paris wears, the many kinds of fabric trimming that will be worn this season—you yourself can make them with all the success of an expert.

With the Deltor home sewing becomes an entirely new thing.

The Deltor cutting layouts are made by experts, with them you cut your garment just as expertly as a professional does. Invariably Butterick Patterns call for less material than you would otherwise have to buy.

You put your dress together just as a great dress-maker would. The Deltor putting-together pictures show you exactly how to handle your dress at every step in its making.

Those telling finishing touches the French give their clothes were never more important than they are this season. No matter what delightful new finish your Butterick model calls for, you need not hesitate because it is so new, the Deltor will show you exactly how it would be made in Paris.

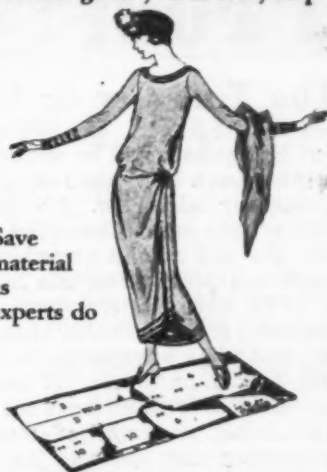
Every new Butterick Pattern now gives you this complete dressmaking service. Stop at the pattern department and look at all the fashions for the coming season. Ask about the Deltor. Learn why it is considered the greatest aid to dressmaking since the paper pattern itself. Butterick, London—Paris—New York.

THE DELTOR

*enclosed with, and
only with, all*

BUTTERICK PATTERNS

Pictures guide you at every step



Save
material
as
experts do

The Deltor cutting layouts give you your size pattern in your view, laid on the width material you are using.



Expertly put together—
every line perfect

The Deltor shows you the easiest and best way to handle each step in the making. You can put your dress together just as a professional would.



The all-important finish

The Deltor shows you the French finish for each detail, and nowadays these touches are so important they frequently "make" an entire costume.



The True Cry or Masonic Word of a Donkey-Driver

has lost its power. "I prooted like a lion, I prooted mellifluously like a sucking-dove; but Modestine would be neither softened nor intimidated. She held doggedly to her pace; nothing but a blow would move her, and that only for a second. I must follow at her heels, incessantly belaboring. A moment's pause in this ignoble toil, and she relapsed into her own private gait. The sound of my own blows sickened me. Once, when I looked at her, she had a faint resemblance to a lady of my acquaintance who formerly loaded me with kindness; and this increased my horror of my cruelty.

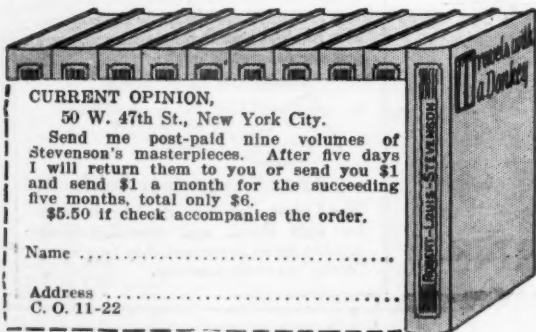
"To make matters worse, we encountered another donkey, ranging at will upon the roadside; and this donkey chanced to be a gentleman. He and Modestine met nickering for joy, and I had to separate the pair and beat down their young romance with a renewed and feverish bastinado. If the other donkey had had the heart of a male under his hide, he would have fallen upon me tooth and hoof; and this was a kind of consolation—he was plainly unworthy of Modestine's affection. But the incident saddened me, as did everything that spoke of my donkey's sex."—From *Travels with a Donkey*.

Robert Louis Stevenson At His Best

Nine incomparable volumes by the man who knew how to make a book the most amusing, the most appealing or the most breathless thing in the world; who all his life loved thrills and pirates and romance and adventure; whom more than ever before the world loves and reads to-day.

The Masterpieces That Have Immortalized Stevenson

Treasure Island, Kidnapped, Virginibus Puerisque, Familiar Studies, Child's Garden of Verse, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Travels with a Donkey, New Arabian Nights, An Inland Voyage.



CURRENT OPINION,
50 W. 47th St., New York City.

Send me post-paid nine volumes of Stevenson's masterpieces. After five days I will return them to you or send you \$1 and send \$1 a month for the succeeding five months, total only \$6.
\$5.50 if check accompanies the order.

Name

Address

C. O. 11-22

SENT ON APPROVAL

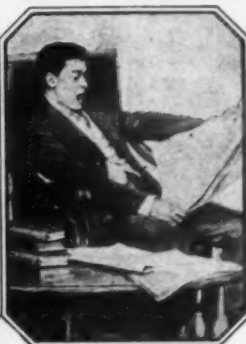
This new edition in Arts and Crafts binding, done in three colors, each volume $4\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$ and less than one inch thick, will be sent you, charges prepaid, for examination. After five days you may return the books or send us \$1 as first payment and \$1 a month for the succeeding five months, a total of only \$6.

This is the best value ever offered on Stevenson's best Novels, his best Short Stories, his best Essays and Travels, his best Poems.

Mail the Coupon To-day

CURRENT OPINION

New York City



Just 15 Minutes a Day

What it will mean to you is told by Dr. Eliot of Harvard in the FREE BOOKLET below

HERE are two men of equal position and business income. Which of them represents you?

They read about the same number of hours each week. But one has no plan for his reading; at the end of the year he has little or nothing to show.

The other talks like a man who has traveled widely, though he has never been outside of the United States.

He knows something of Science, though he had to stop school at fifteen. He is at home with History, and the best biographies, and the really great dramas and essays. Older men like to talk to him because he has somehow gained the rare gift of thinking clearly and talking interestingly.

What's the secret of his mental growth? How can a

man in a few minutes of pleasant reading each day gain so much?

Dr. Charles W. Eliot, from his lifetime of reading, study, and teaching, forty years of it as President of Harvard University, has answered that question in a free booklet that you can have for the asking. "For me," wrote one man who had sent in the coupon, "your little free book meant a big step forward, and it showed me, besides, the way to a vast new world

of pleasure." This free booklet describes the contents, plan, and purpose of

Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books

EVERY well-informed man and woman should at least know something about this famous library.

The free booklet tells about it—how Dr. Eliot has put into his Five-Foot Shelf "the essentials of a liberal education," how he has so arranged it that even "fifteen minutes a day" are enough, how in pleasant moments of spare time, by using the reading courses Dr. Eliot has provided for you, you can get the knowledge of literature and life, the culture, the broad viewpoint that every university strives to give.

Every reader of Current Opinion is invited to have a copy of this handsome and entertaining little book. It is free, will be sent by mail, and involves no obligation of any sort. Merely clip the coupon and mail it to-day.



**This Free Booklet gives
Dr. Eliot's own plan
of reading**

**P. F. Collier & Son Company
416 W. 13th Street, New York**

Mail me the Free Book, "Fifteen Minutes a Day," telling about the Five-Foot Shelf of Books.

Name
WRITE PLAINLY PLEASE

Address
574 HCC L

UP-TO-DATE

*New in
30 Volumes
Every
Volume
New*



**Among the many Educational Institutions and Libraries
using the AMERICANA are—**

Yale University
Harvard University
Princeton University
Columbia University
Johns Hopkins University
University of Illinois
University of Virginia
University of Minnesota
University of Nebraska
University of Pennsylvania
Stanford University
Mass. Inst. of Technology
Vassar College
U. S. Naval War College
Virginia Military Institute
Cornell University
New York University
McGill University
Catholic University of America

New York Public Library
New York State Library
California State Library
Chicago Public Library
Massachusetts State Library
Springfield Public Library
Detroit Public Library

Tulane University
Radcliffe College
University of California
Georgetown University
West Virginia University
Lehigh University
University of Oklahoma
University of Missouri
University of Maine
Purdue University
University of Washington
Oregon Agricultural College
Colgate University
Northwestern University
Ohio State University
Vanderbilt University
University of North Carolina
University of Rochester
Iowa State Teachers' College

Boston Public Library
Minneapolis Public Library
Rochester Public Library
Cincinnati Public Library
Cleveland Public Library
Pennsylvania State Library
Pittsburgh Carnegie Library

University of Vermont
University of Wisconsin
Syracuse University
Trinity College
Washington and Lee University
Rutgers College
N. Y. State Teachers' College
Smith College
Tufts College
Williams College
Wellesley College
Dartmouth College
University of Texas
U. S. Military Academy
Hunter College
Randolph-Macon College
Georgia School of Technology
Pennsylvania State College

Providence Public Library
Vermont State Library
Spokane Public Library
West Virginia State Library
Milwaukee Public Library
Tulsa Public Library

***The AMERICANA is a storehouse
of all the knowledge of the world***

Encyclopedia Americana Corporation
27 William Street, New York City,
Peoples Gas Building, Chicago, Ill.
Please send me free of charge descriptive literature
of the Encyclopedia Americana.
(C. O. 11-22)

Name

Address

The Encyclopedia AMERICANA

New Up-to-date Authoritative

"Caesar Had His Brutus,
Charles I. His Cromwell
and George III.——"

he was interrupted with the cry of
"TREASON!"

Mr. Henry, pausing for a moment,
fixing his eye on the speaker deliber-
ately, concluded, "may profit by
their example;

"IF THIS BE TREASON,
MAKE THE MOST OF IT!"

This is but one of hundreds of the
dramatic moments which have
marked every crisis of our national
development.

The very heart of American His-
tory pulsates in our Great Debates
and ours is the only country which is
able to record her complete history
in such form.



Patrick Henry Addressing the Virginia Assembly

GREAT AMERICAN DEBATES

were the intellectual battles carried on by the picked men of the nation. Every debate was fraught with immediate and momentous results. All our laws and institutions were shaped by these mighty forces. One cannot read far without feeling transformed into an actual eye-witness of the nation's great scenes. The strong tides of popular passion surge through the pages. They are dramatic without being theatrical. Question and answer, the heated charge and the hot denial, the blow and the counter-blow, appeal, denunciation, expostulation, challenge, warning, all are in these wondrous dramas now for the first time gathered together and presented to the public.

FOURTEEN CROWN OCTAVO VOLUMES WITH INTRODUCTIONS BY

Woodrow Wilson, William Howard Taft, Theodore Roosevelt, Henry Cabot Lodge, William Jennings Bryan, Irving Fisher, Arthur T. Hadley, Charles R. Van Hise.

The set contains 179 groups of debates and 42 photogravures from portraits and paintings which enhance the value of this wonderful work both historically and artistically. Also hundreds of cartoons published at home and abroad which constitute in themselves a humorous political history of unique value.

FIRST EDITION, \$140.

SECOND EDITION, \$84.

THIS EDITION, ONLY \$42!

This extraordinary reduction is made to close out the few sets we have on hand

SEND NO MONEY

We will send you this 14-volume set of Great American Debates bound in fine quality of golden brown buckram, gold tops, gold titles, etc., by prepaid express with the privilege of ten days examination. At the end of that time you may return them to us or send us \$3 then and \$3 a month for the next thirteen months.

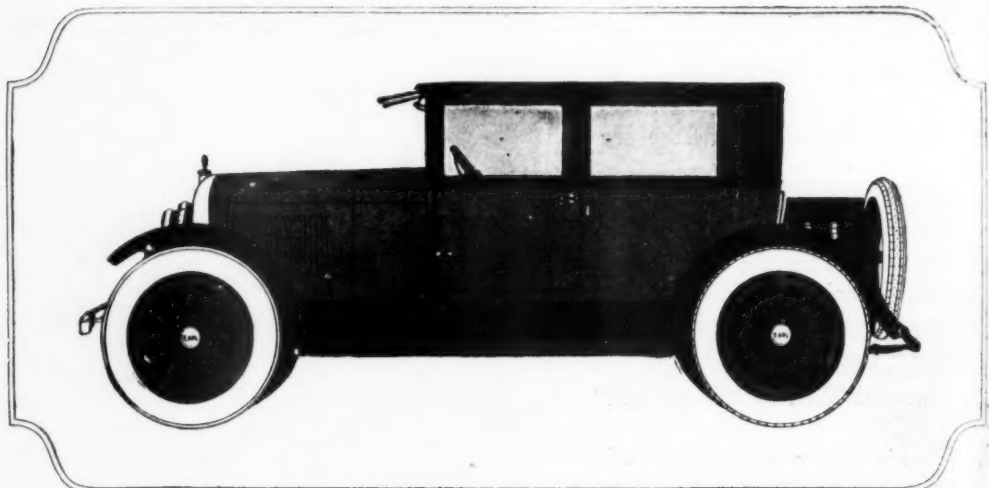
CURRENT OPINION,
48-50 W. 47th St., New York City.

Send me, all charges paid, Great American Debates, 14 Vols. In ten days I will either return them to you or will send you \$3 as first payment and send \$3 a month for the next 13 months, \$42 in all.

Name

Address

C.O. 11-23



CABRIOLE PRICE, \$1395, INCLUDES TRUNK WITH COVER, MOTOMETER, BUMPER AND COMPLETE EQUIPMENT

EARL Cabriole an instant Success

Women buyers recognize distinctive charm and tangible value of this fully equipped 4-passenger enclosed car at \$1395

WOMAN'S unerring instinct for distinction and practical values has swept the new Earl Cabriole into immediate popular favor. In the face of apparent reductions on many cars in its price range, the reception of the Cabriole has been a continuous triumph wherever shown.

Thousands of women recognize the Earl Cabriole, *completely equipped for \$1395*, not only as the greatest enclosed car value ever offered, but as the only *right-price* car which meets all their requirements.

Ease of control, for instance. To the discriminating woman driver, there is constant pleasure in the graceful lines and contours of the Cabriole, in its intimate, uncrowded comfort. But she sets greater store by its convenience, its left-hand ignition and dimmer switch,

the easy accessibility of all controls, the smooth handling of transmission, clutch and brakes.

She prizes the Cabriole's flexible power, instant pick-up, speed and ability to go anywhere a motor car can be driven. To be able to transform it in sixty seconds from an airy touring model to a weather-proof, distinctive closed car appeals to her strongly. *And* her common sense tells her that the Cabriole's *complete equipment* means a saving of at least \$100 over closed cars of this type, whose comfort accessories are "extras."

See the Cabriole at the nearest Earl dealer's. Its compact design, responsive power and ease of control fit it admirably for use by physicians and business men who need a *personal utility car*. Study it feature by feature. Compare values and performances. Drive it yourself—today.

Send for Cabriole folder and name of nearest Earl dealer

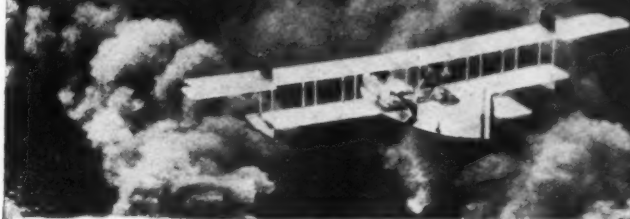
EARL MOTORS, INC., JACKSON, MICHIGAN

Touring Car . . \$1095
Cabriole 1395
Custom Roadster 1485



Brougham . . . \$1795
Sedan 1795
Prices, f. o. b. Jackson,
include complete equipment

CURRENT OPINION



© Wide World Photos

A SMOKE SCREEN FOR SEAPLANES IN BATTLE

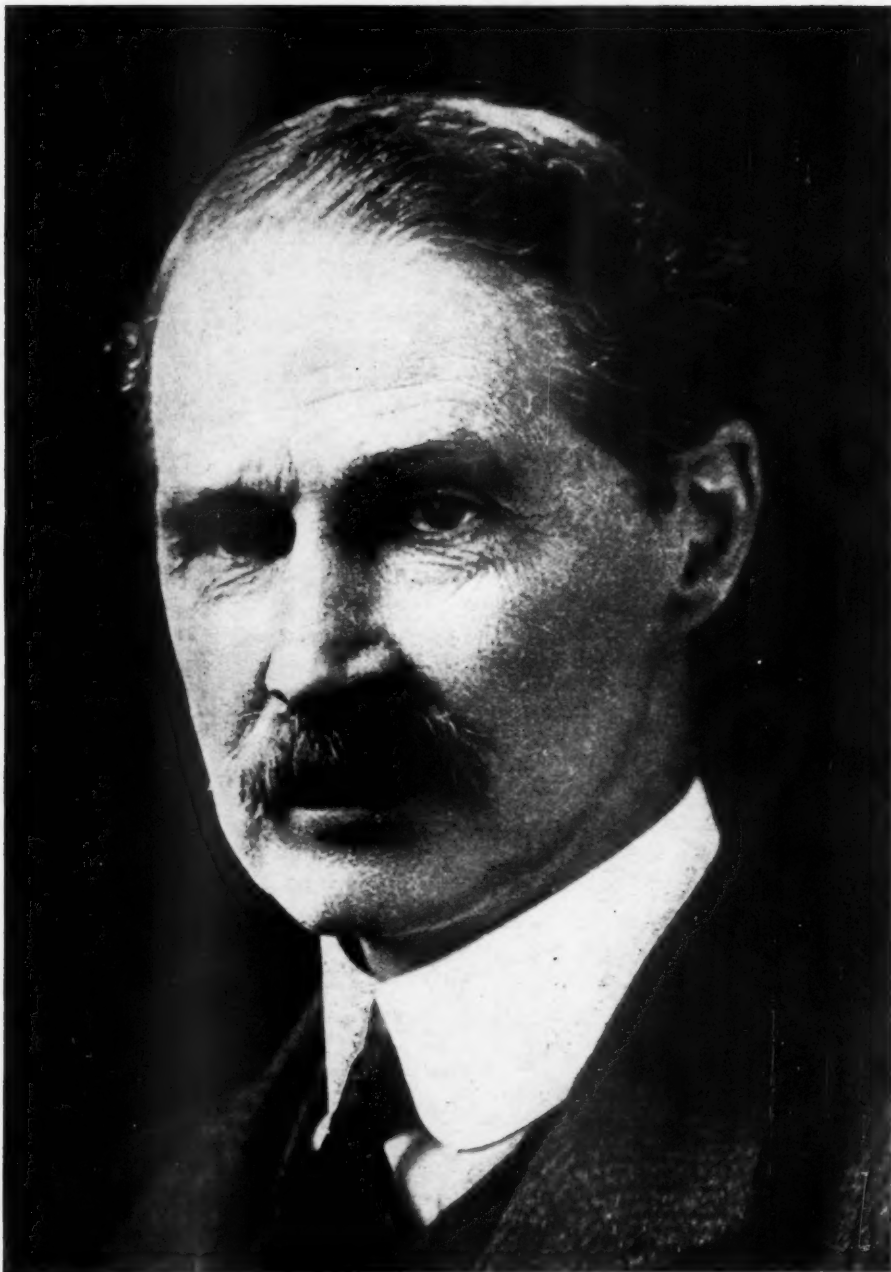
To cover an attack, this Navy bombing plane is protected by a "cloud" of maneuvering destroyers of the Pacific Fleet.



© Wide World Photos

SUCCESSORS TO TWO MEMBERS OF THE U. S. SUPREME COURT ARE BEING SOUGHT BY PRESIDENT HARDING

Left to right are Justice McKenna, Chief Justice Taft, Justices Holmes, Day (resigned), and Van Devanter. In background are Justices McReynolds, Sutherland and Brandeis. The retirement of Justice Pitney, who is ill, is anticipated.



© Underwood & Underwood

CAN HE FILL LLOYD GEORGE'S SHOES?

Andrew Bonar Law, as British Prime Minister, extends the olive branch to his warlike predecessor and forms a Cabinet which the Welsh statesman declares is for "party," not for "country" first.



© Underwood & Underwood
 THE "MOST BEAUTIFUL QUEEN IN EUROPE" SMOKES A "CIGARETTE OF PEACE" WITH PRESIDENT PILSUDSKI OF POLAND
 She is Queen Marie of Rumania (center). Others, left to right, are Crown Prince Carol of Rumania; his wife, Princess Helene, sister of the new Queen of Greece; Marshal Pilsudski; King Ferdinand of Rumania; Princess Irene of Greece; Prince Nicolai and M. Strinsky, Polish Minister to Rumania.



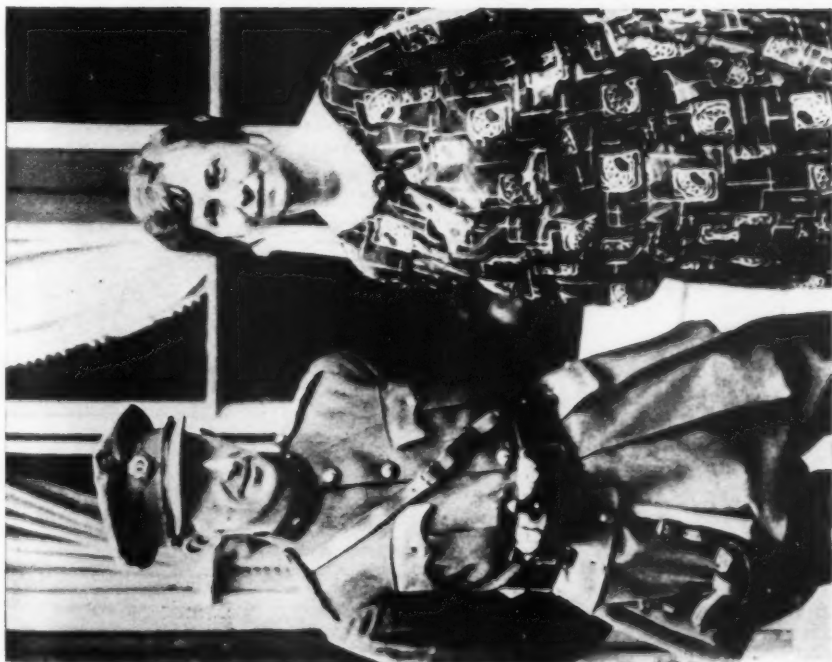
© Wide World Photos

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS HAS A NEW PRESIDENT
Latin America is honored in having Señor Augustin Edwards, Chilean
Minister to Great Britain, elected to the exalted post.



© International

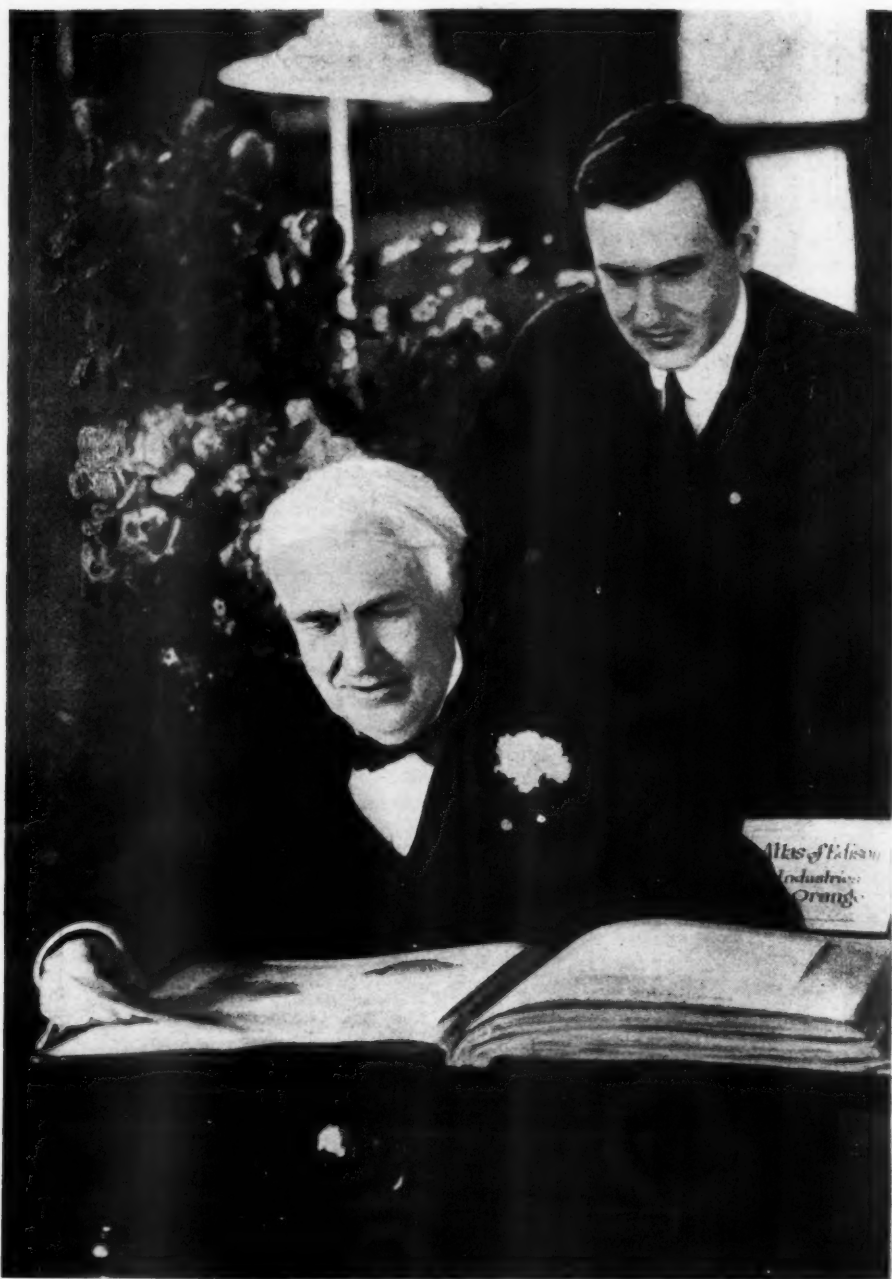
WILL HE SOON BE KING OF ITALY?
Crown Prince Umberto has just become of legal age, and his father, Victor
Emmanuel, is reported ill in the political crisis.



© Wide World Photos
THE IRISH ARMY CHIEFTAIN, WHO ONLY TAKES ORDERS FROM MRS. MULCAHY, WHO STANDS BY HIM
 General Mulcahy, of the Irish National Army, shares popularity with a helpmate who also is passionately devoted to the Free State cause.



© Wide World Photos
A GREEK LEADER, FEARED BY THE MONARCHISTS, WOULD RETIRE TO PRIVATE LIFE
 Ex-Premier Eleutherios Venizelos, now weary of politics, and once declared by Woodrow Wilson to be "the ablest statesman in Europe," with his wife.



© International

AT 75 THE "WIZARD OF WEST ORANGE" IS ASTONISHED AT NEW WONDERS OF SCIENCE
Thomas A. Edison and his son, Thomas A., Jr., scan the atlas of Edison industries after returning
from a "surprise" visit to the General Electric laboratories.



© Wide World Photos

THE ONLY JAPANESE PRIMA DONNA
Mme. Tamaki Miura is said to have estranged her Tokio husband in reeking
and finding grand opera laurels in America.



© Keystone View Co.

THREE OF A SMILING KIND
Sir Thomas Lipton, for the first time, comes between Lady Lauder and
Sir Harry Lauder, in order to be photographed.



© Underwood & Underwood

THE NEW COMMANDER OF THE AMERICAN LEGION IS READY FOR
"A FIGHT OR A PROLIC"

Alvin M. Owsley, of Texas, pledges the organization to "push" for "rehabilitation, hospitalization, adjusted compensation and Americanization."



© White World Photos

AN AMERICAN MISSIONARY WHO SAVED 500 GIRLS FROM
TURKISH SLAVERY

Mrs. Ira Mitchell discovered fair young Asiatic refugees in Constantinople and gave them armed protection at the American Embassy.

THE CURRENT OF OPINION

The Paris *Temps*, in a front page article, asks the question whether or not the discovery of America was a good thing for mankind. Probably the best answer to this would be that if America had not been discovered, France to-day would probably be a Prussian province.

□ □

René Viviani, the former Premier of France, who has just been elected Senator, announces that he will champion the passage in this session of the French Parliament of a bill giving a vote to the women in France. This bill was passed by the Chamber of Deputies in 1919, but was defeated in the Senate. Its advocates are going to make a strong fight to put it through the Senate this session.

□ □

Judge Elbert H. Gary, Chairman of the United States Steel Corporation, has suggested another International Conference at Washington, this one for the purpose of adjusting the international debt question. It should be a conference of business men, who would make an attempt to find some settlement for the matter on a business basis. Such internationalism would be more practical and more effective than an attempt of politicians to get together. It is time the business men of this nation and all nations were given a chance, anyway.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has come out in a strong statement, which shows a progressive and courageous attitude of mind.

"I believe," he says, "that, generally speaking, the twelve-hour day and the seven-day week should no longer be tolerated in industry, either from the view-point of public policy or of industrial efficiency; I believe both have been proved unnecessary, uneconomic and unjustifiable."

□ □

France and Italy have yet to ratify the naval treaty, signed at the Washington Conference. The delay amounts to a refusal. And it means that the treaty is null and void. Of course, the United States declined to ratify the Treaty of Versailles and doubtless the French enjoy a tit-for-tat. One bad turn—they argue—deserves another. But what about the human race? Disarmament whether on land or sea does not benefit one nation only. It is a blessing for all alike. Happily, there is no indication that any Power is starting a new naval race. The letter of the Treaty may have

failed for the moment, but the spirit of it prevails. And Secretary Hughes appears to be working for agreements which will limit armaments also on land, at any rate in North and South America. And that would at least be an example for the rest of the world to follow.

MANY of our people still fail to realize that the word trade means, in the final analysis, an exchange of goods or services. Many of us still cling to the idea that international trade, as the term applies to America, means that we can sell freely to all the markets of the world and in turn buy from them little or nothing. This theory, which seems to be the basis of much of our tariff legislation, will, if pursued, surely wreck a big part of our foreign trade. If there is any one motto which American producers and legislators should learn by heart, it is that oft-repeated one of the British merchants, who, over a century ago, declared that "he who will not buy, neither shall he sell."—Thomas W. Lamont, Financier.



TOO MUCH OF A LOVING CUP

—Pease in Newark News.

Ireland is improving. Capable hands have been found to take up the work dropped by the fallen leaders, Arthur Griffith and Michael Collins. The problem before Ireland is to prove that it is capable of self-government. The new British Ministry promises to carry out the plans of the old, and to give the Irish every encouragement. The rebels are continually losing power and prestige. The outlook is hopeful.

□ □

The most striking thing about the recent airplane races at Detroit was the demonstration of the comparative safety of the air machine as compared with the motor car. In three days' racing, with over one hundred planes present from all over the country, and hundreds of miles of flying in the aggregate, not a person was injured or even scratched. In three days of speed events, with dozens of contestants flying around two hundred miles an hour, not a person was hurt. These events prove the safety of aviation. The next step is to make the cost of flying low enough to be commercial.

Slowly but surely, women, the wide world over, are set free. By a legal decision it has been decided in Japan that the Geisha Girl may escape if she wishes from her social slavery and that no bond may be enforced against her by her masters. It is one more indication of the new Japan.

□ □

The Dominion of Canada becomes more independent every day. She politely declined Lloyd George's invitation to join the British forces along the Dardanelles. And she has instituted her own negotiation of a treaty with the United States, putting into formal terms the Rush-Bagot Agreement which prevents armaments along the border. She now intends to send an Ambassador to Washington and the name of Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec, has been mentioned. If every British Dominion follows the example of Canada, the diplomatic corps at our capital will be numerous indeed. The more the merrier! Five-sixths of the work of the British Embassy at Washington deals with Canadian affairs. It is natural that Canadians should wish to be their own spokesmen.



MELANCHOLY DAYS

—Smith for Newspaper Enterprise Association.

Japan is behaving well—let us frankly admit it. Not only has the last shipload of soldiers and officials left Shantung, but Siberia and Vladivostock have also been evacuated. China and Russia may be in chaos, but in both cases Japan has left their territory, depending for the future on peaceful commerce. It is a great victory for justice and common sense.

□ □

S. Jay Kaufmann, of the *New York Globe*, has invented a new term to designate the hospitable-minded man. He calls him a High-lowbrow. He says that a Highbrow is a man educated beyond his capacity, and a Lowbrow is a guy who hates a Highbrow, while a High-lowbrow is just a regular fellow who tries to get good out of every good thing.

□ □

Abolish All Police—The Convention of the New York Federation of Labor has gone on record as favoring the abolition of the State Constabulary. Every once in a while some labor union breaks out in rage against the police. Why not abolish all the police? And why



A VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCES

—Smith in Atchafson Globe.



NOW, WHAT'S HE GOING TO DO WITH IT?

—Pease in Newark News.

not go the whole hog and abolish all umpires from baseball games, all bossy parents from families, all referees from prize fights, and so give everybody a chance for a free fight?

□ □

Transportation Rather Than Finance—Secretary of the Treasury Mellon is quoted as saying that the moving of the crowds is a question of transportation rather than finance. He adds that there are more substitutes for credit than for railway facilities.

The *New York Times* points out that the extent to which the country needs increase of work by the railways appears from the total carloadings of about 2,000,000 cars this year over last year, though 2,000,000 under 1920.

What holds back prosperity now is that profits are reduced by business which cannot be done. The railways and the country must grow and thrive together or suffer together.

□ □

Nature and Man—Max Eastman has a fine poem in the *London*

Nation, entitled "The Battlefields." Some striking lines in this are as follows:

Earth does not mind the madness of
her children—

She has room. From one gaunt womb
she could

Pour back those cities, and fill all these
fields

With men and women aching at their
toil,

And droll-faced children trudging with
a pail

To greet them. This raw miracle of
life

Is ruthless, reckless, sure. Plunge in
your hands

To fashion it; be ruthless, reckless,
sure.

Fear is the only danger. And the
death

Of dreams dreamed weakly is the only
death

Of man.

□ □

Three-Cornered International Trade—There appears to be an impression that a prohibitive tariff wall has been constructed about the United States. According to a recent article in a New York paper, the danger has been exaggerated. It is admitted, says this article, that international trade will be restricted somewhat.

The old Underwood tariff of 1913 had protective duties most of which ranged between 25 and 35 per cent. All the new tariff does, economists point out, is to increase some old 35 per cent. tariff schedules to 50 per cent., some 25 per cent. schedules to 40 per cent. and others similarly. A foreign article worth one dollar and brought in for \$1.35 under the old tariff can now be brought in for \$1.50. This increase in duties might cut down our total annual imports by 5 per cent., but no more, according to economists. It should not be overlooked that over one-half of our imports come in duty free. Last year our total

imports were \$2,600,000,000, and approximately \$1,600,000,000 paid no tariff at all.

Last year we imported \$1,100,000,000 of the principal articles now free under the new tariff. The countries which sold us these goods do not spend all the money received in this country. They are free to spend it in Europe if they like. If they spend the money in Europe for manufactured goods, then England, France, Italy and Germany can re-spend it in the United States for wheat, copper, cotton or other material. The point is that international trade is three-cornered. In some cases it is four-cornered, and has been for centuries.

It is an absurd fallacy, economists explain, to say that the United States cannot export to England or France unless she buys from England or France. During the coming twelve months, it is estimated that we will import nearly \$3,000,000,000 of commodities. The countries receiving this money from the United States will spend a great deal of it in Europe and this will give Europe a purchasing power to buy American goods.

□ □

A Capable Statesman—Lloyd George's resignation from his post as Chief of the British Government is regarded as a shrewd political move. He is much better at attacking than defending. Speaking of his ministerial career, the *New York World* says:

"Never before have human beings in public office dealt with such swift and cataclysmic, such unpredictable and such confused facts. Not even the basis of their own power was certain. And therefore almost every great decision had to be bent and twisted not only according to a very fallible human judgment of the facts abroad, but according to the

equally human prejudices and ambitions of the Coalition at home."

Lloyd George is perhaps the most capable statesman to-day in the world.

□ □

The Kaiser's Memoirs—The Memoirs of the ex-Kaiser have been widely published throughout the English-speaking world. It is said that he received \$250,000 for the manuscript.

Those who have read these memoirs may perhaps be a little puzzled to know what to think of them. Perhaps it may guide them in their conclusions to read the judgment passed upon the Kaiser's literary work by the editor of the *New York Times*, which is one of the papers that published the Memoirs in the United States.

"Whatever else," says the *Times*, "may be thought of the memoirs of the ex-Kaiser, they are the best piece of propaganda for the German Republic that has ever been written. The man who for thirty years ruled irresponsibly the most powerful empire of the modern world has betrayed himself as one of whom nothing better can be said than that perhaps he is more to be pitied than scorned."

The *Times* speaks of his work as a "dull and trivial book, which nevertheless seems to embody his idea of all that it is necessary or advisable to say in exculpation of himself. To what particular psychopathic type he may belong only alienists can decide, but from his own work one would judge that he is not only abnormal but subnormal. And yet this man held in his hand the fate of the most powerful of empires and the welfare of the world. It needs no argument to convince a reader of his apologia that the political system which could place such a man in such a position was fundamentally wrong, and that though the Republican

government which now sits in Berlin may be weak and short-sighted, it is already an immense improvement over the system which was overthrown in November, 1918."

□ □

Stop Opium at the Source—Soon, perhaps immediately after the Congressional elections, the United States is to call an international conference to halt the opium traffic.

The world's medicinal need for opium could be satisfied with ten tons a year, according to Representative Stephen G. Porter, Chairman of the House Foreign Affairs Committee. World production, however, runs to more than 1,200 tons per year.

The most alarming feature of the situation is that the United States consumes seven times as much opium per capita as any other nation in the world. American consumption is 35 grains per capita. The rest of the world consumes about 5 grains per capita.

Most of the world's opium is produced in the Ganges Valley in India. Turkey and Persia produce minor amounts, but most of it comes from India.

"Every year," Mr. Porter told President Harding the other day, "hundreds of tons of opium are put up at auction in Calcutta and sold to the highest bidder by the opium monopoly of India. Nearly 99 per cent. of this amount goes on errands of destruction."

The object of the conference would be to persuade England, as mistress of India, to stamp out the altogether too lucrative opium industry of which she is the chief financial beneficiary.

Pursuing peddlers and small dealers in opium leads nowhere. It is like dealing with the symptoms rather than the cause of a disease. We must go to the source of this

illegal traffic to shut it off with anything like completeness.

And the main source is British India.

□ □

The Revolt of November 7

"THE people," said a wise man once, "have intelligence enough to revolt, but not enough to free themselves." It is a gloomy thought; yet one can find it confirmed not only in the pages of past history, but in an event so recent as last month's elections.

Those elections may properly be characterized as a landslide; but they were a landslide of protest, not of any constructive hope. In 1920, the people were angry and unhappy, and they threw the Democrats out of office with great violence. In 1922, being still angry and unhappy, they have done the same thing to the orthodox Republicans, but have given their alle-

giance, with seeming impartiality, to Democrats (whether progressive or conservative) and to radical Republicans. In Nebraska they rejected Senator Hitchcock, Democratic leader, in favor of Howell, radical Republican. In Indiana they reversed the process, rejecting the liberal Republican, Beveridge, in favor of Ralston, a Democrat. Brookhart, radical Republican, won in Iowa; France, radical Republican, lost in Maryland. Rock-ribbed Massachusetts returned her favorite son, Henry Cabot Lodge, by such a narrow margin as to predicate a recount. President Harding's own state, Ohio, elected a Democratic governor, and Michigan sent a number of the same party to the Senate for the first time since 1852.

These results are both encouraging and discouraging. They give hopeful proof that party loyalty no longer means what it did, and that the voter is thinking for himself in other than party terms. Yet it is a somewhat melancholy reflection

that the dissatisfaction of the nation finds no other outlet than a return to the party which was discarded in 1920, and especially since this year's action seems to be entirely determined by domestic issues, and to indicate no change of front on international affairs, including the League of Nations.

The Fordney - McCumber Tariff undoubtedly lost the administration millions of votes. So did Mr. Daugherty's injunction in the railroad strike, and the whole policy of wiggle and wobble in the industrial disputes last summer. In some states the voters illogically



THE RISING TIDE

—McCay in New York American.

saddled the Republicans with responsibility for prohibition and voted for opponents who lured them on with the utterly vain hope of state laws restoring light wines and beer.

Most of all, the pinch of hard times brought dissatisfaction and unrest. The election of 1920 was not four weeks old when the country was plunged into a business crisis of first magnitude. The farmers have been suffering for two years and are hardly any better off even to-day. Things are growing somewhat easier for the laboring man, chiefly because the new immigration law has halted the influx of workers from abroad; but the hardships of 1921, the unemployment and reduced wages are still a vivid memory. For business men and manufacturers, the first two years of the Harding régime have been marked by the hardest of hard times which are only now beginning to be bettered.

The one thing the election shows conclusively is that the old party lines have largely lost their meaning. The people are as dissatisfied with one group as with the other, and vacillate between them only because they have no other alternative. Lindley M. Garrison, former Secretary of War; Frank A. Munsey, millionaire New York publisher, and Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, are only three of a large number of persons who have lately been calling for a new alignment of the parties, with all the conservatives in one camp and the liberals in another. Yet such a realignment seems quite improbable, either at present or in the near future. The country has never acquired the third-party habit; and the progres-



GETTING BEYOND HIS DEPTH!

—Cassel in N. Y. Evening World.

sive and reactionary elements are inextricably mingled in both the existing groups. The conservative Democrat of the South would never join hands with his Northern Republican brother; the forward-looking Republican would give up the ghost before he would amalgamate with the Democrat of similar views.

The elections show clearly enough that the people are dissatisfied; but they fail to show that either the men or the measures are in sight to cure that dissatisfaction.

□ □

The New Power in Italy

BENITO MUSSOLINI, leader of the Fascisti, has organized his own army of 800,000 men, most of them war veterans, and has seized the government. Premier Facta had to choose between civil war and resignation, and as the King would not stand for war, the government collapsed.

For a moment it was thought that the three ex-premiers, Giolitti, Salandra and Orlando might have formed a government with Mussolini, so saving the face of the politicians; but revolution had passed beyond all compromise, and Mussolini assumes power as dictator, with the king as a mere figurehead, a change so drastic that several Italian ambassadors, including Signor Ricci at Washington, tendered their resignations.

What makes this matter so grave is that it concerns other nations than Italy. At first, Mussolini merely hammered the Communists, a party now broken and impotent. Next, he mobilized the forces of Italy which are disgusted with corrupt politics and tired of groups and coalitions. That also was a domestic matter. But his campaign has not ended there. He does not want merely a reformed Italy. He demands a larger Italy. He is out for imperialism. He hints at conquests.

His battalions have overrun the Trentino which was the province ceded to Italy as the result of the war. In the Trentino there are districts where the people are German Austrians. They have been allowed to retain their schools and their language, and the Italian flag has not been obtruded on them. Mussolini will change all that. The Teuton must reconcile himself definitely to Italian authority.

D'Annunzio, the Italian poet who seized Fiume and held the town against Europe, is not included in Mussolini's Cabinet and does not belong technically to his party. But the two men are moved by the same impulses. And there lies the rub of danger to peace. Mussolini declares that Italy is overcrowded and must expand. This means that he wants Italy to seize Dalmatia on the Adriatic. And any idea of that kind will involve Italy in war against Jugo-Slavia and Greece.

Italian patriots have always

yearned for an empire in North Africa. That is why some years ago they tried to seize Abyssinia, and why later they did seize Tripoli. Italians of this school consider that they have a right also to Tunis which happens to belong to France. And Franco-Italian relations are by no means too friendly. This is another reason why the upheaval in Rome causes misgiving. If Italy gets thoroughly out of hand there may be several explosions of dynamite.

Mussolini wants a big navy, the biggest in the Mediterranean. This would mean that he would refuse, as France at present refuses, to ratify the naval agreement signed at Washington. A big navy costs big money and Italy already is going bankrupt owing to her prodigal expenditure. If she builds battle-ships, why should she not pay the United States?

And finally Mussolini has to face the fact that at present he has only a handful of supporters in the Italian Chamber. Out of 535 seats, the Fascisti hold a mere 46. This is the reason why Mussolini must have an immediate election. Yet even the election may not be enough for his purpose. He has an army at his back, but there is no reason to believe that he has a majority of the voters. Labor is against him and so are Liberals and the Catholic party.

Mussolini therefore makes an extraordinary proposal. He asks that the constitution be altered so that whichever group in the new Parliament has the most members shall be immediately conceded three-fifths of the seats. To make this plain, let us suppose that Mussolini comes back after the voting with a party of 200. This would not be a majority of the House, but he would be allowed to nominate another hundred of his friends and so obtain that majority!

Such a scheme means a denial

of the representative principle. It would be a *coup d'état*, worthy of Napoleon III. And there only remains the question whether a sense of responsibility will induce in the mind of Mussolini a sense of caution. That much is to be hoped.

Mussolini has started well. He supports the king. He restrains his hot-heads who, under such discipline, have behaved excellently. He has also devoted himself to the vigorous reform of the civil service, to the drastic collection of legal taxes and to cutting down expenditure. He realizes, apparently, that the first need of the country is solvency and that such solvency must be secured by clearing out corruption.

□ □

Europe's "Golden Handcuffs"

FOR ages, people have talked about "cutting off your nose to spite your face" as the supreme example of short-sighted foolishness. One would hardly expect to find the great nations of the world indulging in such a policy. Yet the best authorities tell us that is about what is happening in regard to international debts and reparations.

The "civilized" nations of the world have been on a drunken joy-ride of wastefulness since 1914. What they need above all things is to get back to work. In spite of this, the economic machinery is thrown out of gear because the politicians who control governments are insisting on the fulfillment of impossible conditions in settlement of war obligations. The nations have put golden handcuffs on themselves—and then they wonder why their movements are impeded!

The Allied countries now owe the United States more than \$11,000,000,000. England's debt, including

unpaid interest, is nearly \$5,000,000,000. France owes us nearly three and a half billion, Italy nearly two billion, Belgium about four hundred million, Russia and all other countries nearly four hundred million more.

Great Britain estimates that European countries owe her nearly twice this total. This includes, however, huge loans to Russia, and England's share of German reparations.

These reparations theoretically amount to \$32,000,000,000, though practically all authorities are now in agreement that this sum is so large that it is uncollectible. Germany has already paid a considerable amount to the Allies, in the form of ships, railroad cars, cattle, coal and materials for use in restoring the devastated regions. The Allies estimate that Germany has paid \$300,000,000 in cash and that payments in kind amount to about \$1,700,000,000 more, but German authorities say the figure is much larger. One famous German banker declares the payment in goods amounts to \$10,000,000,000. Germans also claim that their colonies throughout the world, most of which were turned over to France and England, have a value of at least \$100,000,000,000. These colonies are not included in the reparations.

The best way to realize the situation of the various countries is to compare their national debts with their wealth. Japan is better off than anyone else, with a debt which is less than five per cent. of her resources. America's debt is six and one-half per cent. of her wealth. Great Britain, which comes next, owes one-fifth of what she has. The French debt is one-half of the French wealth, the Italian debt about the same. Germany's obligations are more than three times her present resources, and Austria and Hungary (taken to-

gether because pre-war estimates of national resources were made that way) owe twenty-seven times as much as their combined wealth.

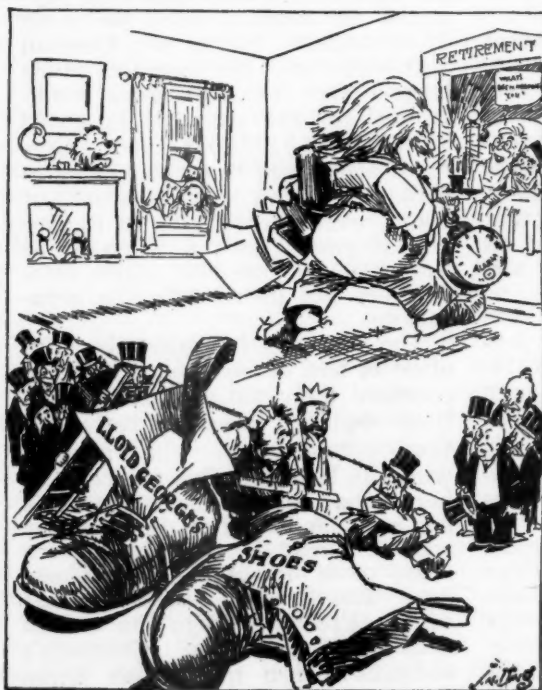
In the light of these figures one sees how absurd is the expectation of large immediate payments from countries which are bankrupt, or nearly so. Of the debtors to America, only Great Britain can pay, and must be given many years to discharge her obligations. Germany has undoubtedly paid all she can for the present. Her currency had shrunk in exchange value, up to the first of last month, 1,600 times. Similar conditions in America would mean that a street car ride would cost \$80, a suit of clothes \$80,000, a dozen eggs \$1,200. It is impossible to adjust prices and wages to a standard of value which is diminishing so rapidly, and despite feverish activity in a few lines

such as shipbuilding, Germany's economic machinery is virtually paralyzed.

Unless the mark is stabilized, the Allies can get no more blood from the Teuton turnip; and to bring that about will require a complete moratorium for several years, probably a substantial foreign loan, and a reduction of reparations payments thereafter to an annual amount which Germany can meet out of her "export balance"—the surplus of goods she sends out of the country over the goods she receives from abroad.

The Rt. Hon. Reginald McKenna, former chancellor of the British exchequer, and head of England's biggest bank, helped to confound confusion still further when he came to America recently and assured a convention of bankers that, for its own sake, no nation can afford to have its foreign debts paid.

For payment cannot be in gold, but must be in goods, says Mr. McKenna; and whether we receive these goods ourselves, or have them sold in world markets for our benefit, the effect upon our own manufactures will be equally disastrous. To this Mr. Hoover replied in a speech a few days later declaring that Mr. McKenna's fears are groundless. America does not believe it will hurt her to receive payment from her European debtors, and she intends to collect every penny. The opinion of leading economists seems on the whole to support Mr. Hoover, at least on his first contention. If payments in any one year are small, and are accompanied by a reduction of taxation in the receiving country, they need do little harm. However,



CAN HE FILL 'EM?

—Ding in Springfield Republican.

the United States has made it virtually impossible for Europe to pay, by erecting the wall of the Fordney-McCumber tariff.

But these are minutiae. Whether we decide to cancel the debts, in whole or in part; whether the reparations are scaled down to twelve billions, or ten, or eight, is of less importance than that the present uncertainty should end. While politicians quarrel about personal and national prestige, and hold out impossible hopes to their people, the economic paralysis continues.

Europe is still very sick; and the American farmer and workingman are suffering because of it. If production could be restored, the entire amount of the reparations and debts would be earned every four or five months; the United States alone has an annual income more than twice as great as the bill Germany has been ordered to pay. Compared to the fantastic folly which keeps a whole continent on the brink of ruin, "cutting off your nose to spite your face" seems like the epitome of common sense.



Movies in the Schools

THE producers of motion pictures have just accomplished the most sensible act of their joint and several careers.

A distinguished committee of educators has been asked to cooperate with Will H. Hays, overseer of the film industry, to find out just what value motion pictures have in the classroom. When this has been



A RESCUER SELF-CHAINED

—McCay in New York American.

done, steps will be taken to bring about their proper use on the widest possible scale.

It has become a truism to say that the films are one of the greatest social forces in America. It is equally a truism to say that their enormous potential powers have been almost entirely wasted.

Not five per cent. of all the pictures produced have served any other purpose than momentary amusement. To be sure, that is an important and valuable function, when it is properly carried out; but it is far from exhausting the useful possibilities of this "little sister of the arts."

There are plenty of intelligent people inside the industry who think that the great future of motion pictures lies in education. Impressions received through the eye, psychologists tell us, are stronger than any other sort (except odors!). Words are only arbitrary symbols for ideas, and printed letters are but arbitrary symbols for

words; to master the contents of a book requires a difficult double process of translation, while a motion picture has all the vividness, the unquestioned reality, of life itself.

Moreover, the motion picture makes a new type of pedagogy possible. With animated cartoons and moving maps, it is possible to explain in a few seconds a point which could only be partially and inadequately elucidated with thousands of words. Microscopic photography brings to the student of biology and chemistry a reality hitherto undreamt of. The patient camera man can reveal a month's growth of a plant in the course of five minutes on the screen.

Despite all these advantages, most of the experiments made thus far in the use of movies in schools have been comparative failures. This is partially due to a misunderstanding of function; the film should supplement, not supplant, the text-book. It is particularly useful in summarizing the important facts—"hitting the high spots"—leaving precise details for book and teacher. Also, for obvious reasons, the amount of classroom film as yet available is small, the choice of subjects haphazard, the technical quality of much of it poor. So few schools are interested as yet that the financial rewards to producers are limited. Teachers haven't learned how to use the new medium to advantage, and normal schools have not introduced the subject into their curricula.

Time will certainly smooth away these difficulties. It needs no great prophetic vision to predict that before many years every classroom will have its projection machine; that as many films as text-books will be produced; that in the school auditorium of every town and village, travel pictures and special educational films will be shown in the evenings once or twice a week

through the winter, for grown-ups and children alike, at nominal charge or none.

Collectively, the human race is fairly stupid; but in the long run every new short cut to power and knowledge is certain to be adopted. In education, motion pictures provide such a short cut. Their ultimate use is as inevitable as the sunrise.

□ □

The Tragedy of Waste

THE greatest curse of mankind to-day is war. Probably the second greatest is waste.

Machines have been invented during the last hundred years easily capable of producing enough goods to let everyone in the world live in the comfort now enjoyed only by the upper ten per cent. of a few highly industrialized countries. Thus far, man's collective intelligence has not been equal to the task of releasing the energy of these machines for the benefit of all.

When we learn to abolish waste, we shall abolish poverty, and half our troubles will disappear. This includes war, which is the result of international poverty, nations struggling for the control of raw materials and markets in the belief that there are not enough of these things to go 'round.

We haven't yet learned how to keep in operation the machines which already exist. During the war it was found over and over again that a factory could double its output with the same number of men and machines, merely by intelligent planning of operation, taking up the slack and reducing lost motion.

The Federated American Engineering Societies recently appointed a Committee on Elimination of Waste in Industry. Its report, now published in book form, is perhaps the most appalling indictment of in-

dustry ever penned, and all the more effective because of its cold, scientific style. Here are some of the wastes reported:

Three-quarters of a million dollars a day is lost in clothing factories in the United States through inefficient operation, which wastes one-third of the total working time. (This does not include shut-downs.)

One hundred million dollars a year is wasted because newspapers and magazines are of various shapes and sizes. If the newspapers would make their columns of uniform width it would save three million to five million dollars on typesetting alone.

Shoemakers lose thirty-five per cent. of their time through badly planned work. Building trades workmen lose thirty-seven per cent.

Too much has been said, according to this report, about the wastefulness of strikes. Between 1881 and 1905, one-half of all the strikes in America were in "seasonal trades" where the worker is employed only part of the year. In such cases the annual productivity was not reduced. In New York State in 1916, industry lost two days per man per year because of strikes. In the same year ten days per man were lost because of illness, of which at least forty per cent. was preventable and needless.

Justice Brandeis, before he was appointed to the Supreme Court, made the statement that the railroads of this country waste a million dollars a day because of inefficiency. Engineers now believe that, if anything, he probably understated the case.



"AIN'T WE GOT FUN?"

Murphy in Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Stuart Chase, a New York statistician, estimates that of the 42,000,000 persons gainfully employed in this country, only 24,000,000 are actually producing or distributing useful goods and services. With proper efficiency he estimates that the same results could be achieved by 12,000,000. In other words, he says that seventy per cent. of all our labor is wasted, if we include under that heading the production of needless luxuries. Most people will say his estimate is too high; but no one who has studied the question can deny that the waste is an appalling one.

In the past, this has not mattered so much, here in America. We have had the riches of a whole continent to exploit, and have displayed the characteristic prodigality of the pioneer. But now the country is filling up; while our natural resources are not exhausted, we must husband them carefully from now on. Our period of reckless youth is over.

One big reason for making the industrial machinery produce more, and for getting a wider and less costly distribution, is that thereby we can go a long way on the road toward permanent peace between capital and labor. On the average, the workingman gets between 40 and 50 cents out of each dollar's worth of production. This does not generally mean that the capitalist is gouging the worker. Most of the balance goes for rent, raw materials, interest on investment and depreciation. But if we could double the production per man, we could afford to more than double the share of labor.

Here is a fine big job for the next generation to tackle.



The Poor Man and the Courts

THE test of any civilization is the degree to which it protects those who are unable to protect themselves.

Natural law says only the strong shall survive. It is man's supreme triumph that he has denied this. To Nature he replies that the strong shall lend their strength to the weak, and all shall survive. The world has not yet attained this ideal; but we move toward it.

In America, improvement is urgently needed in one special phase of the protection of the weak. The charge is increasingly made, and with good reason, that the poor man does not receive just treatment in our courts.

There are three chief causes for this: the law's delay, the high cost of court fees, and the operation of natural economic forces which draw the best legal brains into the service of the rich.

The Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Learning has pub-

lished a report on this subject by Reginald Heber Smith, of the Boston bar, under the title of "Justice and the Poor."

Mr. Smith declares that "the administration of American justice is not impartial; the rich and poor do not stand on an equality before the law; the traditional method of providing justice has operated to close the door of the courts to the poor, and has caused a gross denial of justice in all parts of the country to millions of persons."

Naturally, this assertion has been hotly denied by lawyers and judges. They claim that conditions have greatly improved of late; and cite as evidence such comparatively new devices as the New York Municipal Court, where \$2 is the maximum court fee, and the poor man without counsel is sure of a careful, patient hearing.

Yet Mr. Smith's charge is in general quite true, as the common experience of the people testifies. The poor man cannot afford to go to court, however just his grievance. If he employs a lawyer, he usually gets a man of inferior ability. This is even more true when the judge assigns counsel to him.

The success of the wealthy law-breaker in postponing or evading punishment is notorious; and even in the course of punishment, rich and poor are not on an equality. A fine which means nothing at all to a prosperous man, may spell ruin to another. A term in prison, of whatever duration, may be only an annoying and humiliating experience, or it may mean the loss of employment, great hardship to a whole circle of dependents, and a subsequent disastrous closing of doors against the offender.

Like so many other evil conditions, this one is accidental and probably temporary. Our cities have been growing too fast; administration hasn't kept up with size; but it will.

Legal Aid Societies have been established in scores of communities and have done fine work in helping the poor through their troubles. Special courts have been established to deal with small claims, domestic relations, juvenile delinquency. Conciliation and arbitration tribunals are increasingly used to simplify legal processes, or avoid them altogether. Only recently a group of lawyers in New York City set up an arbitration

plan whereby the parties to a dispute may, for a trifling fee, argue their case before a "lay judge" (one of a number of volunteers who sit in rotation) and get a decision which for all practical purposes should be as good as that of a court.

Best of all these methods for bringing justice to the poor is the Public Defender. This position is filled by a competent lawyer, employed on salary by the city. His duties are the exact opposite of those of the Prosecuting Attorney. Instead of trying to get people into jail, he tries to keep them out. He sees to it that the innocent are not punished at all, and the guilty no more severely than they deserve. He gives to the poor a quality of service they could not afford to buy; his sole interest is in the cause of justice.

This, in short, is applied civilization—applied where it was badly needed. One only wonders why the job was not thought of long ago. Los Angeles may claim the credit of being the first American city to employ a Public Defender; in the past ten years the experiment has also been tried in Omaha, Portland (Ore.), Columbus, Richmond, Hart-



THE DEBTORS

—London Punch.

ford, Minneapolis, New Haven, and a few other places. When every town in the country has a salaried Public Defender, we will be a little better entitled to boast about America, the Land of Equality.

□ □

Miniature History—Every man's career is a miniature history of the world. It is said that the unborn child within the mother passes through all the stages of animal evolution from protoplasm to man.

So in every life there is a development that corresponds to the growth of the whole human race.

In each one of us there is an epoch of savagery wherein we pass through a phase that resembles the life of the cave man.

In each one of us there are the Dark Ages, the Renaissance, the Reformation, the Declaration of Independence, the Great War.

The world with its successive panics and prosperities has its replica in each soul.

Every man can say "I was once a Columbus, a William the Conqueror, a slave, a prince, a pauper."

Every consciousness is a little cosmos.

A RATIONAL PLAN OF VOTING TO CURE THE PARTY EVIL

Advantages of Voting by School Districts and by Mail

THE broad outlines of the plan which is here presented are as follows:

To abolish all our present election districts, officials and machinery.

To make every election district co-terminous with the school district.

To make the officials (trustees or directors) of the school the sole judges of elections.

To do all voting at the schoolhouse.

To have posted up in the schoolhouse the list of the electors of that district, to be verified and kept up to date by the school officials, the list always to be open for public inspection.

To vote only by mail, in franked envelopes containing the sealed envelope of the voter's ballot, with a detachable slip upon which the voter's signature is written.

Some Advantages of This Plan.

SOME of the advantages of this plan are:

That it will make voting easy, intelligent and universal.

That it involves no fundamental change in our system of government, but rather is more nearly in harmony with our government and its ideals than the present system.

That the people can easily and quickly vote upon clear issues.

That school districts at present entirely cover the United States, are already established and in constant working order, and that the people are interested in them.

That the children may thus be brought into close contact with their government, learn to understand it and

THIS plan of voting is the one which is advocated by Dr. Benjamin Franklin Wooding of Montclair, New Jersey. Dr. Wooding has devoted much thought and energy toward the advocacy of his idea. His suggestions fell in with my own ideas which I have worked out in this article, and I trust they will be equally acceptable to the minds of my readers.—Frank Crane.

take an interest in it, whereas at present it seems to them a remote affair.

Details of the Plan.

THE details of this plan of voting will suggest themselves.

They are not intricate, nor impractical. The plan does not stand or fall by objection to this or that detail, but rather by the worth of its central idea.

Its Scope and Purpose.

THE purpose of the plan is to cure the party evil and do away with the necessity for permanent political party organizations, which are the curse of the country and the very worst cancer that has developed on the breast of democracy.

We have only to carry the party idea to its logical conclusion in order entirely to destroy this government by the people, which has been so laboriously accomplished.

That we have had parties for a long time, and that the country, nevertheless, has prospered, is about on a level with the argument that a man can manage to get along and make a living if he is blind or has only one arm. All the prosperity of the country, all its health and idealism, have come in spite of parties and against their bitter opposition.

Voting by Mail

TO vote by mail is the only rational and practical method of voting in the twentieth century among a people where public schools are obligatory and universal. Our present system of voting in person disfranchises a vast number of our citizens.

Traveling men, people temporarily away from home on business or pleasure cannot vote. It is absurdly necessary even for the President of the United States, if his home happens to be in California, to journey across the continent in order to deposit his vote.

Voting by mail can be as accurate as voting in person. Each voter's signature being registered in the district could be verified by the judges. It would be as dangerous to falsify a signature as it is to forge a check.

Banks get along and do business depending upon the signatures of their customers, and losses and frauds by forgery are negligible.

The ballot sent in by mail could be as secret as the present ballot. It could be in a sealed envelope to which is attached a perforated slip whereon the signature of the citizen should be written, this envelope and slip to be contained in a larger envelope addressed to the schoolhouse. In this way the judges could check up every man's vote, all the ballots after the signatures were detached could be thrown together, and thus the secrecy of the ballot maintained.

Voting by mail would be infinitely cheaper than the present system.

Voting by mail would be infinitely simpler than the present system. The present system is simply a stupid hold-over from the time when people were unable to read and write.

No citizen who is unable to make his own signature should be allowed to have a share in the government of his country. At least it ought to take that much intelligence.

At present a very considerable part of the voters of the country do not (and many of them cannot) take part in any election because of the bother, complexity and the impracticability of the system in vogue.

The Curse of Party.

THE chief advantage of the plan above outlined is that it will do away with the necessity of party government.

An ordinary man takes it as a matter of course that we must have parties in a democracy. Very often it is the ideas that everybody takes for granted that are the most stupid. If anyone will stop to think he will soon realize that the main and practically the only reason that we think we must have political parties is because we always have had them.

Objection to doing away with parties is quite on a level with the objections that were made to vaccination, to hospitals, public schools and to the adoption of the Constitution of the United States. All of these things were fiercely attacked because they were dangerous innovations.

Parties Are Un-American.

THE party idea is not American.

It originated in Europe, and our party organizations here are mere imitations of those existing in European countries.

European political parties are after-maths of monarchy, and draw their support from the same root idea, which is that the people are incapable of governing themselves except as they are herded and as they are bossed by superior beings.

The party idea also draws its nourishment from the erroneous idea that there is no safety except in conflict, that the only way we can get justice, law or liberty is by putting up two forces of men and letting them fight it out.

This is a variation of the old idea that war is absolutely necessary for progress and patriotism.

It is akin to the idea that competition is necessary for commercial prosperity, whereas the world is beginning to see that prosperity is the child of co-operation and not of competition.

The founders of our republic had no notion of establishing a government that was to be run by political parties. That notion came afterwards. It was bitterly contested by the greatest constructive American statesmen.

Washington on Political
Parties.

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S opinions are entitled to respect. Of course, he lived in a former age, but he was a singularly far-sighted and level-headed statesman, and the principles he laid down are hardly subject to change.

In his farewell address of 1796 he used the following words:

"I have intimated to you the danger of parties in the State. . . . Let me now . . . warn you in the most solemn manner against the baleful effect of the spirit of party generally. This spirit . . . exists in all governments . . . in those of the popular form it is seen in its *greatest rankness and is truly their worst enemy*. The alternate domination of one factor over another, sharpened by the spirit of revenge natural to party dissensions, which in different ages and countries has perpetrated the most horrid enormities, is itself a frightful despotism. . . . The common and continued mischiefs of the spirit of party are sufficient to make it the interest and duty of a wise people to discourage and restrain it.

"It serves always to disrupt the public council and enfeeble the public administration. It agitates the community with ill-founded jealousies and false alarms; kindles the animosity of one part against another; foment occasional riot and insurrection. It opens the door to foreign influence and corruption, which finds a facilitated access to government itself through the channels of party passion. Thus the policy and will of one country are subjected to the policy and will of another. . . . In governments purely elective, it is a spirit not to be encouraged."

The Case Against Political
Parties.

1. The very existence of a political party rests upon the ignorance, the prejudice and the blind and unreasoning elements of human nature. Parties do not appeal to thought nor conviction; their main force is derived from the momentum of tradition, the

artificial stimulant of organization and the desire for office.

2. The effect of the political party is to transfer the loyalty of the Congressman or Senator or President, or other official, from the interests of the whole people to the interests of an extra-legal organization. Office-holders are made to feel that that which keeps them in power is not the favor of the people, but the favor of their party. The consequences of this are well known and disastrous.

3. The political party is destructive to patriotism, for the reason cited in the point above.

4. The political party is an organization strictly for the purpose of electing officers. It lies in a more or less quiescent state between elections, and comes to vigorous life preparatory to a campaign. Thus, the political party, instead of working for the good of the community, works to seek privilege for a certain few in the community. The psychology of an office-holder is well known. The almost irresistible tendency of a man in office is to consider the interests of the organization or people who got him his job. For that reason, he usually puts party interests above public interests.

5. The cohesive element of every political party consists in the lowest passions of men. The party is held together by the cohesive power of discontent. It is well known that under the party system people vote *against* things more generally than *for* things.

6. The record of the political party is black. It harried Washington, it made Andrew Jackson's life miserable, it murdered Garfield and Lincoln and McKinley. It wrecked the life of Woodrow Wilson. These high spots of national partyism are but conspicuous instances of innumerable similar cases in towns, cities and counties throughout the country.

7. The party system generates the boss, the sinister and corrupt figure who controls the more ignorant rabble of the populace.

8. Parties being well organized and

anxiously supported by office-seekers, furnish a most convenient opportunity for bribery, lobbyism and corruption. Evil men who could not corrupt the whole people find no difficulty in controlling a party organization. The whole history of corrupt politics in the United States is closely interwoven with the history of political parties.

9. No great reform, no step forward, no constructive change in the government has ever originated with or been put across by a political party. Parties take advantage of these reforms after they are started, and climb on the wagon and ride after it gets going. The abolition of human slavery, the prohibition of alcoholic beverages, the enfranchisement of women are the three outstanding progressive reforms made in the United States. Not one of them was due to party initiative.

10. The party system is favorable to the growth and strength of reactionary ideas. It is opposed to healthful and normal change. It is favorable to stagnation. A government is kept fresh and healthy only as it is brought in continual contact with the whole body of the people.

11. The party system has a disastrous effect even upon great minds. We see the most brilliant and effective statesmen of the country indulge in the most outrageous absurdities in defending their party and attacking the opposite party. Even our Senators and Supreme Court judges are not exempt from this baleful influence, as we saw judges of the Electoral Commission at the time of President Hayes vote strictly upon party lines. This dangerous party influence strongly affects the President. Instead of being a President of the whole people, we have seen that he is all too prone to consult only his party leaders and to take action that will favor the interests of his party organization even at the sacrifice of the public welfare.

12. The party disfranchises many citizens. The number of citizens who do not vote at all is great and is growing. They give very good reasons for

their course of conduct. They say they have had nothing to do with the selection of the candidates or of the issues. And whichever candidate is elected makes little difference to them. If people could vote directly for candidates without at the same time voting for a mass of corrupt bosses and political workers and for the evil influences who control these persons, many more would vote.

13. Not to have political parties does not imply that there should be no political organizations. There is no reason why there should not be a League of Women Voters or other leagues for labor, for the tariff, for free trade, for prohibition, against prohibition, and for or against any other issues. These leagues only become dangerous when they cease to have as an object the influencing of the minds of the people and have for their object the usurpation of government.

14. The root of partyism is fear of the people. It is directly opposed to the very core of democracy, which is a trust in the people. Every political partisan will bitterly attack the program here outlined. He knows that it would put him out of business.

15. Partisanship in politics brings politics into disrepute. In a democracy politics is necessary. In fact, democracy cannot exist without politics. The ordinary man to-day has a contempt for politics and for those who engage in it. His contempt really is not for politics, but it is for partisanship, for it is partisanship that has degraded politics. Remove the incubus of the political party, and politics will become of immense interest to the whole body of citizens, and the children could be trained in it.

16. Partisanship in politics is on a level with sectarianism in religion. Those who say there could be no practical, efficient politics without parties are on a par with those who consider that the interests of religion are entirely bound up with their own particular sect.

17. Partisanship defeats every end

of democracy, because it is government by a minority and not by a majority. With two dominant political parties, the people are divided against each other, and this division was usually made by their parents and their forefathers before them. About forty per cent. belong to one party and forty per cent. to the other. Thus eighty per cent. of the people are arrayed against each other in the lists of blind prejudice. That party wins which presents a sufficient number of the unattached twenty per cent. It is really, therefore, the twenty per cent., and a fraction of that, which determines the government.

18. Partyism is on a level with totem worship. It is a sort of superstition. It is a purblind thing held together by hereditary custom and the disinclination of people to think.

19. It is parties that make wars. A campaign for war appeals to the lowest element of the people always, and parties are eager to ride into power upon such an occasion. If there was a way of getting the vote of the entire people quickly and easily, it would be rare indeed that the people would vote for war.

20. Partisanship appeals to that class of people who are interested in the control of government and in the administration of laws, instead of the class that are interested in the constructive work of government and in the just administration of law. That class which is the backbone of the party in the city ward is the class of law-breakers and grafters. These constitute always the most solid nucleus of action under the party system.

21. In great crises, such as the late war, people put aside all questions of party and come together as a unit. It is only then that true patriotism comes to the surface and that we realize what an unnecessary and vicious thing partisanship is.

THE chief advantage of the plan above proposed is that it brings the government close to the people. It

constantly accomplishes all the good sought in the referendum idea.

At present to get the people's real opinion on any subject involves a long and laborious process.

To find out what the people thought of prohibition, for instance, required the passage of a constitutional amendment which required a long period of time to secure. With this kind of voting we could find out inside of thirty days exactly what the people want.

The issue of the League of Nations was all confused and muffed by the politicians in the last national election. It was so tied up with other things that what the people meant by their vote could only be guessed. Some now claim that the seven million majority for the Republican party was a vote against the League of Nations. It is just as lustily denied that this is true and that many voted for President Harding with the idea that our entrance into the League of Nations could be secured better through him than through Mr. Cox and the Democratic party. There the thing was all muddled.

If we had this plan of voting we could find out within a month whether the people of the United States want to go into the League of Nations or not. And we could get the opinion of the people on any other issue quickly and decisively.

Of course, this plan would be bitterly opposed by the professional partisan, for the simple reason that it would throw him out of a job. The jobholder is always the busiest little worker in the field, for the simple reason that he is the most interested.

When an election is held, however, for the purpose of finding out merely what the people think and not for the purpose of getting certain people into office, the results will be much cleaner and satisfactory.

The cure for democracy is always more democracy.

The reactionary type of mind is always afraid of the people, but the very

essence of democracy is to believe in and to trust the people.

The closer a government is to the people and the more constantly it must return to the people for instruction, the fresher it is kept and the cleaner from corruption.

In many respects democracy in Great Britain is better than ours, for after a national election here the people can-

not be heard from again for four years, whereas a government in Great Britain that loses touch with the people is deposed.

If we will only adopt some such plan as this by which the government can always be kept in touch with the people, we shall come nearer towards securing a government "for the people, of the people and by the people."

COMMENTS AND CONCLUSIONS

It would be possible to hold entire political elections through the medium of the United States mail, and to hold them more effectively and economically than through the unwieldy and unlovely polling-place.

How would the mail system supersede the work of the tally books, clerks, judges, challengers, etc., that protect the polling-place? It wouldn't supersede them; it would dispense with them; they are unnecessary in receiving even an intrinsically valuable letter by mail; then why a ballot?

What is the big idea of voting by mail? To find the easiest medium for the freest expression by every citizen on every question of government for every occasion.

A few hundred votes are malcounted at an election, and there is an outcry. Seven hundred thousand electors ignore a vital election and there is scarcely a groan. Which delinquency defeats more the ends of good government?

What is the function of elections? Merely to receive from the electorate a gesture indicating its preferences in majority form. If an absolute majority gesture can be obtained more emphatically by mail than otherwise, then the mail is the medium for it.

The 1920 census shows over sixty million inhabitants of voting age in the country, while less than twenty-seven

millions (women included) voted at the last presidential election.

The mail method of elections would make voting so easy and attractive that there would no longer be excuse for abstention. By it voting would be, as it ought to be, a pleasant, home affair, a family luncheon or dinner-table affair, if you will, where the ballot could be discussed and marked with ease and correctness and all in one household mark alike if they so wished. An elector would no longer have to run the gauntlet of solicitors and ward workers to reach the ballot. Being busy would make no difference to a woman, for she would not have to dress and go out. Being sensitive would offer no obstacle, for she would not have to wait in a crowd. Being a wife and mother with a big home and babies to care for would not stand in the way of a woman's being a good citizen and a voter by the mail route. No one could possibly "forget" to vote, for the mailman would remind him by leaving the ballot. And weather would no longer decide elections!

The means of communication, the press, the mail, the telegraph, the telephone have developed marvelously in response to modern requirements. This continuous adaptation is the law of existence and we cannot permanently refuse to adapt our electoral methods to the more perfect organization of a progressive democracy.

Listening In

"Art is universal. Americans like pictures and sculpture if they only knew it, and would buy them if they only knew how. We have been concentrating on so many other things."—*Jo Davidson, painter and sculptor.*

"It is perfectly possible to be a good wife and mother and at the same time a hardworking artist. In fact, a home with happy surroundings in which she finds love and sympathy in her work is absolutely essential to the development of a great artist."—*Mme. Johanna Gadski, operatic soprano.*

"The Greek ideal has never been so perfectly realized as in the American woman of to-day, strong, straight, developed by exercise in the open air."—*Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, society matron and sculptress.*

"We are such stuff as glands are made of, and our little life is rounded with an endocrine."—*Arthur Brisbane, editor and publisher.*

"Fame, in itself, is not worth one atom. Useful achievement is the real thing to strive for."—*John McHugh, bank president.*

"The greatest money-making machinery in the world is not to be found in Henry Ford's mammoth plants in Detroit, in Rockefeller's oil refineries, in the Steel Corporation's throbbing city of Gary, or in any or all of the colossal General Motors factories.

"The greatest money-making machinery in the world weighs only a few ounces. And, thank the Lord, it has been given to all of us.

"It is the human brain."—*B. C. Forbes.*

"The truth is that people receive just as good government as they are willing to support."—*Nathan L. Miller, Governor of New York and defeated candidate for re-election.*

"It is ridiculous to imagine, when one marries, that one marries a single person. One marries a whole bunch. Every woman brings to the altar not herself only, but a hundred other selves as well."—*Fay Compton, actress.*

"The wise mother in the home is the wise mother in the nation. The nation is but an aggregation of homes."—*Dr. Laura Riegelman, health expert.*

"I am a free man. The burden is off my shoulders, but my sword is in my hand."—*David Lloyd George, ex-Premier of England.*

"A man or woman who can't gaze at my bare legs in a classical dance without getting an evil thrill ought to be placed in a psychopathic ward. I might as well try to talk Chinese to my audience as to try to interpret classical dances all bundled up in clothes."—*Irene Castle, dancer.*

"Success is made up of four ingredients—inspiration, aspiration, desperation and perspiration, and the greatest of these is perspiration."—*Samuel G. Blythe, writer.*

"If there is a real nuisance in the business world it is the typical 'live wire.' He sputters, flashes and splashes, and he never gets any place in particular."—*Joseph P. Day, New York realtor.*

"America is the world's hope. She is young, vigorous, unselfish. Her innate qualities of fairness, justice and peace; her moral and spiritual stability and her infinite riches make of her an anchor-sheet for the world."—*Pope Pius XI.*

"More people are dying every day from criticism than from cancer."—*The Silent Partner.*

"The real hope of the world lies in putting as painstaking thought into the business of mating as we do into other big businesses, to convince young people of the necessity of permanent family relations."—*Mrs. Margaret Sanger, birth-control advocate.*

"Any woman is forty years older than the oldest man alive. Men are like little boys tagging along after some woman and saying, 'Mamma, where's the circus?'"—*Jane Burr, novelist.*

WHAT BOOKS TO BUY FOR CHRISTMAS

A Guide Through the Mazes of Current Literature

BOOKS have become almost as cheap as conversation. They pour from the printing presses so rapidly that they can hardly be counted. In its recent "Fall Announcement Number," the *Publishers' Weekly*, the leading authority in its field, records the titles of nearly 7,000 new American books. This total shows an increase of about 25 per cent. over the number recorded in the fall list two years ago, and an increase of almost 70 per cent. over the 1900 total.

Many of these books are negligible. Very few of them are likely to survive. Anyone who tried to read them all would be liable to mental indigestion. The need was never so great as now

for a pathfinder to guide one through the mazes of literature.

The purpose of this article is to offer such a guide. The books we shall mention are out of the common. They are all recognized as distinctive in their fields, and they are all worth buying and owning.

AN ECLECTIC ENCYCLOPEDIA

The time was ripe for the eclectic encyclopedia, and it is here. It is entitled *THE NEW LARNED HISTORY FOR READY REFERENCE, READING AND RESEARCH*, and its original compiler was the late J. N. Larned, noted educator, librarian, and writer and lecturer on history. Following closely on the pub-



ROSSETTI INSISTENTLY EXHORTED BY GEORGE MEREDITH TO COME FORTH INTO THE GLORIOUS SUN AND WIND FOR A WALK

One of the inimitable caricatures made by Max Beerbohm for "Rossetti and His Circle."



HIS LATEST BOOK DEALS WITH
PRE-RAPHAELITISM

Lafcadio Hearn, born of an Irish father and a Greek mother, went to Japan and lectured to students on Swinburne and Rossetti. The drawing reproduced above is by K. A. Gamuchian.

lication of H. G. Wells' "Outline of History" and Hendrik Van Loon's "Story of Mankind," it attempts a solution of the old problem of writing a history of the world, but, unlike these works, it quotes the actual words of the historians of all ages. The "New Larned History" is to be completed in twenty volumes; is crammed with maps, illustrations and colored plates; and is published by the C. A. Nichols Company, of Springfield, Mass.

SCIENCE FOR ALL

To praise Prof. J. Arthur Thomson's OUTLINE OF SCIENCE would be as superfluous as to gild refined gold, or to paint the lily. The publishers of this work (G. P. Putnam's Sons) record the fact that, of hundreds of reviews so far printed, every one has been an enthusiastic endorsement. Volumes III and IV, completing the work, are now published. Volume III lays special emphasis on wireless telegraphy and telephony, and on flying; prints an article on psychic science by

Sir Oliver Lodge; and pays a handsome tribute to Edwin E. Slosson, author of "Creative Chemistry." Volume IV features an article on bacteria by Sir E. Ray Lankester; discusses the Einstein theory; and closes with an article on science and modern thought by the Editor. Both volumes are splendidly illustrated.

CREATIVE THOUGHT

No one could make any mistake in buying James Harvey Robinson's MIND IN THE MAKING (Harper) and Walter Lippmann's PUBLIC OPINION (Harcourt). The former is a favorite of H. G. Wells'; the latter, months after publication, is awakening international comment. If Robinson's book tells us how our minds developed, Lippmann's book can best be described as an account of what our minds have become. Each of these thinkers indicts the modern world, and each believes that some kind of creative thought is needed to save civilization. Mr. Lippmann stresses "the problem of news" as of critical importance. He looks for his remedy to a political science which shall accumulate facts and dispense them to the multitude.

PAGE'S LETTERS

The outstanding biography of the season is THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF WALTER H. PAGE (Doubleday, Page), edited by Burton J. Hendrick. This work is compared by some critics with the "Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin" and "The Education of Henry Adams." It is based on the letters that Page wrote to President Wilson, Colonel Edward M. House, and friends, during the five years of his ambassadorship in Great Britain. Mr. Page was entrusted with one of his country's most important diplomatic missions. He believed, heart and soul, in an Anglo-American alliance. His letters are valuable not only for the light which they shed on the foreign policy of the Wilson administration, but also for the picture they give of England under the stress of war. The

portraits drawn of such men as Sir Edward Grey, Arthur J. Balfour, Lloyd George, and Lord Robert Cecil are such stuff as history is made of. After Page's death President Alderman, of the University of Virginia, asserted his belief that when Page's correspondence came to be published he would be found to be one of the great letter-writers of his time, it not of all time. "Mr. Hendrick's biography," Lawrence F. Abbott, of the *New York Outlook*, declares, "justifies this prediction."

OTHER BIOGRAPHIES

The season that has given us Page's letters has yielded nearly twenty other notable biographies and autobiographies. They range all the way from *THE KAISER'S MEMOIRS* (Harper) to Harry Kemp's *TRAMPING ON LIFE* (Boni and Liveright). We find in the list *GEORGE WASHINGTON* (Houghton Mifflin), by William Roscoe Thayer, biographer of Cavour and Roosevelt, and *THE REAL LINCOLN* (Houghton Mifflin), by Jesse W. Weik, who collaborated in writing the Herndon life of Lincoln. Some of this new biological literature bears upon Woodrow Wilson. There are *LETTERS OF FRANKLIN K. LANE* (Houghton Mifflin), for instance, which are largely devoted to analyzing Wilson's character. Extracts from these letters published in the newspapers have tended to convey the impression that the late Secretary of the Interior in Wilson's War Cabinet took a derogatory view of his chief; but this is an erroneous impression. The total effect of the book is to magnify Wilson. "He will loom very large in the historian's mind," Mr. Lane declares. Another complimentary portrait of President Wilson may be found in *WOODROW WILSON AND WORLD SETTLEMENT* (Doubleday, Page), by Ray Stannard Baker. This is a reprint of articles that have been running for months in the *New York Times*. We have spoken with enthusiasm of Page's letters. Another of President Wilson's ambassadors is well represented in *ALL IN A*



THE AUTHOR OF "THE BRIGHT SHAWL"

Joseph Hergesheimer, whom we see here in a sketch made by Djuna Barnes for the *New York Tribune*, returns, in his new novel, to the manner of his earlier successes.

LIFETIME (Doubleday, Page), by Henry Morgenthau. The atmosphere changes when we pass on to speak of the biographies of a great preacher, *THE STORY OF A VARIED LIFE* (Doubleday, Page), by W. S. Rainsford; of a great businessman, *MY LIFE AND WORK* (Doubleday, Page), by Henry Ford, in collaboration with Samuel Crowther; of a great actor, *MY YEARS ON THE STAGE* (Dutton), by John Drew; of a great actress, *MY LIFE AND SOME LETTERS* (Dodd, Mead), by Mrs. Patrick Campbell; and of two great opera-singers, *ENRICO CARUSO* (Little, Brown), by Pierre V. R. Key, in collaboration with Bruno Zirato, and *MY LIFE* (Appleton), by Emma Calvé. In this connection should be mentioned *THE PRINT OF MY REMEMBRANCE* (Scribner), by Augustus Thomas, the playwright and new chief of theatrical producers, and *LETTERS OF JAMES GIBBONS HUNKEER* (Scribner), collected and edited by his widow. There is something tonic and inspiring in Hunkeer's energy. He stands out as the



WHEN THE SKY COMES DOWN AND THE STARS LOOK
LIKE NUMBERS

One of the illustrations made by Maud and Miska Petersham
for Carl Sandburg's "Rootabaga Stories."

greatest of all our radical critics of art, music, literature and drama.

IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA

Two recent English visitors to America have published volumes that are worth reading. They are Margot Asquith and G. K. Chesterton. Mrs. Asquith's book, *MY IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA* (Doran), is the lighter of the two; it has the sparkle of a personality who has always managed to get some fun out of life and who has had exceptional opportunities to meet most of the interesting people of our time.

Mrs. Asquith criticizes our trains and our newspapers bitterly, while Mr. Chesterton cannot imagine why we put up with prohibition. His book is entitled *WHAT I SAW IN AMERICA* (Dodd, Mead), and criticizes this country for its lack of any real individuality. "The danger of democracy," as he puts it, "is not anarchy but convention. And though a superficial sightseer should hesitate about all such generalizations, and should certainly make allowance for enormous exceptions to them, he does receive a general impression of unity verging on uniformity."

ESCAPING FROM CIVILIZATION

There is undeniable fascination in the books of Frederick O'Brien. First came his "White Shadows in the South Seas"; then "Mystic Isles of the South Seas." Now we get his *ATOLLS OF THE SUN* (Century). The new book, like its predecessors, is rich in pictures, and it lacks nothing of the author's former grace and magic. Mr. O'Brien has said that the South Sea Islands are a state of mind. He sees in life not reality, but "an illusion, a screen upon which each one

writes the reactions upon himself of his sensory knowledge." If you like this philosophy, you will like his account of his visits to the low-lying, palm-fringed, beautiful white isles, the coral rings of the Dangerous Archipelago.

POETRY

Plato banished the poet from his Utopia, and average men are often inclined to dismiss the poetic as superfluous. Yet every life has its poetic overtone, and moods come to all which can only be adequately expressed in poetry. To a man or a woman who can

buy only one book of verse this Christmas we recommend **COLLECTED POEMS** (Macmillan) by Edwin Arlington Robinson. This volume has been crowned by the Authors' Club, the Pulitzer Prize Committee and the Poetry Society.

ART

One of the most original contributions to the art of the winter is **ROSSETTI AND HIS CIRCLE** (Doubleday, Page), by the writer and caricaturist whom Bernard Shaw once described as "the incomparable Max." We can study here, at close quarters, the unique group of artists and poets, who transfigured the eighteenth-fifties-and-sixties in England. Certain of the faces and episodes depicted are carried to the point of farce, but nothing is set down in cruelty or malice. Swinburne reading "Anactoria" to the Rossettis; Rossetti exhorted by Meredith to go for a walk; William Morris and Burne-Jones exchanging confidences, are a few of the themes in which Beerbohm delights.

LITERARY CRITICISM

It is a natural transition from Max Beerbohm's latest caricatures to **PRE-RAPHAELITE AND OTHER POETS** (Dodd, Mead), by Lafcadio Hearn. This volume consists of lectures reprinted from earlier books and delivered at the University of Tokyo. Hearn had a genius for literary interpretation, and his analyses of the poetry of Rossetti, Swinburne, Morris, Browning, etc., are likely to appeal to American, quite as much as to Japanese, students. When we turn from these Japanese lectures to something nearer home, we find, prominent among the new books of literary criticism, **THE TOCSIN OF REVOLT**

(Scribner), in which Brander Matthews discusses Roosevelt as a man of letters, and offers an answer to the question, What is American Literature? The essay which gives the book its title assails literary insurgency, while **THE CRITICAL GAME** (Boni and Liveright), by John Macy, is an able expression of that very insurgency. If you read both books, you will know both sides of the literary controversy, with Brander Matthews pleading in behalf of classic standards, and Macy presenting the cases of Nietzsche, Strindberg, De Gourmont, James Joyce, D. H. Law-

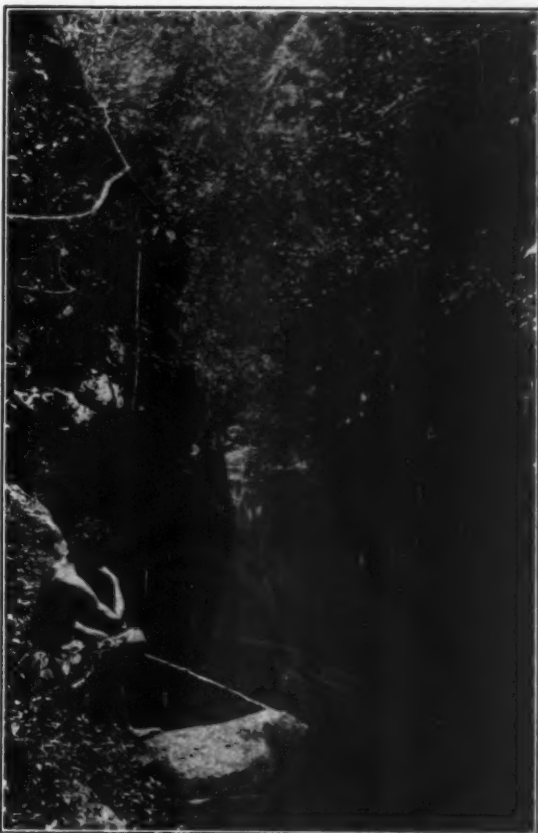


Photo by L. Gauthier

IN THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS

"It is useless," Frederick O'Brien says, "to look to find in the South Seas what I have found. It is there, glowing and true, and yet, as each beholder conjures a different spectacle of the human spectacle about him, each can see the islands of romance only by the lens life has fitted upon his soul."

rence and a dozen more. Maurice Francis Egan, whose *CONFESSIONS OF A BOOKLOVER* (Doubleday, Page) is urged as a fourth choice, has been lately characterized by the editor of the *Freeman* as the best literary mind in the country. His new essays deal, among other themes, with Booth Tarkington; with Roosevelt as a book-lover; with Walt Whitman; and with Kipling. As a fifth notable book of literary criticism, we name Fred Lewis Pattee's *SIDELIGHTS ON AMERICAN LITERATURE* (Century). Dr. Pattee is Professor of English Literature in the Pennsylvania State College, and three essays of his book are masterly depreciations of O. Henry, H. L. Mencken and Jack London.

NEW NOVELS

More novels are read than all other kinds of literature put together, and the effort to separate those that are worth while from those that are not is a very difficult one. Almost every established writer in England and America has a new novel this year.

As a straight story of adventure we recommend *THE BRIGHT SHAWL* (Knopf), by Joseph Hergesheimer. In this novel Mr. Hergesheimer abandons the somewhat doubtful manner and material of "Cytherea" and returns to a mood expressed in his earlier "Lay Anthony" and "Java Head." The story is laid in Cuba; its hero is a young American; its theme is devotion to the cause of freedom.

Willa Cather's *ONE OF OURS* (Knopf) and Sinclair Lewis' *BABBITT* are both indispensable to an understanding of current American fiction. The first is a romantic war novel which disputes honors with John R. Dos Passos' realistic "Three Soldiers." The second is a biting caricature of the American business-man.

A. S. M. Hutchinson's *THIS FREEDOM* (Little, Brown) is essentially an anti-feminist document. If you think that woman's place is in the home and not outside of it, you will find your view reinforced in this novel. *ROUGH-*

HEWN (Harcourt), by Dorothy Canfield, is another story that pictures home as the *summum bonum*, while *CERTAIN PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE* (Doubleday, Page), laid in the California of sixty years ago, gives Kathleen Norris' record of an American home which seems, at least in its spirit, as firmly established as the mountains of that State.

There are novels and novels. Some read fiction in order to escape from ordinary life. Others take up a story in order to intensify their experiences. If you admire real cleverness and are willing to forego a happy ending, you will find something gripping in *THE JUDGE* (Doran), the second novel of the brilliant young English critic and feminist, Rebecca West. *WOMEN IN LOVE* (Thomas Seltzer); a novel by D. H. Lawrence which is now accessible for the first time in a cheap edition, is equally clever, but even more unpleasant. Mr. Lawrence has been called "the outlaw of modern English literature and the most interesting figure in it." He can write, as even his critics admit. Another English novel which is challenging attention is *THE THREE LOVERS* (Doran), by Frank Swinnerton. Mr. Swinnerton has an almost uncanny insight into the hearts and brains of girls, and shows us, in his new novel, how a girl behaves when three men lay siege to her heart.

A BOOK FOR CHILDREN

ROOTABAGA STORIES (Harcourt), by the poet Carl Sandburg, is based on genuine American material. Prairies and cornfields figure in it, but the illustrations (by Maud and Miska Petersham) could only have been manufactured in wonderland. Who but Sandburg would have thought of sky-scrapers deciding to have a child? and who but he could have successfully combined, in one story, balloons and clowns and pigs with bibs? Any child would like to ride with Carl Sandburg "where the railroad tracks run off into the sky and never come back."

AROUND FRANKLIN BOUILLON FIRES SMOLDER IN THE NEAR EAST

WHAT kind of a person is this Franklin Bouillon, the Frenchman who in the Near East has so suddenly risen to fame? A diplomatist—yes—but by no means of the old and courtly school. Franklin Bouillon is a big, burly and well-fleshed fellow, whose manners are what Salvationists would call "brief, bright and brotherly." He takes you genially by the arm and even puts his arm around your neck. He has all the adroit candor of Lloyd George himself.



© Wide World Photos

HE WAVES THE TRICOLOR IN THE NEAR EAST

M. Franklin Bouillon, having achieved a French diplomatic triumph in conjunction with Mustapha Kemal, is slated for the governorship of Syria.

He likes the Turk. Sometimes—so he thinks—the Turk may be a little rough with a million or more Armenians, but what wonder? At Greeks and Armenians, Franklin Bouillon merely shrugs his ample shoulders. Like the Turcophil General Townsend, hero of Kut, he loves them not. But the Turk—does not the Turk speak French? And even in his tantrums, does not the Turk behave as a gentleman among gentlemen? He may burn a few villages and abduct a hundred thousand girls, but whose coffee could be more fragrant and whose cigarettes more exquisitely scented? Besides, what a game is this—to be played like chess amid the seething intrigues of the Near East! To Franklin Bouillon, as he flits hither and thither, now to Angora, where rules Mustapha Kemal Pasha, and then again to Mudania, where the fate of Thrace is arranged, cities and homes and families fleeing from the wrath of the Moslem to come are mere pieces on the chess-board, whose terrors and agonies are to be no more considered by the expert player than if the pieces were made of wood or ivory. Indeed, there are bishops as well as pawns on Bouillon's chess-board; and also a king like Constantine, to be checkmated, with his queen, the Kaiser's sister. Religion and Royalty are thus in the game, and just as he plays off Italy against Athens, and everyone he can find against Lloyd George, so Franklin Bouillon plays off the Moslem against the Christian and the Christian against his fellow Christian, juggling

with the mutual antipathies of the Roman Catholic, the Armenian, the Protestant, the Eastern Orthodox Church and the Bolshevik Unbeliever without one thought save for the game itself.

Amid cruelties unspeakable and tragedies unparalleled, he remains active and cheerful. To his mind, the advance of Kemal and the destruction of every American mission in the interior of Asia Minor are nothing but regrettable incidents in a personal triumph. He it was who supplied some at least of the munitions by which the Turk won his victories, and if Smyrna did burn, can one not say that the Greeks set fire to their own dwellings? If tens of thousands of families are hurrying from Thrace, in fear of the fate which is usually inflicted on his enemies by the Ottoman, can one not add that the Turk has "promised," as he always does, to respect minorities until, of course, he massacres them, when it is too late? What do any of these details matter compared with the happiness of seeing the fall of Lloyd George from power and an end to British aspirations in the Black Sea?

True, Britain fought for France. But think of the past. From India, from Canada, from Egypt, even from Palestine, it was Britain who excluded the ambitions of her neighbor and substituted her own. France may be a monarchy, an empire or a republic, but her foreign office never changes, and it is to the foreign office that Franklin Bouillon belongs.

From the days of the Crusades to our own days, France has always been interested in the Near East. Louis XIV. dreamed of seizing what is now the Suez Canal and so cutting the British communications with India. It was a Frenchman—Ferdinand de Lesseps—who constructed that canal. The same tradition drew the great Napoleon to Egypt. And to that tradition Franklin Bouillon belongs. The Kaiser was never so formidable as when he became the special friend of Islam. Let France resume that rôle. It will please the many millions of Moslems

who are under her sovereignty. And there are, moreover, a number of mines and other little tidbits to be picked up as concessions by those bankers in Paris who are never out of touch with the government, whatever the government may be. Moreover, it is useful to draw away the Turk from the allurements of the Russian Soviets. An alliance between Germany, Russia and Turkey is something that France would wish to frustrate.

Hence Bouillon's secret mission to Kemal, two years ago. When Britain put questions about it, the man of mystery was described as an entirely unofficial agent. But for all that, he signed a treaty with the government at Angora and withdrew the French troops from Anatolia, handing this district back to Kemal. And it meant the end of the Anglo-French Entente.

With Smyrna in flames and Constantinople threatened, Franklin Bouillon is told in Paris that his friend, the Turk, must not be too hasty. So a rapid destroyer is chartered for Envoy Bouillon and he is dispatched to the Dardanelles at full speed. There he finds that the Turk is again top-dog, that the results of the war in the Near East have been almost nullified and that the Moslem is to have in Thrace a bridge-head once more in Europe. Franklin Bouillon is entirely satisfied with the results of his diplomacy.

But even in Paris other voices are heard. To begin with, it is pointed out that defeating Lloyd George is not the same thing as retaining the friendship of Britain. Then, there is the utter loss of sympathy in those quarters of the United States where Turkish misrule has made so painful an impression. And last, but not least, there is the alarm and confusion among the small nations of eastern Europe at the prospect of the Turk advancing again on their frontiers with all the prestige that French support affords. Bouillon has been playing with fire.

But, at the moment, the French magician is on the crest of the wave. He has helped Poincaré to achieve a

great diplomatic triumph. It is rumored that he will succeed General Gouraud as Governor of Syria and so bring the Turco-French Alliance directly to bear upon the British mandate in Palestine and Mesopotamia. The British are still in virtual command of the Dardanelles, the freedom of which for shipping, in peace and war, has been so strongly asserted by Lloyd George. But even here, with Bonar Law pledged to "tranquillity," Bouillon and Kemal doubtless hope to force a withdrawal. Indeed, it is clear that the Turks are wholly out of hand.

By the Treaty of Mudania it was agreed that they should have only 8,000 troops or gendarmes in Thrace. They have broken their word and increased this force to 30,000. And they have gone so far as to ask Europe to remove all troops from the Dardanelles and to cancel all treaties by other Powers made with the Sultanate, which office Kemal has audaciously abolished. The Greeks, the Roumanians and the Jugo-Slavs are therefore arming. Anything may happen and the fatal results of playing politics in the Near East are only too apparent.

BONAR LAW AND THE BRITISH CRISIS

DAVID LLOYD GEORGE has fallen from power and Andrew Bonar Law reigns in his stead, as Prime Minister of England. The "little Celt," with his mercurial temperament and his resolute will, who has been in office for seventeen years and Prime Minister for six of them, is at last in the wilderness, without a party to back him, thus sharing the fate of Woodrow Wilson, Clemenceau and Orlando, who acted with him as the Big Four at Paris. To no previous foreign crisis of the kind has the American press ever devoted such an amount of space—the more important speeches being cabled verbatim, especially to the New York *Times*, while elaborate comments appeared throughout the country.

The new Prime Minister, of Scotch descent and a Presbyterian, is the first Canadian to hold that position. By nature, he is not the recluse that he has been called, for it is only sorrow and weariness that drove him into the privacy of his study, and before he became a widower no man more thoroughly enjoyed the camaraderie of the House of Commons, the social game of chess in the smoking-room, the cut and thrust of debate and all the play of intrigue which is included in the word politics. So far from being, as represented, the stern and silent Scotsman,

Bonar Law is to-day quite the most glib speaker at present occupying the British platform. He uses neither notes nor manuscript, trusting to a phenomenal memory, and his danger has never been silence, but a perilous facility for speech and zest for a repartee. In fact, he is too sincere. His inner thought leaps to the lips and, regardless of consequences, he utters it. Already this aptitude for saying too much and saying it too clearly has got him into trouble. By way of economy, he promised to abolish a department called the Ministry of Pensions, but forgot that British pensioners, like American veterans, have votes. Within twenty-four hours of the above pledge, a Minister of Pensions was appointed! The Prime Minister had been overruled by his whips.

An indication of his attitude toward the United States is contained in his address to some two thousand Conservative women in London last month when, with a mental glance of reproof at Rudyard Kipling, Bonar Law declared "it was moral force which brought the United States into the war. . . . They had nothing to gain materially. On the contrary, they would lose money. But they would gain something far more precious than money, for they had saved the soul of America."

In ability, his Government is the weakest yet recorded in British history. Bonar Law himself and Lord Curzon, his Foreign Secretary, are the only men in it who can even pretend to be of the front rank. It was merely because he is a Duke that the Duke of Devonshire was Governor-General of Canada, and merely because he is an Earl that the Earl of Derby was British Ambassador at Paris. And in any case, these men are in the House of Lords and cannot answer for the Ministry in the House

of Commons where the real business is done. The rest of the Government consists of politicians who would be lucky to obtain a minor portfolio in a provincial legislature, one example being Ronald McNeill, the extreme Ulsterman, who once threw an order-book at the head of Winston Churchill and hit him, afterwards apologizing, and later accused the womanhood of Britain of expecting two million unauthorized war babies, with a further apology to follow. This discreet statesman will deal with foreign affairs in the House of Commons! All the names, familiar to

Americans, are outside the administration—Lloyd George, Asquith, Haldane, Morley, Balfour, Birkenhead, Grey, McKenna and, of course, Labor leaders like Henderson and J. H. Thomas.

What has happened in Britain is the breakdown of the two-party system. Twenty years ago the country had

Liberals and Conservatives who were as distinct from one another as were the Republicans and Democrats in this country. But while the Conservative Party is still intact, Liberalism has been—for the moment, at any rate—shattered, partly by the inroads of Labor on the Liberal vote and partly by the split over Lloyd George. What Lloyd George has wanted is a National Party, to include all the moderate elements, which would keep Labor in a minority. But this project was de-

feated by the Conservative Die-Hards, who preferred to retain a party of their own.

This Conservative organization represents interests like the Land, the Church and, above all, Liquor. Its chief whip, Sir George Younger, who destroyed the Coalition, is first, last and all the time a brewer. Solidly ranged behind him are one hundred thousand public houses or saloons, hundreds of distilleries and breweries, which do a business annually of two billion dollars and are capitalized above that figure. Liquor does not trust Lloyd George, who has said that drink is a worse enemy for Britain

than Germany, Austria and Hungary combined. And it is here that Lady Astor must make her choice. If she wants Temperance, she cannot remain a real Tory.

The true Conservative program is not frankly disclosed. In their hearts,
(Continued on page 804)



Courtesy Saturday Review

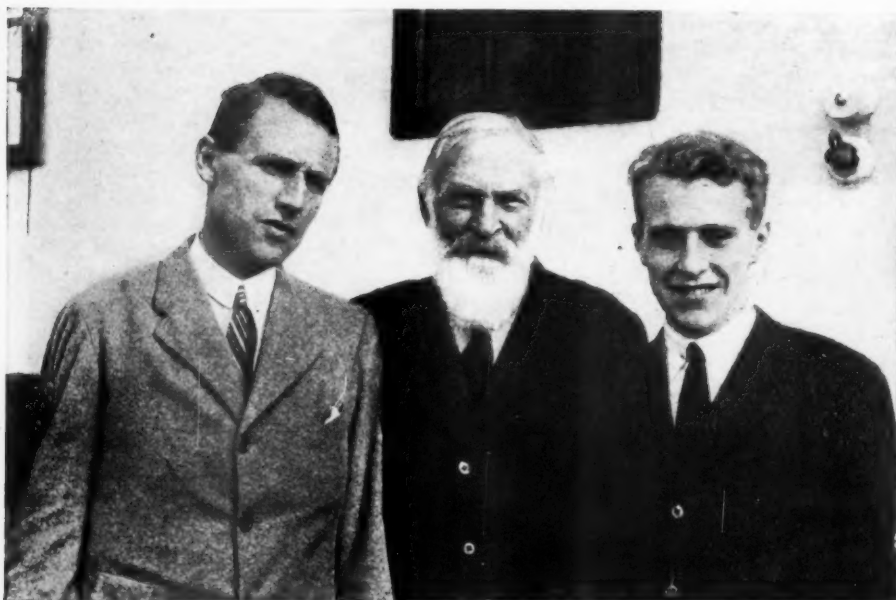
THE NEW BRITISH PREMIER QUESTIONS THE SITUATION

Andrew Bonar Law admits it was moral force, and not the thought of gain, which brought the United States into the war through which "the soul of America was saved."



© Underwood & Underwood

THIS BIRD-MAN AND HIS MACHINE RECENTLY TRAVELED 248.5 MILES AN HOUR
Lieut. R. L. Maughan displays a rabbit's foot after his victory flight at Mount Clemons, Michigan, in
a Curtiss pursuit plane. During the flight he was unconscious at times.



WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

DR. ADOLF LORENZ FORSAKES AUSTRIA TO SHARPEN THE SKILL OF AMERICAN SURGERY
The famous Viennese surgeon and his sons, Albert and Conrad, his valued assistants, will make their future home in this country.



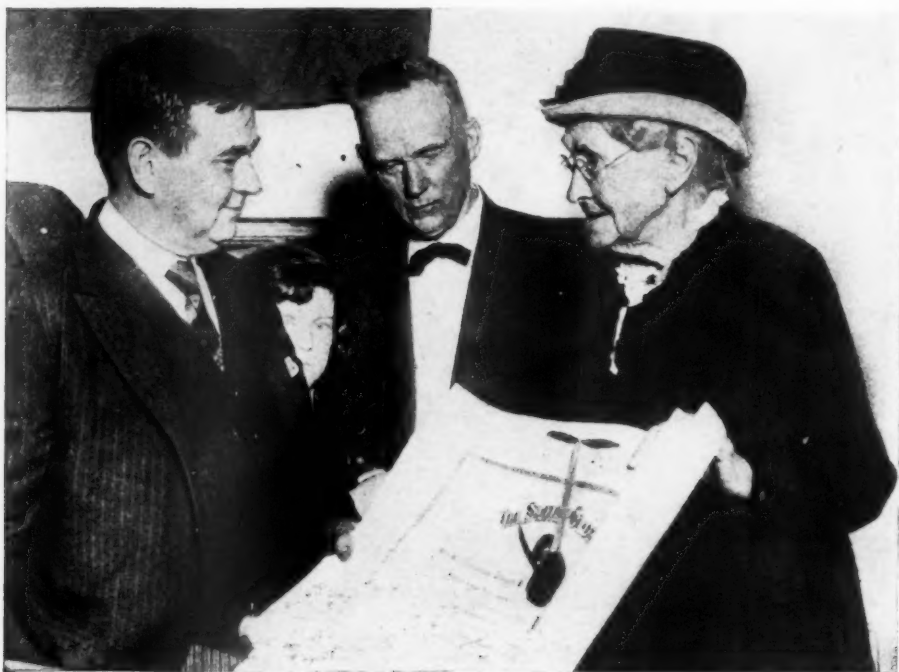
© Wide World Photos

A HEALTHY HEN IN MOSCOW IS A BARGAIN AT FOUR MILLION RUBLES
Not many change hands even at that price (an American dollar) in the street markets of the city where Lenin and Trotzky rule.



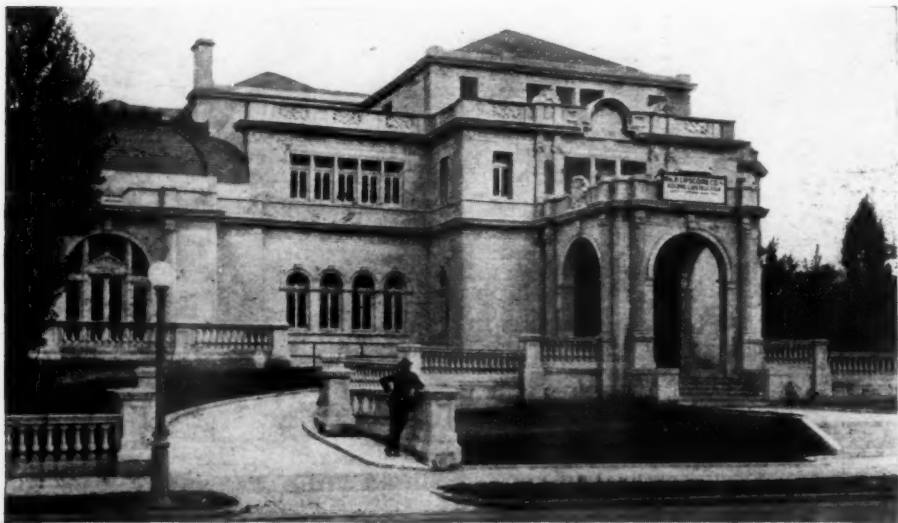
© Underwood & Underwood

THE NEWEST SOVEREIGNS TO ASCEND A THRONE IN EUROPE
King George II. and Queen Elizabeth now occupy the royal palace in Athens vacated by ex-King Constantine of Greece. The new ruler announces a democratic policy.



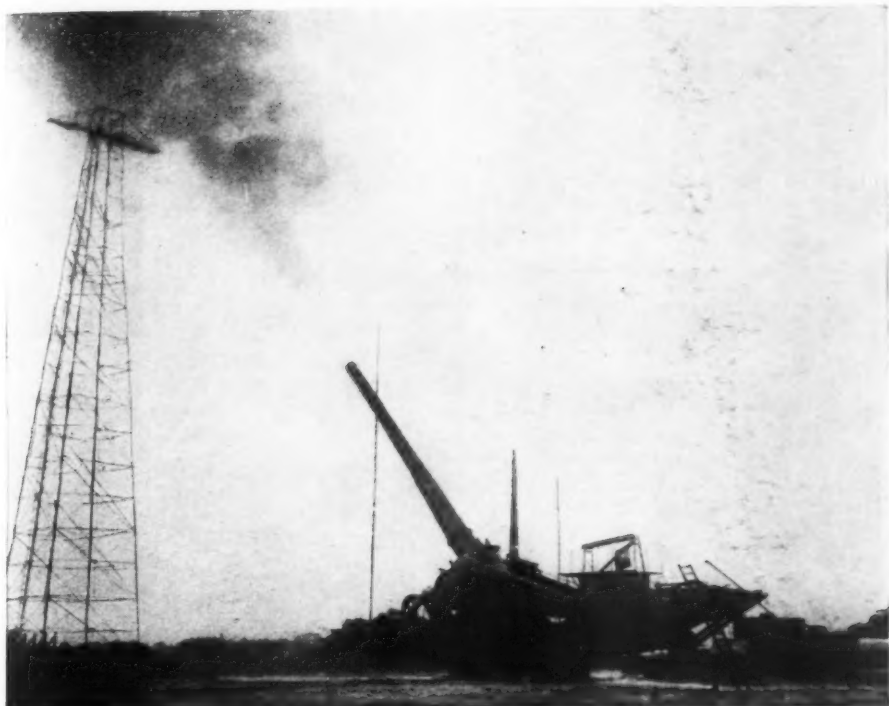
© International

THE FIRST WOMAN SENATOR OF THE UNITED STATES IS FULL OF VIM AT 87 Mrs. William H. Felton receiving her commission from Gov. Hardwick, of Georgia, to succeed the late Senator Watson, owns three big cotton plantations, is an ardent Prohibitionist and calls herself an "Unreconstructed Rebel."



© 21st Century Press

THE NEW HOME OF THE VICE-PRESIDENTS IN WASHINGTON, D. C. This mansion, being built by Mrs. John B. Henderson, at Sixteenth and Euclid Streets, will be presented to the nation as the official residence of Mr. Coolidge and his successors.



© International

UNCLE SAM HAS THE BIGGEST COAST-DEFENSE GUN OF THEM ALL
This 16-inch monster has a range of 30 miles and shoots a projectile weighing 2,340 pounds.



© Wide World Photos

THEY ARE STILL DEMOLISHING WAR MATERIAL IN GERMANY
Into the scrap heap goes this field tank used by Hindenburg in his drive on Paris, in accordance with the disarmament agreement.



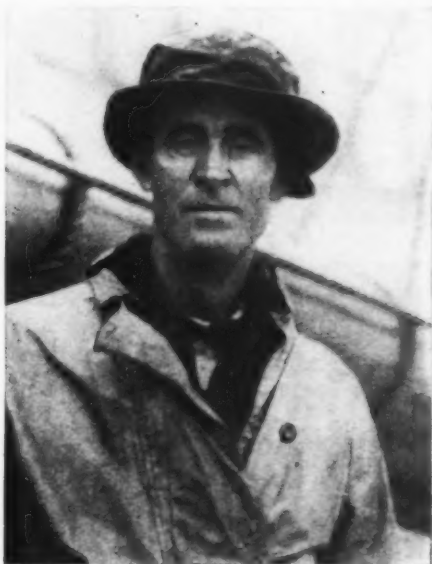
© Keystone View Co.

WHERE THE WESTERN WORLD FINDS THE CORRECT TIME

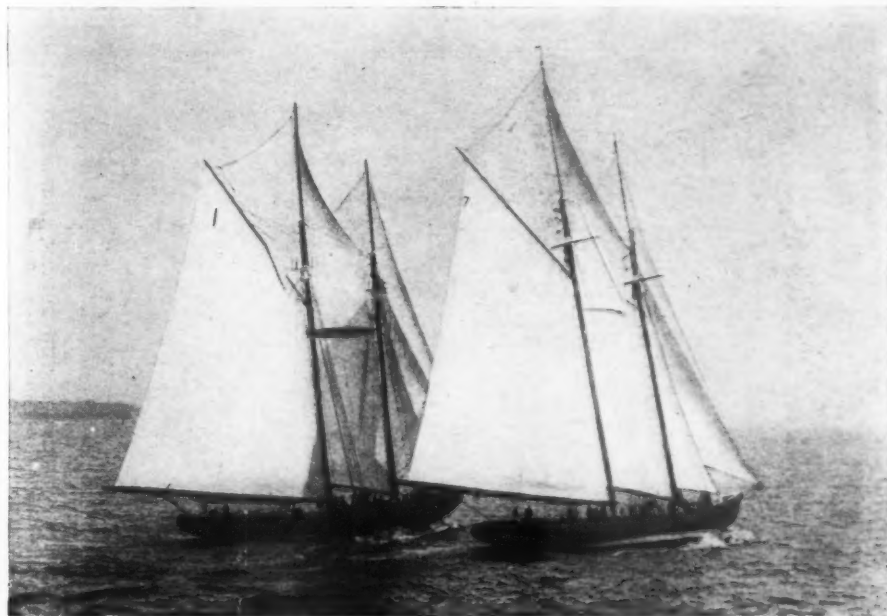
Note the 24-hour dial clock at Greenwich (England) Observatory, by which all the watches and clocks in our part of the globe are regulated.



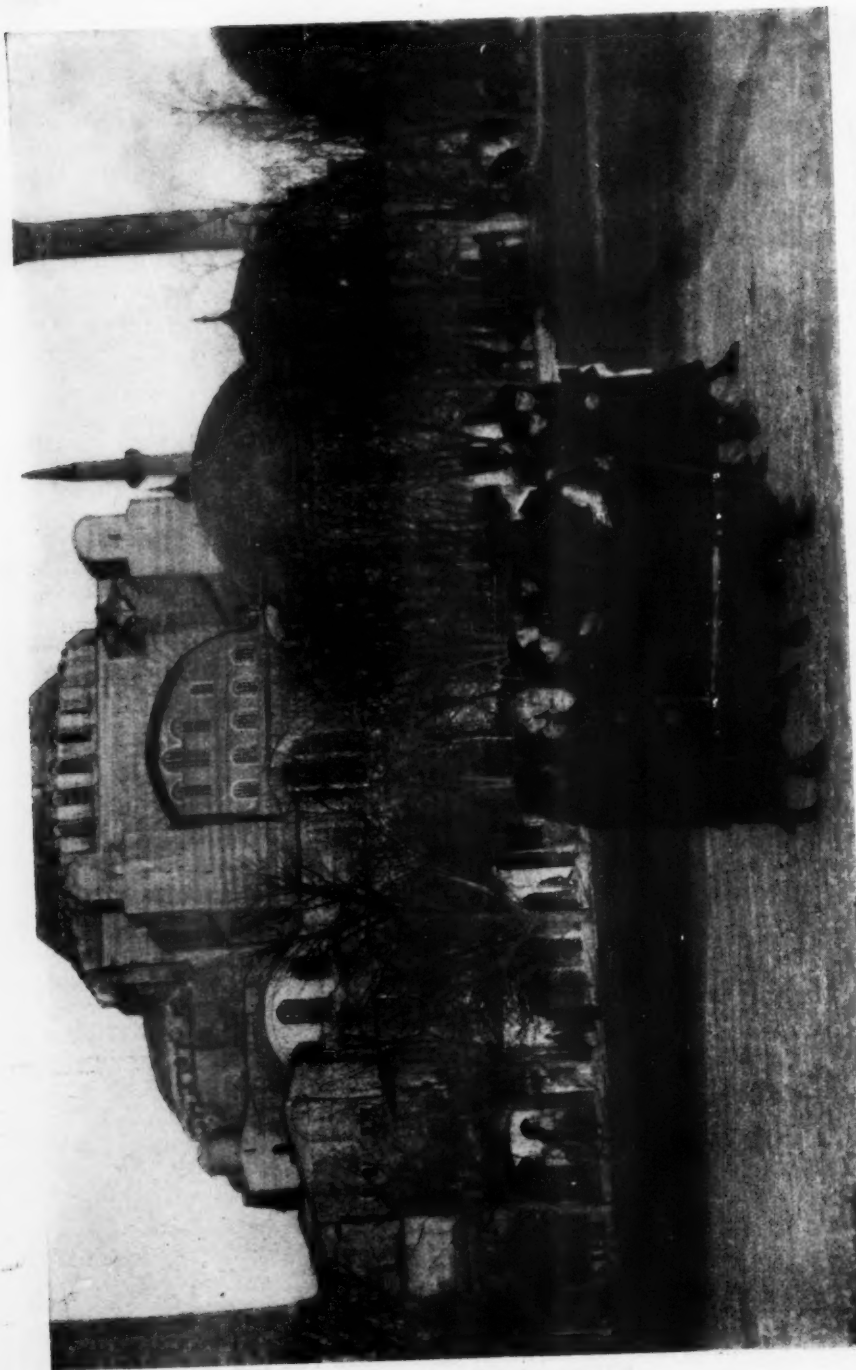
© International
HE PILOTED THE "BLUENOSE" TO VICTORY
AGAINST ODDS
Captain Angus Walters, the Canadian skipper,
who retains the "blue ribbon" of the North
Atlantic fishing fleet.



© International
HE ATTRIBUTES THE DEFEAT OF THE
"HENRY FORD" TO HARD LUCK
Captain Clayton Morrissey, the Gloucester, Mass.,
skipper, who lost two masts and therewith the
international series.



© Keystone View Co.
THE CANADIAN DEFENDER AND THE AMERICAN CHALLENGER FOR THE INTERNATIONAL
FISHING VESSEL TROPHY
The "Bluenose" (left) and the "Henry Ford" (right) off to a fair start in the final race which the
former won by a margin of 7 minutes, 51 seconds.



© H. E. Bell, Pictorial Press
WIVES OF THE SULTAN, MOHAMMED VI., OUT FOR A CONSTITUTIONAL IN THE HAREM GROUNDS
Capt. H. E. Bell, of the British Army, snapped them while they were walking under guard of a secretary. Below at the left is the Yildiz palace.

THIS MILLIONAIRE MAKES SCIENCE A HOBBY

HENRY L. DOHERTY, head of the \$150,000,000 Cities Service Company and said to be the largest independent producer of refinable oil in the world, as well as New York's richest bachelor, announces, at the age of fifty-two, that if he were redesigning his career he would make it ninety-five per cent. scientific and technical, and five per cent. administrative, instead of the reverse. Many a hard-headed business man is inclined to patronize anybody who turns to scientific and mechanical recreations, or confesses to joy in inventing things. Yet here is an inventor with 150 patents to his credit, who is as hard-headed a business man as any of them—a man who swings some of the biggest business affairs of the country, whose companies in 200 communities serve over 4,000,000 Americans with gas, light and electric power and whose street railways transport 95,000,000 passengers a year.

Doherty was compelled to earn his own living at the age of twelve, when he sold newspapers on the streets of Columbus, Ohio, where he was born in 1870. A short time later he entered the employ of a local gas company as office boy, and at twenty he had achieved recognition as a gas engineer.

James H. Collins tells us, in *Popular Science Monthly*, that Doherty managed gas and other utility properties in all parts of the United States, until, in 1910, he decided to branch out for himself. In that year, he formed in Delaware the Cities Service Company as a holding company to acquire securities

of electric light and power, natural and artificial gas, steam heating, water, electric interurban railway and kindred corporations. The development of natural gas properties in the mid-continent fields brought an expansion of the activities of subsidiary companies, so that Cities Service Company has become, through its subsidiaries and associated corporations, one of the most important factors in the oil-producing, transporting, refining and distributing industries of the United States.

Considering his inventory of patents,



A BUSINESS MAN WHO WOULD RATHER BE A
SCIENTIST

Nevertheless Henry L. Doherty, whose credit rating is AA1, confesses that his "natural mechanical ability would be rated pretty near zero."

it is hard to believe that he has been an inventor only five per cent. of the time, and it is still harder to believe that his inventions are other than moonshine when he "never took things apart to see how they worked" and, on his own confession, his "natural mechanical ability would be rated pretty near zero." In the laboratory, for instance, he admits being a sort of bull in a china shop, breaking more glass than everybody else put together; and there is an old chemist in his employ who has always dreaded to have the boss in his workshop. One morning this chemist walked into the laboratory to find the open sky over his head. During the night a windstorm had taken off the roof. "Mr. Doherty has been here," was his caustic comment.

Yet, it is recorded that Doherty's apparatus for washing and cooling gas, though patented, has been widely infringed—testimony to its basic value. It was formerly customary to cool illuminating gas by passing its heat through a metal diaphragm to either air or water. Doherty's method is that of showering water through the gas, then passing this water through a small cooler and back again as a spray in the gas. Heat will pass through a thin metal diaphragm from water to water nearly 100 times faster than from air to water.

One of his most important inventions is a clinkerless furnace. Hundreds of furnaces in the United States operate under Doherty patents. He has succeeded in burning any kind of fuel without the formation of any clinkers and yet has been able to get in his combination chamber as high temperatures as any refractory material will withstand, also securing a very great economy in fuel. His calorimeter for measuring the heat value of gas has eliminated cumbersome apparatus and gives exact measurements automatically. Formerly, the gas to be measured was carefully metered and then burned to heat water, and its B. t. u. was then calculated from the weight and temperature of the water. In Doherty's

calorimeter neither the water nor the gas is measured, but the heated water in turn is used to displace a like quantity of gas from the displacement chamber, and from the exact relationship of volume between gas and water the calorific value of the gas can be immediately determined.

Believing that patrons of street railways should be charged according to the length of the ride, this traction magnate, whose hobby is science, has evolved a working plan for pay-as-you-leave cars equipped with speedometers to measure the distance units. On entering the car the passenger withdraws a ticket upon which is automatically registered the point at which he got aboard, the charge being based on the loading and unloading expense, plus a charge for each unit that he rides, to be paid on leaving. Mr. Doherty believes this system "will decrease congestion because people will live nearer to their work, and our industries always tend to spread out into the outlying sections where land is cheaper. Employees will live in communities around them, a saner, healthier life for everybody."

Henry L. Doherty himself lives in a unique sky-scraper bungalow built on top of a tall office building in lower New York. His inventiveness has equipped it with such conveniences as an "automotive bed," which is but one "division" in an ingenious electrical control system that, at the push of a button or the turn of a knob, gives immediate service in any nook or any room in his aerial dwelling. Swinging at the head of his bed, for example, is a desk and book cabinet holding outside and house telephones and connections for supplying an electric fan and heating pad. Throughout the house are sixty-four of these convenience outlets and about the same number of plug receptacles for the telephone. Despite the fact that he is a confirmed bachelor and is, according to *Who's Who*, a member of twenty-seven clubs in nearly that many cities, most of his evenings in New York are spent at home.

EUGENE FIELD EXTOLLED AS THE POET-APOSTLE OF SYMPATHY

IT is twenty-seven years since the poet and humorist Eugene Field died. On October 9 a memorial was unveiled in his honor in Chicago. The monument (reproduced on page 756 of CURRENT OPINION) represents a brooding angel hovering over two sleeping children, sprinkling the sand of dreams into their eyes. On the base are carved the first four lines of the "Dutch Lullaby," better known as "Wynken, Blynken and Nod." On the other side of the sleeping figures are the opening lines of "The Sugar Plum Tree":

Have you ever heard of the sugar-plum tree?

'Tis a marvel of great renown.

It blooms on the shore of the Lollipop Sea,

In the garden of Shut Eye Town.

Two of Field's grandchildren took part in the ceremonies, and Melville E. Stone, former general manager of the Associated Press, delivered an address. It was Stone who, while associated with the *Daily News*, brought the "children's poet" to Chicago.

Mr. Stone, in his tribute, characterized Field as a prolific writer of great power of observation. "Do not speak of him," he said, "as one whose only livery was his cap and bells. He was not a mere Merry Andrew."

"Prankish, I confess, yet something more. Tuning his lute to humanity's burden of care and grief, he sang the song of the helpless. He was notably the poet of sympathy. He was a many-sided character. He had a profound religious, even spiritual nature. The Puritan strain of his ancestry frequently cropped out in his daily life. He had a secret fondness for Cotton Mather and Jonathan Edwards and all the other sturdy captains of the Church militant.

"Yet over all there spread the warm, mellow rays of a human sympathy which prompted some of the sweetest and most pathetic verse of our language.

"What grief-stricken maternal heart is there that has not wept itself to consolation with reading 'Little Boy Blue'? What sobbing bosom has not found comfort and relief in 'The Singing in God's Acre'? What unruffled hero, 'grunting and sweating under a weary life,' has not felt his burden lightened on reading 'Father's Way'?"

Mr. Stone went on to tell of his last meeting with Field and to ask indulgence for a personal word:

"Twenty-seven years ago, almost to the day—it was early in October—I saw Eugene Field for the last time. It closed an intimate friendship of twelve years' duration. He came to me at Glencoe, where I then lived, to give some readings in the Congregational Church of the village for the benefit of a destitute woman. It was, of course, a free-will offering on his part, although he did not know the beneficiary. He was not well and the effort was a great one for him. It was his last public appearance. A few days later he took to his bed and on the 4th of November he passed away in his sleep.

"Perhaps you will indulge a personal word. As my mind involuntarily turns back to the happy days of comradeship with Field and his friends—that brilliant galaxy of the end of the century—I find it almost a roll-call of the absent. There were Major Handy and James Scott and Samuel Raymond and Robert Waller of our Fellowship Club; and Franklin Head and Frank Gunsaulus and Dr. Poole of the Saints and Sinners' Corner; and Sol Smith Russell and William Florence of the stage; and Dr. Reilley and James Whitcomb Riley and Bill Nye of the literary world, every one of whom deserves a monumental shaft in this place. They have all gone to join the great majority.

"As in Rome, on the fifth of October of each year, they observe the ceremony of 'Religiosi,' when they raised a stone to free the spirits of the worthy dead to influence the living—when they poured wine and oil on the graves and decorated them with flowers, so to-day we unveil this monument and invoke the spirit of the Apostle of Sympathy."

HEY, TOOLAN'S MARCHIN'!

A Story of Fifth and First Avenues

By HENRY H. CURRAN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THOMAS FOGARTY

THE Van Tassels of Park Avenue and the Toolans of First Avenue were two old New York families that had seen very little of each other in recent years. In fact, they could hardly be said to have met at all, since that day away back in the nineties when the elder Van Tassel had taken the wrong train home on the elevated. That had been a bad day in "The Street," such as often came in those years, and Van Tassel had left his bankers and boarded the train at Hanover Square, completely lost in his anxieties. When the smoky little engine went puffing off to the right at Chatham Square, and led its clattering cars up Second Avenue, instead of Third, Van Tassel still took no notice. At Thirty-fourth Street he got off, according to habit, walked north two blocks, and then most unaccountably turned to the east. It was not until he was brought up with a sharp jerk, by an insurmountable barrier, that he realized what had happened.

"Look out, mister—yer might hurt yerself." The dumpy little man with the red hair was leaning against a table on the sidewalk, on top of which rested a pile of chairs.

"My conscience!" exclaimed Van Tassel. Back of the table was a bed, turned on end and supported by a dilapidated bureau. A mattress, a bird-cage whose occupant had long since departed, a picture of a bunch of purple grapes, and a miscellaneous mess of clothes and cheap bric-à-brac helped make up the household pile that covered most of the sidewalk. A woman and three children sat dejectedly among the débris. It was beginning to rain.

DEFEATED by Tammany Hall in the last New York mayoralty campaign, the author of this amusing story of East Side-Fifth Avenue life and politics proves himself a fiction writer out of the ordinary. It is one of a series of stories by the same author now appearing in Scribner's Magazine, in advance of their publication in book form. We reprint it by special permission of that magazine. The O. Henry Memorial Committee of the Society of Arts and Sciences pronounces this one of the best magazine stories of the year.

"Good heavens!" again exclaimed Van Tassel, as he took in the family picture. "What are you doing out here? Don't you see it's raining?"

"No place to go," responded the red head, in a tone of gloomy finality.

"Why don't you go inside?"

"Dispossessed."

Van Tassel was stumped. He knew that if people did not pay their rent they were dispossessed—in fact, that it happened all the time. But he was not in the real-estate business, thank Heaven, and he did not have to wrestle with this form of misfortune. It was bad enough when a dividend was passed, but then it just stopped, and there were no harassing post-mortems. He had often wondered what a family did when they were dispossessed; it was a hard thing to imagine from the point of view of the old house on Murray Hill where he had lived since he was a boy.

"What are you going to do?" he asked.

"Dunno."

"But, good Lord, man, you've got to do something—don't you see it's raining?" He bethought himself of the universal panacea. He had felt very poor when the bears had gotten through with his securities an hour or two ago, but this looked really worse.

"Have you got any money?"

The man laughed uneasily. "Why would I be here?"

The children began to giggle sympathetically at this unusual sound from their father, but the woman looked up suspiciously. Van Tassel became impatient.

"Oh, I say, come on now, we've got to do something about it—what's your name?"

"Toolan. Matthew Toolan."

"Where do you live?"

"That's where we used to live." He jerked his head toward the tenement that towered over them. "Fifth floor. Rear, west."

"How much will it take to get back there?"

"Eighteen bucks."

"And what then?"

Van Tassel continued his questioning in much the same way that he cross-examined his bankers when they offered him new securities, but there was a kindly banter in his voice that drew answers from the red head and eventually disarmed even the suspicions of the red head's wife. The result of the inquisition was the rehabilitation of the Toolan family, bird-cage and all, with enough cash besides to stock up a larder that had dwindled to nothing.

That the beneficiaries of this turn of fortune were doubtful of its reality goes without saying. It was not until the en-folding walls of Fifth Rear West had actually closed about them again that the Toolan incredulity was finally dissolved. But the sidewalks of New York breed strange adventures, and there is a fatalism attending the ups and downs of the poor that is sufficient unto all things.

VAN TASSEL took it less calmly. When he had left behind the last of the landlords, tenants, city marshals and dubious neighbors who had crowded his horizon for an hour and a half, he turned toward home with a feeling of sudden weariness. It had been a very distressing experience. Such things ought not to be allowed—in any event they should not be shoved right under one's nose. He fell to wondering what would have happened if he had not been led into the very vortex of the Toolan crisis; or if he had turned away from it without further ado. Why had he stopped and joined hands with it at all? It was no responsibility of his. The more he thought about it the more amazed he became. When he told his wife about it at dinner he did so with a feeling that perhaps he was recounting a dream, after all. He felt sure of at least a quip or two about his absend-mindedness, for that was an established topic of connubial railery. Instead of that, Mrs. Van Tassel listened quietly, and then asked the address of Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Toolan. She said nothing to her husband until the next evening, but in the meantime there had been an unexpected visit to the Too-

lan apartments, and the small Toolans had acquired some unbelievably new breeches and dresses, while a doctor had even been to see Mrs. Toolan about that throat.

Then Van Tassel went his wife one better and got Toolan a job. He was all the way in now, and anything was permissible. But he was more amazed than ever.

EVER since that rainy day Park Avenue had taken a kindly glance at First Avenue from year to year, with a special look at Christmas time. But that was long ago, and one by one the elders had gone, all but Mrs. Van Tassel. In both homes the chicks had grown up and had begun to leave the coop to fly for themselves. Matty Toolan, Junior, had even become prosperous in his way, for he was now the undisputed proprietor of Toolan's Rest, where the First Avenue wayfarer could slake his thirst over a real bar, from a real schooner, of deep-sea size. In the house on Murray Hill, Mrs. Van Tassel kept pretty much to her chair in these days, but, with a mind as good as ever, she took a lively interest in the doings of Jimmy, her youngest son, who was still far from finding himself. He lived in the old house with his mother, and was equally well acquainted with his club on Fifth Avenue. Theaters and restaurants were not unknown to him. All of which, taken with certain graces of fortune and a cheery straightforwardness of character, had provided Mr. James Van Tassel with a satisfactory world of friends and frolic that kept him steadily occupied in the doing of nothing at all. This was not for lack of suggestion from a remembered father, who had been a good sport for himself in his day.

"My boy, I hope you will go in for government," the elder Van Tassel had said to him a few days before his death. "You will have ample means, and you can go into banking if you want to, and lose a good deal without getting hurt. More likely you'll increase what you have. But we're living in a different day from those I grew up in, and now we need our best men in government, not in business. We've done it all, in business. Why, look at our country—leading the whole world. But not in government. And we won't be safe until our young men, who can lead, go into government, and come to lead there, too. We must have leadership, the kind that carries intelligence and vision, that



"WHY DON'T YOU GIVE A THOUSAND FAMILIES A SCUTTLE OF COAL APIECE?"

can be trusted by every one, rich or poor, ignorant or intelligent—but we won't get it until the best men go in for it, by choice. If they don't go in pretty soon they'll be forced in by the calamities that come from the wrong kind of leadership that we see all around us every day. There's your chance, my boy, and your duty. I don't know how to tell you to go about it—I never knew much about politics—but I know we're mighty hard up for a few real leaders. Think it over."

JIMMY had thought it over, with excellent intentions, for nearly a year. It had been hard to begin; he did not know where to go. Now he was thinking it over again as he sat in his club window on Fifth Avenue. But in a very different mood. For at last he was under way. As the newly chosen chairman of the Society for the Promotion of Proportional Representation, he had just come from an examination of the poster, on the door of the United Civics Building, that advertised the mass-meeting which his society proposed to hold that very evening. "Mighty well done," he murmured in praise of the printer, as he recalled the line in red letters that read: "Chairman, Mr. James Van Tassel."

"Well, well—what's well done?" inquired Andy Nichols, as he sank lazily into the cushioned chair opposite.

"Oh, just a piece of printing I've been looking at—I didn't know I was talking to myself."

"Something about that new-fangled society of yours, I suppose," ventured Andy.

"Yes, it was, to tell you the truth," laughed Van Tassel. "Announcement of a meeting."

"Thought so. Going to make a speech?"

"No, just preside."

"Well, I suppose you'll tell me I ought to go. You certainly have got the political fever. But I don't see where you get with it all."

"I don't know where I do get, Andy, but an old friend of father's asked me to take hold of this, and I believe in it. You know, if we don't have proper minority representation, in the real ratio of strength, we—"

"Oh, dear," Andy yawned. "Jimmy, let me off, will you? You've told me that already, you know." He laughed good-naturedly. "Why don't you give a thousand families a scuttle of coal apiece the next time a cold snap comes? They might elect you alderman—they'd see that you got minority representation, when the votes were counted, anyhow."

Van Tassel looked distressed.

"Oh, well, I was only joking," continued Andy, hastily. "That was what the elevator man said at the office to-day, when I asked him about your going into politics. He says one good turn deserves another; said he'd never heard of your proportional business."

They drifted into other talk.

In front of the United Civics Building

a short, thick-set man with red hair was studying a poster on the bulletin-board "It must be the boy," he said. "Same name, but—" The red head bent closer then recoiled from the succession of long words. "But what kind of a thing is that?" muttered the proprietor of Toolan's Rest, as he walked thoughtfully toward First Avenue.

THERE was little to lead the casual passer-by toward the Toolan emporium on First Avenue. The street is broad and bleak there. A stone's throw to the east the river frets to and fro with the tide, and the stretch between the two is a dreary waste of lumber yards and coal pockets. Here and there a brick factory shoulders into the wind that sweeps across this no man's land. An occasional truck rumbles by. It is not a place that people come to by choice. Toolan's Rest called its guests with a lure of its own. There was something about the little frame building, with its huddled gables crowded between the swaying piles of lumber-yard planks, that suggested an inn rather than a saloon. The faded green clapboards looked old and comfortable. There were white curtains in the windows upstairs, and the front was free of the conventional waistband of gilded brewery advertising. Even the door was different. It opened inward with a knob, and did not swing.

As Toolan entered and carefully closed the door behind him, he glanced at the bar and then at the round tables that lined the opposite wall. They were old tables, clamped to the wooden floor, and there were only three of them. A gaslight hung from the low ceiling and threw its faint glow on the faded pictures of stationary race-horses that looked down from the walls. A portrayal of the epic encounter of Messrs. Heenan and Sayres cast a fistic benediction over the bar. There were no mirrors, no mosaics underfoot; and there was no cash-register. The barkeep was silent and observant, a graven image of black pompadour, red cheeks and white jacket. The free lunch engendered thoughts of the stone age. Disposing of the two or three "Hello Matty's," that came from the tables, with a nod of the head, Toolan pushed his hat back and picked up the telephone-receiver that flanked the far end of the bar.

"Beekman two three hundred. That's right. Commissioner's office. Yeah. Baker there? Yeah. This you, Bill? This is

Matty. Yeah. Can yer come up? Right now. All right."

He cast an appraising eye over the tables.

"Slim!"

That individual detached his spindlelike form from its affectionate hold on a half-consumed schooner of beer and reported for duty.

"I wantcha ter look up an' down the street a little. See Finnerty and Hogan—an' pick up Fred's gang over on Second Avenue. Tell 'im I may want some marchin' to-night—ter be ready if I send out the call. Then come back. I've got another job for yer."

SLIM'S eyes brightened. When Toolan marched it meant free beer all around for the marchers, to the extent of three or even four kegs. When he marched to a political rally the Toolan clan's numbers and enthusiasm insured the success of the rally, and success was well worth the price of a few kegs to those who managed the affair. There was no mystery about the transaction. Enthusiasm is the one essential of an effective political meeting, and the noisier it is the better. Sometimes it is deplorably absent, and then the district is blighted by the "frost" that undoes the work of a dozen successful gatherings. Better no meetings at all than one frost! So runs the rule. Toolan provided insurance against frost in the shape of a hundred noisy attendants at any near-by meeting. The premium, paid in terms of Toolan's beer, was dispensed to the attendants by Toolan himself—when they had earned it, and not before. At the call of the clan they would cheerfully march to the field of oratorical battle, and carry off the victory with the strength of their thirsty enthusiasm. Then they would withdraw in good order to the security of Toolan's Rest and receive their just reward. Could any uprising of the populace be more natural or delightful? Here was a game, so contrived by the joyful wit of Toolan, that everybody was sure to win. It was not difficult to spread the news, when Toolan marched—the populace rose!

Slim carefully unloaded his schooner of the rest of her cargo and went out the door.

PRESENTLY a tall figure, with grizzled hair and gray eyes under a slouch hat, bent as it opened the door and betook it-

self to where Toolan presided, at the far end of the bar.

"What's up, Matty?"

"I gotta find out sump'n quick. There's a meetin' to-night in that building on Thirty-eighth Street—Civics, or sump'n like that—you know—near Lexington. Yes, I know—it's a dead one—never got a crowd there yet—an' it's a small place, at that. But that ain't the point. What I wantcha ter do is take a look at the dodger that's on the front o' the buildin' an' pick up this name—James—Van—Tassel—in red letters. Yer can't miss it. Then find out if he lives in a big house at Park Avenue an' Thirty-seventh Street—I forgot the number. An' tell me if it's the same one. That's all. An' come back an' lemme known soon, see? An' look out for that name, Bill—be sure yer got it right."

"A'right, Matty."

Big Bill was accustomed to strange errands for Toolan, and, while he could make nothing of this one, he was content to go on his way unenlightened. As a messenger in the employ of the government of a great city, he had learned to figure out his whys and wherefores en route instead of at the start, and his up-town disciple was as good as the downtown brand. Bill turned in his report on this mission, on time and to the letter.

IN the auditorium of the United Civics Building a select audience had assembled to hear the address of Professor Pecan, of Olympia College, on the subject of "Proportional Representation; Its Genesis and its Necessity." There were several lecturers on political science, a generous sprinkling of women, and a considerable number of students with notebooks. In addition there were various Van Tassel relations and a few of Jimmy's friends from the club, who had prepared to sacrifice a perfectly good evening on the altar of loyalty to Jimmy. In one corner a reporter from a school of journalism was ready, with pencil poised, to get it all; and toward the rear of the room a group of hungry-looking young men, with long hair and keen faces, had taken up a position on the aisle. A tall, lean form was slouched in a seat near them, alone. But there were row on row of empty seats, and the room had a cold look that made Van Tassel shiver inwardly as he looked out over it from the plat-

form. He smiled weakly at Nichols, who was sitting at the end of the second row, then motioned to him to come up.

"Guess I might as well go ahead, Andy; will you take a look outside and see if any more are coming?"

"Just looked, Jimmy; it's as empty as midnight." Nichols hesitated. "You'll never get them out for this sort of thing, Jimmy," he added. "It isn't real. I don't want to throw cold water around, but why don't you join a political club in your district, or something like that? This is no good."

"Well, you may be right, but I'm going to see it through," said Van Tassel, and he thumped with his gavel and unwound the introductory remarks that he had prepared with such care.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen," he concluded, "it gives me great pleasure to introduce Professor Pecan, of Olympia College, who had made a life study of the subject that brings us here to-night—Professor Pecan."

AS the professor arose, adjusted his glasses and drew his manuscript from his pocket to the accompaniment of a mild round of polite handclapping, Van Tassel noticed that the thin man who sat alone rose unobtrusively and left the room. "Good Lord, they're going already," he thought. He did not know that the telephone in Toolan's Rest was at that moment jingling energetically at the call of the departed one.

"That right, Slim? As bad as that? Yer don't say so. Well, come over, quick."

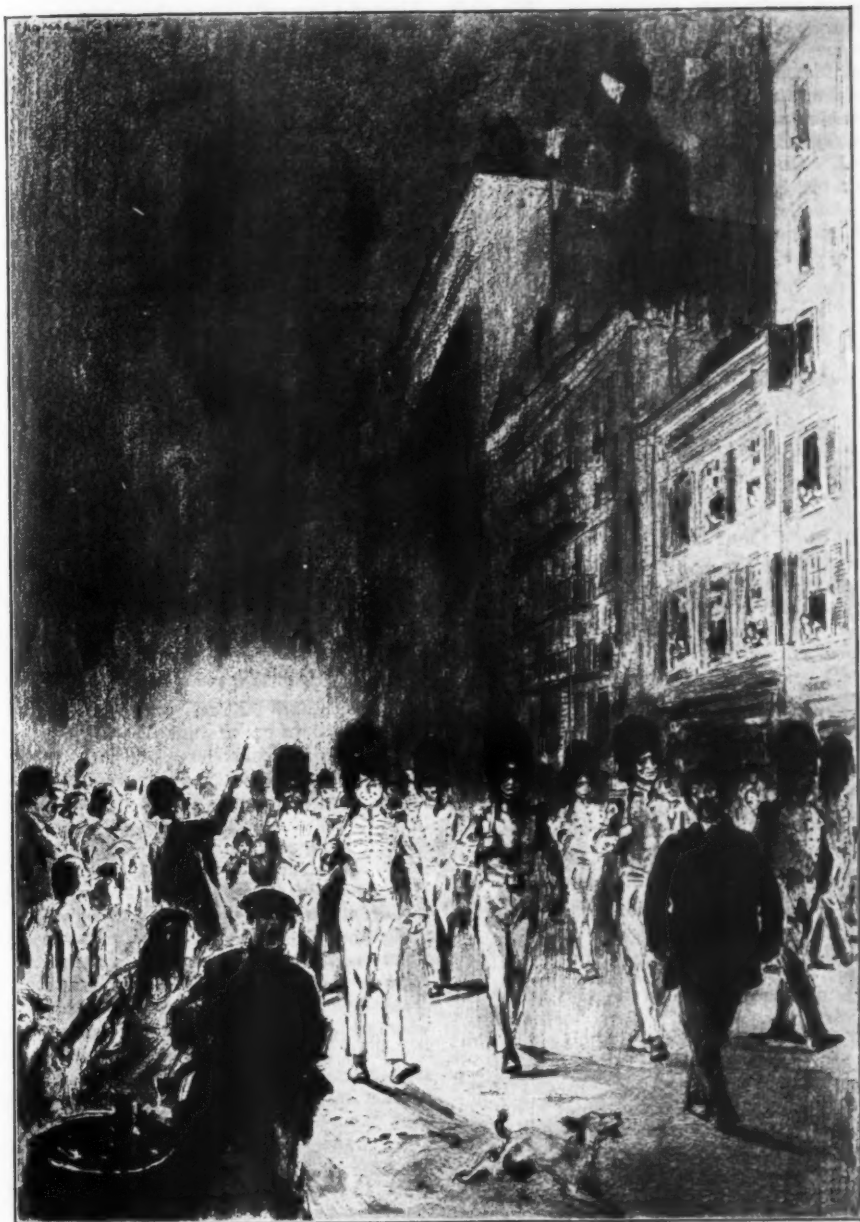
Matty hung up the receiver, turned toward the well-filled barroom, and called for silence.

"We're goin' ter march, boys," he announced. There was a pleased shuffle about the tables, and three feet slipped off the rail at the foot of the bar. A small man who was pecking furtively with a fork among the free-lunch items stopped suddenly, then carefully resumed.

"Come, lay off that lunch fer a minute, Smoke—I wantcha ter listen to me."

Toolan gave his orders, dispatched his messengers, and threw out a parting injunction: "In ten minutes, now—we gotta be quick—getta move on yer!" He turned to Big Bill, who was standing by in somewhat the position of an adjutant.

"Bill, we better have the busbies," he said, "an' the red fire! Get 'em up from downstairs, will yer? We might pick up a



"HEY, TOOLAN'S MARCHIN'!"

few scouts on the way. Then drop in at the station-house an' tip off the lieutenant. Better see the man on post, too. We ain't got no permit for a parade, an' he might be one o' them new rookies they just put in. I'll meet yer at the door. Yeah, at the buildin'. Whose meetin' is it? Oh, never mind about that. An' don't talk to nobody at the hall, see? Don't put 'em wise. Oh, I'll look out fer the kegs—leave it ter me, Bill—I know what I'm doin'. Now, get busy, will yer, an' don't ask me no more questions!"

A FEW minutes later thirty or forty men, of all sizes, sorts and descriptions, were marching west from Toolan's Rest. They formed some sort of column, and were led by Toolan himself, as a mute guaranty to recruits that the usual reward was impending. Behind Toolan marched the elect who wore the busbies, a dozen or more who looked very fierce indeed as the great bearskin helmets bobbed along above the heads of the rest. Down the column an occasional stick of red fire sputtered its fitful glow about the marchers, and in the rear and on the flanks a multitude of excited children scampered and leaped, and begged for red fire as they ran. As the word went around and the recruits fell in the column gradually lengthened. When Fred's gang fell in at Second Avenue, thirty strong, it began to look like a parade.

"Hey, Toolan's marchin'!" cried an excited youngster, as he estimated the situation from the curb, and then ran headlong to spread the news in his own balliwick.

"Toolan's marchin'!" came the echo from half the small boys in the block.

Overhead the women of the window-sill watch exchanged knowing comments from one window to another.

"It's Toolan, all right," said Mrs. McGinnis, as she shifted her arms on the sill and thrust her head slightly forward.

"Sure it's Toolan," corroborated Mrs. McGann, from the east. "I can see the busbies."

"An' where are they goin' now, I wonder? This ain't campaign time."

"Fred Garland is with 'em. It must be a big one."

"An' I see Hogan. The ol' man'll be late to-night."

AS the red fire and the marchers departed toward the west the chatter of the window-sills went with them along the walls of the tall tenements that flank the

narrow street below like the sides of a canyon. When the column reached the United Civics Building there were nearly a hundred men in line. Toolan stopped them a few yards away.

"All right, Bill?"

"O K," replied the big man.

"All right—in yer go!" shouted Toolan to the column. "Now, remember what I told yer—go in quiet like, a few at a time—an' don't talk or go ter sleep—this ain't no political meetin'—it's a bunch o' high-brows we're up against! Give'm a clap once in a while—quiet like. Keep yer eye on Big Bill. He'll be on the aisle, an' yer'll get the tip from him. An' do what he tells yer, or there won't be nuthin' doin' later on—I'll be there watchin'—go ahead, now! Oh, an' come out the same way yer go in," he added, "when it's over—not before! We ain't goin' ter march home."

They started in, in threes and fours.

"Here, gimme them busbies!" exclaimed Toolan suddenly as the bearskin marchers passed him. "That'd never do," he muttered, as he gathered them up and handed them over to two of the marchers to carry back. "An' douse them red lights back there!" he commanded. Then he followed the rest in and slipped into a seat near the door, where he could see everything that went on.

PROFESSOR PECAN was well into his subject when the marchers began to file in, and he looked up once with annoyance as the threes and fours continued to shuffle into the empty seats. It mattered little to him whether the audience was small or large; the idea was the thing. But to Van Tassel it mattered a great deal. He looked pleased when the first few drifted in, then surprised as they kept coming; and, finally, when the room was nearly filled, he felt the glow of the success that follows failure, and he looked triumphantly at Nichols. That friend at all costs, who had several times looked over his shoulder with growing curiosity and was still puzzled by this outpouring of the people, returned a congratulatory look that said, as plain as words: "I don't know what it is, Jimmy, but you're going strong."

As the professor glanced up over his glasses a few minutes later, he said, with an air of satisfied accomplishment, "And that brings the history of our movement down through the year nineteen hundred and five." The students made careful

note of this in their note-books, and the Van Tassel relations preserved a family fortitude that proved what dead game sports they were. Jimmy's friends bore up well.

Then, down the aisle, some feet away, a big man suddenly clapped his hands with enthusiasm, and in a moment, as the marchers recognized the heroism of the professor's statement, a storm of hand-clapping swept over the rear half of the room. The professor looked startled, and a few in the front rows turned around in alarm, but the big man suddenly stopped clapping, and the applause was followed by a thick silence. Somewhere in the rear of the room a husky voice affirmed audibly: "Toolan's all right."

"Shut up!" hissed Big Bill in a hoarse whisper. "Hey, Smoke, cut that out!" he added severely, as he recognized the well-meaning offender.

There were two or three other bursts of applause, and each time they came as the professor came to a halt at the end of a long paragraph.

"Wot's it all about?" Van Tassel heard a voice saying, as one of the gusts died away. But that was to be expected, and it was a good thing that the professor was there to explain.

Things became more serious when one of the long-haired young men, who had been in the room from the beginning, stood up in the middle of a sentence from the professor and pointed a long, thin finger at him.

"How can you claim any worth for your plan," he called in a shrill voice, "when on every hand we see stolen wealth parading——"

"Aw, siddown," came a voice from behind.

In front, heads were turning around. Van Tassel reached nervously forward and grasped his gavel. But the professor was in his element. He stopped and removed his glasses.

"Let him go on," he cried. "I welcome questions. Let us discuss the matter."

The discussion never took place. Big Bill was leaning toward the interrupter.

"Siddown, yer big bum," he said quietly, with a look that meant business. The young man paused as he half turned and caught Bill's eye. "Siddown, I tell yer—fore I knock yer block off—d'yer hear me?" Bill's fist came into view. "Yer rotten egg," he added. The young man

suddenly and silently sat down. "Now, keep yer mouth shut, or I'll throw yer through that winder," put in Bill for good measure. There was no more heckling.

WHEN the meeting was over the students crowded up to the platform to ask questions of the professor, and the Van Tassels to congratulate the chairman. "Perfectly fine. Splendid cause. You presided wonderfully. You just gave him one look, and he didn't dare finish his question. Good work, Jimmy." As the loyal Van Tassels came and went Jimmy felt more and more pleased with the success of the meeting. He felt particularly good when Nichols shook his hand warmly and said: "Well, Jimmy, I don't know where your audience came from, but they're the people, all right. There must be something in that proportional business of yours, although I can't figure it out myself. Coming up to the club?"

"Thanks, Andy—yes, I'll be right with you." And it was late when the celebration broke up and they parted on the club steps. Jimmy called for a taxi. "Andy, I don't quite get it yet," he repeated for the tenth time, as he stood with one foot on the running-board. "They all came in together; and they were different from the rest."

"Well, I give it up," said Andy. "I spoke to one man, and he said something about Toolan's, on First Avenue somewhere. That's all I could get."

"Toolan's" mused Jimmy. "That's funny. Where have I heard that name? Guess I'll look it up. Well, good night!" He sank into the leather seat of the taxi. "Park Avenue and Thirty-seventh Street," he said.

Over on First Avenue a different form of celebration was coming to its close. Toolan had left the meeting just before the end and hurried away to get things ready. "They'll be over soon enough," he said to himself. "No danger o' their losin' their way." Then, as he rounded the First Avenue corner: "That's the lad, all right—looks jus' like his father looked twenty years ago." Toolan chuckled as he put on his apron and got ready for business.

"Come, gimme a hand with them kegs here," he called to the strays at the tables. "Come on, now—lively—we got a big gang comin'."

When the bar had been lined and relined with the thirst on legs that comes

(Concluded on page 802)

THE EX-KAISER DENIES THAT GERMANY WILLED THE WAR

TWO hundred and fifty thousand dollars are said to have been paid for the American publication rights of "The Kaiser's Memoirs" (Harper), but the actual value of the memoirs, according to Gabriel Hanotaux, formerly French Minister of Foreign Affairs, is less than a nickel. The book contains fifteen chapters, starting with "Bismarck" and ending with "The Revolution and Germany's Future." There is not one chapter, M. Hanotaux says, that does not breathe, to those who know, an absolute lack of understanding of facts, of surrounding circumstances, of the international atmosphere during the time when one might have thought that the Kaiser, of all the Germans, at least followed the course of affairs.

M. Hanotaux is particularly indignant in view of a statement made by the ex-Kaiser to the effect that in 1897 a treaty, or "gentlemen's agreement," was concluded among France, England and the United States in anticipation of a common war against Germany. This statement is supported by quotations from a book entitled "Pan-Germanism," by Prof. Roland G. Usher, of Washington University at St. Louis, but is generally regarded as an exaggeration, if not as an actual untruth. The treaty, M. Hanotaux states flatly, never existed. "It is a simple invention launched by a journalist."

On the basis of arguments offered by John Kenneth Turner in his book, "Shall It Be Again?" the ex-Kaiser goes on to assert his conviction that "all Wilson's reasons for America's entry into the war were fictitious," that "it was far more a case of acting solely in the interest of Wall Street high finance."

The ex-Kaiser seems to think that he has settled the entire problem of war guilt when he says, dogmatically: "The aims of the Entente could be attained only through a war, those of Germany

only without a war." He tells us further:

"Our acts were founded upon the clear perception that Germany could reach the important position in the world and obtain the influence in world affairs necessary to her solely by maintaining world peace. This attitude was strengthened, moreover, by personal considerations.

"Never have I had warlike ambitions. In my youth my father had given me terrible descriptions of the battlefields of 1870 and 1871, and I felt no inclination to bring such misery, on a colossally larger scale, upon the German people and the whole of civilized mankind. Old Field Marshal Moltke, whom I respected greatly, had left behind him the prophetic warning: 'Woe to him who hurls the firebrand of war upon Europe!' And I considered as a political legacy from the great Chancellor the fact that Prince Bismarck had said that Germany must never wage a preventive war; that German resistance would be neutralized if she did.

"Thus the trend of the German policy of maintaining the peace was determined by political insight, personal inclination, the legacies of two great men, Bismarck and Moltke, and the desire of the German people to devote itself to peaceful labors and not to plunge into adventures."

In defense of this position, the ex-Kaiser relies for his main argument on the alleged conspiracy to "encircle" Germany which has become the stock-in-trade of practically every German apologist. He would have us believe that the general situation of the German Empire in the period before the war had become so brilliant as to excite the envy of the other nations. England, France and Russia all desired to "overthrow" Germany—England for commercial reasons, France in order to avenge the defeat of 1871, Russia because she needed an outlet on the southern sea. These three nations, the ex-Kaiser insists, were bound to act together. The union of their ambitions in a common course of action, duly

planned, involved the "policy of encirclement."

England, France, Russia, this argument proceeds, all wanted war; Germany wanted peace. If anyone speaks of a German party favoring war, he is guilty of "conscious or unconscious untruth." The ex-Kaiser admits that in every land there are elements which, in serious situations, either from honest conviction or less lofty motives, favor the appeal to the sword, but he says that "never have such elements influenced the course of German policy."

The only type of man whom the ex-Kaiser can imagine as sincerely convinced of German war-guilt is the type influenced by political propaganda. "Just as the English were more than our match with that terrible weapon of theirs, the tank, against which we could bring nothing of equal efficiency, so also were they superior to us with their very effective weapon of propaganda." This weapon still continues its work, but is bound, in the end, to bring a reaction which "will be crushing to the makers of the Versailles peace, but helpful to Germany." The ex-Kaiser adds:

"It goes without saying that, among the statesmen, politicians and publicists of the Entente who really know, not a single one is really convinced of Germany's guilt in having caused the World War. Every one of them knows the real interrelation of events, and assuredly there never was a case where so many augurs smiled at each other over a secret held in common as the case of the responsibility for the World War. In fact, one may even speak of a chorus of such individu-

als, since twenty-eight nations took part in the war against Germany. But, in the long run, not even the shrewdest augurs will suffice to make world history. Truth will make its way forward and thus Germany will come into her rights."

So runs the record. We search it in vain for the slightest evidence of repentance or remorse. Much "turned out differently" from what the ex-Kaiser desired, but his "conscience is clean." He has nothing to say of the "scrap of paper" which his army violated; of the terrific drive across Belgium; of the devastation of France; of the millions of corpses that strewed Europe. It all discloses, as a correspondent of the *New York Times* remarks, one of the strangest jumbles of character in history. "Here is a man who is not a liar, yet cannot tell the truth; a man not destitute of intelligence, who cannot interpret the simplest action; a man not destitute of human feelings, but incapable of remorse; not entirely a fool or an egotist, but unable to learn from experience."

What are we to think of such a man? We can only say, with T. R. Ybarra,

translator of the "Memoirs," that the ex-Kaiser is not definite nor tangible enough even to hate. "How can hate get its teeth into him? Hate often goes hand in hand with respect—quite unbeknownst, mostly, to him who hates—but how can one respect William Hohenzollern after reading his book? Laugh at him, yes; pooh-pooh him, swear at him, pity him—yes; but respect him—never!"

WE have learned a good deal about the Kaiser since the war. We used to believe that he alone was responsible for the invasion of Belgium. As a matter of fact, this is what happened:

The General Staff had resolved upon the invasion of Belgium and they put their plans before the Kaiser. He vetoed them.

This situation continued for forty-eight hours and after the General Staff had issued the orders for the army to advance, von Moltke went to the Kaiser's bedroom at two in the morning and asked him to sign the order. He refused. Von Moltke then said that the safety of the Fatherland had devolved upon the General Staff and, "If your Majesty refuses to sign, the General Staff must take the responsibility."

In other words, the Kaiser had to choose between abdication and approval, and he took the latter course.—Sir Basil Thompson, British Director of Intelligence during the war.

LOYALTIES

Contrasting a Merchant of London and a Merchant of Venice

By JOHN GALSWORTHY



Dancy (Charles Quartermaine) regards De Levis (James Dale) as a Shylock



De Levis declares, "I am a Jew." But "I will take no money. Good morning"

THERE is no divided opinion among the metropolitan critics as to "Loyalties" being the most popular, if not the best, play thus far written by John Galsworthy. As a work of dramatic art, "Justice," "The Silver Box" or "The Pigeon" may rank as high or higher, but this latest

entertainment, full of power and observation, well acted and directed," and the *Tribune's* critic "doubts that the season will bring anything nearly so good and so entertaining." In London this was pronounced an anti-Semitic play, but the New York *World* first-nighter can see no ground for

such an opinion. "There is no indication on which side Galsworthy stands. He has achieved a perfect balance" and "this is a little unsatisfactory to us." In book form the play is published in this country by Charles Scribner's Sons, by whom it is copyrighted.

The story of the play is written around a wealthy young Jew named De Levis (James Dale) who is robbed of nearly £1000 while enjoying the hospitality of Charles Winsor (H. G. Stoker) and his wife, Lady Adela (Cathryn Young), at Meldon Court, near Newmarket, England. De Levis suspects and accuses a fellow guest, Capt. Dancy, D. S. O. (Charles Quartermaine), whose army and club friends rush loyally to his assistance, even though some stretching of conscience, in the face of the facts presented, is required. The Jew stands alone and intensifies the situation by demanding

Gaiety success, produced by Charles Dillingham with an imported English company, has the unusual advantage of being of very good workmanship and at the same time an out and out play for the theater.

As the New York *Times* critic observes, Galsworthy has calmly rewritten "The Merchant of Venice" to suit his own notions of equity and the truth—rewritten it in terms of post-war England so that the contour of the older play is not recognizable at first sight. The *Evening Mail*, in admitting "Loyalties" to be, "in most respects, all that a fine play should be," doubts whether the play will have the vogue in America that it has enjoyed in England, "unless it happen that our more numerous Jewish population rises to it as a defense of their race." This seems to be the case. To the usually reticent *Globe* reviewer the play is "excellent

that the police be called, regardless of the feelings of his host and hostess. They are properly annoyed. Their other guests are outraged in varying degree. One of them, General Canynge (Felix Aylmer), takes command of the situation, and in the opening scene the ostracizing of De Levis is foreshadowed.

De Levis has just acquainted his host, Winsor, of his loss and the latter has sent for his wife. It is about eleven thirty at night, in the Winsor's dressing-room. Lady Adela, informed of the theft and the sum involved, exclaims: "Gracious! Where?

DE LEVIS. From under my pillow, Lady Adela. My door was locked. I was in the bathroom.

LADY A. But how fearfully thrilling!

WINSOR. Thrilling! What's to be done? He wants it back.

LADY A. Of course! (*With sudden realization.*) Oh! But— Oh! It's quite unpleasant!

WINSOR. Yes! What am I to do? Fetch the servants out of their rooms? Search the grounds? It'll make the devil of a scandal.

DE LEVIS. Who's next to me?

LADY A. (*Coldly.*) Oh! Mr. De Levis!

WINSOR. Next to you? The Dancys on this side, and Miss Orme on the other. What's that to do with it?

DE LEVIS. They may have heard something.

WINSOR. Let's get them. But Dancy was downstairs when I came up. Get Morison, Adela! No, look here! When was this exactly? Let's have as many alibis as we can.

DE LEVIS. Within the last twenty minutes, certainly.

WINSOR. How long has Morison been up with you?

LADY A. I came up at eleven, and rang for her at once.

WINSOR. (*Looking at his watch.*) Half an hour. Then she's all right. Send her for Margaret and the Dancys—there's nobody else in this wing. No; send her to bed. We don't want gossip. D'you mind going yourself, Adela?

LADY A. Consult General Canynge, Charlie.

WINSOR. Right. Could you get him, too? D'you really want the police, De Levis?

DE LEVIS. (*Stung by the faint contempt in his tone of voice.*) Yes, I do.

The house is roused. First the butler, Treisure (Henry Carvill), is summoned and questioned. He states that he had closed the house downstairs at 11:15 "as soon as Major Colford (Wilfrid Seagram) and Captain Dancy (Charles Quartermaine) had finished billiards." Then he inquires:

TREASURE. What was Mr. De Levis doing out of his room, if I may ask, sir?

WINSOR. Having a bath; with his room locked and the key in his pocket.

TREASURE. Thank you, sir.

DE LEVIS. (*Conscious of indefinable suspicion.*) Damn it! What do you mean? I was.

TREASURE. I beg your pardon, sir.

WINSOR. (*Concealing a smile.*) Look here, Treisure; it's infernally awkward for everybody.

TREASURE. It is, sir.

WINSOR. What do you suggest?

TREASURE. The proper thing, sir, I suppose, would be a cordon and a complete search—in our interests.

WINSOR. I entirely refuse to suspect anybody.

TREASURE. But if Mr. De Levis feels otherwise, sir?

DE LEVIS. (*Stammering.*) I? All I know is—the money was there, and it's gone.

WINSOR. (*Compunctious.*) Quite! It's pretty sickening for you. But so it is for anybody else. However, we must do our best to get it back for you.

A police inspector and constable arrive and start an examination of the premises and guests, aided by General Canynge. The scene has shifted to the bedroom occupied by De Levis, who is temporarily left alone with the General. The bedroom has a balcony. It develops that the thief, after removing the bank notes from a leather case which De Levis had placed under his pillow, had stuffed the case with shaving papers.

DE LEVIS. (*Suddenly.*) General, I know who took them.

CANYNGE. The deuce you do! Are you following the inspector's theory?

DE LEVIS. (*Contemptuously.*) That ass! (*Pulling the shaving papers out of the case.*) No! The man who put those

there was clever and cool enough to wrench that creeper off the balcony as a blind. Come and look here, General. (*He goes to the window; the General follows.*) See the rail of my balcony, and the rail of the next? (*He holds up the cord of his dressing-gown, stretching his arms out.*) I've measured it with this. Just over seven feet, that's all! If a man can take a standing jump on to a narrow book-case four feet high and balance there, he'd make nothing of that. And look here! (*He goes out on the balcony and returns with a bit of broken creeper in his hand, and holds it out into the light.*) Someone's stood on that—the stalk's crushed—the inner corner, too, where he'd naturally stand when he took his jump back.

CANYNGE. (*After examining it—stiffly.*) That other balcony is young Dancy's, Mr. De Levis; a soldier and a gentleman. This is an extraordinary insinuation.

DE LEVIS. Accusation.

CANYNGE. What!

DE LEVIS. I have intuitions, General; it's in my blood. I see the whole thing. Dancy came up, watched me into the bathroom, tried my door, slipped back into his dressing-room, saw my window was open, took that jump, sneaked the notes, filled the case up with these, wrenched the creeper there for a blind, jumped back and slipped downstairs again. It didn't take him four minutes altogether.

CANYNGE. (*Very gravely.*) This is outrageous, De Levis. Dancy says he was downstairs all the time. You must either withdraw unreservedly, or I must confront you with him.

DE LEVIS. If he'll return the notes and apologize, I'll do nothing—except cut him in future. He gave me that filly, you know, as a hopeless weed, and he's been pretty sick ever since, that he was such a flat as not to see how good she was. Besides, he's hard up, I know.

CANYNGE. (*After a vexed turn up and down the room.*) It's mad, sir, to jump to conclusions like this.

DE LEVIS. Not so mad as the conclusion Dancy jumped to when he lighted on my balcony.

CANYNGE. Nobody could have taken this money who did not know you had it.

DE LEVIS. How do you know that he didn't?

CANYNGE. Do you know that he did?

DE LEVIS. I haven't the least doubt of it.

CANYNGE. Without any proof? This is very ugly, De Levis. I must tell Winsor.

DE LEVIS. (*Angrily.*) Tell the whole blooming lot. You think I've no feelers, but I've felt the atmosphere here, I can tell you, General. If I were in Dancy's shoes and he in mine, your tone to me would be very different.

CANYNGE. (*Suavely frigid.*) I'm not aware of using any tone, as you call it. But this is a private house, Mr. De Levis, and something is due to our host and to the *esprit de corps* that exists among gentlemen.

DE LEVIS. Since when is a thief a gentleman? Thick as thieves—a good motto, isn't it?

CANYNGE. That's enough! (*He goes to the door, but stops before opening it.*) Now, look here! I have some knowledge of the world. Once an accusation like this passes beyond these walls no one can foresee the consequences. Captain Dancy is a gallant fellow, with a fine record as a soldier; and only just married. If he's as innocent as—Christ—mud will stick to him, unless the real thief is found. In the old days of swords, either you or he would not have gone out of this room alive. If you persist in this absurd accusation, you will both of you go out of this room dead in the eyes of Society: you for bringing it, he for being the object of it.

DE LEVIS. Society? Do you think I don't know that I'm only tolerated for my money? Society can't add injury to insult and have my money as well, that's all. If the notes are restored I'll keep my mouth shut; if they're not, I sha'n't. I'm certain I'm right. I ask nothing better than to be confronted with Dancy; but, if you prefer it, deal with him in your own way—for the sake of your *esprit de corps*.

Winsor enters with Captain Dancy and the latter is questioned by General Canynge, De Levis having retired to the balcony. Dancy, having been interrogated, goes.

WINSOR. Gosh! I thought that chap (*with a nod towards the balcony*) was going to—! Look here, General, we must stop his tongue. Imagine it going the rounds. They may never find the real thief, you know. It's the very devil for Dancy.

CANYNGE. Winsor! Dancy's sleeve was damp.



CALLED AN "EMBALMER" OF THE ENGLISH UPPER-MIDDLE CLASS, JOHN GALSWORTHY
SCORES ANOTHER DRAMATIC SUCCESS
His play "Loyalties" is being performed to crowded houses in New York, following its protracted
"run" in London.



LADY ADELA (CATHRYN YOUNG) HAS HER
OPINION OF DE LEVIS (JAMES DALE)
He has been robbed in her house and the police
are expected any minute.



MARGARET ORME (JEANNETTE SHERWIN)
DOESN'T TAKE THE ROBBERY SERIOUSLY
"A thousand pounds? I can't even conceive of
having it," she exclaims, in "Loyalties."



A DRAMATIC MOMENT IN "LOYALTIES" WHEN CAPTAIN DANCY (CHARLES QUARTERMAINE) CALLS DE LEVIS (JAMES DALE) "A DAMNED JEW"
It occurs in the card room of a London club where De Levis has branded Dancy "a thief."



MABEL DANCY (DIANA BOURBON) COLLAPSES WHEN HER SOLDIER HUSBAND COMMITS SUICIDE TO ESCAPE DISGRACE

"Keeps faith!" exclaims her friend, Margaret Orme (Jeannette Sherwin). "We've all done that. It's not enough."



© Wide World Photos

THE POET OF CHILDHOOD IS HONORED BY THE SCHOOL CHILDREN OF CHICAGO
Grandchildren of Eugene Field (Jean Field Foster and Robert Eugene Field) pulled the strings that unveiled the bronze memorial in Lincoln Park, erected with a million pennies given by public school pupils over a period of 27 years.



© Underwood & Underwood

"THE BEST PICTURE EVER PAINTED"

Lentze's decorative allegory, "Westward the Course of Empire Takes Its Way," hanging in the House wing of the Capitol at Washington, is so appraised by "Uncle Joe" Cannon, who says: "It represents the spirit that has made this the greatest nation on earth."



© Underwood & Underwood

NEW ROOSEVELT STATUE TO STAND IN THE GRAND CONCOURSE, THE BRONX, NEW YORK

The heroic figure of the Hunter, Theodore Roosevelt, will ornament a fountain designed by the sculptor, Vincenzo Miserendino, who is shown at work.

WINSOR. How d'you mean?

CANYNGE. Quite damp. It's been raining. (*The two look at each other.*)

WINSOR. I—I—don't follow— (*His voice is hesitant and lower, showing that he does.*)

CANYNGE. It was coming down hard; a minute out in it would have been enough— (*He motions with his chin towards the balcony.*)

WINSOR. (*Hastily.*) He must have been out on his balcony since.

CANYNGE. It stopped before I came up, half an hour ago.

WINSOR. He's been leaning on the wet stone, then.

CANYNGE. With the outside of the upper part of the arm?

WINSOR. Against the wall, perhaps. There may be a dozen explanations. (*Very low and with great concentration.*) I entirely and absolutely refuse to believe anything of the sort against Ronald Dancy—in my house. Dash it, General, we must do as we'd be done by. It hits us all—it hits us all. The thing's intolerable.

CANYNGE. I agree. Intolerable. (*Raising his voice.*) Mr. De Levis!

(*De Levis returns into view, in the center of the open window.*)

CANYNGE. (*With cold decision.*) Young Dancy was an officer and is a gentleman; this insinuation is pure supposition, and you must not make it. Do you understand me?

DE LEVIS. My tongue is still mine, General, if my money isn't!

CANYNGE. (*Unmoved.*) Must not. You're a member of three clubs, you want to be a member of a fourth. No one who makes such an insinuation against a fellow guest in a country house, except on absolute proof, can do so without complete ostracism. Have we your word to say nothing?

DE LEVIS. Social blackmail? H'm!

CANYNGE. Not at all—simple warning. If you consider it necessary in your interests to start this scandal—no matter how, we shall consider it necessary in ours to dissociate ourselves completely from one who so recklessly disregards the unwritten code.

The time of the second act is three weeks later and the place is the card room of a London club, of which Lord St. Erth is the factotum. A quorum of officers is present and De Levis, "on

the carpet," is presently confronted by Dancy.

ST. ERTH. Captain Dancy, a serious accusation has been made against you by this gentleman in the presence of several members of the club.

DANCY. What is it?

ST. ERTH. That you have robbed him of that money at Winsor's.

DANCY. (*Hard and tense.*) Indeed! On what grounds is he good enough to say that?

DE LEVIS. (*Tense, too.*) You gave me that filly to save yourself her keep, and you've been mad about it ever since; you knew from Goole that I had sold her to Kentman and paid in cash, yet I heard you myself deny that you knew it. You had the next room to me, and you can jump like a cat, as we saw that evening; I found some creepers crushed by a weight on my balcony on that side. When I went to the bath your door was open, and when I came back it was shut.

CANYNGE. That's the first we have heard about the door.

DE LEVIS. I remembered it afterwards.

ST. ERTH. Well, Dancy?

DANCY. (*With intense deliberation.*) I'll settle this matter with any weapons, when and where he likes.

ST. ERTH. (*Drily.*) It can't be settled that way—you know very well. You must take it to the courts, unless he retracts.

DANCY. Will you retract?

DE LEVIS. Why did you tell General Canynge you didn't know Kentman had paid me in cash?

DANCY. Because I didn't.

DE LEVIS. Then Kentman and Goole lied—for no reason?

DANCY. That's nothing to do with me.

DE LEVIS. If you were downstairs all the time, as you say, why was your door first open and then shut?

DE LEVIS. Being downstairs, how should I know? The wind, probably.

DE LEVIS. I should like to hear what your wife says about it.

DANCY. Leave my wife alone, you damned Jew!

ST. ERTH. Captain Dancy!

DE LEVIS. (*White with rage.*) Thief!

DANCY. Will you fight?

DE LEVIS. You're very smart—dead men tell no tales. No! Bring your action, and we shall see. (*Dancy takes a step towards him, but Canynge and Winsor interpose.*)

ST. ERTH. That'll do, Mr. De Levis; we won't keep you. (*He looks round.*) Kindly consider your membership suspended till this matter has been threshed out.

DE LEVIS. (*Tremulous with anger.*) Don't trouble yourselves about my membership. I resign it. (*To Dancy.*) You called me a damned Jew. My race was old when you were all savages. I am proud to be a Jew. *Au revoir*, in the courts.

A scene follows in the Dancys' flat, in London, the next day. Young Mrs. Dancy is being sympathized with by some of her intimates who have taken their leave when Dancy joins his wife and suggests to her that they "get out to Nairobi." Believing in his innocence, she insists that the better plan is to stay and "fight it out." De Levis is announced. Dancy goes into another room. Mabel Dancy inquires of De Levis why he wants to see her husband.

DE LEVIS. He came round to my rooms just now, when I was out. He threatened me yesterday. I don't choose him to suppose I'm afraid of him.

MABEL. (*With a great and manifest effort at self-control.*) Mr. De Levis, you are robbing my husband of his good name.

DE LEVIS. (*Sincerely.*) I admire your trustfulness, Mrs. Dancy.

MABEL. (*Staring at him.*) How can you do it? What do you want? What's your motive? You can't possibly believe that my husband is a thief?

DE LEVIS. Unfortunately.

MABEL. How dare you? How dare you? Don't you know that I was in our bedroom all the time with the door open? Do you accuse me, too?

DE LEVIS. No, Mrs. Dancy.

MABEL. But you do. I must have seen, I must have heard.

DE LEVIS. A wife's memory is not very good when her husband is in danger.

MABEL. In other words, I'm lying.

DE LEVIS. No. Your wish is mother to your thought, that's all.

MABEL. (*After staring again with a sort of horror, turns to get control of herself. Then turning back to him.*) Mr. De Levis, I appeal to you as a gentleman to behave to us as you would we should behave to you. Withdraw this wicked charge, and write an apology that Ronald can show.

DE LEVIS. Mrs. Dancy, I am not a gentleman, I am only a—damned Jew. Yesterday I might possibly have withdrawn, to spare you. But when my race is insulted I have nothing to say to your husband, but as he wishes to see me I've come. Please let him know.

Dancy re-enters, with "a scrap of paper" on which he has written a retraction for De Levis to sign. The latter refuses. A personal encounter is prevented by Mrs. Dancy. De Levis goes. Dancy decides to take the case to court, though he can ill afford the expense.

Three months later the court battle is on, Dancy's attorney being the veteran solicitor Jacob Twisden, finely acted by Laurence Hanray. The scene is his office in Lincoln's Inn Fields. A Mr. Gilman, head of Gilman's Department Stores, enters soliciting a private interview with Twisden.

GILMAN. Well, I've come to you from a sense of duty, sir, and also a feelin' of embarrassment. (*He takes from his breast pocket an evening paper.*) You see, I've been followin' this Dancy case—it's a good deal talked of in Putney—and I read this at half-past two this afternoon. To be precise, at 2:25. (*He rises and hands the paper to Twisden, and with a thick-gloved forefinger indicates a passage.*) When I read these numbers, I 'appened to remember givin' change for a fifty-pound note—don't often 'ave one in, you know—so I went to the cash-box out of curiosity, to see that I 'adn't got it. Well, I 'ad; and here it is. (*He draws out from his breast pocket and lays before Twisden a fifty-pound banknote.*) It was brought in to change by a customer of mine three days ago, and he got value for it. Now, that's a stolen note, it seems, and you'd like to know what I did. Mind you, that customer of mine, I've known 'em—well—eight or nine years; an Italian he is—wine salesman, and so far's I know, a respectable man—foreign-lookin', but nothin' more. Now, this was at 'alf-past two, and I was at my head branch at Putney, where I live. I want you to mark the time, so as you'll see I 'aven't wasted a minute. I took a cab and I drove straight to my customer's private residence in Putney, where he lives with his daughter—Ricar-

dos his name is, Paolo Ricardos. They tell me there that he's at his business shop in the city. So off I go in the cab again, and there I find him. Well, sir, I showed this paper to him and I produced the note. "Here," I said, "you brought this to me and you got value for it." Well, that man was taken aback. If I'm a judge, Mr. Twisden, he was taken aback, not to speak in a guilty way, but he was, as you may say, flummoxed. "Now," I said to him, "where did you get it—that's the point?" He took his time to answer, and then he said: "Well, Mr. Gilman," he said, "you know me; I am an honorable man. I can't tell you offhand, but I am above the board." He's foreign, you know, in his expressions. "Yes," I said, "that's all very well," I said, "but here I've got a stolen note and you've got the value for it. Now I tell you," I said, "what I'm going to do: I'm going straight with this note to Mr. Jacob Twisden, who's got this Dancy-De Levis case in 'and. He's a well-known Society lawyer," I said, "of great experience." "Oh," he said, "that is what you do?"—funny the way he speaks! "Then I come with you!"—And I've got him in the cab below. I want to tell you everything before he comes up. On the way I tried to get something out of him, but I couldn't—I could not. "This is very awkward," I said at last. "It is, Mr. Gilman," was his reply; and he began to talk about his Sicilian claret—a very good wine, mind you, but under the circumstances it seemed to me uncalled for. Have I made it clear to you?

TWISDEN. (*Who has listened with extreme attention.*) Perfectly, Mr. Gilman. I'll send down for him. (*He touches a hand-bell. A clerk appears at the door.*) A gentleman in a taxi waiting. Ask him to be so good as to step up. Oh! and send Mr. Graviter here again. (*The clerk goes out.*)

GILMAN. As I told you, sir, I've been following this case. It's what you might call piquant. And I should be very glad if it came about that this helped Captain Dancy. I take an interest, because, to tell you the truth (*confidentially*), I don't like—well, not to put too fine a point upon it—'Ebrews. They work harder; they're more sober; they're honest; and they're everywhere. I've nothing against them, but the fact is—they get on so.

TWISDEN. (*Cocking an eye.*) A thorn in the flesh, Mr. Gilman.

GILMAN. Well, I prefer my own countrymen, and that's the truth of it.

More evidence is introduced by the man Ricardos whose daughter has had an "affair" with Captain Dancy. Ricardos had agreed to "forget about it" if Dancy would pay him £1000, and the money had been paid recently. Ricardos goes, leaving Twisden and his partner, Graviter (Henry Morrell), in conference. Twisden, loyal to his honorable profession, decides to throw up the case.

GRAVITER. What's to be done about Dancy?

TWISDEN. Can you understand a gentleman—?

GRAVITER. I don't know, sir. The war loosened "form" all over the place. I saw plenty of that myself. And some men have no moral sense. From the first I've had doubts.

TWISDEN. We can't go on with the case.

GRAVITER. Phew. . . . (*A moment's silence.*) Gosh! It's an awful thing for his wife.

TWISDEN. Yes.

GRAVITER. (*Touching the envelope.*) Chance brought this here, sir. That man won't talk—he's too scared.

TWISDEN. Gilman.

GRAVITER. Too respectable. If De Levis got those notes back, and the rest of the money, anonymously?

TWISDEN. But the case, Graviter; the case.

GRAVITER. I don't believe this alters what I've been thinking.

TWISDEN. Thought is one thing—knowledge another. There's duty to our profession. Ours is a fine calling. On the good faith of solicitors a very great deal hangs.

GRAVITER. It'll let him in for a prosecution. He came to us in confidence.

TWISDEN. Not as against the law.

GRAVITER. No. I suppose not. (*A pause.*) By Jove, I don't like losing this case. I don't like the admission we backed such a wrong 'un.

Twisden is obdurate. Mrs. Dancy is shown in and informed that she need not bother to attend court the next day, though the case is progressing favorably to her husband. She departs. Into the same law office the following morning Dancy enters.

TWISDEN. I have very serious news for you.

DANCY. (*Wincing and collecting himself.*) Oh!

TWISDEN. These two notes. (*He uncovers the notes.*) After the court rose yesterday we had a man called Ricardos here. (*A pause.*) Is there any need for me to say more?

DANCY. (*Unflinching.*) No. What now?

TWISDEN. Our duty was plain; we could not go on with the case. I have consulted Sir Frederic. He felt—he felt that he must throw up his brief, and he will do that the moment the court sits. Now I want to talk to you about what you're going to do.

DANCY. That's very good of you, considering.

TWISDEN. I don't pretend to understand, but I imagine you may have done this in a moment of reckless bravado, feeling, perhaps, that as you gave the mare to De Levis, the money was by rights as much yours as his. (*Stopping Dancy, who is about to speak, with a gesture.*) To satisfy a debt of honor to this—lady; and, no doubt, to save your wife from hearing of it from the Ricardos. Is that so?

DANCY. To the life.

TWISDEN. It was mad, Captain Dancy, mad!—But the question now is: What do you owe to your wife? She doesn't dream—I suppose?

DANCY. (*With a twitching of the face.*) No.

TWISDEN. We can't tell what the result of this collapse will be. The police have the theft in hand. They may issue a warrant. The money could be refunded and the costs paid—somehow that can all be managed. But it may not help. In any case, what end is served by your staying in the country? You can't save your honor—that's gone. You can't save your wife's peace of mind. If she sticks to you—do you think she will?

DANCY. Not if she's wise.

TWISDEN. Better go! There's war in Morocco.

DANCY. (*With a bitter smile.*) Good old Morocco!

TWISDEN. Will you go, then, at once and leave me to break it to your wife?

DANCY. I don't know yet.

Hesitating over his future plan of action, Dancy departs. Canynge and other friends of the Dancys enter.

Explanations are made. Distress for Mabel Dancy is universal. The room is cleared, when Dancy re-enters. De Levis is announced and, in turn, announces that he is satisfied to have the proceedings stopped and no restitution made to him. He bows to Dancy, shrugs, and walks out.

It's too late, however, to save Dancy. The law machinery continues to move. A warrant for his arrest is in the hands of a police inspector who calls at the Dancy home the next morning. Dancy has confessed all to his wife. She remains loyal and loving. The door-bell rings. Dancy goes into the bedroom. Mabel receives the police inspector interrogatively.

INSPECTOR. Well, madam, it's no use disguising it. I'm exceedingly sorry, but I've a warrant for his arrest.

MABEL. Inspector!

INSPECTOR. I'm sure I've every sympathy for you, madam; but I must carry out my instructions.

MABEL. And break my heart?

INSPECTOR. Well, madam, we're—we're not allowed to take that into consideration. The law's the law.

MABEL. Are you married?

INSPECTOR. I am.

MABEL. If you—your wife—(*The inspector raises his hand, deprecatingly. Speaking low.*) Just half an hour! Couldn't you? It's two lives—two whole lives! We've only been married four months. Come back in half an hour. It's such a little thing—nobody will know. Nobody. Won't you?

INSPECTOR. Now, madam—you must know my duty.

MABEL. Inspector, I beseech you—just half an hour.

INSPECTOR. No, no—don't try to undermine me—I'm sorry for you; but don't you try it.

He knocks on the bedroom door. The sound of a pistol shot is heard. Friends enter. A note from the suicide is read, stating that "a pistol keeps faith." Mabel Dancy has fainted. Her friend, Margaret Colford, repeats wildly: "Keeps faith! We've all done that. It's not enough."

THE VACANT CHAIR AT THE COUNCIL TABLE OF THE WORLD

By Ivy L. Lee

DURING each of the past four years it has been my privilege to spend a month or more in Europe. Those visits afforded unusual opportunities for discussion with cabinet officers of European governments, bankers, economists and others possessed of intimate knowledge of conditions.

In previous years one found it possible to get fairly definite ideas as to the likely course of events in the months immediately ensuing. This summer, however, the situation was muddled, complicated and obscure beyond all precedent. But out of all the chaos and contradiction there stood one supreme and baffling fact:

In the council-room of the world, to-day the most important chair is vacant!

The French and the English will call a peace conference to settle or attempt to settle the questions arising out of the conflict in Turkey. Eight nations are to be invited to that conference, but in looking over the list one fails to find the name of the United States.

You may say, What have we to do with Turkish trouble? And why should we be there? Why mix in the quarrels of Europe?

At Geneva, the Council of the League of Nations has been in session—all the great nations of the world assembled to consider matters of moment to the world. *The United States is not there.*

IVY LEDBETTER LEE was born at Cedartown, Georgia, in 1877. He received his A.B. at Princeton and did post-graduate at Harvard and Columbia. He has done conspicuous newspaper work and has acted at different times as press representative for the Pennsylvania Railroad and other corporations. He was European manager for Harris, Winthrop and Co., Bankers, and was a member of the personal advisory staff of John D. Rockefeller. He was assistant to the chairman of the Red Cross War Council and lecturer in the London School of Economics. He has written a number of economic volumes. He is a man of liberal education, broad interests and strong sympathies. This article probably expresses quite accurately the opinions of the average intelligent, educated and public-minded citizen of the United States.

And yet I see that at the meeting to-day there was presented to the League of Nations, as one of the important topics of discussion, the dispute between Bolivia and Chile!

Is that of any interest to us? And is there not good reason for us to be sitting around a table where the Monroe doctrine is so much involved?

No American can go to Europe

to-day and feel the pride in himself and his country's position that he did three and four years ago. Four years ago, three years ago, the peoples of Europe looked upon us as the most idealistic, unselfish and generous people in the world. To-day they don't dare say, even among themselves, what they think—not so much because they don't think it, but because they realize so completely their dependence upon us that they don't dare let themselves contemplate the result if sooner or later we do not live up to what they really believe is in us.

We are vital to the very safety of civilization, and if we fail, civilization fails! The world knows we will not fail, but we are losing precious time.

The disease of the world to-day is excessive nationalism—national selfishness and egoism, and indifference to the welfare—often even the rights—of others.

The Treaty of Versailles gratified racial and nationalistic ambitions, but

destroyed the foundations of daily life.

France is in a peculiar position. The French Government, as a government, is bankrupt, unless it is possible to obtain from Germany adequate reparation. Yet France has been pursuing a policy toward Germany which makes it impossible for Germany to pay much, if anything, a policy which has upset the whole of Europe and which has created immense irritation in the United States. France is apparently selfish and chauvinistic to the extreme—and one of the reasons is *we are not there doing our part* to help solve the vast problem of which France's difficulty is a mere part.

You cannot expect France to take a reasonable attitude toward Germany, and that means a reasonable attitude toward England and toward the rest of the world, until France has some assurance that she will be protected against aggression. There was drafted at Versailles a treaty in which the United States and Great Britain agreed to stand behind France in case of attack by Germany. That may or may not have been a wise plan. A wiser solution may be for the nations of the world to join with France and say to France that no unjust attack shall be made upon her or upon any other nation; so giving assurance of protection by all nations of the world. I do not pretend to know what the best solution would be. But this I know, that *in that solution and in that problem, the interests of the United States are very much involved*, and we cannot escape them for one moment.

We ought to be present at every conference and upon every occasion when these gigantic questions are under consideration. *We ought to be there not as observers, but as responsible participants.*

If Germany and France follow the course of Austria, then Italy and the other nations of Europe will be dragged down. The whole situation in Europe is to-day more distressing and more menacing than it has been at any time

since the Armistice. Europe for eight years has been consuming much more than she has been producing. Before the war Europe as a continent was a creditor continent. To-day she is very much a debtor continent. Mr. Hoover estimated that before the war Europe numbered a hundred millions more people than she could feed out of her current agricultural production. She had to buy the food with which to feed those hundred millions excess people by exporting surplus manufactured products or by obtaining interest on the money and the capital she had loaned to foreign countries. To-day Europe has consumed that capital. Her producing power has been reduced. She is unable to finance loans with which to go forward. There is one steady progression of inflation, of unbalanced budgets, of hatred between countries and peoples, of standing armies maintained because governments have not the courage to reduce them or have not a place to put the people to work if they were taken out of the armies. There is one steady progression towards starvation and demoralization.

Europe looks to us to bring the breath of spring to that situation. Not with money—the soundest thinking people in Europe have come to feel that the time for huge loans or of man-made remedies for the situation is past. Nature has got to work out her normal course. By the slow processes of economy and production, the peoples must struggle to their feet. But meanwhile, Europe is in a perfect maelstrom of international feuds, racial hatreds, suspicion, disturbances of every kind. Huge standing armies are maintained. Peoples distrust their neighbors. It is impossible to establish customs regulations and international transportation arrangements on a sound basis, because nations are thinking only of themselves. We ask here, "Why does not Europe set her house in order; why doesn't she abolish her absurd restrictions, disband her armies, stop her extravagant government expenditure?"

These are easy questions to ask, but they cannot be answered by any nation acting alone.

A new spirit must come over this situation before these obvious remedies can be applied. We in the United States must implant that new spirit.

So many people say, "Yes, that is all very well to talk about, but I am not going to go over to Europe or to have American soldiers go over to help settle the scraps of Europe."

I feel as others feel about the United States sending troops to settle trouble in Europe. If there is any real reason, such as existed in the last war, for our sending troops to Europe, we will send them anyway. We don't need any compulsion to do it. But ninety-nine per cent., 999 cases in a thousand, of all conceivable disputes which might involve our sending troops to Europe will be settled by the very fact that we are sitting in conference, that we are giving views, our unprejudiced and impartial opinion, as to what ought to be done.

The knowledge of the peoples that *we are in the game* will have profound influence.

When we sit there with our spirit of unselfishness, with the known record we have for sympathy and generosity, most of the troubles will be settled without war. We can induce peoples to reduce their standing armies, we can induce them to look with a little more tolerance upon their neighbors. We, and we alone, can induce them to do those things which if done will establish real peace, which will enable the nations of Europe to get on their feet and start producing and buying again, and once more resume the advance of civilization.

We seek to avoid "entangling alliances," yet when George Washington wrote his farewell address, it took three to four weeks to cross the Atlantic Ocean. I crossed on a ship a few weeks ago in five days. You can cross in an airplane in less than two days. You can cross with an electric spark in less

than a minute. I remember some years ago when visiting the London Stock Exchange, the manager of the cable company took me at three o'clock in the afternoon (which is ten o'clock A. M. in New York) and he said, "I want you to see the first New York quotations." And in 45 seconds from the time the New York Stock Exchange opened, we had a report in London of the first transactions on the New York Stock Exchange. The money markets of the world to-day are substantially one. When a stable money standard is once again restored, and capital shall flow freely throughout the world, the security markets of the world will operate as a veritable unit. With the telephone, the telegraph, the wireless and all the means of communication the world has developed, we are no longer separated from the rest of the world as we used to be.

The Atlantic Ocean from an economic and commercial standpoint is to-day no wider than the Delaware River. We are a part of the world. We are entangled already with the whole world. If there is a famine in India, it affects the sale of cotton from the states of Georgia and Alabama. If there is distress in Russia, it means that tea cannot be bought in Ceylon, and Ceylon cannot buy the wheat she needs from this country.

Our people need the markets of the world, and the markets of the world need us. The whole world needs peace, it needs contentment, it needs the will to peace, and it needs trust among the nations. *The world needs the United States.*

In a time so critical as this, when the whole future of a civilization, it may be, hangs in the balance, it is time for the United States to reconsider very seriously where it shall stand. It is unthinkable that we should long maintain our present policy of isolation. Pride, self-interest, duty—all summon us to a new point of view, and a new policy in keeping with our great traditions. It is time, I believe, for us to

take the position that in some form or other, in some form that will preserve our national traditions and satisfy our national aspirations, which will not involve us in un-American activities, in some form or other we as a people shall sit once more around the council table of the nations and bear our share of the burdens of the world.

We can trifle no longer. If we wait too long, it may be too late. Civilization is on fire, and yet we, a great Christian people, sit unmoved. We blame the other fellow for it all.

We are the big brother of the nations. We are indeed the "land of hope and glory," but we are not doing our

part. We stand up in church and pray the Lord's Prayer, "*Thy Kingdom Come on Earth* as it is in Heaven!" Do we mean what we say, or do we refer only to the United States?

Is it not time to drop the petty politics of national egotism and rise to the height of the great argument? Can we as a people continue to stand aside and aloof? There isn't a particle of doubt that when America does see the situation as it is, she will rise in the greatness of her idealism and her magnanimity and express her real self in sympathy and cooperation with a broken world. God speed the moment of that great awakening!

BRIDGING THE GULF BETWEEN WHITES AND BLACKS

What the Chicago Commission on Race Relations Recommends

THE report of the Chicago Commission on Race Relations, appointed by Governor Frank O. Lowden of Illinois shortly after the horrible race riots of July, 1919, which has just been published, does not pretend to have discovered any new formula by which all race troubles can be made to disappear as at the waving of a magic wand, but its recommendations will go far toward eliminating race strife, and chief among them are law enforcement, mutual forbearance and education for both the whites and the negroes.

"Each member of the Commission," says the report, "feels that he has more understanding and less prejudice than before its work was begun." To the police, militia, state's attorney and courts, the Commission recommends a detailed plan to deal with possible rioting so as to nip it in the bud. It is urged that equal protection should be given to both white and negro neighborhoods, and equal justice should be meted out to offenders taken to court.

"We recommend that negro residence areas be rid of vice resorts whose pres-

ent exceptional prevalence is due to official laxity. . . .

"We recommend that the most stringent means possible be applied to control importation, sale and possession of firearms. . . .

"We recommend better enforcement of health and sanitary laws and regulations in the care, repair and upkeep of streets and alleys and the collections and disposal of rubbish and garbage in areas of negro residence, where the commission found these matters to be shamefully neglected.

"We recommend that in the areas where the main part of the negro population lives, and where elementary school accommodations are notably deficient, buildings, equipment and teaching forces be provided which shall at least equal the average standard of the city.

"We recommend the establishment of night schools and community centers in sections of the city not now adequately provided with such facilities.

"We are convinced in our inquiry: (a) that measures involving or approaching deportation or segregation

are illegal, impracticable and cannot solve, but would accentuate the race problem; (b) that the moral responsibility for race rioting does not rest upon hoodlums alone, but also upon all citizens, white or black, who sanction force or violence in interracial relations; (c) that race friction and antagonism are largely due to the fact that each race too readily misunderstands and misinterprets the other's conduct and aspirations.

"We therefore urge upon all citizens, white and negro, active opposition to the employment of force or violence. We recommend dispassionate, intelligent and sympathetic consideration by each race of the other's needs and aims.

"We condemn the provocation or fostering of race antagonism by associations or organizations ostensibly founded or conducted for purposes of patriotism, local improvement or the like.

"We recommend that a permanent local body representing both races be charged with investigating situations likely to produce clashes.

"We recommend that white persons seek information from responsible and representative negroes as the basis of their judgments of negro traits, characteristics and tendencies, and thereby counteract the common disposition arising from erroneous tradition and literature, to regard all negroes as belonging to one homogeneous group, and as being inferior in mentality and morality, given to emotionalism and having an innate tendency toward crime, especially sex crime."

The Commission, made up of representative colored men as well as white men, was optimistic as to the possibility of wiping out such disgraceful outbursts of murder, arson, lynching and rioting as occurred in Chicago.

Of the negro problem as a whole—and here it speaks for the entire United States—the report says:

"Countless schemes have been proposed for solving or dismissing this

problem, most of them impracticable or impossible. Of this class are (1) the deportation of 12,000,000 negroes to Africa, (2) the establishment of a separate negro State in the United States, (3) complete separation and segregation from the whites and establishment of a peasant class or caste system, and (4) hope for a solution through the dying out of the negro race.

"The only effect of such solutions is to confuse thinking, foster impatience and intolerance. Our negro problem must be solved in harmony with the fundamental laws of the nation. These prevent deportation and limitation of freedom of movement.

"It is important for our white citizens to remember that the negroes alone of all our immigrants came to America against their will by the specially compelling invitation of the whites; that the institution of slavery was produced, expanded and maintained in the United States by the white people for their own benefit, and that they likewise created the conditions that followed emancipation. Our negro problem is, therefore, not of the negro's making.

"No group in our population is less responsible for its existence. But every group is responsible for its continuance, and every citizen, regardless of color or racial origin, is in honor and conscience bound to seek and forward its solution."

To the negro press is recommended greater care and accuracy in reporting incidents involving whites and negroes, the abandonment of sensational articles on racial questions, and more attention to educating negro readers as to the available means and opportunities of adjusting themselves into more harmonious relations with their white neighbors.

The report of the Commission has been published by the University of Chicago Press in a large octavo volume, with many illustrations, maps, tables, and most elaborate exhibits of evidence.

ISHII, THE GLAD-HANDER OF JAPAN

By ADACHI KINNOSUKE

A FEW months ago the wealth of Sada-shichi Ishii was rated at between \$40,000,000 and \$50,000,000 by a reliable commercial agency. Today his debts to various banks amount to \$27,500,000, according to his own statement, and something like \$50,000,000, according to some of his rueful creditors.

Judging by the amount of the stocks he dealt in—rice, copper, iron, sugar, cotton, silk, lumber, real estate, ships and mines—not to mention the movie theaters he was about to combine into a grand theater trust, he was the biggest plunger in the twenty-six centuries of Nipponese history.

Ishii's victims and creditors are not the tender get-rich-quick lambs who have haloed a Ponzi or advertised a Mississippi Bubble. They are staid, pompous, dignified and hard-boiled guardians of steel vaults with time locks on them. He failed owing seventy-two banks—every one of which gasped quite out loud, "Did you ever!"

How did he do it?

The key to Ishii's financial witchery is not hard to find.

"Nikipon," Ishii is called in Osaka. This word is an expressive slang word made up of a chopped-off word and a sound. "Niko" is an abbreviation of "nikoniko," which means smiling over, and "pon" is the phonetic reproduction of a friendly pat on one's shoulder. In short, a "glad-hander."

Ishii is about forty-five. He is short, quiet, ever-smiling, winning. About twenty-five years ago he was pull-

ALL Japan is wondering how Sada-shichi Ishii, who began life as the human draft mule of a lumber cart, rose to dizzy financial heights, and has long been worshipped as a kind of demi-god whose touch, Midas-like, turned everything to gold, could possibly have failed for \$50,000,000. How did he accumulate the money, in the first place?

This remarkable study of his career, his financial adventures, and ultimate disaster, was written for the New York "World" by a Japanese journalist attached to the Tokyo "Jiji."

ing a lumber cart along the streets of Osaka. His parents were too poor to send him to school, so they sent him to a lumber merchant as a "kozo"—an apprentice — at twelve. Nobody pushed him up from that point; he kept on pulling himself up just as he kept

on pulling his little lumber cart.

Ishii propelled himself up the fierce rapids of speculation in Osaka by means of a "jujutsu" (sometimes incorrectly spelled "jiujitsu") or "art of yielding," which is entirely his own. The foundation of his method lies in those gentle, winning smiles of his. "Nikipon" is more than a mere nickname. He always won the absolute confidence of his banker victims long, long before he flimflammed them out of a single yen.

In the gold-haloed imagination of his banker devotees, Ishii was a financial Buddha.

The panic of 1920 swept countless war-made millionaires into the Shadow World over night. The Masuda Bill-Brokers Bank went under. But no one got a single yelp out of Ishii.

"When the Masuda Bill-Brokers Bank went under," said Ishii in a recent interview, "I put on the face of 'I-don't-know-a-thing,' but I was wounded to the tune of \$40,000,000.

Ishii turned to the Kochi Commercial Bank, smiling the same financial-Buddha smile of yore, but with a different heart. He informed the bank that he would graciously deign to use about all the cash in it—for the glory of the bank and the quick profit of its de-



Courtesy New York World

HE MULCTED THE BANKERS OF JAPAN TO THE TUNE OF \$27,500,000.

Sadashichi Ishii, rated at \$50,000,000, failed with a crash that shook Nippon like an earthquake.

positors. When the bank was quite empty of cash, he invited a managing director to a pleasant dinner at his house and said to him: "Here are two promissory notes of mine. I don't want any cash. Discount the notes and keep the cash in your bank. Give me the certificate of time deposit for the amount. I want to keep the amount in your bank."

The banker thanked the Buddha on his knees, almost with tears.

Back in Osaka Ishii took the thoroughly genuine certificate of deposit to the great Sumitomo Bank. They were delighted to "accommodate" a man rated at about \$40,000,000—always of course to the extent perfectly and con-

servatively justified by the security, namely the certificate of deposit issued by the Kochi Commercial Bank.

Ishii got cash.

Bankers were going to the Ishii residence every few hours, always soliciting his business. At the end of a friendly chat Ishii turned to the banker: "My business? Yes, yes, certainly. Shall I trouble you a little?"

Ishii took a portion of his cash, say \$150,000, and handed it over to the banker on the spot.

Soon afterward Ishii asked the banker to discount a note or something of the kind—for \$250,000. Was the banker going to lose Ishii's account by refusing to take this risk? Did he not have with the bank a cash deposit of \$150,000? The bank officials knew, or thought they knew, that Ishii's holdings were good for millions of dollars. Refuse him? The thing was unthinkable. Ishii got what he wanted.

Early in 1921 he picked up 40,000 of the new shares of the Kanegafuchi Spinning Company, cornered the market and squeezed the bears terribly, netting \$15,000,000.

He next turned to the rice market. But his simple formula did not work this time. The rice speculators sold only what they had on hand—requiring a payment, on settlement day, of \$25,000,000 in cash. It was the beginning of the end for Ishii.

After the terrific beating in rice, he again turned to the stock market. The Tokio Stock Exchange bears were patiently lying in wait for him. They "got" Ishii and took away from him pretty nearly what Ishii had trimmed them for in the corner he had engineered, leaving him "like a fox with his tail on fire and with no means of putting it out."

MUSTAPHA KEMAL HUMILIATES MOHAMMED VI.

THE eclipse of Mohammed VI., Sultan of Turkey, is foreshadowed in an Associated Press dispatch from Constantinople which reports the snubbing of the Sultan's government by the first dignitary of the Turkish Nationalist government to arrive at the capital since the Kemalist army consolidated the strength of the Angora government by its victory over the Greeks.

General Rafet Pasha, confidant of Mustapha Kemal and new military governor of Thrace, upon arriving at his Stamboul residence, en route to Thrace, found awaiting him official representatives from the grand vizier and the ministry of the interior. The former sent in his card first.

The stubby little general, we are told, smoothed out the wrinkles in his tunic, gazed at the card in a pompous, official manner and said: "Who is this person? I know of no grand vizier. There is no such office or official."

Next came the envoy whose card said he represented "Field Marshal Ali Riza Pasha, minister of the interior." Again Rafet assumed his official air.

"I'm sure I don't know any such person," he again announced. "I remember an amiable Turkish gentleman of the same name, but I certainly know of nobody occupying such a position in the Turkish government."

Meanwhile, a third envoy had been cooling his heels uneasily in the ante-room. This was a still more distinguished personage, namely, a member of the Sultan's own household, who had been sent at the last moment as the personal representative of the Sultan to bid the military governor an official welcome. When he heard the report of the other two envoys, however, he was seized with panic at the awkward predicament which might result for his lord and master if the same treatment were meted out to him. So he quietly

tucked his card in his pocket and slipped back to the Yildiz palace.

Thus ended the effort of the Sultan's government to obtain recognition from the powerful visiting delegate from Angora.

Rafet Pasha expressed his pleasure at again visiting Constantinople, "if only for a day or two en route to my pleasant, patriotic duty in Thrace."

Speaking briefly of the future position of Turkey, he said: "We know we have one of the biggest armies in the world, and we are to-day the most powerful military nation. We have achieved a victory which I am confident no other army could have won."

"The spirit which the Turkish people have shown has excited the admiration of the entire world. When our country was threatened, the whole people took up arms voluntarily and eagerly. There is no conscription in Turkey, nor any necessity for it."

"To-day Turkey is no more divided. The nation is one. History has recorded our military success. Now what of the future? There is still a great task before us, and it is work for our younger men. It is the upbuilding of our country to economic prosperity."

"We have won our full freedom and nobody can take it from us. Henceforth, Turkey will be purely Moslem and can make its own way without let or hindrance from the outside. Our independence is so firmly consolidated that no foreign power can take it away or tamper with it."

An analysis of the volume of waterborne tonnage of the United States, just completed by the Shipping Board, shows that fifty-two per cent. of the total handled through American ports during the last fiscal year of record moved under the American flag. There were 37,312 arrivals and departures of vessels carrying 80,231,000 cargo tons.

TIGER HUNTING: AMATEUR AND PROFESSIONAL

Described by KATE MACGREGOR and R. G. B. FARRER

FROM a safe distance tiger hunting appears a thrilling sport. A fascinating, a most enjoyable sport. From a safe distance of, say, 2,000 miles!

After reading R. G. B. Farrer's matter-of-fact report of his encounters with Malayan man-eaters, in the *National Review*, and newspaper accounts of Miss Kate MacGregor's Andes-Amazon adventure with a tigress whose cubs she was petting, it is borne in upon us that the stalking of the stealthy jungle cats is sufficiently exciting at second hand.

There is a great difference of attitude between these two intrepid hunters. Miss MacGregor's tiger was an episode, the high point of her valorous trip over the Andes and down the Amazon—she being the first white woman to cross the South American continent at that point. Mr. Farrer, a resident of the Federated Malay States, appears to regard tiger-hunting as part of the day's work. One gathers from his narrative that scarcely a night but finds him out among the ravenous mosquitoes and innumerable other stinging insects of that marshy region, wading through swamps in a tropical downpour amid a deafening din of crickets and frogs, looking casually for tigers with a flashlight.

Miss MacGregor was glad enough to kill her unexpected tigress and escape with her life. She admits that she was excited. Apparently Mr. Farrer is incapable of excitement. There is something awesome in his rather shyly stated preference for meeting his tigers face to face in the dim, slippery paths of the jungle, where they will have an even chance for life against him. Occasionally a big man-eater is caught in a Malay trap, and must be dispatched without being given a fair chance to defend himself. When that happens

Mr. Farrer is distressed, and feels driven to explain and extenuate his unsportsmanlike conduct in taking advantage of the poor brute.

In fact Miss MacGregor can be described as an amateur and Mr. Farrer as a professional.

Miss MacGregor, after wiggling along through the underbrush, "feeling awfully handy for snakes," and holding her gun out ahead of her, writes as follows:

I POKED my head through a dense thicket and looked up at the figure of a Yahua savage a few feet away! There I was, flat on my stomach at his feet, gazing up at him for a moment, too startled to move. My memory is hazy as to just what occurred in the brief interim before he, apparently as astonished as I was, and perhaps quite as much at a loss regarding the correct and dignified method of controlling the situation, disappeared in the bush; but I have a vague and haunting suspicion that I smiled insipidly and said, "Oh, how do you do; I didn't see you," all in one breath.

When I stood up I really began seeing things. In an open space close by lay a dead tiger, and several paces further on were two tiny cubs. I ran over to the cubs, taking the little clawing, spitting kittens up on my knees to quiet them.

Only then did I hear a noise at the opposite side of the clearing, and looking up saw a full-grown tigress step into sight. She hesitated a moment. I think I was a surprise to her, too, and then, seeing the cubs squirming in my arms she tore at me. What saved me was her momentary hesitation, when I dropped the cubs and grabbed my gun.

I did not stop to "look her straight

between the eyes and take two steps forward." I just banged away, and she kept right on coming, without taking the time to "drop dead on the spot." I jumped to one side, but she seemed to have forgotten the cubs entirely and had but one idea, and that centered on me. Luckily she gave out a moment before she reached me.

Turn now to Mr. Farrer, the hardened huntsman. He has been telling of a pair of tigers and their two cubs. They have escaped him for a long time.

HARDLY a night passed that she and her mate did not come down and worry the village flocks, or chase a man on his rounds in a native estate, but no one sufficiently capable of shooting straight had as yet met them. The nights we are there the tigress is not abroad, but as soon as we have gone, out she comes, and passing the place where we have been watching, wanders off and makes a kill, returning by the same path. The tiger, her mate, was, however, the worse and more cunning of the two. Every night he was abroad, and each night we marked his tracks; but as he was continually attacking men we could not afford to wait. Accordingly numerous traps were set in the jungle. I and a party of Malays, skilled in the art, patrolled the bridle paths in the area. The first man carried a bull's-eye lantern, the remainder following with guns and spears, and so, flashing the lamp to the front and to the sides the procession moved noiselessly through the jungle.

A tiger, bear, cat or deer, on seeing a bull's-eye lamp will approach to within five paces or so out of curiosity, wishing to discover what sort of animal has turned up with such bright eyes. A tiger's eyes shine red, and his whole face being visible presents an easy shot. That night we met him in a clump of banana trees, but he was shy and would not

expose himself, and we did not try to shoot, hoping to meet him later on. As soon as we had moved on, out he came, and making a detour of over six miles approached another kam-pung about midnight, just as we ourselves got there. We heard him, and made a noise to try and make him bear to the right and get near a trap, and in this we were successful, for at once roar after roar rent the air, and we went to sleep, waking up in the morning to find a very fine tiger, old and strong, safely caged. It was impossible to do anything except shoot him, and so died one of the terrors of an area of over twenty square miles.

We found that his left top canine tooth had split in half, and that an ulcer had formed in the bone, doubtless accounting to a large extent for his wanton practices. In addition he had bullet wounds in his shoulder and in the near hind leg, relics of ancient history, so that on the whole it was no wonder that he could eat only with the molars on the right side, and therefore working from behind, only ate the left quarters of any kill. For these reasons it is not surprising that he was so cunning and so destructive. It was a pity that he met his end as vermin, but the damage and terrorism had to be stopped somehow; yet all the same, although I spent eighteen nights out after him without success, it was rather like killing a big trout with a night line, and I hope I may never have to do it again. Still, with such a lot of damage done, and two men dead and three others injured, and with the natives prevented by terror from tapping rubber or harvesting over 200 acres of rice, it was probably justified, since all other methods having been tried time and again had failed dismally. Still it is a pity, because we could have met him sooner or later and he would have had a chance. The urgency of the situation did not allow of further waiting.

A SERMON ON SIN

"WICKEDNESS thrives on denunciation: it is killed only by ridicule." So Gerald Bullett declares in an article in the *London Outlook* in which he argues that, in the warfare with evil, all the pulpits in the world avail less than would half a hundred books of the quality of "Gulliver's Travels." The conception of sin, he says, has in it something grandiose, something even poetic, that cannot but appeal to the child in every man. Milton's admirable Devil is notoriously the hero of his epic, and the famous lines in "Pippa Passes":

I crown you
My great white queen, my spirit's arbitress,
Magnificent in sin—

are more convincing than the subsequent fine speeches to the effect that virtue is better than vice. It tickles our vanity to be regarded as monsters of iniquity; it excoriates us to be derided as foolish, verminous creatures, victims of moral idiocy. The great satirists, Mr. Bullett points out, have always recognized this. Swift never made the mistake of allowing his delicious savagery to lapse into solemn cautionary finger-wagging. He prepared to write in this fashion:

"My reconciliation to the Yahoo kind in general might not be so difficult, if they would be content with those vices and follies only, which Nature hath entitled them to. I am not in the least provoked at the sight of a lawyer, a pickpocket, a colonel, a fool, a lord, a gamester, a politician, a whoremaster, a physician, an evidence, a suborner, an attorney, a traitor, or the like: this is all according to the due course of things: but when I behold a lump of deformity, and diseases both in body and mind, smitten with pride, it immediately breaks all the measures of my patience; neither shall I be ever able to comprehend how such an animal, and such a vice, could tally together."

Something of the same spirit may be found in one of the richest of H. G. Wells' minor pieces, "A Vision of Judgment."

The Last Trump has sounded; the tombs have opened; and the souls of men are thronging the Judgment Hall of the Most High. The first case to be tried is that of a man with a name full of A's the echoes of which, when the Recording Angel pronounces it, come back out of the uttermost parts of space. Instantly a small black figure is lifted up to a puffy cloud at the very feet of God, a stiff little figure dressed in rich outlandish robes, and wearing a royal crown. It folds its arms majestically and scowls. "Well?" says the Lord God. "I plead guilty," replies the little man, and, at God's invitation, he begins a proud recital of his wicked exploits while on earth. He has been lustful and proud and cruel. He has made wars, he has devastated countries, he has built orgulous palaces using for mortar the blood of men. He has persecuted the prophet of God; he has blasphemed the Most High.

"Then suddenly God bent forward and took this man in his hand, and held him up on his palm as if to see him better. He was just a little dark stroke in the middle of God's palm.

"Did he do all this?" said the Lord God.

"The Recording Angel flattened his book with his hand.

"In a way," said the Recording Angel, carelessly. . . .

"And the angel read, explaining very carefully and fully all the wickedness of the Wicked Man. It was quite an intellectual treat. . . . Everybody was laughing. Even the prophet of the Lord whom the Wicked Man had tortured had a smile on his face. The Wicked Man was such a preposterous little fellow.

"And then," read the Recording Angel, with a smile that set us all agog, 'one day, when he was a little irascible from over-eating, he—'

"Oh, not that," cried the Wicked Man, 'nobody knew of that. . . .'

"The angel went on reading."

This is what Mr. Bullett calls the deadliest method of dealing with sin, and therefore the one that commends itself first to the true moralist.

DR. RAINSFORD INDICTS HIS OWN AND THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCHES

IN the early years of this century, Dr. William S. Rainsford was preaching to immense congregations in St. George's Episcopal Church, New York. He was the pioneer of what we should now describe as the institutional church, and the Christianity in which he believed ministered to the poor in manifold ways. When he had come to St. George's, in 1883, it had been weak and disintegrating. When he left it, twenty years later, he had made it, with the help of J. Pierpont Morgan, Seth Low and others less known, the leading institution of the kind in the world. How and why he accomplished what he did is told, with rare frankness, in his new autobiography, "The Story of a Varied Life" (Doubleday, Page).

Dr. Rainsford was of the same generation as Theodore Roosevelt, Phillips Brooks and William James, and he has something of the spirit of these men. He was not afraid, on one occasion, to remind Roosevelt of three popular accusations made against him: (1) that he called all men who differed from him liars; (2) that he wanted everything for himself; and (3) that he never admitted he was wrong. Roosevelt did not resent the rebuke implied in this category. "I must thank you for your letter," he wrote, "and I am going to try to show my appreciation by not using the hard language of which you complain any more. It is awfully difficult to strike just the middle ground between a sappy refusal even to condemn wrong in the concrete, which is one of the failings of our public men, and the overstrained violence that defeats its ends."

Prophet and heretic both stand revealed in these living memoirs. Dr. Rainsford devotes entire chapters to his spiritual crises. When he worked he worked at white heat, throwing his entire soul into the task on which he happened to be engaged. He tells us

something of the nervous breakdown which necessitated his withdrawal from the ministry at a time when other men might have been in their prime.

Two of the most sensational chapters in the book deal with the Roman Catholic and the Protestant Episcopal Churches. His quarrel with Roman Catholicism is, fundamentally, that it is afraid of freedom and opposed to democracy. He says:

"The trouble is that what she offers is *not the religion of Jesus, and it is not true*. The God she offers to our worship is not a good enough God for honest and intelligent men long to continue worshipping. He is a God who must be persuaded, and propitiated and bought off. He must have intermediaries in heaven, and an intermediary on earth. That is the priest. A priest to confess you, a priest to absolve you, to give you the Eucharist, and feed you, to teach you what to believe, how to live, how to die. And, after death, a whole system of priestly go-betweens to watch and aid your suffering soul toward final heaven.

"The priest and all his ways and interferences must perish, he and his God together."

Taking up specific instances, Dr. Rainsford cites the case of Father McGlynn, the Single-Tax priest who "was hounded out of his parish because he protested against unrighteous discipline which would have tongue-tied him." He speaks also of John Purroy Mitchel, whom he calls "the best mayor New York ever had," and whom, he says, the Roman Catholic Church assailed as a traitor because he exposed scandalous conditions in Catholic (as well as Protestant) institutions receiving city money. The argument proceeds:

"That is the Roman Church in New York to-day. She runs true to form. It is folly to forget it. I see signs of a new and very cleverly suggested Roman propaganda in New York. Rome is more

than willing that those timorous wealthy people who see dreadful danger from Socialism on the political horizon should have suggested to them that she stands ready to offer a refuge and defence against any and all of the 'Red threatenings' of the land."

When he speaks of his own church, Dr. Rainsford is almost as devastating. "Not in doctrine, not in practical service, not in social vision," he writes, "do the churches fit the time. The doctrines supposed to be held by her ministers are expressed in language of a long past. They represented men's reasoned judgment then; they often outrage it now."

Dr. Rainsford proposes that, as a first step toward something better, the Protestant Episcopal Church democratize its governing body:

"Make it representative, make it akin to the other representative institutions of the country; as at present constituted, neither the Diocesan conventions, meeting annually, nor the General Convention, meeting triennially, are really representative at all.

"To protect minorities is but right. This our church does. But so to gerrymander the church's representation that her minorities can, and often do, outvote large majorities, is as foolish as it is dishonest. This is the actual, the undisputed condition in the Protestant Episcopal Church to-day."

There is only too much truth, Dr. Rainsford concludes, in the charge that the Protestant Episcopal Church is a "class" church; but it was not intended, he says, to be a class church and it may, in time, become something better. He exhorts young men to join the church, stay in it, and from within fight to reform and liberalize it, "in spite of its *safe* policies and *safe* bishops, in spite of its system of rep-



THE PREACHER WHO REBUKED ROOSEVELT

When Dr. Rainsford suggested in a letter that Theodore Roosevelt was over-fond of consigning his opponents to the "Ananias Club," Mr. Roosevelt replied: "I must thank you for your letter, and I am going to try to show my appreciation by not using the hard language of which you complain."

resentative government that makes a farce of representative government." He tells them and he tells us all:

"If the Church believes in the promise of her Master, if she believes in the ever-living, inspiring spirit of God, as she professes to do, let her give some evidence of it that man can see. Orderly services, stately ritual, and persistent declarations of the obvious are not enough. She must show she can guide by having clergy and lay people in her ranks who are guides; that she can teach by having teachers in her pulpits, her colleges, and her seminaries who are teaching.

"If she believes that God is for man and in man, a mighty creative and recreative power, *ever pushing all things on—the free to a freer, the just to a juster, the good to a better*—then her acts must show that she believes in a present guidance of the affairs of men, as in the past. In short, a present and active Holy Ghost."

LOOK TO YOUR LAURELS, OH AGE!

THE accompanying cartoon by Ripley, which appeared in the New York *Globe*, tells a dramatic story of the conquest of age by youth. That list of champions includes not merely feats of strength and endurance at which youth is expected to excel, but also golf, an "old man's game," polo, pool and billiards, games supposedly for the middle-aged, and chess, the delight of octogenarians.

What can be said for age's vaunted power of reasoning, accumulated sagacity and wise foresight, when Samuel Rzeszewski, aged nine, is a champion, frequently playing against a dozen opponents simultaneously?

It is really surprising to find that girls and boys as young as 16 and 17 are winning the highest prizes in tennis and in swimming contests, and that Jess Sweetser, lately acclaimed the

amateur golf champion of the United States, is only 20 years old.

There is a lesson for you in this list of champions. You have let yourself grow slack. You were once formidable. Now you are fat. Perhaps a little fat mentally?

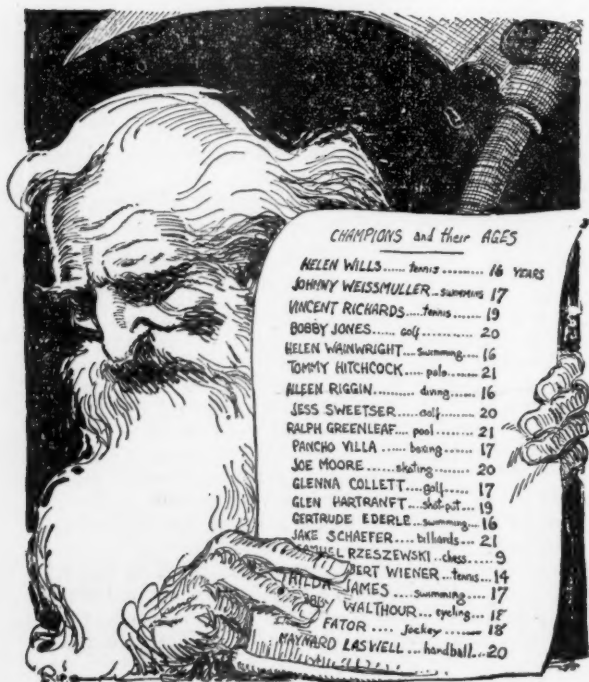
It is time to recondition yourself! You will have to wake up! You can keep as fit as these youngsters if you will. You can extend the period of youth and vigor many years beyond its present average limit.

Do you accept the challenge of these boys and girls?

It is interesting to compare the ages of youthful champions with the list of Broadway stars and their ages as given recently in a newspaper. Youth is supposed to have its own way on the stage; hence the following examples are striking. They make it clear that profes-

sionals of real ability do not lose their youth nor their inspiration.

The ages given are as follows: Mrs. Pat Campbell, 57; Sam Bernard, 59; Willie Collier, 54; Lew Fields, 55; Joe Weber, 55; David Warfield, 56; Fay Templeton, 57; Tom Wise, 57; Mrs. Fiske, 57; Henry Miller, 62; William Faversham, 54; Macklyn Arbuckle, 56; Mrs. Leslie Carter, 60; Madame Nellie Melba, 56; Madame Emma Calvé, 56; Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink, 56; Otis Skinner, 64; Eddie Foy, 68; William Gillette, 67; DeWolf Hopper, 64; John Drew, 69; Henry E. Dixey, 63; Rose Coghlan, 69; Harry Lauder, 52; Raymond Hitchcock, 52; Blanche Bates, 49; Hilda Spong, 47; Margaret Anglin, 46; George Michael Cohan, 44; Ethel Barrymore, 43.



YOUTH WILL BE SERVED

—Ripley in New York *Globe*.

WIZARDS OF SCIENCE ASTONISH EDISON

"**W**HAT next?" exclaimed Thomas A. Edison the other day in expressing his astonishment at some of the things shown to him in the General Electric laboratories, at Schenectady, N. Y., on his first visit there in twenty-five years.

He saw a mercury boiler so much more efficient than steam that when it is perfected it will mean a saving of one-third in coal used to produce power. He saw a machine for registering the voice by light on a moving-picture film that has unlimited possibilities of development—including talking movies. And vacuum tubes that have in them the germ of greater things than the world has yet known in electrical science.

The occasion is reported, in the *New York Times*, to have been a tribute to Edison, for although the application of electron energy, as demonstrated to him, is the beginning of a new science, it is all traced to his invention forty-three years ago of the incandescent bulb, the study of which has produced the vacuum tube which, as E. W. Rice, Jr., an officer of the company, said, "is destined to revolutionize our present methods of generation, transmission and utilization of electricity." So they called him "Master" and showed him things of which he had not dreamed when he blazed the path.

Dr. Charles P. Steinmetz juggled his lightning bolts for the distinguished



© Underwood & Underwood

STEINMETZ MAKES LIGHTNING FOR EDISON

He is showing broken porcelain insulators and pieces of wood which he had shattered with "lightning" made in the General Electric laboratory.

visitor, splintered wood and dissipated metal in flashes of fire; Dr. Irving Langmuir, perfecter of the vacuum tube, showed him tubes that Edison thought might mean much in long-distance transmission of power until "you can't tell where it will end," and he held a 100,000 candle power incandescent lamp which made his own first bulb seem like the glow of a firefly, a bulb which he did not believe could have been built.

Dr. W. R. Whitney, director of the laboratories, exhibited the furnace in which metalized filament for lamps is made, and Edison held a bit of it on his finger while cameras clicked. There also was liquid air, the coldest thing in the world, and from there he went to the room where in a heat of 5,500 degrees Fahrenheit, the greatest heat produced by man, he saw bars of tungsten run through a furnace and drawn out into wires. Dr. W. D. Coolidge, whose X-rays are used all over the world, explained the operation of the furnaces to him.

Next he was shown the vacuum tubes which recently supplanted the enormous alternators in sending wireless messages across the Atlantic. Edison bent his hands around them, gestured and discussed the difficulties of making them, for he had tried to and failed for lack of time. The radio room held a lot of the vacuum tubes which Mr. Edison had heard of and wanted to see almost more than anything else in the place. The evolution by which they were changed from air-cooled to water-cooled tubes, so that they could be built larger and larger to carry more and more power, was explained,

and he listened, hand cupped behind his ear like a delighted boy. In the room were pieces of wood strung on wires, which waved up and down to make a visualization of energy waves as they are built up on the receiving antennae of a wireless plant, and when Edison was told what they were by Chester W. Rice, he laughed and said: "Takes the place of mathematics."

The pallo photo phone, the machine which registers sound on a moving-picture film so that voices and music may be reproduced in ordinary wireless loud-speaking phones and may be developed into talking movies in which the picture and sound would be perfectly synchronized, was demonstrated to Edison by the inventor, C. A. Hoxie.

Dr. Steinmetz took him in charge then and went over to the big electrical laboratory where the former is sole ruler. In the place where Dr. Steinmetz has reproduced the phenomena of lightning in making experiments to test lightning arresters and insulation, Mrs. Edison was waiting behind a screen that operated as a shield when the bolts began to splinter wood.

There were 120,000 volts in the big plates up near the ceiling. From them a wire led to a large electrode. About five inches below it was another electrode, from which a wire led to a piece of elm limb about five inches long and three thick. When Dr. Steinmetz gave the signal electricity began to gather in the plates, corresponding to storm clouds, until it reached 120,000 volts, when it exploded like a rifle shot across the gap and the piece of wood fell to pieces. Some of the bark fell twenty feet away.

SCIENCE GRAPPLES WITH THE DEADLIEST POISON

THAT the poison produced by the bacillus of botulism is about a million times more deadly than prussic acid, although not as swift in its operation, is indicated by experi-

ments at the Harvard Medical School, in which it has been found that a single molecule of the poison suffices to kill a mouse.

The poison, which is native to

canned and potted food, is said to occur very rarely, but when it does several persons usually eat it and the effect is invariably fatal. Free oxygen kills the germ, as does the proper heating of food after it is canned.

The Harvard experiments indicate that a single molecule may attack and destroy small groups of cells in the body of a living creature, the destruction of one cell being sufficient to cause death. The experimenters have expressed unwillingness to believe their own results, though apparently verified by the results on many mice.

Previously it had been reported that one-twentieth of a drop of the poison caused death. A single molecule is as small compared to a drop as a drop is compared to the water of New York harbor. If one molecule has the power attributed to it, it would mean that if a gallon of the poison were uniformly mixed in the waters of the ocean, a few drops of water taken from any part of the ocean and injected into the mouse might kill it. It was found that when the solution was so diluted many of the doses contained no molecules of the poison at all, and it was unlikely

that any dose contained more than one or two molecules, yet 5 per cent. of the mice injected with the solution developed symptoms of botulism and died.

The germ that produces the poison was discovered by a Belgian investigator, Van Emengem, in 1896. Twenty-three persons had been taken ill after eating ham that had been preserved in brine, and three of them died from the tainted food. Van Emengem was able to isolate the bacillus botulinus, and by using cultures of the germ he was able to produce the same symptoms in animals. Dr. M. J. Rosenau of Harvard, in a recent article on botulism, said:

"The high mortality, the distressing symptoms and the relation to food have dramatic news value, and the disease has recently caused concern and alarm out of all proportion to its prevalence. A disease which during its period of twenty-two years has made only about 150 persons ill and caused the death of 111 among approximately 100,000,000 of people cannot be compared in magnitude to tuberculosis and other public health problems."

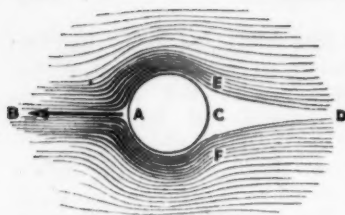
WHY THE SMOOTH GOLF BALL WON'T FLY STRAIGHT

IT is well known among golfers that the smooth golf ball will not fly straight, but the reason why is known to few. On the other hand the ordinary "dimpled" golf ball behaves far more perfectly in flight, although there is still room for improvement. Recounting the reasons for these manifestations, the golf expert, P. A. Vaile, writing in *Science and Invention*, reminds us that practically nothing, so far as present knowledge goes, can fly well for any considerable distance without a tail. Even the modern rifle bullet, on account of its elongation and cross-spin, has almost been endowed with a caudal appendage.

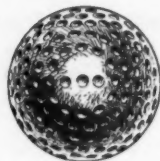
Study the accompanying pictures. In

Fig. 1 the golf ball is shown by the plain circle and it is being driven without any spin, in the direction shown by the arrow, from A to B. It is natural that the air must be compressed considerably in front of the ball. This is shown approximately by the darker shading in front of the ball. It follows also that there must be something in the nature of a partial vacuum immediately behind the ball at the place marked C.

Now, the pressure of the ball on the air in front of it will be felt as far forward as B. So at B the air is at normal density. It then begins to be compressed until it is at the maximum of compression at A. It then *divides on a*



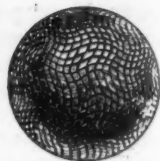
Smooth Golf Ball in flight, showing tail C, practically a vacuum pocket, also how the air splits and divides on either side of the ball. If there is the least bit of unbalance in such a smooth ball it will travel an untrue path.



The ordinary dimple marking of a Golf Ball—an effort to make it fly straight. This design does not permit of an even flow of compressed air around the ball.



Indentations on the Golf Ball are jointed by little canals so as to permit a fairly continuous passage of compressed air around either side of the ball.



This shows the perfect design of a Golf Ball surface. It comprises a continuous series of criss-cross grooves of the same depth and width.

point and flows round the ball, gradually losing its compression, as shown by the lighter shading until it regains what we may call normal density, at or about the point D.

Thus the ball is traveling in what we may regard as a cylinder of compressed air of varying degrees of force throughout its length, but being greatest in front of the ball, and, after that, decreasing until it is lost in normal density at D.

It is obvious that, unless the division of the compressed air at A takes place very exactly, there will be a tendency for the ball to get pushed to one side or the other and thus land in the rough through no fault of the player.

It is a curious fact known to airmen that the upper part of an aeroplane's

wing, or the area of negative pressure, does about 66 per cent. of the lifting. So, examining Fig. 1 we see that the air at E and F is still compressed and that it, therefore, is doing to the golf ball exactly what you do when you "fire" away a melon seed by squeezing it between your thumb and forefinger.

"Boiled down," we might say that the reason the marked ball will fly better than the smooth is that the indentations set up more friction, especially laterally, and so counteract, better than can a smooth ball, any attempt to push it sideways that comes from defective center of gravity or unequal dividing or density of the compressed air-current on the front portion of the ball at the point A.

A CLOCK WITHOUT A TICK

THE tickless clock is one of the boons promised humanity through the discovery of a German scientist who has been delving in the field of oscillation. A selected audience of government officials and scientists recently witnessed a demonstration of inventions of this nature perfected by an engineer, Heinrich Schieferstein, head of the *Laboratorium für Schwingungstechnik*, of Berlin.

A noiseless timepiece, operating without a lever, was one of a number of specimens which Herr Schieferstein used to show the technical importance of oscillating power for high-speed power engines and the propulsion of ships, airplanes and gliders. A Ger-

man-American corporation has been founded in Berlin for the purpose of world-wide exploitation of these discoveries. Representative Fred A. Britten, of Illinois, is said to be actively interested in the inventions.

Featuring the demonstration was an oscillating motor which is said to be the first synchronizing motor perfected, producing vibrations of a connected flap or disk synchronously with the movements of the motor. The promoters assert that the inventions mean a great saving in power.

Herr Schieferstein hit upon his new idea through studying the manner in which the oscillating currents in wireless transmit energy to one another.



JOHAN BURROUGHS once petulantly remarked to the editor of this department that the only trait Walt Whitman had handed down to such of his pseudo heirs as Carl Sandburg, the Chicago laureate, and other free-verse writers, was a tendency to sing after being out of breath. Can Carl Sandburg have been out of breath when he declared in a recent lecture that the news columns of the daily press contain matter which is essentially poetry of the highest order? Acceptance of such a sweeping assertion must depend largely on just what meaning is attributed to the words "newspaper" and "poetry." Certainly many a newspaper contains little news and no poetry; but then, the application of the word "poetry" to much that is written as such is entirely a matter of courtesy. Mr. Sandburg doubtless was sincere when he said:

Ninety per cent. of the newspapers are more vital than the college text-books. Stuffed shirts are still lugging around heavy vocabularies in newspaper offices, but they are getting fewer. There is no such thing as uncolored news, because newswriters must have emotions, passions, prejudices, or they will produce nothing of value. Uncolored news is a myth.

On the other hand, surely the simple addition of this colorful attribute does not mean that the product is poetry, for much that is distinctly colorful in the ordinary newspaper would hardly seem to merit such a designation. It is estimable to be able to find romance in the drab things of city, industrial and country existence, but to call it poetry is flattering to a degree.

It is such flattery that certain con-

temporary verse makers are receptive to, on the grounds that they are extending the bounds of poetry. It is not enough to have written about locomotives and telephones, "wops and bohunks," "harr and boom of blast fires," and the rest of it. That is not extending the range of poetry; but, as Aldous Huxley observes, in the *Literary Review*, it is merely reasserting its right to deal with immediate facts of contemporary life, as Homer and as Chaucer did. Genius may blow poetry into a bohunk (whatever a bohunk may be), just as the lack of it may make a Lancelot stale and ridiculous.

Meanwhile, traditional culture has its back against the wall, in the poetic person, among others, of Richard Le Gallienne, whose "A Jongleur Strayed" (Doubleday-Page) boasts of being in the great poetic tradition. Oliver Herford, in a postillion introduction, declares whipcrackingly that "before this Master Coach of Poesy the rattle-jointed Tin Lizzie of Free Verse and the painted imitation of the Chinese palanquin must turn aside, they have no right of way, these literary road-lice on the garlanded Via Laureana." Several poems in this collection have been reprinted in these columns. Others that are new to us and that are characteristic of their singing companions in "the Golden Coach" are:

MOON-MARKETING

BY RICHARD LEGALLIENNE

LET'S go to market in the moon,
And buy some dreams together,
Slip on your little silver shoon,
And don your cap and feather;
No need of petticoat or stocking—
No one up there will think it shocking.

Across the dew,
Just I and you,
With all the world behind us;
Away from rules,
Away from fools,
Where nobody can find us.

LOVE'S ARITHMETIC

BY RICHARD LEGALLIENNE

YOU often ask me, love, how much I
love you,
Bidding my fancy find
An answer to your mind;
I say: "Past count, as there are stars
above you."
You shake your head and say,
"Many and bright are they,
But that is not enough."

Again I try:
"If all the leaves on all the trees
Were counted over,
And all the waves on all the seas,
More times your lover,
Yea! more than twice ten thousand times
am I."
"Tis not enough," again you make reply.

"How many blades of grass," one day I
said,
"Are there from here to China? how
many bees
Have gathered honey through the cen-
turies?
Tell me how many roses have bloomed red
Since the first rose till this rose in your
hair?
How many butterflies are born each
year?
How many raindrops are there in a
shower?
How many kisses, darling, in an hour?"
Thereat you smiled and shook your golden
head;
"Ah! not enough!" you said.
Then said I: "Dear, it is not in my power
To tell how much, how many ways, my
love;
Unnumbered are its ways even as all
these,
Nor any depth so deep, nor height above,
May match therewith of any stars or
seas."
"I would hear more," you smiled . . .

"Then, love," I said,
"This will I do: unbind me all this gold
Too heavy for your head,

And, one by one, I'll count each shining
thread,
And when the tale of all its wealth is
told . . ."
"As much as that!" you said—
"Then the full sum of all my love I'll
speak,
To the last unit tell the thing you
ask . . ."
Thereat the gold, in gleaming torrents
shed,
Fell loose adown each cheek,
Hiding you from me; I began my task.
"Twill last our lives," you said.

SHADOWS

BY RICHARD LEGALLIENNE

SHADOWS! the only shadows that I
know
Are happy shadows of the light of you,
The radiance immortal shining through
Your deep-sea eyes up from the soul be-
low;
Your shadow, like a rose's, on the grass
Where your feet pass.

The shadow of the dimple in your chin,
The shadow of the lashes of your eyes,
As on your cheek, soft as a moth it lies;
And, as a church, I softly enter in
The solemn 'twilight of your mighty
hair,
Down falling there.

These are Love's shadows, Love knows
none but these:
Shadows that are the very soul of light,
As morning and the morning blossom
bright,
Or jeweled shadows of moon-haunted
seas;
The darkest shadows in this world of
ours
Are made of flowers.

In his latest book of verse, "Saddle
Songs" (Houghton-Mifflin), Mr. Knibbs
performs another sort of Service in
celebrating cowboy life in particular
and vanishing frontier life in general.
Nothing in this kit-and-kaboodle of
song-story excels, in our opinion, the
following:

A BRONCHO SHOD WITH WINGS

BY H. H. KNIBBS

SING me a home beyond the stars, and
 if the song be fair,
 I'll dwell awhile with melody—as long as
 mortal dare,
 But sing me to the earth again on wide,
 descending wings,
 That I may not forget the touch of homely
 human things.

Nor let my heart forget a friend, or turn
 from daily toil,
 Though scant the measured recompense,
 the meal, the wine, the oil;
 Nor scorn the rugged way I came with
 hunger pressing hard,
 Before I knew the narrow gate or feared
 the breaking yard.

The ragged coat, the grinning shoe, the
 glance bereft of pride,
 And would I dare, who trod the mire, to
 thrust their plaint aside?
 My dog's affection chides my soul for that
 I may not be
 One half the loyal gentleman his eyes
 have mirrored me.

Introduced by William McFee as "a
 poet in the making," Milton Raison has
 found, in George Doran, an adventurous
 publisher for a book of mainly
 nautical verses entitled "Spindrift."
 The verses are more or less imitative
 of Masfield, but the author has mo-
 ments of seeming originality, as in the
 following:

PORTRAIT OF A SAILOR

BY MILTON RAISON

HUMPED o'er the rail, eyes on the sea
 he stands,
 A filling figure of a man whose hands
 Have never touched an object light
 enough
 To do it reverence;—the sacred stuff
 Of love, forbearance, faith, he never knew.
 And he is cruel in his sportive way,
 And cunning in his mischief-making, too;
 He has no further use of any day,
 But take it as it comes and live it through
 Grumbling at sea, carousing in a port,
 And so again—that circle's his retort
 To all the beauty moulded out for him—
 Strange his keen eyes should be so sadly
 dim!

THE CAPTAIN

BY MILTON RAISON

THE captain was a silent man
 Who never said an extra word,
 He'd watch the sea for quite a span,
 Nor let himself be heard.

It's queer that such a man as he
 Should find himself so strange a friend,
 And be companion of a sea
 That talked without an end.

SPRING STEPS

BY MILTON RAISON

THE sun came up and set the street
 A-clatter with a thousand feet,
 Some purposeful, some hurrying,
 Some too judicious, some too fleet,
 Some eager what the day would bring—
 Perhaps a birth or burying,
 Perhaps the first spring bird would sing
 And set good-fellowship a-swing;
 Perhaps some youth would lose his dreams,
 Perhaps some two should never meet
 To stage their little act of Spring—
 Perhaps . . . perhaps . . . and all this
 seems
 A-clatter in a thousand feet.

Poetry, of Chicago, in celebrating its
 tenth anniversary, publishes character-
 istic poems by Edwin Arlington Rob-
 inson and Edgar Lee Masters, the lat-
 ter growing rather tired of writing
 poetry. Lining a cloud of rhymes by
 other contributors are these silver
 verses:

DIAGONALS

BY AILENE KILMER

NOW this is the strangest thing since
 the world began:
 You tell me that you are a bad and a vio-
 lent man;
 But I see only
 A child, little and lonely,
 Crying with fright in a desolate place
 apart.
 While I am known as chaste and reason-
 ably good;
 But you are blind to my virtuous woman-
 hood:
 Somehow you see,
 Dragged out of the depths of me,
 The wanton that every woman hides in
 her heart.

IGNIS FATUUS

BY AILENE KILMER

"YOUR fires are false, they tell me.
So?—
I knew it long and long ago.

"But I choose false ones for my play—
They are the safer any day.

"And if I burn my hands a bit,
Why, who will ever know of it?"

All this I said when I was proud—
Under my breath, almost aloud.

Then I plunged boldly in and played:
By my own fires I am betrayed.

Regardless of the downfall of the
Lloyd-George Cabinet in England, the
following swinging song, which ap-
pears in the *English Review*, contains
a note of prophecy as well as of retro-
spection that is both timely and felici-
tous:

THE OLD SONG

(On the Embankment in Stormy
Weather)

BY G. K. CHESTERTON

A LIVID sky on London
And like iron steeds that rear,
A shock of engines halted,
And I knew the end was near!
And something said that far away, over
the hills and far away,
There came a crawling thunder and the
end of all things here.
For London Bridge is broken down, broken
down, broken down.
As digging lets the daylight on the sunken
streets of yore,
The lightning looked on London town, the
broken bridge of London town,
The ending of a broken road where men
shall go no more.

I saw great Cobbett riding,
The horseman of the shires;
And his face was red with judgment
And a light of Luddite fires;
And south to Sussex and the sea the lights
leapt up for liberty,
The trumpet of the yeomanry, the ham-
mer of the squires;

For bars of iron rust away, rust away,
rust away.

Rend before the hammer and the horse-
man riding in,
Crying that all men at the last, and at
the worst and at the last,
Have found the place where England ends
and England can begin.

His horse-hoofs go before you,
Far beyond your bursting tires;
And time is bridged behind him
And our sons are with our sires.
A trailing meteor on the Downs he rides
above the rotting towns,
The Horsemen of Apocalypse, the Rider
of the Shires.

For London Bridge is broken down, broken
down, broken down;
Blow the horn of Huntingdon from Scot-
land to the sea—
... Only a flash of thunder-light, a fly-
ing dream of thunder-light,
Had shown under the shattered sky a
people that were free.

There are all sorts of streets to be
walked and crossed in every city of life,
and the author of the ensuing lines, ap-
pearing in the *Ladies' Home Journal*,
has experienced three of them with
poetic result and to a happy end:

STREETS

BY LEONARD HALL

I KNOW a street that goes in pride,
Bejeweled like a queen,
Stone-corseted and flinty-eyed,
Where spring has never been;
Where manikins in richest style
Strut up and down, and smirk and smile—
A regal street, a cold street,
Where never a flower is seen.

I know a craven street that creeps
Down through the city's haze,
That closes burning eyes and sleeps
Throughout the peering days.
By night it lures with tinsel fire
And flaunts its tawdry self for hire—
A cruel street, a sad street
Where beauty never stays.

But there's a little street I know
Where morning's cool with dew,
Where eyes are kind, and flowers grow
Perpetually new.

A lovely, tidy little lane,
 Befriended by the sun and rain—
 A friendly street, a fair street,
 The street that leads to you!

The business manager of the New York *World* is a poet and is by no means ashamed of the title. We suspect that Mr. Seitz would rather write a great poem than to add a thousand dollars a year to his own salary. In the *World* recently appeared unostentatiously the following lyric, in the Wordsworth tradition:

THE UNTRIMMED GRASS

BY DON C. SEITZ

I LOVE the untrimmed grass, the vagrant blades
 That gird the borders of the glades,
 Sown by the idle winds with lazy care
 And nodding lightly in the shifting air.
 Each seems a plume in Ceres' garland gay,
 Waving at will and ever as at play,
 Mingled with daisies and the briers green,
 Shining in sunlight with emerald sheen.
 Dear blades of verdure, guardians of the soil,
 Resting the weary eyes of those who toil!

In a recent number of *Contemporary Verse* appeared the following whimsical lines which seem to us to be delightful of their Lewis Carroll kind:

DREAMS FOR FREDERICK

BY F. LAYTON RUMRY

OUT of the funniness of fifteen kittens
 Purry padding after fifteen fishes,
 Out of the happiness and jingleness
 Of Christmas times
 Out of the airiness of skitter skattering leaves
 Pink paper kites, and blue balloons,
 And the coolness and the cuddleness of
 Soft high sailing clouds,
 I am making
 Frederick
 dreams!

Recognized as perhaps the foremost woman poet of England and as, a time ago, the spiritual shrine and inspiration of Francis Thompson, Mrs. Meynell is frugal nowadays in her verse-making. Her frugality would seem to be an asset, in view of the following poem, which we find in the London *Mercury*:

THE WIND IS BLIND

"Eyeless, in Gaza, at the Mill, with
 Slaves."

BY ALICE MEYNELL

THE Wind is blind.
 The Earth sees sun and moon; the height
 Is watch-tower to the dawn; the plain
 Shines to the summer; visible light
 Is scattered in the drops of rain.

The wind is blind.
 The flashing billows are aware;
 With open eyes the cities see;
 Light leaves the ether everywhere
 Known to the homing bird and bee.

The wind is blind,
 Is blind alone. How has he hurled
 His ignorant lash, his aimless dart,
 His eyeless rush upon the world,
 Unseeing, to break his unknown heart!

The wind is blind,
 And the sail traps him, and the mill
 Captures him; and he cannot save
 His swift and his desperate will
 From those blind uses of the slave.

Sonnets, poor and otherwise, are becoming more and more recurrent in the magazines—and from among some dozens of them that have found current publication we select the following from the *Smart Set*:

IF I WERE MASTER

BY MORRIS GILBERT

IF I were master of the nights and days
 I'd put the impudent stars out one by one,
 And hang a sooty hood over the sun,
 And sweep out of the streets the dirty haze
 The moon drops in its loafing, shiftless ways;
 I'd grab the ends of the winds as past they run
 And tie them in knots would never come undone,
 And so I'd make a nothing for your gaze.
 Then, pondering, like a doctor, I would stand
 And listen to your memory; watch in hand,
 Time the diastole of hope; then I'd compare
 Timidity's chill wastage with the trace
 And fever of assurance in your face . . .
 And after all was done I might despair.

THE GERMAN MARK BUBBLE IN AMERICA

THE extent to which German-American speculators and investors have suffered in pocket through the tobogganing of the German mark is revealed in a statement in the *New York World*, based on official statistics from Berlin and nation-wide records in this country, fixing the loss at approximately \$904,000,000 on an investment of \$960,000,000. The figures have been checked, we are told, by a canvass of the big cities of the United States and by the scrutiny of experienced banking and foreign exchange specialists.

Reviewing the extraordinary situation, the *New York newspaper* states that America bought 80,000,000,000 paper marks at an average of $1\frac{1}{8}$ cents a mark, \$12 a thousand. To-day paper marks sell below 70 cents a thousand. America has left what may be worth \$56,000,000. Not more. About one-third of the loss is represented by worthless stocks and bonds bought in Germany with marks. The buyers have given to Germany more than twice as much gold as Germany has paid in gold in war reparations payments to date, \$365,637,000.

London reports British losses in German marks speculation at about \$672,000,000.

America has paid to Germany a sum equal to one-third the total of the American Civil War debt, \$2,845,907,626, August 1, 1865. America, victor over Germany, has paid her as much as Germany in victory collected from defeated France as indemnity after the Franco-Prussian War of 1871—\$968,000,000. All the German marks in the world are worth to-day, at the current price, about \$175,000,000 in American money, less than one-fifth of the vast sum America paid for one-third of them.

Ten million buyers of paper marks in America is the estimate. Four out of five of them speak the German language

as an inheritance of birth, parentage, or the ancestral or local influences of childhood. This total of investors, about 10,000,000, means that ten out of every 115 men, women and children in the United States own or have held in trust for them an average of German paper marks which cost \$100 at \$12 per thousand in 1919-1921.

It is believed that German-speaking buyers have taken fully 80 per cent. of the paper marks absorbed in this country. Among the victims is a star of the screen, a man who bought a million paper marks in New York early in the market and paid a high price for them. He has them still. A Germanic American banker in a western city holds 35,000,000 paper mark currency banknotes, his own. Every big gambler in foreign exchange has tried everything short of safe-blowing and a stick-up in fruitless efforts to borrow them for speculation purposes. They have not stirred from the bank vaults. The big buyers were the first to buy, paid the top prices and are holding on the most tightly.

One interesting aspect of the canvass of the big cities outside New York is the positive refusal of banking men in Boston to tell anything about what the Yankee metropolis did to itself in buying the paper money of the late enemy. Another city, full of bankers which certainly handled bales of paper marks and still has them, is Milwaukee. The bankers do not want to talk about it. Milwaukee, one admitted, bought twice as many German paper marks as the added totals of St. Louis and Cincinnati. Many of her big brewers bought at the rate of a million paper marks each. California was an enormous buyer of marks and is one of the biggest losers of all the States, according to the *World* report.

Brokers trading in German marks opened offices all over the United States, we are told. They hired hordes

of clerks who spoke German and had them telephone to every subscriber in the directory whose name was suggestive of the Teutonic. Lists of club memberships known to the Germanic, of similarly identified corporation stockholders, gymnasiums, singing societies, even of church memberships, were "rented" from office to office at high premiums.

It is a mistake to think that any one except a handful of very nimble traders has been a permanent gainer by the

whole business, comments the newspaper editorially. "Germany may have got out of it two years' artificial respite. But the net effect was to make the inevitable crash worse when it finally came. For these two years have been years of economic deterioration in all of Central Europe, and the financial catastrophe is harder to deal with because the economic disease has eaten deeper. The gold which the mark speculators threw into Germany was thrown into a bottomless pit."

BLIGHT OF INSURANCE UNDERWRITERS FALLS ON THE RADIO WORLD

AS a result of the recent broadcasted announcement of the Bureau of Standards, Department of Commerce, that radio patrons should give heed to fire-insurance rules in the hooking up of radio equipment or suffer the penalty of having the rates on their properties raised or their insurance cancelled altogether, fear and consternation have been thrown into the minds of thousands of radio users, parents have become alarmed and forbidden the use or purchase of sets, and landlords have refused to permit innocent and electrically-inert wires to be strung across their roofs. Such action on the part of the Department of Commerce is denounced by *Electrical Merchandising* as deplorable and misleading because "an ordinary radio receiving set involves about as much fire hazard as a white enamel bath tub." We are assured that even the authors of the Underwriters' new rules governing the installation of radio apparatus admit that antennas installed wholly inside of buildings represent no fire hazard whatever. Such fire hazard as accompanies a radio receiving set, they point out, lies in the lightning hazard to the antenna that extends outside of the building. This is declared to be no greater hazard than attends ordinary electric-light and telephone wires, metal flagpoles, wire

clothes lines, metal roofs, cornices, spouts and gutters.

For generations, *Electrical Merchandising* comments, the underwriters have been oblivious to the dangers of metal gutters and spouts. However:

"If fire-insurance underwriters become aware that every gutter or downspout, metal cornice or flagpole, tin roof or fence wire is aerial, pulsating with every radio impulse that threads the ether, doubtless copper gutters and downspouts also will go under the ban. But the underwriters, being familiar with these objects, and knowing that lightning strikes literally only about one house in a million, have very sensibly raised no lightning-hazard scare about these useful exposed metal structures on our houses and buildings. It is only when anything or any object is electrical or even *seems* to be electrical in character, that the official animosity of the underwriters' forces is aroused and the machinery of fear propaganda is set to work.

"Take the rules for radio receiving sets which now govern the erection of amateurs' antennas. W. S. Boyd and the committee which formulated these rules are most competent engineers and have been most faithful in the discharge of their responsibilities. It was their understanding that the rules now promulgated would be tentative only, and would involve no insurance riders or policies. But no sooner do these excellent rules appear, than their technical elaborativeness

is immediately seized upon by the underwriters' bureaus and inspection department—which have recently been holding out grasping hands toward the growing radio field—and these rules are made to serve as clubs for the use of inspectors and inspection authorities who are without enough electrical brains or radio knowledge to perceive the ridiculousness and unfairness of their actions."

It is not recorded that any insurance has actually been cancelled because of

violations of the Electrical Code. The statement is made that any attempt to do so would wipe out half to three-quarters of the fire insurance business besides demoralizing the insurance business generally. If, it is reiterated, the insurance companies ever raised the point of Code violations as a reason for resisting payment of their losses the insurance protection on no man's house would be safe and the insurance business would be demoralized.

DIAMOND MINING IS A FLOURISHING ARKANSAS INDUSTRY

WHEN the American Legion annual convention was held in Kansas City recently and former Commander Hanford MacNider was presented with an "Arkansas diamond" by former Governor Brough, of Arkansas, many of the delegates considered it a joke and newspapers ridiculed the idea that real diamonds were found in Arkansas. But the *Dearborn Independent* assures us that the stone given to MacNider equals in color, brilliancy and hardness any diamond that comes from South Africa—and it was mined in Pike County, Arkansas.

The principal factor in the industry is a \$1,250,000 concern known as the Arkansas Diamond Corporation, formed two years ago. Since last fall it has been a steady producer in an area of 62 acres once known as the Huddlestone farm. Compared with the Premier field of 80 acres in Africa, the Arkansas "pipe" is the second largest in the world.

In the matter of quality, the Arkansas diamonds are said to average, in the higher grades, even better than the output of most of the South African mines. The first lot sold brought an average of \$120 per carat, a much better price than those not familiar with the handling of diamonds might understand. The low-grade stones used for manufacturing and mechanical purposes range as low as \$4 a

carat at the mine and from that low figure diamonds range upward in worth according to color, hardness and perfection. There is, however, a large margin between the mine value and the retail value, or between the rough diamond and the cut gem, but it is easily accounted for.

A diamond in the rough may lose two-thirds in cutting. A six-carat stone in the rough may not produce more than a two-carat cut diamond. The cost of cutting and polishing is one big additional charge in getting the final marketable gem.

South African diamonds in the rough are subjected to a tax that ranges from 36 to 60 per cent. The rough stones are sent to London where the great diamond syndicate handles them. There is a charge for sorting and selling. The stones are divided into "parcels" in London and are sold to the cutters, only a selected few of whom are allowed to buy. The syndicate needs no salesmen. The cutters in Amsterdam, Antwerp and New York are notified by telegraph or cable that parcels of diamonds await them. The buyer goes to the seller—not the seller to the buyer. The buyer cannot haggle over prices. Nor can he pick and choose. He cannot reject some of the stones in a parcel and have them replaced with others. He must take the parcel allotted to him or go without. It may be, and usu-

ally so happens, that all diamonds in a given package or parcel are not suitable to the buyer's trade. He must take them nevertheless, and sell what he does not want to other cutters, not on the syndicate's list of buyers.

The buyers of the parcels almost invariably are cutters who make a business of converting the rough stones into cut and polished gems. The stones which are brought into America bear a duty of 10 per cent. if in the rough, or 20 per cent. if cut and polished. From the cutter they go to the broker and the jobber, then to the manufacturing jeweler, and from him to the wholesaler or the retailer and then to the individual. From the time the diamond leaves the mine in Africa until

it gets to the buyer, whether by way of London and Antwerp or Amsterdam or New York, every process and every change in hands entails added costs and profits so that the mine value of the stones is but a small portion of the eventual price paid for them.

The Arkansas mine now has a capacity of from 300 to 500 loads a day, this to be increased gradually to 5,000 loads a day, if present work is satisfactory. The results in handling the peridotite already disintegrated have proved very satisfactory, but in a measure they are aside from what is expected in the hard peridotite. Up to the time the new machinery was installed, the Arkansas field had yielded 2,000 good diamonds.

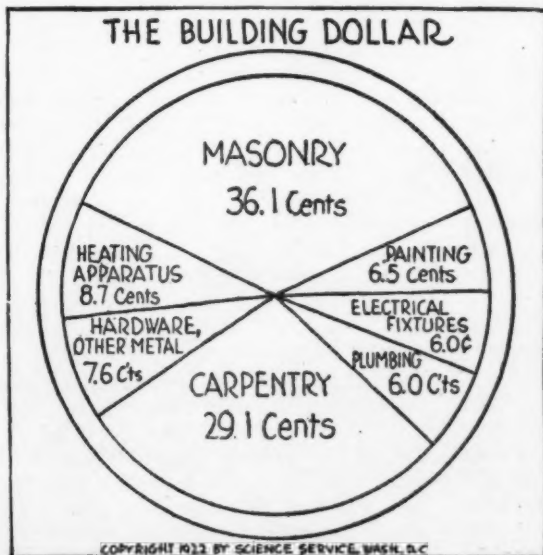
FIVE BILLIONS INVESTED IN NEW BUILDING THIS YEAR

APPROXIMATELY \$5,000,000,000 has been invested in the construction of new homes, apartment houses and business structures in the United States during the past twelve months, according to reports received by Federal Reserve Board. Construc-

tion work is proceeding in virtually every section of the country and in greater volume than at any time since 1914.

The cost of building is lowest in two years, according to the building price index of the Department of Labor, but is far higher than before the war.

How the dollar is expended on the average construction job is shown in the following table:



Foundations and other masonry....	36.1 cents
Carpentry	29.1 "
Heating apparatus..	8.7 "
Paint	6.5 "
Electrical work, fixtures	6.0 "
Plumbing	6.0 "
Metal, hardware, etc.	7.6 "

Total100.0 cents

These figures include labor and materials. Labor represents more than 50 per cent. of the total cost of building, Government surveys show.

The extensive building now going on in every section is creating steady employment for approximately 5,000,000 workers, official reports show. Not enough building mechanics can be found to do the work demanded in some parts of the country, while com-

mon building laborers are receiving higher wages than a year ago.

Building is expected to continue in large volume for at least two years. A year ago the Washington employment conference estimated that at least 1,500,000 new homes were needed.

THE ROCK ISLAND CELEBRATES

THE first railroad to negotiate the leap across the Mississippi River attained to the Biblical maturity of threescore years and ten this year. Organized in 1847, this pioneer western railroad, the Rock Island, fighting desperately against every sort of legal and financial obstacle, required five years to stretch its steel rails from Chicago to Rock Island, a distance of about 225 miles. But at length, on October 10, 1852, the first train ran amid extraordinary enthusiasm.

In those days the migration to the prairies was in full swing. It was a double migration. Two streams of settlers converged on the territories of Iowa, Kansas and Missouri. One stream came from the East, New England and the Middle Atlantic States, with Bibles and a hatred of slavery. The other stream came from the South, and brought its negroes.

It was a race between them to see which would fill up the land and vote it slave or free territory.

In that race the Southerners had been aided by superior transportation. They came by palatial river steamers. The Easterners, on the other hand, had, before the coming of the railroad, nothing but covered wagons for the better part of their journey. So it came to pass that the Rock Island Railroad played its part in preventing the spread of slavery.

The first bridge flung over "the Father of Waters" was flung by that railroad in 1856. The bridge was completed in spite of every effort of the steamship monopolies to prevent it. But that fight had to be carried to the U. S. Supreme Court before it was de-

cided in favor of the bridge-building company.

This is the most romantic chapter in the history of the railroad. Its victory in the Supreme Court was the turning-point in its development. Up to that time it had very hard sledding. That was the climax and the turning-point. Thereafter its growth was comparatively steady and assured. And not the least romantic thing about the legal battle which resulted in spanning the great river with wood and steel was the part Abraham Lincoln played in defending the railroad against the rich and powerful river steamship companies.

In a sense the Supreme Court decision upholding the right of railroads to bridge the Mississippi broke the back of the opposition. They seem, those river magnates, to have sensed their doom in this bridge, for they fought it by foul means as well as fair. A bridge of oak, it was, in truss form, with iron spikes and plates to stiffen it, but wooden, nevertheless, in five great spans of 250 feet each, resting on the limestone bottom of the river, and on Rock Island itself.

All these matters are ancient history now, and the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad is an immense network of useful steel lines drawn across a dozen states, with termini in Dallas, Denver, St. Paul, St. Louis and Chicago. Its growth has been phenomenal, and after sharing the ups and downs of the rest of the country it has lately entered upon a new period of increased capacity to serve and the increased prosperity which accompanies service continuously rendered.



Christopher Morley Fights on the Side of the Angels

THERE is one man who does not seem to have been disheartened by the World War, by Bolshevism, or by any other of the discords which have lately been racking humanity. He is Christopher Morley, and the "Bowling Green" which he writes for the editorial page of the *New York Evening Post* would attract attention anywhere if only by reason of its healthy-mindedness and unflagging geniality. He is strong, he says, for disagreeable facts, and knows a great many; but he always insists that the realest things in the world are beauty and imagination.

Mr. Morley was born in the college town of Haverford, Pennsylvania, thirty-two years ago. His father, Frank Morley, is Professor of Mathematics at Johns Hopkins. He says that he was handicapped by intellectual society and by a mother who fed him even better than he deserved. When he was graduated from Haverford in 1910, he was sent to New College, Oxford, as a Rhodes scholar. At Oxford he learned to drink shandygaff. When he returned to America from England in 1913, he started to work for Doubleday, Page & Company at Garden City. His intellectual idol had been Robert Louis Stevenson; he was learning to read Joseph Conrad; and his favorite hobby during this period, he tells us, was getting letters from William McFee.

Something of the optimism of Ste-

venson and of the sincerity of Conrad and McFee has gone into all the writing of Christopher Morley. He has more than twenty books to his credit (we mention here "Plum Pudding," "Pipefuls," "Shandygaff," "Parnassus on Wheels," "The Haunted Bookshop" and "Where the Blue Begins"). He has written book reviews, editorials, dramatic notices, worked as a reporter, a librarian, in a bookstore, and has given lectures. "My dearest dream," he says, "is to own some kind of a boat, write one good novel and about thirty plays which would each run a year on Broadway."

So much for biography; now for a few samples of Morley's quality as a writer. His reflections may all be said to have a representative quality, since he lives the life of a suburban commuter and shares the daily experience of millions. He is positively in love with New York and its environs. He can rhapsodize over Long Island thickets and see just as much poetry in a ferry-boat as ever Walt Whitman did.

One of his essays is entitled "Consider the Commuter" and should be linked with his "Ejaculation":

Genius, cried the commuter,
As he ran for the 8:13,
Consists of an infinite capacity
For catching trains.

Mr. Morley's view of literature is rooted in his loyalty to what he thinks is best in life. He speaks, for instance, of Aldous Huxley's brilliant poems, and regrets "the cynical and scoffish tone of carnal drollery" which gives them their appeal. He asks us to consider Burton E. Stevenson's anthology, the

"Home Book of Verse," and notes that in nearly 4,000 pages of poetry only three or four hundred are cynical or satirical in temper. The moral he draws is this: "Humanity as a whole likes to make the best of a bad job: it grins somewhat ruefully at the bitter and the sardonic; but when it is packing its trunk for the next generation it finds most room for those poets who have somehow contrived to find beauty and not mockery in the inner sanctities of human life and passion."

Evelyn Scott's novel, "The Narrow House," is used by Mr. Morley to point the same kind of a moral. He quotes Sinclair Lewis' tribute, "Salute to Evelyn Scott! She belongs, she understands," and makes the comment: "'She belongs' somehow seems to intimate that there is a registered clique of authors, preferably those who

come down pretty heavily upon the disagreeable facts of life and catalogue them with gluttonous care, which group is the only one that counts. Now we are strong for disagreeable facts. We know a great many. But somehow we cannot shake ourself loose from the instinctive conviction that imagination is the without-which-nothing of the art of fiction."

Mr. Morley would like to see imagination and a sense of beauty applied even to international affairs. He writes of the recent Clare Sheridan interview with Rudyard Kipling:

"A great man—yes, brethren, one of the greatest, but growing elderly with tragedy in his heart—says, in private talk, some words of bitterness.

"A rattle-tattle lady journalist hastens to sell these words to a great newspaper.

"The great newspaper leaps and capers with glee; tries to screw and thump them up into a national sensation; scrapes together tart rejoinders from prominent citizens; with a sense of lusty authority abolishes the great man in an editorial.

"And, it seems to us, men of sense are saddened by the incident.

"It is one more proof, alas! that journalism can rarely be trusted to show good taste, moderation, or gentle breeding when it scents a scandal.

"Even if the great man said those words exactly as quoted; and even if he deliberately intended them for publication; the only decency was silence.

"If that great man—to whom his language-mates are under a debt of gratitude that can never be discharged—if that great man spent all the rest of his life in dealing us harsh words, they would not undo what he has done for us in the realm of pure enchantment. . . .

"Making capital of so saddening an episode is, unquestionably, 'good' journalism. But it's shabby and childish manners, no less. If you love a man, you should be content to let him say anything, and pass it over as one of the things that happen."



© Paul Thompson
A MODERN HUMORIST WITH THE ELIZABETHAN
TANG

Mr. Morley was nourished on Conrad and Stevenson and would have us "find beauty and not mockery in the inner sanctities of human life and passion."



What "40 Years Without Loss" Means to Any Investor

THE record of an investment House may be judged by the safety of its offerings, the volume of its business, and the length of time it has marketed securities.

A small business for a long period of years—a large business for a short time—neither may mean a real test of the safety of the securities offered.

The best test is: Has the House in question done a large enough business, over a long enough time, without loss to any investor, to make its record really significant?

Apply this test to S. W. Straus & Co. The House, a nationwide Institution, has been in business forty years, selling hundreds of millions of dollars of safe securities to investors without a single loss. Surely this record is a significant one.

The reasons for this record are fully set forth in our booklet, "40 Years Without Loss to Any Investor." Write for it today. Ask for

BOOKLET L-1220

S. W. STRAUS & CO.

ESTABLISHED 1882 • OFFICES IN TWENTY PRINCIPAL CITIES • INCORPORATED

STRAUS BUILDING
565 Fifth Ave., at 46th St.
NEW YORK

STRAUS BUILDING
6 No. Clark St., at Madison St.
CHICAGO

40 YEARS WITHOUT LOSS TO ANY INVESTOR

© 1922—S. W. S. & Co.



FINANCE & INVESTMENT

ABOUT six years ago, with the assistance of Uncle Sam, a new form of investment was placed on our market in the bonds issued by Federal Land Banks and Joint Stock Land Banks. They immediately "took" with conservative investors because they are so strongly safeguarded that liability of default is practically eliminated, and the interest they carry compares favorably with anything equally "gilt-edged" the bond market affords.

Briefly stated, the Act, which became a law July 17, 1916, with an amendment of January 18, 1918, is designed "to provide capital for agricultural development, to create a standard form of investment based on farm mortgages, to equalize rates of interest on farm loans, to furnish a market for United States bonds, to create government depositaries and financial agents for the United States."

The Act enables the incorporation of Federal Land Banks, National Farm Loan Associations and Joint Stock Land Banks under supervision of a Federal Farm Loan Board, an adjunct of the United States Treasury Department.

Federal Land Bank Bonds

There are twelve Farm Loan Districts created under the Act, in each of which is a Federal Land Bank having a capital of \$750,000. The twelve were originally organized with an aggregate capital of \$9,000,000, which has increased through operation of the system to \$33,506,085, of which \$4,200,000 is owned by the government. During the short term of their existence, the twelve banks have accumulated a reserve of \$2,252,500, a surplus and undivided profit of \$3,480,133, and total assets of \$641,083,224, and are all prosperous.

National Farm Loan Associations are organized by present or prospective owners of farm land desiring to borrow money from Federal Land Banks on farm mortgages. Application for loans is made through these associations, and 5 per cent. of the loaned amount must be used by the borrower to subscribe to the stock of the association. The money is used, in turn, by the associations to acquire shares in the Federal Land Banks. The associations are required to endorse the mortgages taken from their stockholders by the Federal Land Banks, and their stock carries a double liability.

To obtain funds for the purpose of making farm loans the Land Banks may issue Federal Farm Loan Bonds to an amount equal to twenty times their capital, and the bonds issued by any one of the twelve Land Banks are, in reality, obligations of all. They are also secured by collateral consisting of an equal amount of first mortgages on farms or United States Government bonds.

The amount which may be loaned on any single farm must not exceed \$10,000 nor be in excess of 50 per cent. of the land value and 20 per cent. of the value of the permanent improvements as appraised by United States appraisers. In no event may a loan exceed \$100 an acre. The equity in each loan is increased each year through required semi-annual payments. That appraisals have been conservative is indicated by the official reports which show for the year ended November 30, 1921, that 4,725 farms against which the Land Banks had loaned \$15,000,000 were actually sold for more than \$45,000,000.

Bonds issued by the Federal Land Banks enjoy a wide market and are acceptable by the United States Treas-

A High-Grade Bond —of Attractive Yield

ONE of our recent offerings was an issue of \$10,000,000 BRIER HILL STEEL COMPANY First Mortgage 5 1/2 % Bonds.

The Company is a substantial producer in a basic industry, and controls large ore and fuel sources.

The Company's properties have been estimated by independent interests as worth \$47,000,000—more than 4 times the amount of this issue.

Net earnings after depreciation, as reported by the Company, for the seven-year period ended with 1921, averaged more than 7 times interest requirements on this issue.

We recommend these bonds for investment. A circular fully describing the issue will be furnished on request.

Bonds for Your Special Needs

In its service to investors this Company offers recommended bonds of all approved types. It advises regarding proper diversification of investment holdings, and is prepared to assist the individual investor in making selections best suited to his own special needs. In making recommendations due regard is given to taxation requirements, security of principal, yield, maturity and other essential factors.

At any of our offices, you will find this broad service at your disposal.

MAIN OFFICE: GUARANTY TRUST COMPANY BUILDING, 140 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

OTHER OFFICES:

NEW YORK

Fifth Ave. & 44th St.
Madison Ave. & 60th St.

ALBANY, N. Y.

ATLANTA, GA.

BALTIMORE, MD.

BETHLEHEM, PA.

BOSTON, MASS.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

CHICAGO, ILL.

CINCINNATI, O.

CLEVELAND, O.

ERIE, PA.

HARRISBURG, PA.

HARTFORD, CONN.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

PORTLAND, MAINE

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

READING, PA.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

SCRANTON, PA.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WILKES-BARRE, PA.

Guaranty Company of New York



The Experienced Investor

Trustee or executor of an estate, or investment official for a corporation, or one seeking sound investments for his own funds, desires a non-fluctuating, non-speculative investment with as high an interest rate as absolute safety will permit.



The Woman Alone

The best protection for a woman, upon the safety of whose investments rests the welfare of herself and those dependent upon her, is a connection with a reputable investment banker upon whom she can rely to guide her investment funds into a safe channel, with a sure and attractive yield.

Six Types of Investors

Which Group Are You In?

No matter in which of these six groups you classify yourself, there is now an investment plan that helps you to save, safeguards your savings and pays as liberal a yield as is consistent with this safety—a yield ranging up to 7%.

In every banking circle the name of George M. Forman & Company has always been associated with sound investments and an attractive yield. The plan for you is in our interesting booklet, "How to Select Safe Bonds." A coupon is appended below for your convenience. Mail it at once for this booklet and our plan for you.



The Speculative Buyer

Often misled by the mirage of big, quick profits. Were he to figure his losses on poor investments against an occasional profit he would find that his income from these sources amounted to less than the same investment would have brought in safe securities.



The Man Who Spends All

Finds it extremely difficult to save. Needs a way that not only encourages him to make saving a habit, but also that assures him of absolute safety.



The Father with Foresight

Desires to safeguard the interests of his family and his children against any emergency, through sound investments that can be depended upon regularly to bring an attractive yield.



The Savings Depositor

As funds accumulate many savings investors take advantage of the Forman Plan which pays an attractive yield without affecting the safety of their investment.

GEORGE M. FORMAN & COMPANY

"Thirty-Seven Years Without Loss to a Customer"

Dept. 112, 105 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen—Please send me your booklet, "How to Select Safe Bonds," and tell me about your plan for turning my funds into safe investments at an attractive yield.

Name

Address

sury as security for government deposits, including postal savings funds. The United States Treasury already holds over \$136,000,000 of these bonds.

The Federal Farm Loan Act provides that the bonds issued are lawful investments for all fiduciary and trust funds under jurisdiction of the Government. They are eligible under the laws of many states for investment of public and private trust funds, and eligible for investment by saving banks in 36 states. The bonds are exempt from all taxation except inheritance tax. They are issued in coupon form with provision for registration, in denominations of \$10,000, \$5,000, \$1,000, \$500, \$100 and \$10, and are redeemable at par and interest any time after ten years from date of issue. The maximum interest rate which may be charged is 6 per cent. The law provides that the interest rate charged to borrowers shall not exceed by more than one per cent. the rate of interest on the bonds issued by the banks themselves.

The Federal Land Bank Bonds now on the market are interchangeable, maturities ranging from 5 to 20 years, callable, generally, ten years from date of issue. Interest is payable semi-annually. Some of the bonds carry 5 per cent. on their face—some 4½ per cent. Most issues are now at a premium and can be purchased to yield from 4.20 to 4.45 per cent. to callable date, or 4½ to 5 per cent. thereafter.

Joint Stock Land Bank Bonds

In many respects the Joint Stock Land Banks provided for in the Federal Farm Loan Act resemble the Federal Land Banks. They are owned and operated by individuals under close government restriction and supervision. In addition to approving all loans, the Farm Loan Board also appoints land-bank examiners, who are subject to the same requirements, responsibilities and penalties applicable to National Bank examiners under the National Bank Act and the Federal Reserve Act.

The investments eligible for Joint Stock Banks are restricted to first mortgages on improved real estate, United States government bonds, the bonds of Federal Land Banks, and in buildings for banking purposes. In loans made

*A
Thoughtful
Gift*



*For Wife or Husband—For Son or Daughter
For Teacher or Pastor—For Dearest Friend*

Remington Portable

A complete portable typewriter that will be prized by anyone—because it is helpful, useful, practical and valuable.

Has the complete standard keyboard and other big machine features. Fits in case only four inches high.

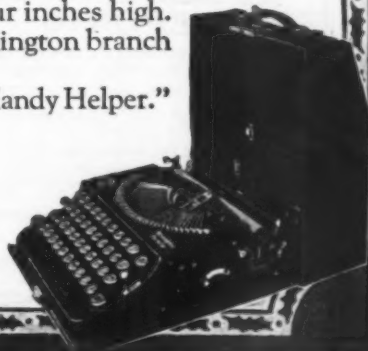
Sold by over 2,000 dealers and Remington branch offices everywhere.

Send for our illustrated "Your Ever Handy Helper."
Address Department 69.

REMINGTON TYPEWRITER CO.

374 Broadway, New York

Paragon Ribbons for Remington Portable Typewriters. Made by us. 50 cents each, \$5 a dozen





Safeguard Your Travel Funds

Anxiety concerning your money
is a poor traveling companion

Experienced travelers everywhere carry—

K. N. & K.
**Letters of Credit
and Travel Checks**

because of their safety and availability

Obtainable from banks throughout the
United States or from the undersigned.

Knauth, Nachod & Kuhne
Liquitable Building NEW YORK

\$25,000 at Fifty!

Are you systematically building an estate and an assured income?

Babson's REPORTS

If you are interested in a working plan for your money that will build an estate of \$25,000—and an assured income of \$100 a month—on as little as \$50.00 a month—merely

Tear out the Memo—now—and hand it to your secretary when you dictate the morning's mail.

MEMO

For Your Secretary

Write the Babson Statistical Organization, Wellesley Hills, 82, Mass., as follows:

Please send me Bulletin M58 and booklet "Getting the Most From Your Money"—gratis.



on farms the same restrictions apply as with the Federal Land Banks. Unlike the Land Banks, however, where a maximum loan of \$10,000 on one property is prescribed, the limit is set at \$50,000, provided that sum does not exceed 15 per cent. of the bank's capital. The same provisions apply to Joint Stock Banks as to the Federal Land Banks regarding the rate of interest they may charge on the money they loan, and to the rate of interest carried on the bonds they issue. Both classes, also, may be designated as repositories of public funds and may be employed as financial agents of the government. They are also authorized to buy and sell United States bonds. Like the Federal Land Banks, the bonds issued by the Joint Stock Land Banks are "instrumentalities of the United States Government" and as such they and the income derived therefrom are exempted from all taxation.

The bonds issued by the Joint Stock Land Banks are secured by double their par value in farm mortgages, and the amortization plan gradually reduces the amount of the loan. The Joint Banks may issue bonds up to 15 times the amount of their capital and surplus. The minimum capital is \$250,000, and since the stock of a bank is assessable to the full amount of its par value, this double liability of stockholders gives the bondholders an additional protection. It has been calculated that a holder has back of each bond a minimum value amounting to approximately 213 per cent. of the par value of his holding. In addition to this it has been the experience of the past that loans have been made on farms at nearer 40 per cent. than at the prescribed 50 per cent. of their appraised value.

Joint Stock Land Bank bonds are issued in coupon form with full registration privileges in denominations the same as the Federal Land Bank bonds, and are callable only after five years from issue date. Although the prescribed rate of interest is 6 per cent., most of the issues carry 5 or 5½ per cent. on their face and can be bought on a yield of about 4.60 to 5 per cent. before callable date—5 to 5½ per cent. thereafter. Interest is payable semi-annually.



A Delightful Test

To bring you prettier teeth

This offers you a ten-day test which will be a revelation to you. It will show you the way to whiter, cleaner, safer teeth.

Millions of people of some forty races now employ this method. Leading dentists everywhere advise it. You should learn how much it means to you and yours.

Clouded by a film

Your teeth are clouded more

or less by film. The fresh film is viscous — you can feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

Old methods of brushing leave much of that film intact. The film absorbs stains, so the teeth look discolored. Film is the basis of tartar.

How it ruins teeth

That film holds food substance which ferments and

forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So most tooth troubles are now traced to that film, and they are almost universal.

How we combat it

Dental science, after long research, has found two film combatants. Many careful tests have proved their efficiency. Leading dentists everywhere urge their daily use.

A new-day tooth paste has been created, called Pepsodent. It complies with modern requirements. And these two great film combatants are embodied in it.

Two other effects

Pepsodent brings two other effects which authority now deems essential. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer for acids which cause decay.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube and watch these effects for a while. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

Then judge the benefits by what you see and feel. You will be amazed.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF.
REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

Endorsed by modern authorities and now advised by leading dentists nearly all the world over. All druggists supply the large tubes.

10-Day Tube Free

839

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept. 484 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

.....
.....

ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY



The Dollar

The daily actions of most of us are influenced by the messages received over the telephone, and yet few of us stop to think of the men and women, and the mechanisms, which help to make that daily service possible.

Maintenance, repairs, and the work of handling calls, must constantly be carried on in good times or in bad, and they must be paid for, in order that your telephone service may be continued.

The average dollar will buy to-day less than two-thirds of what it would buy before the war. This means that it costs,

on the average, half as much again to buy most of the things that are necessary for keeping the country going; but the advance in telephone rates is far less than this average.

In fact, gauged by the present purchasing power of the dollar, telephone service in the country as a whole is costing the subscriber less than it did in 1914.

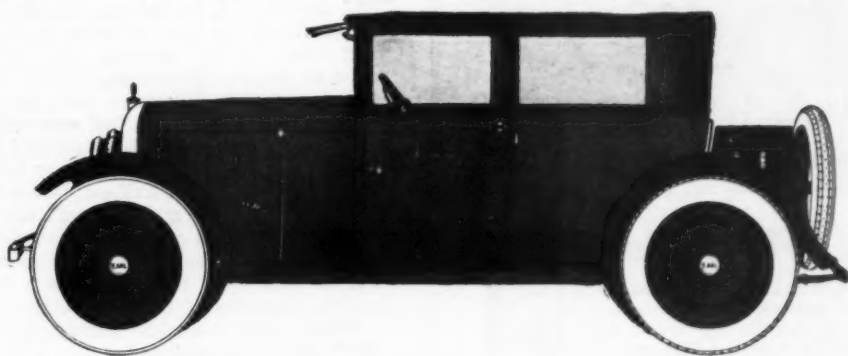
The Bell System generally has been able to meet higher commodity prices and increased wages by means of new economies in operation and the increased efficiency of loyal employees.



"BELL SYSTEM"

**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES**

*One Policy, One System, Universal Service, and all directed toward
Better Service*



CABRIOLE PRICE, \$1395, INCLUDES TRUNK WITH COVER, MOTOMETER, BUMPER AND COMPLETE EQUIPMENT

The EARL *Cabriole* at \$1395

*Unites Dignified, Luxurious Comfort, Ease of Handling
and Unusual Economy*

TO those who cherish an instinct for great value received EARL CABRIOLE is proving a revelation.

No other car of its wheel base swings so close to the road, or has such long and resilient rear springs. Its long-stroke motor has the piston displacement of racing cars—flexible power

and great fuel economy. Its low unsprung weight and perfected balance save tires.

The Cabriole is equally comfortable and handsome filled with men, or for theatre or country club party or when you drive alone. The right-size Cabriole is proving the ideal car for *both* business and social occasions.

The Cabriole is only one of the distinctive Earls. Don't buy until you have seen for yourself Earl Touring, Custom Roadster, Brougham, Sedan and Cabriole. If interested in profitable unassigned dealer territory write or wire to Jackson for facts and contract terms.

Send for Cabriole folder and name of nearest Earl dealer

EARL MOTORS, INC., JACKSON, MICHIGAN

Touring Car .. \$1095
Cabriole 1395
Custom Roadster 1485



Brougham \$1795
Sedan 1795
Prices, f. o. b. Jackson,
include complete equipment



Clark's Leadership

WE are Cruise Specialists who alone possess actual experience in cruising Round the World and have successfully managed Eighteen Mediterranean Cruises during 28 years in business.

Reasonable rates for superior inclusive arrangements over itineraries of much charm in great steamers offering luxurious comfort. Secure our rate sheets for comparisons.

3rd Cruise Around the World

S. S. "Empress of France," Jan. 22d

Four months travel, first class, \$1000 upward (vacancies from \$1500).

19th Cruise to the Mediterranean

S. S. "Empress of Scotland," Feb. 3rd

65 wonderful days, first class, \$600 upward (vacancies from \$900).

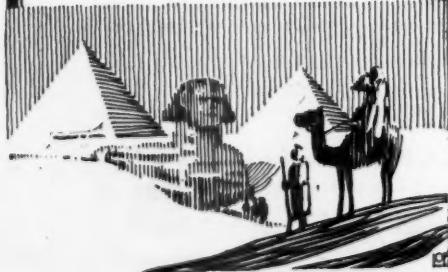
With Both Cruises:

Rates include hotels, guides, drives, fees; stop-over privilege in Europe.

Shore excursions at all points.

Complete program and rates of the Cruise that interests you; free upon request.

FRANK C. CLARK
Times Building New York
or your Ticket Agent



(Continued from page 747)

from marching, and the tables had groaned under their recurring burden, and Smoke had forked and fingered into his anatomy the last dripping pickle, the last crumb of old cracker, and the last cube of permanent cheese, Toolan leaned back against the counter that harbored the "hard stuff" and looked out over the bar. The fourth keg had come and gone, and Toolan's Rest was a smoky haze of happy humanity and half-emptied schooners. Toolan's face broke into a tired grin. Two or three had asked him how he had happened into that kind of a meeting, but he had stood them off with a laugh, and he chuckled at the recollection.

"That wasn't one o' Donovan's meet-ins," Slim had ventured.

"Well, who said it was?" Toolan had responded. "G'wan now—don't bother me."

"Matty's all right," asseverated the man next to Slim emphatically.

"An' the beer's all right, ain't it?" added Toolan aggressively.

"S all right, Matty," acquiesced Slim. "Well——?"

And that ended the inquiry.

When they had all gone, on the stroke of one—for Toolan's Rest closed on the minute—Big Bill left Toolan at the door.

"Matty, yer know yer own business, and it ain't fer me ter be buttin' in," said Bill reflectively, "but if ever I see a queer one, it's this here racket yer run off to-night, on yer own. An' four kegs!"

Toolan grinned again. "Aw, lemme alone, Bill—I didn't do no harm, did I?"

"No harm—no." Bill was puzzled. He looked at Toolan again. "An' I never see yer feelin' so good," he said, "not since the little boy come." He glanced toward the ceiling. "What's it all about?"

"Oh, nuthin'," said Toolan, looking down. Then he looked up again quickly. "They say one good turn deserves another," he said, as he looked straight at Big Bill. There was a queer brightness in Toolan's eyes, and they were winking very hard. But there was a broad smile on his face. And Bill left, more puzzled than ever.



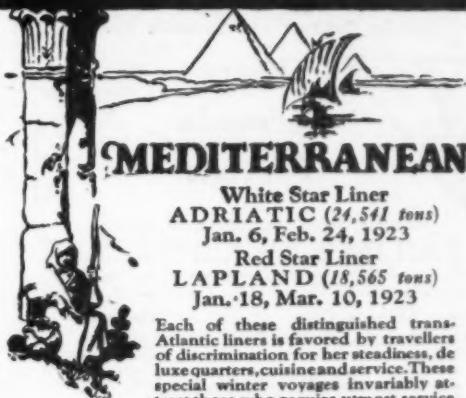


Write to the Travel Information Department for information on Hotels and Resorts, Railroads and Steamship Lines. CURRENT OPINION through this Department will give you accurate travel information free of charge.

If you are going to Europe, to the Orient, to the Pacific Coast or to the Atlantic Coast, or anywhere, let CURRENT OPINION help you choose the best routes, the best places to stop, and tell you what to see en route.

In writing, please be as specific as possible so that we can be of real service in helping you plan your trips. Address all inquiries to the Travel Information Department, CURRENT OPINION, 50 W. 47th St., N. Y. City.

WINTER VACATION VOYAGES



White Star Liner
ADRIATIC (24,541 tons)
Jan. 6, Feb. 24, 1923

Red Star Liner
LAPLAND (18,565 tons)
Jan. 18, Mar. 10, 1923

Each of these distinguished trans-Atlantic liners is favored by travellers of discrimination for her steadiness, de luxe quarters, cuisine and service. These special winter voyages invariably attract those who require utmost service in their journeys to and from the sunny vacation lands that edge the Mediterranean.

Itinerary: Madeira, Gibraltar, Algiers, Monaco (the Riviera), Naples, Alexandria (for Egypt and the Nile), Haifa for Jerusalem, and Athens (Phaleron Bay). Bookings for round trip cruise with ample time for delightful visits ashore, or To Naples via Egypt and the Holy Land, or to Egypt.

WEST INDIES

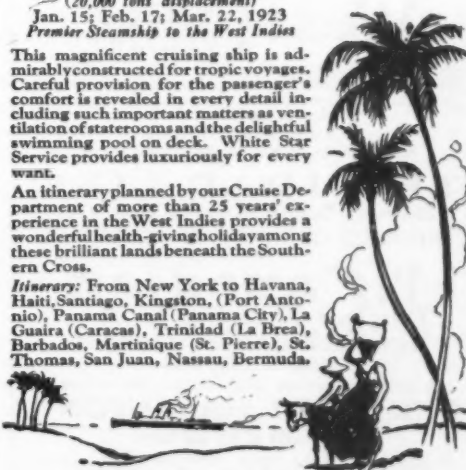
MEGANTIC

(20,000 tons displacement)
Jan. 15; Feb. 17; Mar. 22, 1923
Premier Steamship to the West Indies

This magnificent cruising ship is admirably constructed for tropic voyages. Careful provision for the passenger's comfort is revealed in every detail including such important matters as ventilation of staterooms and the delightful swimming pool on deck. White Star Service provides luxuriously for every want.

An itinerary planned by our Cruise Department of more than 25 years' experience in the West Indies provides a wonderful health-giving holiday among these brilliant lands beneath the Southern Cross.

Itinerary: From New York to Havana, Haiti, Santiago, Kingston, (Port Antonio), Panama Canal (Panama City), La Guaira (Caracas), Trinidad (La Brea), Barbados, Martinique (St. Pierre), St. Thomas, San Juan, Nassau, Bermuda.



Inquire for booklets and detailed information

WHITE STAR LINE
AMERICAN LINE **RED STAR LINE**
INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY

No. 1 Broadway, New York City

FURNESS- BERMUDA -LINE

(Under Contract with Bermuda Gov't.)



Offers Bermuda Tourists



the following exclusive advantages:
SAILINGS TWICE WEEKLY
Landing passengers directly at Hamilton Dock,
avoiding inconvenience of transfer by tender.

Tickets Good on Either Steamer

Insuring Unequalled Express Service
Via Palatial Twin-Screw, Oil-Burning Steamers

S.S. "FORT VICTORIA" and S.S. "FORT ST. GEORGE"

Each 14,000 Tons Displacement

FROM NEW YORK EVERY WED. & SAT.
FROM BERMUDA EVERY TUES. & SAT.

SPECIAL HOLIDAY SAILINGS

Leaving New York Dec. 20, 23 and 30

For Christmas or New Year's in Bermuda

BERMUDA OFFERS ALL OUTDOOR SPORTS

Golf (Two 18-Hole Courses), Tennis, Sailing,
Bathing, Trap-shooting, Horse Racing, Fishing,
Riding, Driving, Cycling, etc.

Modern Hotels

No Passports

BOOK NOW FOR WINTER AND HOLIDAY SAILINGS

West Indies Cruises

Delightful Cruises to the Gems of the Caribbean
Sea—St. Thomas, St. Croix, St. Kitts, Montser-
rat, Antigua, Guadeloupe, Dominica, Martinique,
St. Lucia and Barbadoes

Sailings Every 14 Days

Round Trip Occupies About 20 Days

TRINIDAD LINE

Steamers Sailing Every 14 Days For
TRINIDAD, GRENADA and DEMERARA

12 Canadian Day Cruises New York-Halifax-Quebec SUMMER CRUISES

4 yachting cruises via Palatial twin-screw

S. S. "FORT HAMILTON"

During Months of July and August

Stopping One Day (each way) at Halifax and
Two Days at Quebec

Magnificent scenery, smooth water, cool
weather. Orchestra for Dancing

For Illustrated Booklets on Bermuda, West Indies, Trinidad or Canadian
Cruises, write to

FURNESS BERMUDA LINE, 34 Whitehall Street, New York
Or Any Local Tourist Agency

(Continued from page 728)

the Tories want a high tariff, but they dare not propose this because of the bankers, the shipowners and the cotton trade of Lancashire, which depends for raw material on the southern states of the Union. Many Die-Hard Tories would like to tear up the Irish Treaty and restore the House of Lords with its old powers. Also, they would welcome measures to restrain the trade-unions. The argument of Lloyd George, with which Balfour agrees, is that Conservatives should avoid any such reactions and content themselves with keeping progress within reasonable limits. And Bonar Law has disappointed the Die-Hards by himself adopting this moderate view. His slogan is "tranquillity," which corresponds to the "normalcy" promised by President Harding.

The difficulty with the Liberals is that their program has been largely fulfilled. Everyone now has one and only one vote. Free trade is not seriously threatened. The House of Lords is defeated. Many economies have been executed and the budget has been balanced. The Welsh Church has been disestablished. Ireland is free. India has her parliaments. South Africa is autonomous. A Liberal who wants a constructive policy must turn, therefore, to Labor, as many intellectuals are doing.

The British Labor Party does not consist merely of weekly wage-earners. It includes clerks, teachers, clergymen, journalists, lawyers and even aristocrats. Arthur Henderson, once in Lloyd George's War Cabinet, says that the party is against private enterprise. It certainly wants to nationalize the mines and the railways. But the immediate fight is over the proposal to reduce the national debt by instituting a capital levy and seizing war profits. Belief in a capital levy is by no means confined to Labor. There are bankers who think that it would, as it were, cut the loss. But the idea has an alarming sound. Everyone with a little bit of property shivers in his shoes at it.

(Concluded on page 806)

CRUISES

by the World-Reputed Cook's Travel Service

AROUND the WORLD

by Specially Chartered New Oil-burning
Cunard Liner "SAMARIA"

January 24 to May 31, 1923

A Golden Jubilee Cruise

LIMITED TO 400 GUESTS

Commemorating the 50th anniversary of our first tour around the world and offering such distinctive features as—

A luxurious and most modern Cunard Liner

The most comprehensive and interesting itinerary yet compiled

Visits to each country in glorious Springtime

In all, 127 memorable days, visiting—Mediterranean cities and Egypt—four weeks in India, Dutch East Indies, and Straits Settlements—Saigon in Indo-China, the Philippines, and China—two weeks in Japan—Hawaii, San Francisco and Panama Canal.

To the MEDITERRANEAN

by Specially Chartered New White Star Liner "HOMERIC"

Sailing Jan. 20 Returning March 28

The 1923 Grand Cruise De Luxe

LIMITED TO 500 GUESTS

Chief among the inviting features of this cruise, making it excel in magnificence, are the following:

Steamer—Cuisine—Service—the utmost yet offered

14,000 miles—67 glorious days—among the wonderlands of the Mediterranean
Sixteen days in Egypt, Palestine, etc.

In addition, optional visit to London and Paris on the homeward trip; stop-over privileges with return by other famous White Star Liners, MAJESTIC, OLYMPIC, etc.

THOS. COOK & SON

245 Broadway NEW YORK 561 Fifth Avenue

Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Montreal, Toronto, Vancouver

PORTO RICO THE ISLAND OF ENCHANTMENT

A Delightful Cruise thru Blue Tropic Seas

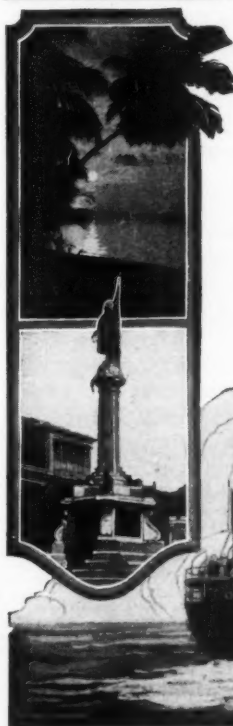
WONDERFUL hours rambling thru the streets of quaint cities, or admiring the beauties of the palm-grown countryside. Interesting chats with the natives—glimpses of their picturesque life and surroundings.

16 DAY CRUISE **\$150** AND UP
ALL EXPENSES

The trip is rendered doubly enjoyable by the luxury of fast 10,000-ton steamers, specially designed for service in the Tropics. Broad, comfortable decks—home-like lounging rooms—all modern conveniences—savory, delicious meals.

Wide choice of accommodations ranging from comfortable staterooms at minimum rates to rooms with private bath. Rates include meals and stateroom for entire trip. Write for sailings and literature.

PORTO RICO LINE 25 BROADWAY
NEW YORK





(Continued from page 804)

The fact is that British Labor is weakened. Partly, this is due to the failure of Communism in Russia. And nearer home, there have been revolutionary strikes which left employment and wages much worse than they had been before. In the municipal elections, Labor has been heavily defeated, doubtless by the loss of the women's vote. Indeed, it is the women who will now direct and perhaps save Britain. Few of them belong to any party. While they voted in 1918, this is the first election in which they will participate under the usual conditions of peace.

Writing in advance of the election, it would be folly to prophecy on a situation so obscure. But there are two simple things that should be remembered. The first is that the new Parliament is not elected for any fixed term of years. If it fails to give a straight majority for any Government, it can be at once dissolved and another election held. And secondly, Lloyd George is not a mere private citizen. As a privy councillor, he retains his seat on the front opposition bench. In debate, he is almost as powerful as if he were still a minister of the crown. It is part of the British system thus to retain a defeated statesman in public life—he may be wanted again.

The number of seats to be filled is to-day 625. Of these, in round numbers, the Conservatives have held 380, the Coalition Liberals 130, the Wee Free Liberals 40, and the Labor Party 80. For the British themselves the election has been a difficult problem to solve. Throughout the country, taxpayers say that they cannot find more money for adventures abroad of any kind, and it is to this sentiment that the Conservatives are relying for a small majority in the House of Commons. But they are not sure of their victory and they have offered, therefore, to join hands with Asquith and his Liberals on a new Coalition, which would only differ from the old one by the omission of Lloyd George.



BERMUDA

Visit this Winter paradise for sportsmen. Wonderful golf (2 new 18-hole courses), tennis, fishing, bathing.

ROYAL MAIL

"The Comfort Route"

Weekly sailings from New York by S. S. ARAGUAYA (17,500 tons displacement), the largest steamer sailing to Bermuda.

Send for booklet K-5

West Indies Cruises

Jan. 24th and Feb. 24th

Two fascinating cruises among these fascinating islands on the S. S. ORCA, (25,500 tons displacement) newest, largest, and most luxurious steamer engaged in West Indies cruises. Visits to Nassau, Havana, Jamaica, Colon (Panama Canal), La Guayra, Trinidad, Barbados, Martinique, St. Thomas, San Juan and Bermuda. Rates, \$250 and up.

Send for booklet K-6

THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET CO.

SANDERSON & SON, Inc., Agents

26 Broadway, New York

607 Boylston St., 117 W. Washington St.

Boston

Chicago

Seattle

San Francisco

Have CURRENT OPINION Delivered to You Every Month

IF you are not receiving *Current Opinion* regularly at your home, subscribe now, so that you will not miss any future issues.

¶ *Current Opinion* covers such a broad field in such a brief, comprehensive way, gives so much information on subjects about which you cannot afford to be ignorant, that the missing of one number may easily cost you much more than a whole year's subscription.

¶ To be sure of seeing every number write **NOW** to **CURRENT OPINION**, 50 West Forty-Seventh Street, New York City

CUNARD and ANCHOR

Steam Ship Lines

The whole history of transatlantic travel is typified in the growth and development of the Cunard Company—the famous passenger steamship line which represents the latest ideas in construction and equipment and the highest refinement in the service afforded their passengers.

To the

MEDITERRANEAN

An attractive opportunity is offered during the coming season in the following sailings:

TUSCANIA, December 6th
CARONIA, February 10th

To Madeira, Gibraltar, Algiers, Monaco (Riviera), Genoa, Naples (Rome), Piraeus (Athens), Constantinople, Alexandria (Cairo)—according to itinerary and steamer selected.

Option of stop-overs and return trips via North Atlantic.



Apply

25 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
or Branches and Agencies



HOTEL DEL MONTE

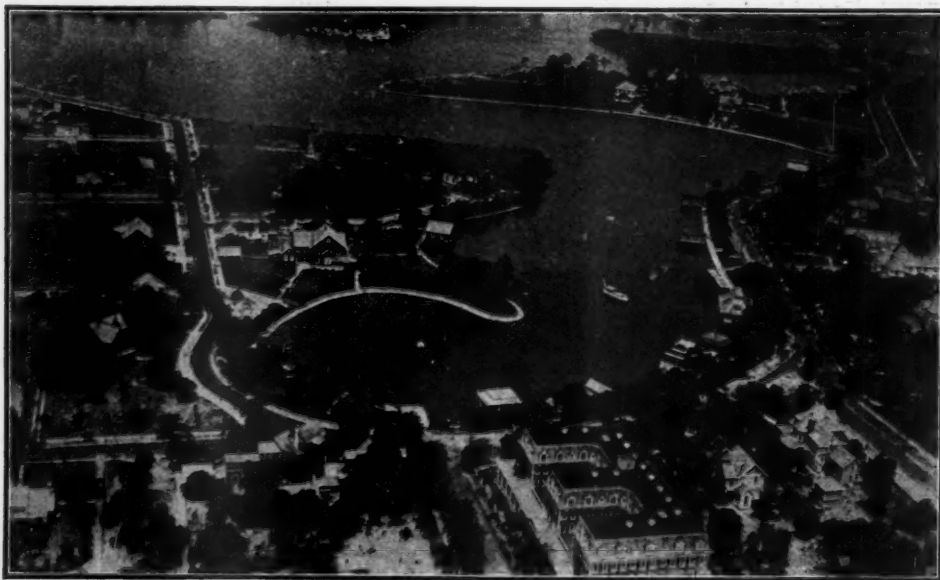
California's Largest and Best-Loved Resort

Right on Pacific Ocean and Historic Carmel and Monterey Bays—125 miles south of San Francisco.
—A Region World-Famed for its Delightful Year-Round Climate.

FALL AND WINTER GOLF IS ENJOYED EVERY DAY at DEL MONTE
Everything worth while in the great outdoors, from GOLF and POLO to SWIMMING and BOATING.

18,000 ACRES OF PICTURESQUE COUNTRY
In center of relics of old Spanish Régime.
Write for detailed information
CARL S. STANLEY, Manager

DEL MONTE CALIFORNIA



TARPON INN, TARPON SPRINGS, FLORIDA

Golf. Fishing. "The Venice of the South" Hunting. Boating.

Located on the west coast of Florida 233 miles from Jacksonville, and west from Tampa 28 miles via Memorial Boulevard. The Inn is the best planned Tourist hotel in Florida. Each room equipped with bath, telephone, and beautifully furnished, accom-

GEORGE Q. PATTEE, Proprietor.

modating 200 guests. Thru Pullmans from the North. Perfect motor roads.

Two 18-hole golf courses adjacent to Tarpon Springs. The swarthy Greek sponge divers in their quaint and picturesque craft, transport one to foreign lands.

New York Office, 8 W. 40th St.

PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

The Winter Paradise of America

Nature's lavish hand has most richly endowed Pasadena as the "Garden Spot of the World." The climate is ideal, the roads wonderful, and the surroundings delightful.

Here motoring, golfing, horseback riding, polo, tennis, mountain climbing, yachting, fishing, aeroplaning, and similar out-door sports can be enjoyed every day of the year.

THERE is a network of over 3000 miles of paved boulevards encircling Pasadena, reaching into the mountains, through the valleys and along the beaches, radiating to San Francisco, San Diego and other points of interest in California.

Pasadena is well named "The Golfing Capital of America," as it is surrounded by twenty magnificent golf courses with grass greens.

For over a quarter of a century the famous Tournament of Roses has been held in the Crown City on New Year's Day.

These hotels have been accepted by the discriminating traveling public as giving the utmost in luxurious comfort at reasonable rates commensurate with their quality and location.

THE MARYLAND
THE HUNTINGTON - THE GREEN
THE VISTA DEL ARROYO
PASADENA

THE FAIRMONT THE WHITCOMB
SAN FRANCISCO
UNDER SAME MANAGEMENT

D. M. LINNARD
PRESIDENT &
MANAGING
DIRECTOR



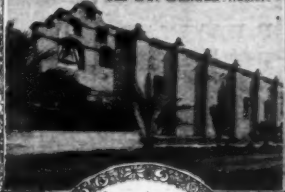
C. E. W. MOORE
DIRECTOR
OF
OPERATIONS

VISTA DEL ARROYO BRIDGE



ORANGE GROVES

OLD SAN GABRIEL MISSION



DEVIL'S GATE DAM

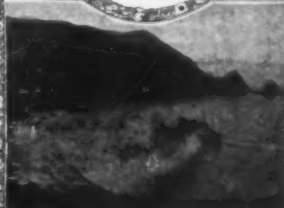
VIEW FROM MT. WILSON



CITY ST. BULLEARD




HORSEBACK RIDING




YACHTING

Leading Hotels—
NEW YORK
AND BOSTON



**THE
COPLEY-PLAZA**
COPLEY
SQUARE
BOSTON



THE PLAZA
FIFTH AVENUE &
CENTRAL PARK
NEW YORK

FRED STERRY.
EDWARD C. FOGG.
MANAGING DIRECTORS.

*We shall be pleased
to send Illustrated
Booklet on request*

Founded 1869



Krakauer

THROUGH its wonderful responsiveness, the Krakauer Player Piano gives you the widest possible range in individual musical expression. You gain a new conception of player piano capacity. And the delight of personally producing music is crowned by the full enjoyment of the superb Krakauer tone.

*Catalog of upright, grand, player
and reproducing pianos on request*

KRAKAUER BROS.
215 Cypress Ave., New York

A Half-Century of Quality Production

Just Published

Poems of the North Woods

By E. F. HAYWARD
(The Logcabin Philosopher)

IN northern Wisconsin, in the "cut-over" land now being cleared for tillage, the author is one of the early settlers who built his own log cabin, and in order to increase the meagre returns in that region of late springs and early frosts, acted as guide for sportsmen in search of game and fish. After a day's hard work in the open he would jot down his thoughts which usually found expression in rhyme. This volume contains a selection of his poems which seem well worth preserving.

In his section of country he is looked upon as the Wisconsin successor to J. Whitcomb Riley.

The book is bound in appropriate green binding and contains 176 pages. Price \$2.00.

*Order from bookseller or direct from the
publisher*

W. F. Zimmerman Winnetka, Ill.



The **ENCYCLOPEDIA**
of **THREE WORLDS**

From the dawn of civilization to the present day, every phase of the development of man's progress is recorded graphically and authoritatively in the **ENCYCLOPEDIA AMERICANA**.

Man's labor and energy, released from supplying physical needs and diverted to supplying intellectual needs, have produced the experts and specialists in relatively a few generations that have made possible "THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THREE WORLDS." And that encyclopedia is the only completely authoritative work of the kind in the world today.

The Encyclopedia
AMERICANA

10,000 ILLUSTRATIONS—88,000 SUBJECTS
4,000 SIGNED ARTICLES—24,000 PAGES TEXT

Latest Maps
NEW IN 30 VOLUMES

WRITE

Encyclopedia Americana Corporation
27 William Street, New York City
Peoples Gas Building, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me free of charge descriptive literature of The Encyclopedia Americana.
C.O. 12-22

Name

Address

Both were killers— man and beast

!



THEY hated each other—Landy, the hide hunter, and Pounce, the great cat—rivals in their relentless deer slaying. With a price on both their heads, they stalked each other thru the forest until one day both of them fell into the trap set by the Game Commission. What happens when these two killers meet?



This powerful story written by Edison Marshall will be published in *Everybody's Magazine* for December. Dana Burnet, Henry Francis Granger, Stanley Olmstead and F. St. Mars have also written short stories for this issue. If you want to buy yourself a real Christmas present, get a copy of the

December

Everybody's
Magazine

FIRST IN FICTION :: ON EVERY NEWS-STAND

New Roycroft Books

DREAMS AND THEIR MEANING—Boards, half leather, \$1.50
Flexible leather, \$2.50. Postpaid.

A book to guide, comfort, instruct and entertain all students of psychoanalysis, and all general readers who appreciate good reading, well presented.

POE'S SELECTED TALES—Boards, half leather, \$2.00. Postpaid.

The classic tales of an American genius in attractive and convenient form.

LOYALTY IN BUSINESS—2nd Edition. Boards, half leather, \$2.00.
Postpaid.

Elbert Hubbard's graphic preachments. How to Succeed in Business and in Life. Contains Message to Garcia, Thrift, Get Out or Get in Line and 18 others, full of inspiration for business men and women.

DICKENS' CHRISTMAS CAROL—Boards, half leather, \$2.50. Postpaid. De luxe, three quarters calf, \$5.00. Postpaid.

A duplicate of the famous Roycroft edition of 1902 long out of print. Done roycroftie on English boxmoor.

THE RUBAIYAT WITH PERSIAN PEARL FOREWORD—De luxe Edition—\$2.00. Postpaid.

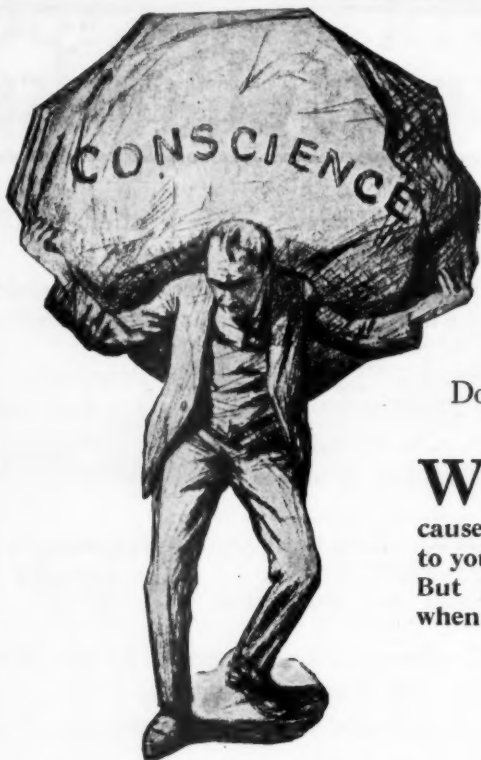
A choice presentation of old Omar, on Italian hand-made paper, bound in limp ooze leather with moire satin lining.

THE DOCTORS—By Elbert Hubbard—Bound in Human hide, lined with iodoform gauze, sewed with catgut and flavored with formaldehyde. Price \$2. Postpaid.

A satirical play reprinted by request. Some jokes and much grim humor and satire by the Fra on the subjects of vivisection, vaccination and the treatment of the insane. This book is different.

THE ROYCROFTERS

East Aurora, New York



OBEY THAT IMPULSE

For a great weight will be lifted off your mind. Send us the proper amount (see rates in coupon) for each friend to whom you wish LIFE sent for a year as a Christmas Gift. Each friend thus remembered will receive an attractive card in colors announcing that LIFE will be sent to him or her for the coming year, as a Christmas Gift from you.

Christmas Offer

LIFE,

598 Madison Avenue, New York.

Enclosed find Five Dollars (Canadian \$5.80, Foreign \$6.60). Send LIFE for One Year to,

.....

With Christmas Card

from.....

C.O. 12-22

Trial Offer: Ten Weeks \$1.00
 Canadian \$1.20, Foreign \$1.40

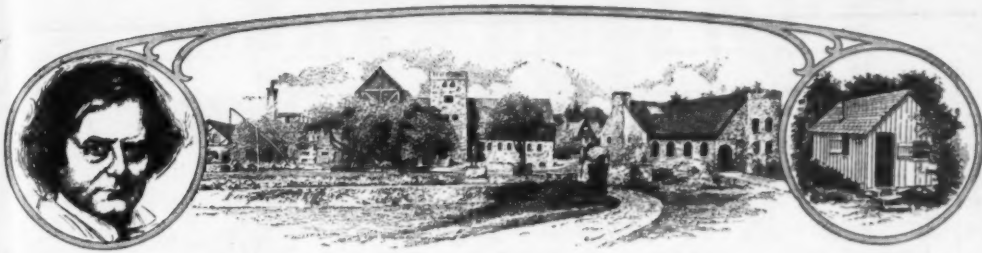
Life

As a Christmas
 or
 New Year's Gift.

Don't Worry
 It isn't too late.

WHEN you read these lines your conscience may trouble you because you have neglected to send LIFE to your friends as a Christmas Present. But you'll feel like the man below when you





Elbert Hubbard Made Men Think

WHEN Hubbard lived at East Aurora not a week passed by but some business or professional man, teacher, artist or philosopher knocked at his door and brought his own problems to the man with whom he could best think them out.

John H. Patterson, of the National Cash Register Company; Edwin Markham, the poet; Luther Burbank, William Marion Reedy came there and submitted to Elbert Hubbard the idea which was struggling for expression. Together they would analyze, clarify and formulate. When the time came to leave the travelers departed strengthened in determination, and fortified in courage; or convinced of the flaws in their thinking, went away with a new point of view. In thinking with Hubbard they had the advantage of the best thought from all the centuries, through one of the greatest minds of our time.

He Can Make You Think

The same source to which these men came for help is open to you to-day. In 1894 the series of Little Journeys to the Homes of the Great was started, and once a month for 14 years one of these messages was given to the world. In them Hubbard not only acquaints you with the lives and achievements of the great men and women of History, but gives you an insight into Hubbard the Man. He makes you see why he believes in some of the established institutions and disbelieves in others. He holds superstitions, dogmas and orthodoxies up to ridicule, and whether or not you believe as he does he **MAKES YOU THINK**. You judge things anew for what they are and not for the popular conception of their value. Men and women awoke to an entirely new sense of values through their contact with this great man. "Little Journeys" are the most thought-provoking books which have been written in our time. In them the same sources are available to you from which Hubbard drew his inspiration, and through them his name has been placed with the Immortals.

The Roycrofters Memorial

There is little wonder, then, that when Hubbard went on his Little Journey to the Great Beyond that The Roycrofters, in searching for a suitable memorial to their founder, selected the Little Journeys to the Homes of the Great. They have put into the Memorial Edition their best workmanship, printing the fourteen volumes on specially-made paper containing the Roycroft watermark; bound in semi-flexible Artcraft binding, each volume handsomely embossed and modeled in colors.

To a Few of Elbert Hubbard's Admirers

A Special Memorial Edition of the Little Journeys will be distributed on easy terms and at a very special price to a few of Hubbard's admirers.

Send in the coupon to-day and we will send you at once all particulars of our Memorial Edition, together with a "Journey" Booklet containing Hubbard's last talk to the Roycrofters.

The Roycrofters

East Aurora

New York

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.

Please send me **FREE** the Little Journey Booklet containing Hubbard's last talk to the Roycrofters, also full particulars of the Memorial Edition, the very special price and your easy payment plan.

Name

Address

City State

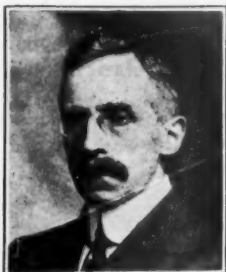
C. O. 12-22

THE MIND IN THE MAKING

THE MIND IN THE MAKING

When H. G. Wells Read This Book

he said that he had "the sense of having crossed a ridge and come into a new land of understanding." This statement is typical of the comment from scholars and thinkers all over the world. Not for years has a single volume so stimulated the imagination of its readers or so quickened their intellectual processes, as *The Mind in the Making*, by James Harvey Robinson. Just twelve months ago this astonishing book unobtrusively took its place on the book-seller's shelves. To-day it is on every list of best sellers and has become, probably, the most widely discussed of all recent works of serious character.



James Harvey Robinson

No thoughtful person will willingly forego reading *The Mind in the Making*.



H. G. Wells

How You Can Bring Your Mind Up To Date

In a world that is complex and modern our habits of thought have remained mediaeval. Unknown to ourselves, tradition, superstition, fear of the unknown, still govern our thinking. This is the condition which H. G. Wells had in mind when he spoke of "the race between education and catastrophe," and which forms the theme of James Harvey Robinson's revealing book. Our material progress has outstripped our intellectual progress. "If we are courageously to meet and successfully to overcome the dangers with which our civilization is threatened," says Mr. Robinson, "it is clear that we need more mind than ever before. It is also clear that we can have infinitely more mind than we already have if we but honestly desire it and avail ourselves of resources already at hand." Have you availed yourself of all the resources now at hand? Have you brought your mind up to date? Have you read *The Mind in the Making*?

As a Gift

there is nothing that you could select that, to the thoughtful person, would be more complimentary or of more immediate and permanent interest. A book that H. G. Wells has called "epoch making," that one of America's greatest business men has bought by the hundred to give to his friends, and which clergymen, and statesmen, critics and scholars, have unreservedly recommended is one that you will want to read and own—and give.

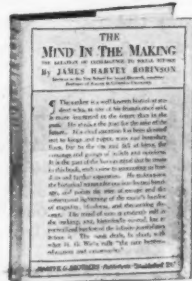
THE MIND IN THE MAKING

By JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON

Wherever Books are Sold, \$2.50

HARPER & BROTHERS, Established 1817

NEW YORK



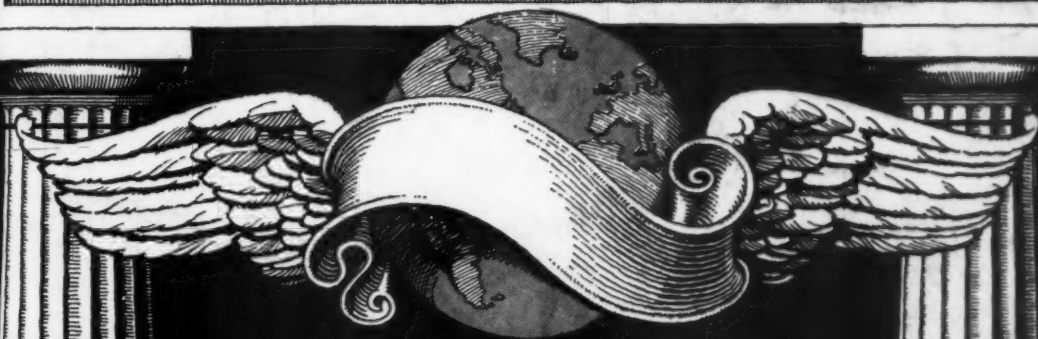
THE MIND IN THE MAKING

THE MIND IN THE MAKING

73-1 ✓
JUL 26 1922
DARTMOUTH COLLEGE

CURRENT OPINION

Edward J. Wheeler & Dr. Frank Crane, Editors



JULY—1922

WEATHERCOCKS OF THE
HARDING ADMINISTRATION

Problems Before and After
The Hague

LABOR FACES ITS SUPREME
CRISIS

Hands Across the Pacific
And Fifty Other Features

Formerly **CURRENT LITERATURE**

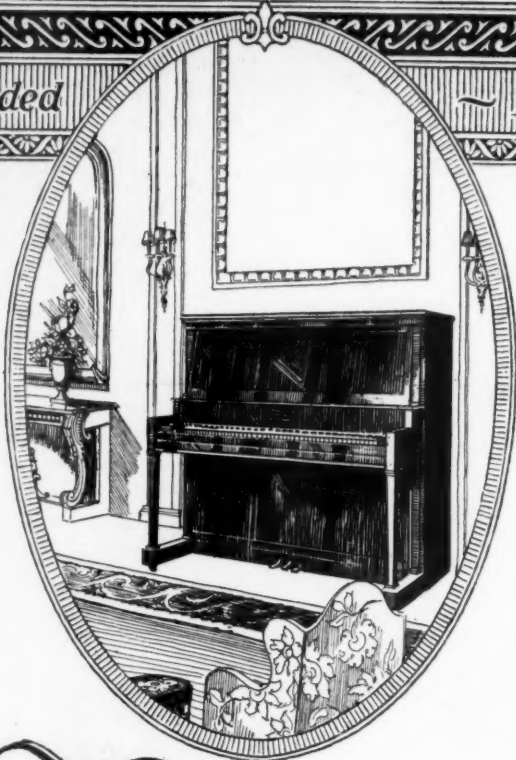
35¢
A COPY

THE CURRENT LITERATURE PUBLISHING CO.
CURRENT OPINION BUILDING - NEW YORK CITY

\$4.00
A YEAR

Founded

1869



Krakauer

THE workmen who build this fine piano invariably count their experience with the House of Krakauer by decades. They understand and appreciate the high standards required in the Krakauer factory. The superb Krakauer tone is a reflection of their experience, skill and loyalty.

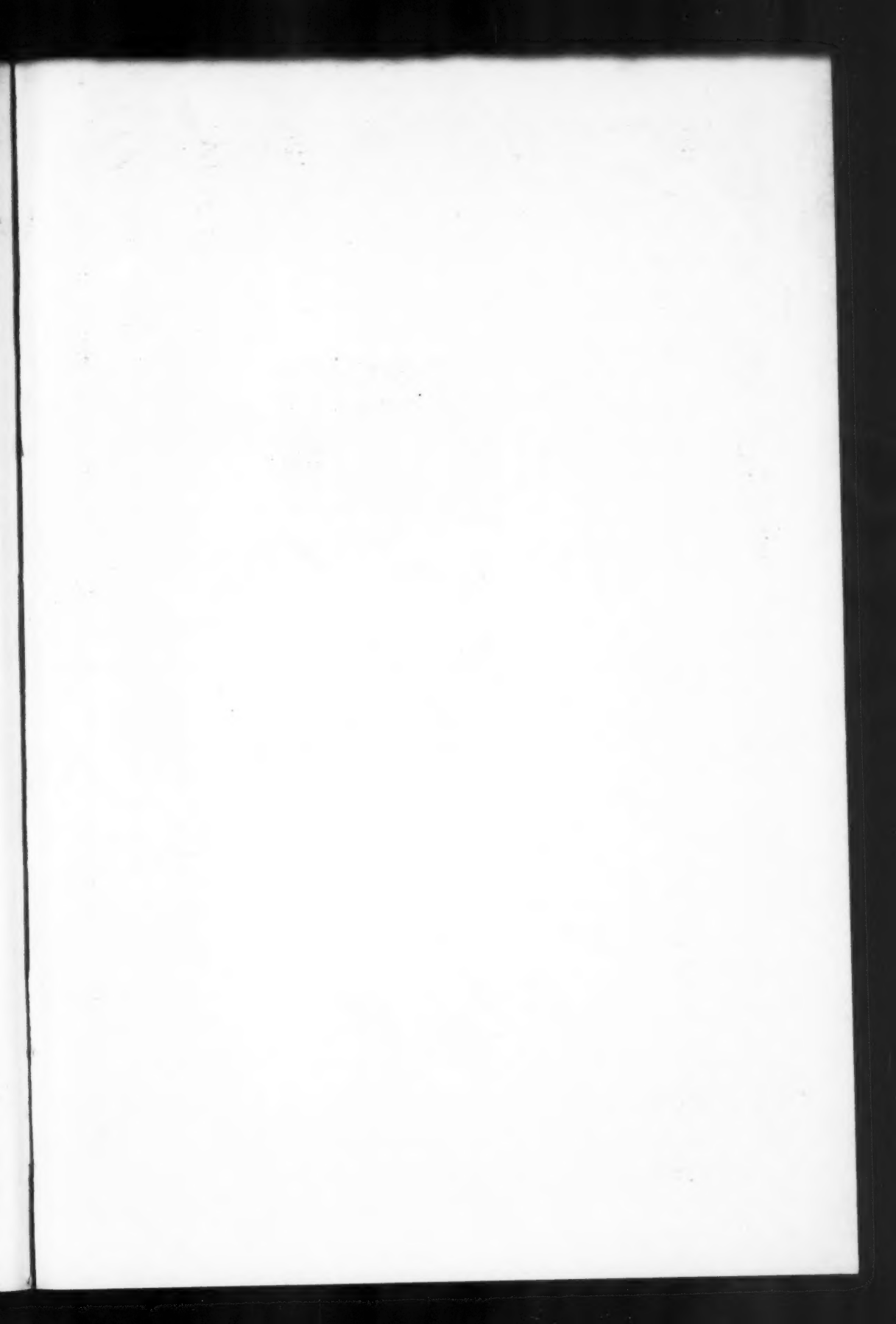
*Catalog of upright, grand, player
and reproducing pianos on request*

KRAKAUER BROS.

215 Cypress Avenue

New York City

"A Half Century of Quality Production"



FURNESS- BERMUDA -LINE

(Under Contract with Bermuda Gov't.)



**Offers
Bermuda
Tourists**



the following exclusive advantages:

SAILINGS TWICE WEEKLY

Landing passengers directly at Hamilton Dock, avoiding inconvenience of transfer by tender.

Tickets Good on Either Steamer

Insuring Unequalled Express Service
Via Palatial Twin-Screw, Oil-Burning Steamers

S.S. "FORT VICTORIA" and S.S. "FORT ST. GEORGE"

Each 14,000 Tons Displacement

FROM NEW YORK EVERY WED. & SAT.
FROM BERMUDA EVERY TUES. & SAT.

SPECIAL HOLIDAY SAILINGS

Leaving New York Dec. 20, 23 and 30

For Christmas or New Year's in Bermuda

BERMUDA OFFERS ALL OUTDOOR SPORTS

Golf (Two 18-Hole Courses), Tennis, Sailing,
Bathing, Trap-shooting, Horse Racing, Fishing,
Riding, Driving Cycling, etc.

Modern Hotels

No Passports

BOOK NOW FOR WINTER AND HOLIDAY SAILINGS

West Indies Cruises

Delightful Cruises to the Gems of the Caribbean
Sea—St. Thomas, St. Croix, St. Kitts, Montser-
rat, Antigua, Guadeloupe, Dominica, Martinique,
St. Lucia and Barbadoes

Sailings Every 14 Days

Round Trip Occupies About 20 Days

TRINIDAD LINE

Steamers Sailing Every 14 Days For

TRINIDAD, GRENADA and DEMERARA

12 Canadian Day Cruises

New York-Halifax-Quebec

SUMMER CRUISES

4 yachting cruises via Palatial twin-screw

S. S. "FORT HAMILTON"

During Months of July and August

Stopping One Day (each way) at Halifax and

Two Days at Quebec

Magnificent scenery, smooth water, cool
weather. Orchestra for Dancing

For Illustrated Booklets on Bermuda, West Indies, Trinidad or Canadian
Cruises, write to

FURNESS BERMUDA LINE, 34 Whitehall Street, New York

Or Any Local Tourist Agency

(Continued from page 728)

the Tories want a high tariff, but they dare not propose this because of the bankers, the shipowners and the cotton trade of Lancashire, which depends for raw material on the southern states of the Union. Many Die-Hard Tories would like to tear up the Irish Treaty and restore the House of Lords with its old powers. Also, they would welcome measures to restrain the trade-unions. The argument of Lloyd George, with which Balfour agrees, is that Conservatives should avoid any such reactions and content themselves with keeping progress within reasonable limits. And Bonar Law has disappointed the Die-Hards by himself adopting this moderate view. His slogan is "tranquillity," which corresponds to the "normalcy" promised by President Harding.

The difficulty with the Liberals is that their program has been largely fulfilled. Everyone now has one and only one vote. Free trade is not seriously threatened. The House of Lords is defeated. Many economies have been executed and the budget has been balanced. The Welsh Church has been disestablished. Ireland is free. India has her parliaments. South Africa is autonomous. A Liberal who wants a constructive policy must turn, therefore, to Labor, as many intellectuals are doing.

The British Labor Party does not consist merely of weekly wage-earners. It includes clerks, teachers, clergymen, journalists, lawyers and even aristocrats. Arthur Henderson, once in Lloyd George's War Cabinet, says that the party is against private enterprise. It certainly wants to nationalize the mines and the railways. But the immediate fight is over the proposal to reduce the national debt by instituting a capital levy and seizing war profits. Belief in a capital levy is by no means confined to Labor. There are bankers who think that it would, as it were, cut the loss. But the idea has an alarming sound. Everyone with a little bit of property shivers in his shoes at it.

(Concluded on page 806)

CRUISES

by the World-Reputed Cook's Travel Service

AROUND the WORLD

by Specially Chartered New Oil-burning
Cunard Liner "SAMARIA"

January 24 to May 31, 1923

A Golden Jubilee Cruise

LIMITED TO 400 GUESTS

Commemorating the 50th anniversary of our
first tour around the world and offering such
distinctive features as —

A luxurious and most modern Cunard
Liner

The most comprehensive and interesting
itinerary yet compiled

Visits to each country in glorious
Springtime

In all, 127 memorable days, visiting—Mediterranean
cities and Egypt—four weeks in India, Dutch East
Indies, and Straits Settlements—Saigon in Indo-
China, the Philippines, and China—two weeks in
Japan—Hawaii, San Francisco and Panama Canal.

To the MEDITERRANEAN

by Specially Chartered New White Star
Liner "HOMERIC"

Sailing Jan. 20 Returning March 28

The 1923 Grand Cruise De Luxe

LIMITED TO 300 GUESTS

Chief among the inviting features of this
cruise, making it excel in magnificence, are
the following:

Steamer—Cuisine—Service—the utmost
yet offered

14,000 miles—67 glorious days—among
the wonderlands of the Mediterranean
Sixteen days in Egypt, Palestine, etc.

In addition, optional visit to London and
Paris on the homeward trip; stop-over privi-
leges with return by other famous White
Star Liners, MAJESTIC, OLYMPIC, etc.

THOS. COOK & SON

245 Broadway NEW YORK 561 Fifth Avenue

Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Montreal, Toronto, Vancouver

PORTO RICO THE ISLAND OF ENCHANTMENT

A Delightful Cruise thru Blue Tropic Seas

WONDERFUL hours rambling thru the streets of quaint
cities, or admiring the beauties of the palm-grown
countryside. Interesting chats with the natives—glimpses of
their picturesque life and surroundings.


16 DAY CRUISE **\$150** AND
ALL EXPENSES UP

The trip is rendered doubly enjoyable by the luxury
of fast 10,000-ton steamers, specially designed for service
in the Tropics. Broad, comfortable decks—home-like
lounging rooms—all modern conveniences—savory,
delicious meals.

Wide choice of accommodations ranging from com-
fortable staterooms at minimum rates to rooms with pri-
vate bath. Rates include meals and stateroom for entire
trip. Write for sailings and literature.

PORTO RICO LINE 25 BROADWAY
NEW YORK





Mission Inn
Riverside, Cal.

*An unusual Inn
commemorating the Missions
along the Pacific Coast
centuries ago.*

Frank Miller
MASTER OF THE INN



The Samarkand
Santa Barbara
California

*The realization of an artist's
paradise. Every room and suite
a masterpiece of the craftsman's skill.
Deliciously prepared California foods. A
hospitality redolent with continuous samovar.*

(Continued from page 804)

The fact is that British Labor is weakened. Partly, this is due to the failure of Communism in Russia. And nearer home, there have been revolutionary strikes which left employment and wages much worse than they had been before. In the municipal elections, Labor has been heavily defeated, doubtless by the loss of the women's vote. Indeed, it is the women who will now direct and perhaps save Britain. Few of them belong to any party. While they voted in 1918, this is the first election in which they will participate under the usual conditions of peace.

Writing in advance of the election, it would be folly to prophecy on a situation so obscure. But there are two simple things that should be remembered. The first is that the new Parliament is not elected for any fixed term of years. If it fails to give a straight majority for any Government, it can be at once dissolved and another election held. And secondly, Lloyd George is not a mere private citizen. As a privy councillor, he retains his seat on the front opposition bench. In debate, he is almost as powerful as if he were still a minister of the crown. It is part of the British system thus to retain a defeated statesman in public life—he may be wanted again.

The number of seats to be filled is to-day 625. Of these, in round numbers, the Conservatives have held 380, the Coalition Liberals 130, the Wee Free Liberals 40, and the Labor Party 80. For the British themselves the election has been a difficult problem to solve. Throughout the country, taxpayers say that they cannot find more money for adventures abroad of any kind, and it is to this sentiment that the Conservatives are relying for a small majority in the House of Commons. But they are not sure of their victory and they have offered, therefore, to join hands with Asquith and his Liberals on a new Coalition, which would only differ from the old one by the omission of Lloyd George.

s
e
d
i-
at
d
s,
t-
e.
w
w
le
st
te

n,
a
re
e-
w
ny
to
v-
ed
d-
te
re-
on
w-
of
sh
ed
be

is
m-
30,
'ee
ty
he
to
ax-
ore
ny
nat
a
m-
eir
re-
and
ich
by